

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS

THE POEMS TRANSLATED BY
EDWARD, LORD LYTTON

THE PLAYS TRANSLATED BY
M. G. LEWIS, S. T. COLERIDGE, LORD RUSSELL,
LORD ELLESMERE, AND OTHERS

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME

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INTRODUCTION.

SCHILLER has been so well loved in England that all his works have had translators, and—as this volume proves—it is possible to give currency to the whole body of his Poems and Plays in selected English versions that turn prose into prose, verse into verse, and form perhaps the richest tribute of translation paid by Englishmen for the bringing home to themselves of any modern poet. Schiller's translators vary in ability, but they all have put enthusiasm into their work. We have the early stir of sympathy with the most generous ideas of the French Revolution, expressed through the interest of M. G. Lewis in Schiller's early plays. We have the mature genius of the poet delighting S. T. Coleridge, who, in his younger days, saw "Wallenstein" produced upon the German stage, and so gave his whole heart to the work of translation that he enriched our Literature—and this volume—with the most poetical translation ever made by English poet of a foreign play. Earl Russell, in the days when he was Lord John Russell, breathed the air of political freedom in "Don Carlos," and, in days of youth, he translated that play as a labour of love. A sense of the large power that had at last placed Schiller among foremost poets of the world, brought afterwards Englishmen of highest culture into the company of his translators; and it is not without happy significance that a poet breathing throughout his verse the pure spirit of liberty, had among such translators in England a considerable proportion of men high in social rank.

Schiller himself came from among the common people. The associations of his forefathers were not with spears and eagles, but with bread and wine. The wine was in his name, and he was descended from a line of village bakers. The poet's forefathers had lived in a valley among vine-clad hills,

Schiller
made
English.

Ancestors.

where Schiller—"sparkling with variable colour"—was the name of a wine made with mixed grapes, part red, part white. Another of the family names in the Rems valley was Unger, from the Unger grape. The first of the family named Schiller was a presser of the red grapes with the white. If the name had been given in a later time it might have been one answering to our Baker, for Johann Kaspar Schiller, the poet's father, was the son of Johann Schiller, the village baker at Bittenfeld, a few miles north of Waiblingen, the town in Württemberg that gave their name to the Italian Ghibellines. Johann Schiller, the poet's grandfather, inherited the bakchouse from his father, Johann Kaspar, after whom he named his son; and it was this great-grandfather of the poet who first migrated from the home of his simple forefathers, the village of Gross Heppach in the Rems valley, a little way south-east of the town of Waiblingen.

Parents. Johann Kaspar, the poet's father, was born in 1723. He lost his father when he was ten years old, was apprenticed to a village surgeon, went as a youth to the Netherlands in a regiment of Hussars, and was a subaltern officer with a small body, a big forehead, quick eyes, smart military bearing, a kind heart, and strict notions of discipline, when he married Elizabetha Dorothea Kodweiss, daughter of a baker, and also granddaughter of a baker, at Marbach. Thus the grandfathers of Schiller, alike on the father's and the mother's side, were both bakers and bakers' sons. The marriage of Johann Kaspar Schiller was on the 22nd of July 1749, when the bridegroom's age was twenty-six, the bride's seventeen. Schiller's mother is said to have been small, like her husband, and to have had blonde hair, a fair, freckled skin, broad forehead, soft eyes, and a gentle mind that appeared dreamy to her girl companions. She took intense delight in harp music, in all sights and sounds of Nature, and in reading of the poets. There remain two stanzas written by her as a new year offering to her husband, on the 1st of January 1757, when she had been married seven or eight years and as yet no child was born. Mothers count for a good deal in the lives of men. These are the lines written by Schiller's mother to her husband when her age was between twenty-four and twenty-five:

"O hätt ich doch im Thal Vergissmeinnicht gefunden
Und Rosen nebenbei! Dann hätt ich dir gewunden
Im Blüthenduft den Kranz zu diesem neuen Jahr,
Der schöner noch als der am Hochzeitstage war.

SCHILLER'S
POEMS AND PLAYS

College Section.

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"Ich zürne, traun, dass itzt der kalte Nord regieret,
Und jedes Blümchen's Keim in kalter Erde frieret!
Doch eines frieret nicht, es it's mein liebend Herz,
Dein ist es, theilt mit dir die Freuden und den Schmerz."

Which lines say, with simple tenderness, that the wife would gladly have gathered in the valley roses and forget-me-nots to make for her husband a wreath sweeter than that of their bridal day. It vexes her that the north wind binds the sprout of every little flower in the frozen earth; but one thing it cannot freeze, that is, her loving heart; it is her husband's, and divides with him his pleasures and his pain.—What could be more a poem to her husband's ears?

Schiller's father also wrote verse; he used daily a prayer in verse of his own making. After the birth of the first child, a daughter, Christophine, in September 1757, Johann Kaspar Schiller went with an Austrian army to Bohemia. His corps suffered from infectious disease. He remained well, and used his small knowledge of medicine in attendance on the sick, often also he conducted the religious services. In the autumn of 1759, Johann Kaspar Schiller was appointed a lieutenant of infantry, and soon afterwards, on the 10th of November in that year, when he was in camp for the autumn manœuvres and his wife was with her own family at Marbach, the son was born whom he named Johann Christoph Friedrich. The baptismal register at Marbach represents the poet as born on the 11th of November, making one date of birth and baptism; but the 10th is the date given in a paper written by his father. Four other children followed, of whom two died in their infancy.

During the first four years of Schiller's childhood his father was one of his years of his drawn so much from home, by constant military service, that his mother lived with her parents at Marbach. The boy was then, with his elder sister, in the sole care of the mother, aided by those fine old institutions, grandfather and grandmother, indulgent comrades of the young. Marbach, in Würtemberg, Schiller's birthplace and his home in the first years of childhood, had about two thousand inhabitants. It is the chief town of a district, and lies by vine-clad hills upon the Neckar. When Schiller was between three and four years old, the Seven Years War came to an end by the signing of the Treaty of Hubertsburg on the 16th of February 1763. His father's regiment was then quartered in Würtemberg, in the city of Ludwigsburg, a mile

INTRODUCTION.

west of the Neckar, and within a walk of Marbach. The wife could take walks on the hills between Marbach and Ludwigsburg. It was there that, on an Easter Monday, the mother, walking with her little girl and boy over the hills from Ludwigsburg to Marbach, told them with so much fervour of the two disciples who met Christ when they were walking to Emmaus, that when they reached the hill-top mother and children knelt together in fervent prayer. In the camp also it was a delight to the child Schiller to kneel when his father led the worship of the soldiers, and to join their prayer. The next quarters were at Cannstadt, and in 1765, when the boy was in his sixth year, Johann Kaspar Schiller, raised by the Duke of Würtemberg to the rank of captain, had permission to live with his family in an inn in the village of Lorch in the Rems valley. There the pastor, Philipp Moser, began to teach little Fritz Latin, and next year, when the child was seven years old, they went on to Greek. Fritz revered his teacher, and gave his name to a good pastor in "The Robbers." Nevertheless, the beauty of the outside world often caused him to play truant from school. In Gmünd, on the other side of the border—which was the father's place of ~~business~~, ~~his duty~~, though he was allowed to lodge at Lorch—the thriving population was Roman Catholic. There were four monasteries and two nunneries, besides a Calvary upon a hill that was much frequented as a place of ~~rest~~ ^{rest}, and miracle plays, which formed part of the ~~child's~~ ^{child's} experience. In 1766, Schiller's second sister, Luise, ~~was born~~ ^{was born}. His father was then writing "A Treatise on Husbandry in the Dukedom of Würtemberg," which was published in four volumes as "by an officer in the Würtemberg service" in 1767-69. But in 1766, the household, for some slight improvement of its means, was transferred to Ludwigsburg, where the child, aged seven, ambitious to become such a man as pastor Moser, continued studies in the Latin school.

Two thousand gulden of pay and allowances were owing to Schiller's father when he obtained his transfer from Boyhood. Lorch to Stein's regiment at Ludwigsburg; and although there was then recognition of his dues it took him nine years to get payment. The household means were thus made very narrow. While Fritz worked in school with much success at Latin, Greek and Hebrew, under strictest discipline, and with a good father whose strict notions of discipline were tied to the end of a cane, the father became weary of his ill-paid military duties. His

mind was giving itself up to an old taste for work on the land, especially by planting fruit-trees. As a soldier he could do little in that way without losing caste among the military; but at Ludwigsburg he planted a nursery of more than four thousand young apple and pear trees.

The Duke of Württemberg, Karl Eugen, to escape political strife of his own making at Stuttgart, removed his Court to Ludwigsburg, bringing to the place operas and ballets, plays and masquerades. A Military Preparatory School established by the Duke at Solitude had clever pupils drafted into it from the Latin School at Ludwigsburg. Schiller had distinguished himself in his classes, and the Duke offered him free education in the Military School on the written condition, signed by his father and mother, that he should "devote himself unreservedly to the service of the Ducal House of Württemberg." On the 17th of January 1773, Friedrich Schiller, aged thirteen years and some weeks, entered the Military Academy at the Solitude. His aim as a student was now transferred from Divinity to Jurisprudence. He was clever in all things except the art of wearing his pigtail and his school regimentals, which were those of an officer's son, a blue coat faced with black, white waistcoat, white breeches and white stockings. Then the Duke built a Military Academy at Stuttgart, to which the boys were removed from Solitude in November 1775. At the same time the Professorship of Medicine was founded; and when volunteers were sought among the students for pursuit of Medicine, Friedrich Schiller was one of them. He had turned from Divinity to Law in these years of his boyhood, and now he gave up Law for Physic.

Meanwhile his father had made by his nursery of apple and pear trees a profit of a thousand gulden in three years. The Duke, therefore, gave him charge over a plantation of forest trees at the Solitude, and when he wrote at the Solitude in 1780 the little story of his life, so far, he was able to say that he had planted thirty thousand trees.

The son, thriving like his father's trees, had grown to the height of six feet three. He had studied medicine; had read and written verse; had fastened on Rousseau, and on Macpherson's Ossian, and on the "Götz" and "Werther" of young Goethe, who was born ten years before him. In the year 1777 young Schiller had begun his play of "The Robbers," suggested by a story, ascribed to Schubarth, in Haug's Swabian Magazine for 1755.

Schiller and Goethe first met when Goethe, on his way through

Stuttgart, sat by the Grand Duke at a distribution of prizes in the Military School, where Schiller received prizes for Practical Medicine, for Materia Medica, for Surgery, and for Composition in German. He was a very tall, thin youth, with a long neck, a thin prominent arched nose that a friend compared to a parrot's beak, dark blue-grey deep-set eyes under red eyebrows that almost met, thin lips with the underlip quick at expression, a large forehead, a white freckled skin through which the blood showed every change of emotion, and thick dark red hair.

It was in December 1780 that Schiller—a month after he had reached the age of twenty-one—left the Academy and received the monthly pay of eighteen florins for service as doctor to a regiment of Grenadiers stationed in Stuttgart. His body looked unhappy in the bonds of an absurd caricature of human clothing there regarded as a regimental dress; and his mind—a few years before the outbreak of the French Revolution—was in tumult with the reaction of the time against corrupt authority, and a dead formalism, of which that caricature dress was a sort of emblem. He was expected to look upon the Duke of Würtemberg as his earthly Providence; and he had actually written, at the age of fifteen, in one of the annual laudations of the Duke expected from the boys in his Academy—
~~“This Prince, who has placed me in the position to do good to me, this Prince through whom God will attain His purpose with me, this Father in the end will make me happy, is and must be more precious to me than parents who immediately depend upon his bounty.”~~
 Schiller at twenty-one had run through his little stock of reverence for pipeclay. Young Schiller lodged in Stuttgart with Frau Vischer, a captain's widow, of whom he sang as Laura. What is youth without emotion? One judgment of her says that she was lean, ugly and vulgar; another that, although not beautiful, she was good-natured and piquante. For opinions differ upon men, women, and books. The Laura poems in the early pages of this volume represent only the vague emotion of a fervid youth.

In the summer of 1781 Schiller printed “The Robbers” at his own risk, with a vignette on the title-page representing Carl Moor vowing vengeance as he sees his old father brought out of his dungeon. The second edition, published in 1782, had another vignette on its title-page, a lion with upraised paw and open jaws disclosing two conspicuous eye-teeth the vignette being inscribed below, “In Tyrannos.”

The work of a young poet of twenty-two, with the heaven that

then worked in Europe towards Revolution quickening in his mind the ferment natural to youth, Schiller's "Robbers" at once made for itself friends. Heribert von Dalberg, manager of the theatre at Mannheim, produced it—modified by Schiller himself—on his stage, in January 1782. The passionate reaction against dead forms of authority that had entered into the first works of Goethe—"Goetz von Berlichingen" finished in 1772, and the "Sorrows of the Young Werther" in 1774—rising to wilder storm in Schiller's "Robbers," made the production of that work upon the stage a most significant expression of the spirit of its time.

Schiller slipped his chain to pay a visit to Mannheim and see his play acted in May 1782. When he returned to his quarters at Stuttgart he was put under arrest for fourteen days, forbidden to cross the borders of Würtemberg, or to concern himself again "with comedies or anything of that sort." He must write only upon medical subjects. The result of this restraint was that Schiller, resolving to be free, fled to Mannheim on the 19th of the following September, and published a collection of his youthful poems in an "Anthology for the year 1782." This volume had a vignette of Apollo on its title-page, and professed to have been printed "at Tobolsko:" it was printed actually by J. B. Metzler in Stuttgart.

Of the English translations of "The Robbers," the first was in 1797 by the Rev. W. Render of Cambridge, together with a translation of "Cabal and Love;" the third was a version for the stage by Benjamin Thompson. A. F. Tytler's version is not published in its translation of the prose, and it omits the interspersed songs to avoid the pain of finding rhymes. Mr. Render's version is better, but among its omissions are two whole characters. Benjamin Thompson's was a version for the stage taking the usual liberties. My own copy of A. F. Tytler's translation belonged to a manager actor, and it has omissions and additions, made by him in 1845, which by their number and their character serve as an amusing illustration of the high art of stage-managing a poet.

I have preferred to give a version of "The Robbers" made in 1841 by a writer unknown to the world, whose age when he made the translation was that of Schiller when he wrote the play, who with his whole heart loved the poets, and who had all the stir of young enthusiasm for those who could put the soul of life into their work.

He and I were then medical students at King's College, London, who worked with the doctors and lived with the poets. We set up a College Magazine, which grew into two substantial octavo volumes, and it is from one of these that I reprint Christopher Wharton Mann's translation of "The Robbers." The translator passed from this world many years ago, but this little piece of his work will, I hope, live on in pleasant alliance with work of others whose labours of love have helped to give to English Literature an English Schiller.

In the "Anthology for the year 1782," about forty of the pieces were by Schiller himself. He condemned most of them afterwards and excluded many from later collections of his works. Of his "Semele," he prayed that Apollo and the Nine Muses might forgive him for having so grossly sinned against them. Our translators have passed over "Semele." These early writings represent the stir of emotion touching social questions in such poems as "The Infanticide" and "The Funeral Fantasia." They include also "Count Eberhard the Greiner," Schiller's earliest ballad. The poems were less cared for than the Plays.

Schiller had, in the same year, his next play ready, "Fiesco." He had been struck by Rousseau's opinion that the character of Fiesco was one of the most remarkable in history, and he had even as a student worked reference to Fiesco into a medical thesis; but the manager at Mannheim did not at first think his play of "Fiesco" suited for the stage.

Schiller then sold the MS. of it to a bookseller for eleven louis d'or. That little piece of money cleared score at his lodgings, and paid costs of his journey, in December 1782, to the country-house of Frau von Wolzogen at the village of Bauerbach, near Meiningen. He and her son Wilhelm had been friends at the Academy, and she gave him the use of her country-house. To lessen risk of capture as a deserter from the service of the Duke of Würtemberg, Schiller had taken the name of Dr. Ritter. Half a year at Bauerbach among woods and rocks in the free life with Nature, brought, in spite of a great stir of feeling, better health to the young poet's mind. In the winter evenings he played chess with the steward. A friend in Meiningen supplied him with change of books. "Fiesco" was being printed, and there was hope for it at the theatre; it was found to be much better than it sounded when Schiller himself had read it

to the players with a Suabian accent, and a high strained tone that ran into little shrieks and made no difference in intensity of utterance between the trivial and the grave. Schiller also had conceived the story of his "Luise Millerin"—which the player Iffland afterwards re-named "Cabal and Love;" and he had already resolved to write a play upon Don Carlos, of which the plan was taking shape within his mind. He was not twenty-four years old, and was beset with troubles. But his "Robbers" had been acted, and he hoped to earn imperishable fame among his countrymen as a dramatic poet.

In January 1783, Frau von Wolzogen, who wintered at Stuttgart for the sake of her sons, came for a few days to Bauerbach with her daughter Charlotte, and then went on to another of her estates. Schiller was left, and found again in a state of sensitive excitement. At one time he talked of going to America. The Duke of Würtemberg had filled up Schiller's place among the Grenadiers, and was above giving himself trouble to find the fugitive. Schiller's father thought that his son had been unwise, and that his unwisdom would be corrected by a little taste of trouble brought upon himself, so it were short of any actual want, against which he should have protection from home.

Schiller in the spring months of 1783, at Bauerbach, was stirred to confused emotions by the Frau von Wolzogen and by her daughter Charlotte, and by "Don Carlos." Scenes of that play were there written with high enthusiasm. "A great poet," wrote Schiller to a friend, Schiller then sitting—on the 14th of April 1783—in a summer-house in the fresh morning light,—“a great poet must have at least strength for the closest friendship. The poet must be not the painter of his hero, he must be rather his bosom friend. . . . Carlos has the soul of Shakespeare's Hamlet, the blood and nerves of Leisewitz's Julius, but his pulse is *mine*."

In July 1783 Schiller returned to Mannheim, In ser-
parting from Frau von Wolzogen and from her vice of the
daughter, "the dear, good Lotte," as from a mother Mannheim
and sister. "Kiss her," he wrote to the m Theatre.
my name, if that be allowed." It was presently arranged that for
one year, from the first of September 1783 until the last of August
1784, Schiller should be in the service of the Theatre at Mannheim,
which should receive from him within that time three new pieces—
"Fiesco," "Luise Millerin," and a third that he undertook to have
ready within the stipulated time. His salary was finally settled
at 500 florins.

Then followed some weeks of severe illness, during which Schiller gave critical help to the manager, and worked at the revision of "Fiesco," especially accepting an objection produced. to his treatment of the female characters. During fourteen days of such work he was living upon water-gruel. The players were convivial, but Schiller wrote to Bauerbach that memories there saved him from temptation. Part of his income was applied strictly to payment of his debts. He had, therefore, to work hard, when health was low, and keep up strength with doses of quinine.

"Fiesco" was produced, with great pomp, as "The Conspiracy of Fiesco at Genoa, a Republican Tragedy," at the Mannheim Theatre on the 17th of January 1784. The social reaction passionately represented in "The Robbers" was here followed by a picture of political reaction, not less loud with the rising storm. Schiller's age was twenty-five; and it wanted only five years to the Fall of the Bastille. The success of the play at Mannheim was not great. "Republican Freedom," said Schiller, "is in these parts a sound without a sense." The end of the play was altered for the Mannheim audiences; but afterwards "Fiesco" pleased greatly in Berlin and in Vienna, where the Emperor Joseph II. himself edited it for the actors. In another way Republican work is often revised by Emperors.

Sturdy affectionate letters from his father, Schiller was receiving at this time, which opposed counsels of discretion to his rashness. He was warned against the embarrassments caused by the premature reckoning in of income not received, and by disregard of a gulden when true prudence should be prompt to save a kreutzer. "I should be sorry," said the old man, "that you worked without holidays, but it will not do at all to have more holidays than days of work. God is no chimera," he said; "He is, so to speak, an Almighty Friend who only waits our prayer for help to give us all we need, without saying, after the manner of our earthly friends, He regrets that just now it is not in his power, that He is very sorry for us, and would really help us if He could. My dear son," said the old man, "has referred several payments to me without keeping his promise to send money in time to meet them. He should not have made a promise that he was not sure of keeping." Such honest counselling from home was always set to the sweet music of household love, and when there was an end of the sense of danger from the offence given to the Duke of Württemberg by his son's

flight, there was in the home at the Solitude, maintained in peace upon an annual income of 400 gulden, a loving pride in the achievements of the Fritz who had so boldly put to sea among the storms of life. What though he might have doctored Grenadiers and might have daily offered praise, honour and glory to the blessed Duke, who gave him bread for punctual fulfilment of those two appointed duties; it was his wild noble Fritz nevertheless. The old man lived until September 1796, and thanked God for much joy received through his poet son.

The translation of "Fiesco" here given is the first that was made. It was the combined work of a German and an Englishman, G. H. Noehden and J. C. Stoddart, and it was published in Schiller's lifetime, in the year 1796. In the half-dozen years from 1796 to 1802 translation of German plays into English was a feature of our literature. The plays of Iffland and Kotzebue, Goethe's "Stella" and other pieces, chiefly occupied with sentimental problems of domestic and political life, were published separately and collected into volumes. The translation of Schiller's "Fiesco" thus had many companions. There was a second edition of it in 1798. In 1832 another translation of "Fiesco," by Colonel d'Aguilar, was published in Dublin. Two new translations, by unnamed authors, were published in the same year 1841, and it was adapted to the English stage in 1850 by James Robinson Planché.

"Fiesco" was closely followed on the stage by Schiller's "Louise Millerin," which was shortened for representation, and re-named by Iffland "Kabale und Liebe." The "Cabal and Love." re-naming was a return to Schiller, who had suggested the name of "Verbrechen aus Ehrsucht" for a piece of Iffland's that held the stage at Mannheim, with great success, in the interval between "Fiesco" and "Cabal and Love." The incomplete success of "Fiesco" at Mannheim caused some anxiety to Schiller and his friends. The success of his friend Iffland's play made Schiller the more observant of his public.

August Wilhelm Iffland was of the same age as Schiller: they were born in the same year. Iffland's delight in the drama had caused him to leave his home at Hanover and make his appearance on the stage at Gotha; thence he had come to Mannheim, and at Mannheim he began to write as well as act. His plays, though not works of genius, were works of a deft playwright in complete touch with the temper of the time. Iffland lived to write fifty pieces, in

which the sentiment of German domestic life was represented with a wholesome earnestness. He died in 1814. When he left Mannheim, where he and Schiller became friends, he found his way, after some wanderings, to Berlin. There he was made in 1796 General Director of the Royal Theatre, and made for himself, as we shall find, an opportunity of paying homage to the genius of Schiller.

Schiller's "Cabal and Love" was produced at Mannheim on the 9th of March 1784. Schiller sat in a private box, quiet and cheerful, but intent, with his lips and eyebrows working. At the end of the first act he said to the friend who sat by him, "It goes well." At the end of the play the whole audience rose, there was a storm of applause, and Schiller, taken by surprise, bowed his acknowledgments. Goethe's opinion of the piece was that it gave more evidence of the possession of an extraordinary power than of its ripening by culture; but the contrast of love in homes of the people with the base cabals of men in authority was not then so conventional as it has since become; it was part of the life and thought of the young poets who felt deeply, and spoke as they felt, four years before the Fall of the Bastille. Schiller's age was then twenty-six.

The first translation of "Kabale und Liebe" into English was by Peter Colombine of Norwich; it was published, without the translator's name, in 1795. A better translation was made in 1797 by Mathew Gregory Lewis, who altered the name of the play to "The Minister," that his translation might not be confounded with its predecessor, and for the same reason he altered the names of the characters. Restoring the names altered for an ephemeral reason, I give the play in M. G. Lewis's version.

Matthew Gregory Lewis was the eldest son of a Minister; his father—who had large estates in the West Indies—was Deputy Secretary at War. His only quarrel with his mother, and that a playful one, was for having given him, after his birth in 1775, two ugly names, Matthew and Gregory. He went from Westminster School to Oxford, wrote, as a boy, romantic plays, and began at Oxford his romance of "The Monk," from which the world has re-christened him "Monk" Lewis. After a short stay at Oxford he went to Paris, and thence to Germany, where he gave himself up with intense enjoyment to German romantic literature. His father wished to train him for diplomacy, and he went to the Hague as *attaché* to the British Embassy. There he read "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and was stirred by it to finish "The Monk," which was published in 1795, when he was but twenty years old,

and attracted much attention. Next year he produced his play of "The Castle Spectre," and among his work of the following year, 1797, was this translation of Schiller's "Cabal and Love," made at the age of twenty-two. The play was not translated again until 1844.

A few days after the first acting of "Cabal and Love" at Mannheim, Schiller—still unable to show himself in Würtemberg—rode to Bretten for an arranged meeting with his mother and his eldest sister, Christophine, who was betrothed to his friend Reinwald a year later. Schiller visited Frankfort with the players, and he had some thought of going back from poetry into the practice of medicine, through sense of costs and embarrassments attending life about the theatre. In the Spring of 1785 Schiller issued the first part of the "Rheinische Thalia," in which he printed, among other pieces, the beginning of his "Don Carlos;" also an essay on the Moral Influence of the Stage, which he had read before a learned society to which he had been elected in February 1784. Schiller had news also from home in this year that his "Laura," Captain Vischer's widow, with whom he had lodged at Stuttgart, and who was eight years his senior, had now run away with, and been married to, a student who was fifteen years her junior. He read also the first act of "Don Carlos" to Goethe's friend, the Duke Karl August of Weimar, and was complimented by the Duke with title of Councillor. From admirers in Leipzig the poet received a costly pocket-book with portraits and inscriptions; the chief of this little group of friends was the Consistorial-rath Christian Gottfried Körner, who was about three years older than Schiller, and was father to a more famous son, Theodor Körner, the poet. The portrait of Schiller in the pocket-book was taken by Körner's sister-in-law, Dora Stock. A close, free-spoken friendship was presently established between Schiller and Körner, which gave rise to a correspondence that is one of the best aids to an understanding of Schiller's subsequent life. An English Translation of the Correspondence of Schiller with Körner, with Biographical Sketches and Notes by Leonard Simpson, was published in three volumes in 1849.

Christian Gottfried Körner, born in July 1756, at Leipzig, was son to the Pastor of St. Thomas's, in that town. He graduated as Doctor of Laws in 1777, travelled in England, Holland, and France, and was made in 1783 Councillor to the Upper Consistory of

Private
Life.
Friendship
with G. C.
Körner.

Dresden. In 1785, soon after Schiller first knew him, he married Anne Mary Jacobine Stock—the “Minna” of Schiller’s letters to him. Schiller’s friend Körner was the friend in Dresden of all patriotic men of genius, and he breathed some of his own life into his poet-son Theodor, who fell in battle against Napoleon at the age of twenty-two. There remained one daughter, who was buried beside her brother in the year of Waterloo, and the father was buried in 1831 under the same tree that shaded the graves of his children. That is the Dr. Christian Gottfried Körner, who comes, as a fast friend, into the life of Schiller in the year 1785, and to whom Schiller avows that “I am indebted for my present peace of mind, which made me revoke the curse upon my vocation as a poet which I had uttered in my affliction.”

Till September 1785 Schiller was living in a small house at Gohlis, near Leipzig, not without help of money from his friend. Then he hurried to Dresden. Körner had married on the 7th of August, and Schiller in September settled himself close to the Körners, whose home was the Weinberg in Loschwitz by Dresden. There the poet worked on at “Don Carlos,” and there he lived for two years under the most healthy influence. Körner could give full sympathy ; for his own nature inclined him to poetry, and he had just faith in the rare powers of his friend. But Körner was a man with a calm nature, with enthusiasm subject to his reason. Two years of close association with him, aided by the course of time that brings the philosophic mind, produced a change in Schiller that all his friends observed ; it was the ripening of power that Goethe had regarded as the one thing wanting. Wieland had observed of the first act of “Don Carlos,” as first published in the first part of the “*Rheinische Thalia*,” that Schiller’s fault was one which other poets might envy him, the possession of a power too large, imagination too exuberant. The published first act of “Don Carlos” was itself longer than the masterpiece of Sophocles. What was the whole play to be?

“Don Carlos.” Schiller finished “Don Carlos” at the Weinberg, using the ten-syllabled unrhymed iambic measure that he had caught from Lessing’s last drama, “Nathan the Wise.” Schiller’s preceding plays had been written in prose, Henceforth he will always write plays in blank verse.

“Don Carlos,” just through the press, was sent to the manager of the Hamburg Theatre in June 1788, and first produced at Hamburg on the 30th of August in that year. It had been bought for

Berlin by a manager who was presently dismissed ; and for Hanover by another manager who could not find money to pay with. It had developed in the course of four years into a tragic poem that associated Love and Friendship with the strains of Liberty and highest aspirations for the commonwealth of man. Objection was made to the great length of the play, and to the division of interest, which passes after the third act from Don Carlos to Marquis Posa. Details were discussed, and Schiller joined in the discussion with "Letters upon Don Carlos." He said that he sought chiefly to give utterance to *himself* in a dramatic poem. In that aim he has succeeded. In the days of my own youth no work of Schiller's, and no other work in German Literature, made so powerful an impression as "Don Carlos," first read more than fifty years ago, and read in those earlier years again and again with a sense of new life drawn from it. The new life was the life of Schiller himself, who did so pour his soul into the play, that the rush of emotion and the fervour of high aspiration, the strong voice of humanity that seemed there crying in the wilderness for life and love and power of self-sacrifice, and noble deeds born of the love to God and man, spoke to the young as with the lips of a dear friend, lips that an angel touched with live coal from the altar. In after-years it is easy to imagine oneself critical, to point out what one thinks to be discrepancies or weaknesses in a master-poet's treatment of his theme : but happy, and helpful too, are those earlier years when the young mind only imagines itself into the poet's work, and, in a piece like "Don Carlos," can take into its little cup as much of the wine of life as such a cup can hold. Schiller said himself that in the four years of production he outgrew his Carlos, and was obliged to put his larger thought into the Marquis Posa.

"Don Carlos" was first acted two years before the Fall of the Bastille. It stands in the midst of the plays before and after it, closing the struggle for expression of that impatience of dead forms, and passionate seeking for the larger life of men with men, that preceded the outburst of the French Revolution. Schiller's dramatic energy had for one source the great yearning of his time for action that should help to save the world. The pulse of the time beats wildly in "The Robbers," in "Fiesco," in "Cabal and Love." In "Don Carlos" there is less of fever heat, and the strong pulse of health beats through the rhythm of the verses. In the three earlier plays the poet has been hammering with mighty strokes upon his forge. In "Don Carlos" he has brought his work

to shape. In the subsequent plays, on "Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," "The Bride of Messina," "William Tell," there is the same love of liberty with the same generous sense of life that makes Schiller's verse welcome to English ears, but they are all works of a master-poet whose swift imagination is obedient to his touch upon the rein.

There were two early translations of "Don Carlos" into English in 1798, one by Noehden and Stoddart, the other, probably, by A. F. Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee. It was also translated for the stage, in 1802, by a translator of "The Robbers." It was its note of liberty, no doubt, that brought Earl Russell in his younger days, as Lord John Russell, into the body of translators of "Don Carlos," and the version here given is that published by him in 1822 for his friends. Another translation was published at Baltimore in 1834; another at Mannheim, by J. W. Bruce, in 1837; another by C. H. Cottrell, in 1843; another at Carlsruhe by J. Towler, in 1843; each of the three last-named passing quickly into a second edition.

Frau von Langefeld and her Daughters. In July 1787 Schiller had left Dresden, where a coquette had troubled him, hoping to find some settled way of life, and tempted by an invitation from the Duke Karl August of Weimar. He reached Weimar on the 21st of July, when the Duke was away in camp, the Duchess was away, and Goethe was in Italy. He came to know Wieland and Heider, and he came to know Charlotte von Kalb. With that young lady he kept Goethe's birthday; he took the lodgings which that young lady had left; he was usually to be found in her company. She was unhappily married, and is said to have thought of a divorce that she might be free to marry Schiller. She lived through much sentiment and sorrow, to become an old lady of eighty-two.

But among wooded hills and mountains that enclose at Rudolstadt a valley through which winds the Saale, lived the Frau von Langefeld, with a husband lame, since early manhood, of the left leg and right arm. They had an elder daughter Caroline, and a younger daughter Charlotte. The father, who had taken much pains with the training of his daughters, died when Caroline was thirteen and Charlotte ten. Caroline, at sixteen, was engaged to the Freiherr von Beulwitz, a Councillor in Rudolstadt, whom she afterwards married. Charlotte was to be trained for service as a Lady-in-Waiting at the Court of Weimar. The widow and her daughters went to the Alps for some time to learn French and politeness. They were friends of the Frau von Wolzogen. They had just seen

Schiller before they left for the Alps, and had remarked on his tall stature and noble bearing. But they had exchanged no words with him. When they came back from Switzerland, they settled in the little valley by the Saale, where the elder sister married and the younger waited till her time was come. That was when Schiller came. He was brought over from Bauerbach on a dull December day in the year 1787, a few months after the production of "Don Carlos." His friend Wilhelm von Wolzogen had ridden with him to Rudolstadt, glad, of course, to introduce to the ladies a friend who was now famous among German poets, and glad also to introduce the ladies to his friend. Wilhelm von Wolzogen, in fact, became the second husband of the elder sister, and in Charlotte von Langefeld Schiller found, after return to Weimar, that one of these new friends was unusually agreeable. In the Spring of the next year 1788, he began to correspond with both the sisters. In May he established his lodgings with the village clerk at Volkstädt, "in a clean and cheerful apartment," within an easy walk of Rudolstadt. There he was in close companionship with the Langefeld family, while he was working at his "History of the Rebellion in the Netherlands," as well as his romance of the "Ghost-seer," both then in course of publication, reading his manuscript of each to his new friends as he proceeded. In July he dropped his work upon the History and left it a fragment. In these days his mind was possessed with a deep sense of the beauty of Greek art. He wrote his poem of "The Gods of Greece" just before going to Volkstädt; he translated "Iphigenia in Aulis," and scenes from the "Phænissæ," to please Charlotte von Langefeld. Out of this movement of thought came also his poem of "The Artists." Schiller did not know, or did not profess to his best friend to know, that he had found his fate. When he had been a week at Volkstätt he wrote to Körner, on the 26th of May 1788: "In the town itself I have a most agreeable acquaintance in the Langefeld and Beulwitz family, the only persons I know, and probably the only persons I shall know there. I shall, however, endeavour to avoid a very close attachment to this family, and an exclusive one for a particular member of it." Two months later, on the 27th of July, he wrote: "I still enjoy my sojourn here exceedingly. But I lose many an hour in this agreeable society which I ought to pass at my desk. We have become indispensable to each other, and all our pleasures are mutual. I shall find it difficult to part with these people, perhaps the more so because I am not attracted to them by any vehement passion but by a calm attachment, which has

gradually grown upon me. I am equally fond of mother and daughters, and they are also fond of me. I rejoice that I was reasonable enough from the very first to avoid an exclusive attachment to one individual member of the family."

It was at Rudolstadt, also, early in September of this year, that Schiller for the first time in his life had free speech with Goethe, who, after his return from Italy, went over one day with three ladies to spend a Sunday with the Langefelds. "He is of the middle height," wrote Schiller to Körner, "and looks and walks stiff. His countenance is not open, but he has a beaming eye. The expression of his face is serious, at the same time that it is benevolent and kind. He is brown-haired, and he appears older than I should say he really is." [Goethe's age was then thirty-nine and Schiller's twenty-nine.] "His voice is exceedingly pleasing, and his conversation flowing, lively and amusing. It is a pleasure to listen to him; and when he is in a happy mood, which seemed to be the case on this occasion, he is fond of talking, and takes an interest in what he says. Our acquaintance was soon made, without the slightest formality on either side; the company was too numerous, and all were too eager to catch a word from him, for me to be much alone with him, or to allow me to speak with him on other than commonplace topics. . . . Altogether, the high idea I had conceived of him is not in the slightest degree lessened by his personal acquaintance; but I doubt if we shall ever draw very close towards each other. Many things that are still of interest to me—that I have still to wish and to hope for—have had their day with him. He is so far ahead of me—not so much in years as in experience and knowledge of the world and self-development—that we cannot meet on the road. His whole life, from the very beginning, has run in a contrary direction to mine: his world is not my world; our notions on some points are diametrically opposed. But from so short an interview it is hard to form a judgment. Time will show."

On the 8th of the following December, Goethe Professor at Jena. wrote a letter to the Council of Duke Karl August of Weimar, recommending Schiller's appointment, on the strength of his "History of the Revolt of the Netherlands," to a Professorship of History in the University of Jena. In 1789 he was accordingly appointed to an extraordinary Professorship without salary. He felt unprepared, but Goethe told him that one learns by teaching—*docendo discitur*. On the 26th of May 1789 Schiller gave his first lecture, the subject being "What is Universal

History, and Why is it Studied." He had chosen a small classroom, but the crowd that came to see and hear the Poet obliged him to move into the largest room that could be found. He gave his lecture with spirit and won credit. But that was a free lecture. When he came to business, he had to write every day a lecture for a class of thirty, among whom only ten paid. There was no endowment, and he was the poorer for the dignity of a Professorship that promised to be all work and no pay. Money troubles, from which he had never been free, became more threatening.

But the summer vacation of 1789—the time of the outbreak of the French Revolution—was spent with the Lange- Betrothal
felds in Lauchstädt. He did then declare an exclusive and
attachment to one member of the family. In Decem- Marriage.
ber he was betrothed to Charlotte von Langefeld, and the title of Hofrath was obtained for him from the Duke of Weimar, that a von Langefeld might not appear to be too lowly matched. The Duke kindly added the substantial help to Schiller of a pension of 200 thalers (about £67). This made marriage possible, and on the 22nd of February 1790, Schiller, aged a few months over thirty, was happily united to Charlotte von Langefeld, and added to many other wholesome influences on his genius, poor as he was, the companionship of a sensible and faithful wife.

To the work of his Professorship of History Schiller now joined the writing of a "History of the Thirty Years' War," Illness.
for a "Historical Calendar for Ladies," issued by A Friend
Göschen the publisher. But in that first year of marri- in Need.
age, the year 1790, his health broke down, partly through overwork. His chest was painfully affected. He still worked cheerfully in intervals of suffering, and concealed a sense of danger to his life. But little could be earned, the need of money pressed, a visit had been made to Carlsbad for benefit of the waters, and it would have gone hard with the newly married couple if a friendly Danish poet, Jens Baggesen, had not then persuaded the Duke of Holstein Augustenburg to join the Danish Minister, Count "History of
Schimmellmann, in a free gift to Schiller of a thousand the Thirty
thalers a year for three years. This gave the poet free Years'
use of his mind. He studied the philosophy of Kant, War."
wrote essays that applied it in his own way to the poet's art, went on with his "History of the Thirty Years' War" (which he finished in September 1792), and began to give form in his mind to a dramatic treatment of the career of Wallenstein. For his "History of the Thirty Years' War" the National Convention in Paris voted

him a new title of honour, that of "Citoyen Français," with which he was wholly disgusted when the document announcing his good fortune, after a difficult passage among armies, reached him long afterwards, in March 1798, and he found that he was inscribed on the roll of fame as "le sieur Gille, publiciste allemand."

Home revisited. In the autumn of 1792 Schiller's mother with his youngest sister, Nanette, came to see him and his wife at Jena. The desire to revisit home was strong: Schiller wrote for forgiveness to the Duke of Württemberg, whose service he had deserted and whose dominions, therefore, it had been dangerous to re-enter. The Duke did not condescend to answer, but said in presence of those who might repeat his saying, "If Schiller comes to Stuttgart I shall take no notice of him." Schiller came, therefore, with his wife to the old home, and from August 1793 to the middle of May 1794, he was first in Heilbronn, then in Ludwigsburg, and then in Stuttgart. During these months of happy life among friends of his youth Schiller's first son was born. At Stuttgart also Schiller established friendly business relations with the publishing house of Johann Friedrich Cotta, out of which came a substantial improvement of his income.

"Die Horen." A new monthly journal was projected, to be called "Die Horen," which Schiller was to edit, and into which he was to gather contributions from the best writers of Germany. Goethe was among those from whom he invited help; Goethe gave it cordially, went to Jena to confer with Schiller upon the subject, and thenceforward, until Schiller's death, the two greatest poets of Germany really knew each other and were cordial friends. Schiller's aim in the "Horen" was the elevation of society, and his own contribution to it was a series of letters on the *Æsthetic Education of the Race of Man*; but of the great writers who had given their names as contributors, many contributed little more than their names. The result was an imperfect success, which Schiller sought to cover by a "Musen-Almanach" for 1796, to which Goethe and other poets contributed good poems, and Schiller wrote for it, in the summer of 1795, his "Might of Song," "Honour to Women," "The Dance," "The Ideal." The next year's Almanac of the Muses included his "Maiden from Afar" and his "Complaint of Ceres."

"Xenien." Both Schiller and Goethe had reason to feel the dulness of the public. Goethe had written of it as *Literary Sansculottism*. Goethe suggested to Schiller, and Schiller led, the attack on this by satire under the name of

INTRODUCTION.

"Xenien." Xenia were of old the parting gifts of a host to his guests, which ranged from titbits to epigrams. Martial had applied the name to epigrams. Schiller and Goethe chiefly followed Martial; Goethe the deviser of the little war of wit against dulness, Schiller—whose health now failed again—the more active warrior. The two poets worked often together in Schiller's room, and of some of the "Xenien" one gave the thought and the other the form. The play of this artillery began in the "Musen-Almanach" for 1797. Writers whose taste was attacked returned the fire, and a sharp battle was opened in which Schiller and Goethe fought for the honour of true Literature by assertion of its highest aims. It was a battle not unlike that of Boileau in his "Satires" and of Pope in his "Dunciad." But Schiller and Goethe taught more by example of the true than by attack upon the false.

In March 1796 Schiller finally decided to give up a tragedy on the "Knights of Malta," which he had begun, and devote his energies to "Wallenstein." On the 23rd of May 1796, Schiller told Schiller of the death of his sister Nanette.

Death of
Sister and
Father.

On the 23rd of May 1796, in a letter from Jena to his friend Körner, who had been staying with him, Schiller wrote: "My health has not taken a turn for the worse since your departure; on the contrary, yesterday, being a lovely day, I went out for a stroll, and felt much better after it. My wife is not ill, but her approaching confinement makes her delicate. I trust that all will pass over well. I have been of late very unhappy in my family; and it was at times with great difficulty that I could master my feelings so far as to conceal my grief. My youngest sister—a beautiful girl, full of youthful hopes and talent—died eight weeks since, in the twenty-first year of her age; my second sister is on her deathbed; my father is bedridden with the gout; and my mother, the most delicate of the whole family, who, seven or eight years ago, only survived a most violent and painful illness by a wonderful change at the crisis, has been obliged, during these last months, to bear the weight of all this affliction alone. My parents live eight or nine miles out of Stuttgart, and no one but the doctors will venture to visit them just now, for fear of contagion from the Hospital at the Solitude. I have at last enabled my married sister" [Christophine, wife of his friend Reinwald], "who is settled at Meiningen, to go and take care of them. Had I not succeeded in doing this—for she has not been well—I had determined on leaving for Suabia in the

middle of May, to take my family away from the Solitude, and to devise measures for seeing them properly taken care of. My sister of Meiningen writes me word that my mother keeps up wonderfully, that hopes are entertained of the recovery of my second sister, and that my father's life is not in danger." But it was in danger. On the 7th of September in that year Schiller's father died, at the age of seventy-one. In his last letter to his son he had said, speaking of the death of their dear Nanette, "When we impartially consider everything, we find that the departed one was ripe for death." The letters of Schiller's father and other records that we find in the family papers, and the Life of Schiller published by the poet's sister-in-law, Caroline von Langefeld, who had for her second husband Schiller's friend Wilhelm von Wolzogen, keep fresh the memory of Johann Kaspar Schiller as a man in whom a religious sense of duty gave health to a mind active along its own line for the common good, and with deep-rooted family affections. He was loyal to his God, loyal to wife and children, loyal to his Duke, and loyal to his purpose of adding to the wealth of Würtemberg by increase of the kindly fruits of the earth. On the 11th of July 1796, another boy had been born to Schiller, and the poet was comforted by the well-being of wife and child when he wrote to Körner, "My father has now followed my sister to the grave; it is true, after an illness of such duration and suffering that we had long since given up all hope, and death was a relief to him. But you can fancy that it is not easy for the heart to be light under such trials."

In a monograph on "Schiller as Philosopher," read Schiller's Philosophy. at Jena in March 1858, at the celebration of the Jubilee of the University, which had numbered the great poet among its Professors, Dr. Kuno Fischer made the philosophical period of Schiller's life and work to begin a few years after the production of "Don Carlos." "Wallenstein" was written at the beginning of that period; and among Schiller's poems the entrance into the philosophical period is represented by "The Artists," the passage out of it is represented by his poem on "The Ideal and the Actual Life;" those poems representing also the limits of his course of thought as a philosopher. In following it, says Kuno Fischer, Schiller did not turn aside from his path; he lost no time; for it was through his studies in history and philosophy that he came to his full power as an artist. The writers from whom he received most aid to his own development were Kant and Goethe.

INTRODUCTION.

Kant had produced, in the days of Schiller's early poems and plays, his study of Pure Reason, which analyses and combines things, that by intellectual experiment they may be understood. Kant had then proceeded to his study of Practical Reason, which fashions and shapes things, that they may be applied to the use of man. It was a year after Schiller had written his poem of "The Artists" that Kant published the third section of his system. This third section did not consider things by a process of pure reason, analysing, and so changing them that their true nature may be known; it did not re-fashion, and so change them that their best practical uses might be found; but it considered them unchanged, as objects of contemplation which gave or did not give a sense of Pleasure. Perception of this quality he studied as *Æsthetic*. Kant's criticism of *Æsthetic Judgment* was published just when Schiller's mind was eager to follow such a line of study, and it helped to the quick ripening of his own half-shaped thoughts, which had been growing in like form. While reading Kant, Schiller studied also the Poetics of Aristotle.

Kant satisfied Schiller by his firm planting of the *Æsthetic Ideal* in man's moral nature. He distinguished clearly between Duty and Desire, and found true virtue in the conflict that makes Duty triumph over Inclination. Elevation of character comes, he said, only of complete conquest over passions and desires by a strong spirit of Duty. This makes the only hero. So Schiller had always felt; he had found the truth emotionally suggested by Rousseau; he found it developed and demonstrated by Kant; and in his poet nature the sense of a combatant virtue, ready for any sacrifice in obedience to the highest moral right, obedience to the voice that says, *Thou shalt do, without regard to any inclination or desire that may by so doing be satisfied*,—in Schiller's poet nature such philosophy became new aid to the giving of the highest pleasure by expression of the highest human truth. Friendship and Love had been exalted by him as chief aids to a true life; he saw them clearly now as aids to true life in the form of an unselfish allegiance to Duty. One source of the great pleasure taken by English readers in the poetry of Schiller is its noble upholding of the principle expressed in Nelson's famous signal to his fleet, and in his last words, "Thank God, I have done my Duty." When the rush of young emotion, seeking overthrow of wrong, had been calmed by time and study, and in "Don Carlos" the first vague ideal had advanced to its most refined expression, subject more and more to reason labouring for highest truth, Schiller was helped by Kant to a clear understanding of the

point of view from which to regard the moral ideal upon which alone a great artist should fix attention.

In "Philosophical Letters between Julius and Raphael," published between the years 1786 and 1789, Schiller makes Raphael say to his friend that it is a common prejudice to estimate the greatness of a man by the matter upon which he works, not by the manner of his working. Life and Freedom in the greatest possible extension are the stamp of the Divine Creation, which is never more exalted than where its Ideal is not seen. But, limited as we are now, this higher perfection cannot be compassed by us. We see too small a part of the Universe, and it is beyond range of our ears to harmonize all tones we hear. Every step that we take upward brings us nearer to enjoyment of this highest art, but is of use only when it is a means of inspiring us to exercise like energy. The noble man wants neither matter upon which to work, nor powers, to become in his own sphere a Maker. Once recognize this, and there is no more lament over the limit of your bounds of power. But you must know where their bounds are, before you can find the worth of your free use of them.

In November Schiller was brooding over and working upon the materials for "Wallenstein," facing difficulties that he meant to overcome. "The subject," he wrote to Körner, "is in its groundwork a State event, and with regard to poetical adaptation, it has all the improprieties a political action can have—an invisible abstract object, small and many means, dislocated action, timid progress, too cold a conformity of purpose for the poet's advantage, and yet without bringing it to perfection or to poetical greatness. The mover of Wallenstein's actions is the Army, consequently an endless plain to me, which I have not before my vision, and which it costs me great exertion to bring before my imagination. The very passions that actuate him—revenge and ambition—are of the coldest description. His character, moreover, is not noble—may not be so." In these difficulties of the subject Schiller saw a test of his new powers; for his æsthetic and philosophical studies, and his development from Kant's writings of a philosophy of social life, caused him to work now—and work without loss of his enthusiasm for the mighty hope that makes us men—with the skill of a trained artist. The fact that the army was to be regarded as the mover of Wallenstein's actions caused Schiller, on completing his great work, to make "Wallenstein's Camp" a Prologue to the whole. The persons in it representing its wild forces, group together and foreshadow all

the qualities expressed afterwards by different persons of the drama. In 1798 Schiller gave up the editing of "*Die Horen*," and worked with enthusiasm upon "*Wallenstein*," that grew under his hands to the trilogy of "*The Camp*," "*The Piccolomini*," and "*Wallenstein's Death*." Goethe had become director of the theatre at Weimar, where a new playhouse was built, that was opened on the 12th of October 1798, with "*Wallenstein's Camp*." On the 30th of January 1799—the Duchess of Weimar's birthday—"The Piccolomini" was first acted, and it was followed on the 20th of April by "*Wallenstein's Death*." The production of this noble trilogy was the event of the year 1799 in German literature.

It was just then, when Schiller's fame was ringing through the land, that Wordsworth and Coleridge, who had produced their volume of "*Lyrical Ballads*" in 1798, being then ^{Coleridge's} Translation. young men of twenty-eight and twenty-six, had come for a holiday to Germany. They had parted at Hamburg. Coleridge had gone to Weimar, and sought contact with the German writers of the time. He had seen "*Wallenstein*" upon the stage, and shared, as a young English poet, in the general enthusiasm. When he came back to England he went to the house of Longman, urged the publishing of a translation of the newly produced "*Wallenstein*," and with the stir of interest still fresh in him, worked without pause at his translations of "*The Piccolomini*" and "*Death of Wallenstein*," which were published in the year 1800. Those are, of course, the translations given in this volume. Somebody else's translation of "*The Piccolomini*" was published in 1805; and there was a translation of "*Wallenstein*," by Professor George Moir, in 1827. Coleridge had not seen "*Wallenstein's Camp*," and did not translate it. But that was among pieces translated from the German, and published in 1830, by Lord Francis Leveson Gower, afterwards Lord Ellesmere, a well-known friend of good literature. With this to precede Coleridge's work, we have the whole trilogy in English.

Schiller, now settled in Weimar, was encouraged by the great success of "*Wallenstein*" to proceed immediately to another play. Still hindered by ill health, he began to ^{"Mary Stuart."} busy for a play on Mary Stuart, which had been in his mind since the old days at Bauerbach. The Duke at Weimar had ordered translations of French plays upon his stage. Schiller, to balance the effect of them, translated Shakespeare's "*Macbeth*," which was produced on the 14th of May 1800. "*Mary Stuart*" was finished on the 9th of the next June, and first produced on the 14th

of June 1800. Schiller now felt himself to be essentially a dramatic poet. He wished to obtain acceptance on the English stage for a translation of "Mary Stuart," that was made for him in 1801 by J. C. Mellish, and he joined the translator in offering it to an English theatre; but, as the translator said in his introduction to the published copy, no answer was returned to their joint letter. That first translation of "Mary Stuart," which Schiller himself saw and adopted, is the translation given in this volume. The play was also translated by H. Salvin in 1824, and by William Peter, M.A., in a translation published at Heidelberg in 1841. Mr. Peter was also a translator of "The Maid of Orleans" and of "William Tell," and his translations have great merit.

In July 1800 Schiller began work on his next play, "The Maid of Orleans," which was finished on the 16th of April 1801, and it was first acted on the 17th of September. In this play Goethe took especial pleasure. A translation of it was published in 1835 for his private friends by John Eliot Drinkwater (afterwards Drinkwater-Bethune), which was, he said, the result of an endeavour to recall a translation made by him in his earlier years. There is a spirit in the lines of this translation that makes it worth wider diffusion. But I have restored in it the names of two of Schiller's characters which the translator had altered. Other translations have been by Mr. N. Lucas, in 1841; E. S. and F. J. Turner, in 1842; William Peter, in 1843; H. Thompson, in 1845; and of the best scenes by Miss Swanwick, in 1846. Miss Swanwick, whose work is copyright, has produced the best translation. It is the translation given in the volume of Schiller published in Bohn's Library.

After the production of "The Maid of Orleans" Schiller went for rest to his friend Körner at Dresden. He made a free translation of Gozzi's "Turandot," which was produced at Weimar on the Duchess's birthday, January 30, 1802. Ideas for new plays then in his mind were the completion of his "Knights of Malta," "Perkin

Warbeck," and "William Tell." On the 30th of April his mother died, on the day of his establishment in a new house. He suffered much from disease in the lungs, read Æschylus, and was inspired by him with the desire to write a play which should include a Chorus. In September 1802 he wrote to Körner, "I have been working hard at a new tragedy. It is 'The Hos Brothers,' or, as I shall call it, 'The Bride of Messina.' I met

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

P o e m s.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES, BY EDWARD, LORD LYTTON.

THE contrast between the compositions in Schiller's first and third period is sufficiently striking. In the former there is more fire and action—more of that lavish and exuberant energy which characterized the earlier tales of Lord Byron, and redeemed, in that wonderful master of animated and nervous style, a certain poverty of conception by a vigour and *gusto* of execution, which no English poet, perhaps, has ever surpassed. In his poems lies the life, and beats the heart, of Schiller. They conduct us through the various stages of his spiritual education, and indicate each step in the progress. In this division, *effort* is no less discernible than power—both in language and thought there is a struggle at something not yet achieved, and not, perhaps, even yet definite and distinct to the poet himself. Here may be traced, though softened by the charm of genius (which softens all things), the splendid errors that belong to a passionate youth, and that give such distorted grandeur to the giant melodrame of "The Robbers." But here are to be traced also, and in far clearer characters, the man's strong heart, essentially human in its sympathies—the thoughtful and earnest intellect giving ample promise of all it was destined to receive. In these earlier poems, extravagance is sufficiently noticeable—yet never the sickly eccentricities of diseased weakness, but the exuberant overflowings of a young Titan's strength. There is a distinction, which our critics do not always notice, between the *extravagance* of a great genius, and the *affectation* of a pretty poet.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

ANDROMACHE.

WILL Hector leave me for the fatal plain,
Where, fierce with vengeance for Patroclus slain,
Stalks Pelus' ruthless son?
Who, when thou glid'st amidst the dark abodes,
To hurl the spear and to revere the gods,
Shall teach thine Orphan One?

HECTOR.

Woman and wife beloved—cease thy tears;
My soul is nerved—the war-clang in my ears!
Be mine in life to stand
Troy's bulwark!—fighting for our hearths, to go
In death, exulting to the streams below,
Slain for my fatherland!

ANDROMACHE.

No more I hear thy martial footsteps fall—
Thine arms shall hang, dull trophies, on the wall—
Fallen the stem of Troy!

Thou go'st where slow Cocytus wanders—where
 Love sinks in Lethe, and the sunless air
 Is dark to light and joy !

HECTOR.

Longing and thought—yea, all I feel and think
 May in the silent sloth of Lethe sink,
 But my love not !
 Hark, the wild swarm is at the walls !—I hear !
 Gird on my sword—Beloved one, dry the tear—
 Lethe for love is not !

AMALIA.

FAIR as an angel from his blessed hall¹
 Of every fairest youth the fairest he !
 Heaven-mild his look, as Maybeams when they fall,
 Or shine reflected from a clear blue sea !
 His kisses—feelings rise with paradise !
 Ev'n as two flames, one on the other driven—
 Ev'n as two harp-tones their melodious sighs
 Blend in some music that seems born of heaven—
 So rushed, mixed, melted life with life united !
 Lips, cheeks burned, trembled—soul to soul was won !
 And earth and heaven seemed chaos, as, delighted,
 Earth—heaven were blent round the beloved one !
 Now, he is gone ! vainly and wearily
 Groans the full heart, the yearning sorrow flows—
 Gone ! and all zest of life, in one long sigh,
 Goes with him where he goes.

A FUNERAL FANTASIE.

I.

PALE, at its ghastly noon,
 Pauses above the death-still wood—the moon ;
 The night-sprite, sighing, through the dim air stirs ;
 The clouds descend in rain ;
 Mourning, the wan stars wane,
 Flickering like dying lamps in sepulchres !
 Haggard as spectres—vision-like and dumb,
 Dark with the pomp of Death, and moving slow,
 Towards that sad lair the pale Procession come
 Where the Grave closes on the Night below.

II.

With dim, deep-sunken eye,
 Crutched on his staff, who trembles tottering by ?
 As wrung from out the shattered heart, one groan
 Breaks the deep hush alone !
 Crushed by the iron Fate, he seems to gather
 All life's last strength to stagger to the bier.
 And hearken—Do those cold lips murmur “ Father ? ”
 The sharp rain, drizzling through that place of fear,
 Pierces the bones gnawed fleshless by despair,
 And the heart's horror stirs the silver hair.

¹ Literally, Walhalla.

A FUNERAL FANTASIE.

III.

Fresh bleed the fiery wounds
Through all that agonizing heart undone—
Still on the voiceless lips, "my Father" sounds,
And still the childless Father murmurs "Son!"
Ice-cold—ice-cold, in that white shroud he lies—
Thy sweet and golden dreams all vanished there—
The sweet and golden name of "Father" dies
Into thy curse,—ice-cold—ice-cold—he lies!
Dead, what thy life's delight and Eden were!

IV.

Mild, as when, fresh from the arms of Aurora,
While the air like Elysium is smiling above,
Steeped in rose-breathing odours, the darling of Flora
Wantons over the blooms on his winglets of love.—
So gay, o'er the meads, went his footsteps in bliss,
The silver wave mirrored the smile of his face;
Delight, like a flame, kindled up at his kiss,
And the heart of the maid was the prey of his chase.

V.

Boldly he sprang to the strife of the world,
As a deer to the mountain-top carelessly springs;
As an eagle whose plumes to the sun are unfurled,
Sweet his Hope round the Heaven on its limitless wings.
Proud as a war-horse that chafes at the rein,
That, kingly, exults in the storm of the brave;
That throws to the wind the wild stream of its mane,
Strode he forth by the prince and the slave!

VI.

Life, like a spring-day, serene and divine,
In the star of the morning went by as a trance;
His murmurs he drowned in the gold of the wine,
And his sorrow, were borne on the wave of the dance.
Worlds lay concealed in the hopes of his youth!—
When once he shall ripen to Manhood and Fame!
Fond Father exult!—In the germs of his youth
What harvests are destined for Manhood and Fame!

VII.

Not to be was that Manhood!—The death-bell is knelling,
The hinge of the death-vault creaks harsh on the ears—
How dismal, O Death, is the place of thy dwelling!
Not to be was that Manhood!—Flow on bitter tears!
Go, beloved, thy path to the sun,
Rise, world upon world, with the perfect to rest;
Go—quaff the delight which thy spirit has won,
And escape from our grief in the Halls of the Blest.

VIII.

Again (in that thought what a healing is found!)
To meet in the Eden to which thou art fled!—
Hark, the coffin sinks down with a dull, sullen sound,
And the ropes rattle over the sleep of the dead.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

And we cling to each other !—O Grave, he is thine !
 The eye tells the woe that is mute to the ears—
 And we dare to resent what we grudge to resign,
 Till the heart's sinful murmur is choked in its tears.
 Pale at its ghastly noon,
 Pauses above the death-still wood—the moon !
 The night-sprite, sighing, through the dim air stirs :
 The clouds descend in rain ;
 Mourning, the wan stars wane,
 Flickering like dying lamps in sepulchres.
 The dull clods swell into the sullen mound !
 Earth, one look yet upon the prey we gave !
 The Grave locks up the treasure it has found ;
 Higher and higher swells the sullen mound—
 Never gives back the Grave !

FANTASIE TO LAURA.

WHAT, Laura, say, the vortex that can draw
 Body to body in its strong control ;
 Beloved Laura, what the charmed law
 That to the soul attracting plucks the soul ?
 It is the charm that rolls the stars on high,
For ever round the sun's majestic blaze—
 When, gay as children round their parent, fly
 Their circling dances in delighted-maze.
 Still, every star that glides its gladsome course,
 Thirstily drinks the luminous golden rain ;
 Drinks the fresh vigour from the fery source,
 As limbs imbibe life's motion from the brain ;
 With sunny motes, the sunny motes united
 Harmonious lustre both receive and give,
 Love spheres with spheres still interchange delighted,
 Only through love the starry systems live.

Take love from Nature's universe of wonder,
 Each jarring each, rushes the mighty All.
 Sec. back to Chaos shocked, Creation thunder ;
 Weep, starry Newton—weep the giant fall !
 Take from the spiritual scheme that Power away,
 And the stilled body shrinks to Death's abode.
 Never—love not—would blooms revive for May,
 And, love extinct, all life were dead to God.
 And what the charm that at my Laura's kiss,
 Pours the diviner brightness to the cheek ;
 Makes the heart bound more swiftly to its bliss,
 And bids the rushing blood the magnet seek ?—
 Out from their bounds swell nerve, and pulse, and sense,
 The veins in tumult would their shores o'erflow ;
 Body to body rapt—and, charmed thence,
 Soul drawn to soul with intermingled glow.

Mighty alike to sway the flow and ebb
 Of the inanimate Matter, or to move
 The nerves that weave the Arachnéan web
 Of Sentient Life—rules all-pervading Love !

TO LAURA PLAYING.

Ev'n in the Moral World, embrace and meet
 Emotions—Gladness clasps the extreme of Care ;
 And Sorrow, at the worst, upon the sweet
 Breast of young Hope, is thawed from its despair.
 Of sister-kin to melancholy Woe,
 Voluptuous, Pleasure comes, and happy eyes
 Delivered of the tears, their children, glow
 Lustrous as sunbeams—and the Darkness flies !¹
 The same great Law of Sympathy is given
 To Evil as to Good, and if we swell
 The dark account that life incurs with Heaven,
 'Tis that our Vices are thy Wooers, Hell !
 In turn those Vices are embraced by Shame
 And fell Remorse, the twin Eumenides.
 Danger still clings in fond embrace to Fame,
 Mounts on her wing, and flies where'er she flees.
 Destruction marries its dark self to Pride,
 Envy to Fortune : when Desire most charms,
 'Tis that her brother Death is by her side,
 For him she opens those voluptuous arms.
 The very Future to the Past but flies
 Upon the wings of Love—as I to thee ;
 O, long swift Saturn, with unceasing sighs,
 Hath sought his distant bride, Eternity !
 When—so I heard the oracle declare—
 When Saturn once shall clasp that bride sublime,
 Wide-blazing worlds shall light his nuptials there—
 'Tis thus Eternity shall wed with Time.
 In those shall be our nuptials ! ours to share
 That bride-night, wakened by no jealous sun ;
 Since Time, Creation, Nature, but declare
 Love—in our love rejoice, Beloved One !

TO LAURA PLAYING.

WHEN o'er the chords thy fingers steal,
 A soulless statue now I feel,
 And now a soul set free !
 Sweet Sovereign ! ruling over death and life—
 Seizes the heart, in a voluptuous strife
 As with a thousand strings—the SORCERY !²

¹ Und entbunden von den gold'nen Kindern
 Strahlt das Auge Sonnenpracht.

Schiller, in his earlier poems, strives after poetry in expression, as our young imitators of Shelley and Keats do, sanctioned generally by our critics, who quote such expressions in italics with three notes of admiration ! He here, for instance, calls tears "the Golden Children of the Eye." In his later poems Schiller had a much better notion of true beauty of diction. The general meaning of this poem is very obscure, but it seems to imply that Love rules all things in the inanimate or animate creation ; that, even in the moral world, opposite emotions or principles meet and embrace each other. The idea is pushed into an extravagance natural to the youth, and redeemed by the passion, of the author. But the connecting links are so slender, nay, so frequently omitted, in the original, that a certain degree of paraphrase in many of the stanzas is absolutely necessary to supply them, and render the general sense and spirit of the poem intelligible to the English reader.

² "The Sorcery."—In the original, Schiller, with very questionable taste, compares Laura to a conjurer, of the name of Philadelphia, who exhibited before Frederick the Great.

Then the vassal airs that woo thee,
 Hush their low breath hearkening to thee.
In delight and in devotion,
 Pausing from her whirling motion,
 Nature, in enchanted calm,
 Silently drinks the floating balm.
 Sorceress, her heart with thy tone
 Chaining—as thine eyes my own !

O'er the transport-tumult driven,
 Doth the music gliding swim ;
 From the strings, as from their heaven,
 Burst the new-born Seraphim.
 As when from Chaos' giant arms set free,
 'Mid the Creation-storm, exultingly
 Sprang sparkling through the dark the Orbs of Light—
 So streams the rich tone in melodious might.

Soft gliding now, as when o'er pebbles glancing,
 The silver wave goes dancing :
 Now with majestic swell, and strong,
 As thunder peals in organ-tones along ;
 And now with stormy gush,
 As down the rock, in foam, the whirling torrents rush ;
 To a whisper now
 Melts it amorously,
 Like the breeze through the bough
 Of the aspen-tree ;
 Heavily now, and with a mournful breath,
 Like midnight's wind along those wastes of death,
 Where Awe the wail of ghosts lamenting hears,
 And slow Cocytus trails the stream whose waves are tears.
 Speak, maiden, speak !—Oh, art thou one of those
 Spirits more lofty than our region knows ?
 Should we in thine the mother-language seek
 Souls in Elysium speak ?

TO LAURA.

(RAPTURE.)

LAURA—above this world methinks I fly,
 And feel the glow of some May-lighted sky,
 When thy looks beam on mine !
And my soul drinks a more ethereal air,
 When mine own shape I see reflected, there,
 In those blue eyes of thine !
 A lyre-sound from the Paradise afar,
 A harp-note trembling from some gracious star,
 Seems the wild ear to fill ;
 And my Muse feels the Golden Shepherd-hours,
 When from thy lips the silver music pours
 Slow, as against its will
 I see the young Loves flutter on the wing—
 Move the charmed trees, as when the Thracian's string
 Wild life to forests gave ;
 Swifter the globe's swift circle seems to fly,

TO LAURA.

When in the whirling dance thou glidest by,
Light as a happy wave,
Thy looks, when there Love's smiles their gladness wreath,
Could life itself to lips of marble breathe,
Lend rocks a pulse divine;
Reading thine eyes—my veriest life but seems
Made up and fashioned from my wildest dreams—
Laura, sweet Laura, mine!

TO LAURA.

(THE MYSTERY OF REMINISCENCE.)¹

WHO, and what gave to me the wish to woo thee—
Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee?
Who made thy glances to my soul the link—
Who bade me burn thy very breath to drink—
My life in thine to sink?
As from the conqueror's unresisted glaive,
Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave—
So, when to life's unguarded sort, I see
Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—
Yields not my soul to thee?
Why from its lord doth thus my soul depart?—
Is it because its native home thou art?
Or were they brothers in the days of yore,
Twin-bound, both souls, and in the links they bore
Sigh to be bound once more?
Were once our beings blent and intertwining,
And therefore still my heart for thine is pining?
Knew we the light of some extinguished sun—
The joys remote of some bright realm undone,
Where once our souls were ONE?
Yes, it is so!—And thou wert bound to me
In the long-vanished Eld eternally!
In the dark troubled tablets which enrol
The Past—my Muse beheld this blessed scroll—
"One with thy love my soul!"
Oh yes, I learned in awe, when gazing there,
How once one bright inseparate life we were,
How once, one glorious essence as a god,
Unmeasured space our chainless footsteps trod—
All Nature our abode!
Round us, in waters of delight, for ever
Voluptuous flowed the heavenly Nectar river;
We were the master of the seal of things,
And where the sunshine bathed Truth's mountain-springs
Quivered our glancing wings.
Weep for the godlike life we lost afar—
Weep!—thou and I its scattered fragments are;
And still the unconquered yearning we retain—
Sigh to restore the rapture and the reign,
And grow divine again

¹ This most exquisite love-poem is founded on the Platonic notion, that souls were united in a pre-existent state, that love is the yearning of the spirit to reunite with the spirit with which it formerly made one—and which it discovers on earth. The idea has often been made subservient to poetry, but never with so earnest and elaborate a beauty.

And therefore came to me the wish to woo thee—
 Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee ;
 This made thy glances to my soul the link—
 This made me burn thy very breath to drink—
 My life in thine to sink :
 And therefore, as before the conqueror's glaive,
 Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave,
 So, when to life's unguarded fort, I see
 Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—
 Yieldeth my soul to thee !
 Therefore my soul doth from its lord depart,
 Because, beloved, its native home thou art ;
 Because the twins recall the links they bore,
 And soul with soul, in the sweet kiss of yore,
 Meets and unites once more !
 Thou too— Ah, there thy gaze upon me dwells,
 And thy young blush the tender answer tells ;
 Yes ! with the dear relation still we thrill,
 Both lives—though exiles from the homeward hill—
 One life—all glowing still !

MELANCHOLY: TO LAURA.

I.

LAURA ! a sunrise seems to break
 Where'er thy happy looks may glow,
 Joy sheds its roses o'er thy cheek,
 Thy tears themselves do but bespeak
 The rapture whence they flow :
 Blest youth to whom those tears are given—
 The tears that change his earth to heaven ;
 His best reward those melting eyes—
 For him new suns are in the skies !

II.

Thy soul—a crystal river passing,
 Silver-clear, and sunbeam-glassing,
 Mays into bloom sad Autumn by thee ;
 Night and desert, if they spy thee,
 To gardens laugh—with daylight shine,
 Lit by those happy smiles of thine !
 Dark with cloud the Future far
 Goldens itself beneath thy star
 Smil'st thou to see the Harmony
 Of charm the laws of Nature keep ?
 Alas ! to me the Harmony
 Brings only cause to weep !

III.

Holds not Hades its domain
 Underneath this earth of ours ?
 Under Palace, under Jane,
 Underneath the cloud-capt Towers ?
 Stately cities soar and spread
 O'er your mouldering bones, ye Dead !

From corruption, from decay,
 Springs yon clove pink's fragrant bloom ;
 Yon gay waters wind their way
 From the hollows of a tomb.

IV.

From the Planets thou mayst know
 All the change that shifts below,
 Fled—beneath that zone of rays,
 Fled to Night a thousand Mays ;
 Thrones a thousand—rising—sinking,
 Earth from thousand slaughters drinking
 Blood profusely poured as water ;—
 Of the sceptre—of the slaughter—
 Wouldst thou know what trace remaineth ?
 Seek them where the dark king reigneth !

V.

Scarce thine eye can ope and close
 Ere Life's dying sunset glows ;
 Sinking sudden from its pride
 Into Death—the Lethe tide.
 Ask'st thou whence thy beauties rise ?
 Boatest thou those radiant eyes ?—
 Or that cheek in roses dyed ?
 All their beauty (thought of sorrow !)
 From the brittle mould they borrow.
 Heavy interest in the tomb
 For the brief loan of the bloom,
 For the beauty of the Day,
 Death, the Usurer, thou must pay,
 In the long to-morrow !

VI.

Maiden !—Death's too strong for scorn ;
 In the cheek the fairest, He
 But the fairest throne doth see ;
 Though the roses of the morn
 Weave the veil by Beauty worn—
 Aye, beneath that broidered curtain,
 Stands the Archer stern and certain !
 Maid—thy Visionary hear—
 Trust the wild one as the seer,
 When he tells thee that thine eye,
 While it beckons to the wooer,
 Only lureth yet more nigh
 Death, the dark undoer !

VII.

Every ray shed from thy beauty
 Wastes the life-lamp while it beams,
 And the pulse's playful duty,
 And the blue veins' merry streams,
 Sport and run into the pall—
 Creatures of the Tyrant, all !
 As the wind the rainbow shatters,
 Death thy bright smiles rends and scatters,

Smile and rainbow leave no traces:—
 From the spring-time's laughing graces,
 From all life, as from its germ,
 Grows the revel of the worm !

VIII.

Woe, I see the wild wind wreak
 Its wrath upon thy rosy bloom,
 Winter plough thy rounded cheek,
 Cloud and darkness close in gloom ;
 Blackening over, and for ever,
 Youth's serene and silver river !
 Love alike and Beauty o'er
 Lovely and beloved no more !

IX.

Maiden, an oak that soars on high,
 And scorns the whirlwind's breath,
 Behold thy Poet's youth defy
 The blunted dart of Death !
 His gaze as ardent as the light
 That shoots athwart the Heaven,
 His soul yet fiercer than the light
 In the Eternal Heaven
 Of Him, in whom as in an ocean-surge !
 Creation ebbs and flows—and worlds arise and merge !
 Through Nature steers the Poet's thought to find
 No fear but this—one barrier to the Mind ?

X.

And dost thou glory so to think ?
 And heaves thy bosom ?—Woe !
 This Cup, which lures him to the brink,
 As if Divinity to drink—
 Has poison in its flow !
 Wretched, oh, wretched, they who trust
 To strike the God-spark from the dust !
 The mightiest tone the Music knows,
 But breaks the harp-string with the sound ;
 And Genius, still the more it glows,
 But wastes the lamp whose life bestows
 The light it sheds around.
 Soon from existence dragged away,
 The watchful gaoler grasps his prey ;
 Vowed on the altar of the abused fire,
 The spirits I raised against myself conspire !
 Let—yes, I feel it—two short springs away
 Pass on their rapid flight ;
 And life's faint spark shall, fleeting from the clay,
 Merge in the Fount of Light !

XI.

And weep'st thou, Laura ?—be thy tears forbid ;
 Wouldst thou my lot, life's dreariest years amid,
 Protract and doom ?—No ; sinner, dry thy tears !
 Wouldst thou, whose eyes beheld the eagle wing
 Of my bold youth through air's dominion spring,

Mark my sad age (life's tale of glory done)—
 Crawl on the sod and tremble in the sun?
 Hear the dull frozen heart condemn the flame
 That as from Heaven to youth's blithe bosom came;
 And see the blind eyes loathing turn from all
 The lovely sins Age curses to recall?

Let me die young!—sweet sinner, dry thy tears!
 Yes, let the flower be gathered in its bloom!
 And thou, young Genius, with the brows of gloom,
 Quench thou Life's torch, while yet the flame is strong!
 Ev'n as the curtain falls; while still the scene
 Most thrills the hearts which have its audience been
 As fleet the shadows from the stage—and long
 When all is o'er, lingers the breathless throng!

THE INFANTICIDE.

I.

HARK where the bells toll, chiming, dull and steady,
 The clock's slow hand hath reached the appointed time.
 Well, be it so—prepare, my soul is ready,
 Companions of the Grave—the rest for crime!
 Now take, O world! my last farewell—receiving
 My parting kisses—in these tears they dwell!
 Sweet are thy poisons while we taste believing,
 Now we are quits—heart-poisoner, fare thee well!

II.

Farewell, ye suns that once to joy invited,
 Changed for the mould beneath the funeral shade;
 Farewell, farewell, thou rosy Time delighted,
 Luring to soft desire the careless maid.
 Pale gossamers of gold, farewell, sweet-dreaming
 Fancies—the children that an Eden bore!
 Blossoms that died while Dawn itself was gleaming,
 Opening in happy sunlight never more.

III.

Swanlike the robe which Innocence bestowing,
 Decked with the virgin favours, rosy fair,
 In the gay time when many a young rose glowing,
 Blushed through the loose train of the amber hair.
 Woe, woe! as white the robe that decks me now—
 The shroud-like robe Hell's destined victim wears;
 Still shall the fillet bind this burning brow—
 That sable braid the Doomsman's hand prepares!

IV.

Weep ye, who never fell—for whom, unerring,
 The soul's white lilies keep their virgin hue,
 Ye who when thoughts so danger-sweet are stirring,
 Take the stern strength that Nature gives the few,
 Woe, for too human was this fond heart's feeling—
 Feeling!—my sin's avenger¹ doomed to be;

¹ "Und Empfindung soll mein Richtschwert seyn."

A line of great vigour in the original, but which, if literally translated, would seem extravagant in English.

Woe—for the false man's arm around me stealing,
Stole the lulled Virtue, charmed to sleep, from me.

V.

Ah, he perhaps shall, round another sighing,
(Forgot the serpents stinging at my breast,)
Gaily, when I in the dumb grave am lying,
Pour the warm wish or speed the wanton jest,
Or play, perchance with his new maiden's tresses,
Answer the kiss her lip enamoured brings,
When the dread block the head he cradled presses,
And high the blood his kiss once fevered springs.

VI.

Thee, Francis, Francis,¹ league on league, shall follow
The death-dirge of the Lucy once so dear ;
From yonder steeple, dismal, dull, and hollow,
Shall knell the warning horror on thy ear.
On thy fresh leman's lips when Love is dawning,
And the lisped music glides from that sweet well—
Lo, in that breast a red wound shall be yawning,
And, in the midst of rapture, warn of hell !

VII.

Betrayer, what ! thy soul relentless closing
To grief—the woman-shame no art can heal—
To that small life beneath my heart reposing !
Man, man, the wild beast for its young can feel !
Proud flew the sails—receding from the land,
I watched them wanning from the wistful eye,
Round the gay maids on Scine's voluptuous strand,
Breathes the false incense of his fatal sigh.

VIII.

And there the Babe ! there, on the mother's bosom,
Lulled in its sweet and golden rest it lay,
Fresh in life's morning as a rosy blossom,
It smiled, poor harmless one, my tears away.
Deathlike yet lovely, every feature speaking
In such dear calm and beauty to my sadness,
And cradled still the mother's heart, in breaking,
The soft'ning love and the despairing madness.

IX.

"Woman, where is my father?"—freezing through me,
Lisped the mute Innocence with thunder-sound ;
"Woman, where is thy husband?"—called unto me,
In every look, word, whisper, busying round !
Alas, for thee, there is no father's kiss ;—
He fondleth other children on his knee.
How thou wilt curse our momentary bliss,
When Bastard on thy name shall branded be !

X.

Thy mother—oh, a hell her heart concealeth,
Lone-sitting, lone in social Nature's All !

¹ Joseph, in the original,

Thirsting for that glad fount thy love revealeth,
 While still thy look the glad fount turns to gall.
 In every infant cry my soul is heark'ning,
 The haunting happiness for ever o'er,
 And all the bitterness of death is dark'ning
 The heavenly looks that smiled mine eyes before.

XI.

Hell, if my sight those looks a moment misses—
 Hell, when my sight upon those looks is turned—
 The avenging furies madden in *thy* kisses,
 That slept in *his* what time my lips they burned.
 Out from their graves his oaths spoke back in thunder !
 The perjury stalked like murder in the sun—
 For ever—God !—sense, reason, soul, sunk under—
 The deed was done !

XII.

Francis, O Francis ! league on league, shall chase thee
 The shadows hurrying grimly on thy flight—
 Still with their icy arms they shall embrace thee,
 And mutter thunder in thy dream's delight !
 Down from the soft stars, in their tranquil glory,
 Shall look thy dead child with a ghastly stare ;
 That shape shall haunt thee in its cerements gory,
 And scourge thee back from heaven—its home is there !

XIII.

Lifeless—how lifeless !—see, oh see, before me
 It lies cold—stiff !—O God !—and with that blood
 I feel, as swoops the dizzy darkness o'er me,
 Mine own life mingled—ebbing in the flood—
 Hark, at the door they knock—more loud within me—
 More awful still—its sound the dread heart gave !
 Gladly I welcome the cold arms that win me—
 Fire, quench thy tortures in the icy grave !

XIV.

Francis—a God that pardons dwells in heaven—
 Francis, the sinner—yes—she pardons thee—
 So let my wrongs unto the earth be given :
 Flame seize the wood !—it burns—it kindles—see
 There—there his letters cast—behold are ashes—
 His vows—the conquering fire consumes them here :
 His kisses—see—see all—all are only ashes—
 All, all—the all that once on earth were dear !

XV.

Trust not the roses which your youth enjoyeth,
 Sisters, to man's faith, changeful as the moon !
 Beauty to me brought guilt—its bloom destroyeth :
 Lo, in the judgment court I curse the boon :
 Tears in the headsman's gaze—what tears ?—'tis spoken !
 Quick, bind mine eyes—all soon shall be forgot—
 Doomsman—the lily hast thou never broken ?
 Pale Doomsman—tremble not !

The poem we have just concluded was greatly admired at the time of its first publication, and it so far excels in art most of the earlier efforts by the author, that it attains one of the highest secrets in true pathos: it produces interest for the *criminal* while creating terror for the *crime*. This, indeed, is a triumph in art never achieved but by the highest genius. The inferior writer, when venturing upon the grandest stage of passion (which unquestionably exists in the delineation of great guilt as of heroic virtue), falls into the error either of gilding the crime, in order to produce sympathy for the criminal, or, in the spirit of a spurious morality, of involving both crime and criminal in a common odium. It is to discrimination between the doer and the deed that we owe the sublimest revelations of the human heart: in this discrimination lies the key to the emotions produced by the *Edipus* and *Macbeth*. In the brief poem before us a whole drama is comprehended. Marvellous is the completeness of the pictures it presents—its mastery over emotions the most opposite—its fidelity to nature in its exposition of the disordered and despairing mind in which tenderness becomes cruelty, and remorse for error tortures itself into scarce conscious crime.

But the art employed, though admirable of its kind, still falls short of the perfection which, in his later works, Schiller aspired to achieve—viz, the point at which *Pain* ceases. The tears which Tragic Pathos, when purest and most elevated, calls forth, ought not to be tears of pain. In the ideal world, as Schiller has inculcated, even sorrow should have its charm—all that harrows, all that revolts, belongs but to that inferior school in which Schiller's fiery youth formed itself for nobler grades—the school of "Storm and Pressure" (*Sturm und Drang*, as the Germans have expressively described it). If the reader will compare Schiller's poem of the "Infanticide" with the passages which represent a similar crime in the *Medea* (and the author of "*Wallenstein*" deserves comparison even with Euripides), he will see the distinction between the art that seeks an *elevated* emotion, and the art which is satisfied with creating an *intense* one. In Euripides, the detail—the reality—all that can degrade terror into pain—are loftily dismissed. The Titan grandeur of the Sorceress removes us from too close an approach to the crime of the unnatural Mother—the emotion of pity changes into awe—just at the pitch before the coarse sympathy of actual pain can be effected. And it is the avoidance of reality—it is the all-purifying Presence of the Ideal, which make the vast distinction in our emotions between following, with shocked and displeasing pity, the crushed, broken-hearted, mortal criminal to the scaffold, and gazing with an awe which has pleasure of its own upon the mighty Murderess—soaring out of the reach of humanity, upon her Dragon-Car!

THE GREATNESS OF CREATION.

UPON the wingéd winds, among the rolling worlds I flew,
Which, by the breathing spirit, erst from ancient Chaos grew;
Seeking to land
On the farthest strand,
Where life lives no longer to anchor alone,
And gaze on Creation's last boundary-stone.

Star after star around me now its shining youth uprears,
To wander through the Firmament its day of thousand years—
Sportive they roll
Round the charmed goal:
Till, as I looked on the deeps afar,
The space waned—void of a single star.

On to the Realm of Nothingness—on still in dauntless flight,
Along the splendours swiftly steer my sailing wings of light;
Heaven at the rear,
Paleth, mist-like and drear;

Yet still as I wander, the worlds in their glee
Sparkle up like the bubbles that glance on a Sea!

And towards me now, the self-same path I see a Pilgrim steer!
"Halt, Wanderer, halt—and answer me—What, Pilgrim, seek'st
thou here?"

"To the World's last shore
I am sailing o'er,
Where life lives no longer to anchor alone,
And gaze on Creation's last boundary-stone."

"Thou sail'st in vain—Return ! Before thy path, INFINITY !"
 "And thou in vain !—Behind me spreads INFINITY to thee !
 Fold thy wings drooping,
 O Thought, eagle-swooping !—
 O Fantasie, anchor !—The Voyage is o'er :
 Creation, wild sailor, flows on to no shore !"

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A YOUTH.¹

[Said to be the poet Rudolph Weckherlin.]

HEAVY moans, as when Nature the storm is foretelling,
 From the Dark House of Mourning come sad on the ear ;
 The Death-note on high from the steeple is knelling,
 And slowly comes hither a youth on the Bier ;—
 A youth not yet ripe for that garner—the tomb,
 A blossom plucked off from the sweet stem of May,
 Each leaf in its verdure, each bud in its bloom :
 A youth—with the eyes yet enchanted by day :
 A Son—to the Mother, O word of delight !
 A Son—to the Mother, O thought of despair !
 My Brother, my friend !—To the grave and the night
 Follow, ye that are human, the treasure we bear.
 Ye Pines, do ye boast that unshattered your boughs
 Brave the storm when it rushes, the bolt when it falls ?
 Ye Hills, that the Heavens rest their pomp on your brows ?
 Ye Heavens, that the Suns have their home in your halls ?
 Does the Aged exult in the works he has done—
 The Ladders by which he has climbed to Renown ?
 Or the Hero, in deeds by which valour has won
 To the heights where the Temple of Glory looks down ?
 When the canker the bud doth already decay,
 Who can deem that *his* ripeness is free from the worm ;
 Who can hope to endure, when the young fade away,
 Who can count on life's harvest—the blight at the germ ?
 How lovely with youth,—and with youth how delighted,
 His days, in the hues of the Rose glided by !
 How sweet was the world and how fondly invited
 The Future, that Fairy enchanting his eye !
 All life like a Paradise smiled on his way,
 And, lo ! see the Mother weep over his bed,
 See the gulf of the Hades yawn wide for its prey,
 See the shears of the Parcae gleam over the thread !
 Earth and Heaven which such joy to the living one gave,
 From his gaze darkened dimly !—and sadly and sighing
 The dying one shrunk from the Thought of the grave,—
 The World, oh ! the World is so sweet to the Dying !
 Dumb and deaf is all sense in the Narrow House !—deep
 Is the slumber the Grave's heavy curtains unfold !
 How silent a Sabbath eternally keep,
 O Brother—the Hopes ever Busy of old !
 Oft the Sun shall shine down on thy green native hill,
 But the glow of his smile thou shalt feel never more !

¹ Of this poem, as of Gray's divine and unequalled Elegy, it may be truly said that it abounds in thoughts so natural, that the reader at first believes they have been often expressed before, but his memory will not enable him to trace a previous owner. The whole poem has the rare beauty of being at once familiar and original.

Oft the west wind shall rock the young blossoms, but still
 Is the breeze for the heart that can hear never more !
 Love gilds not for thee all the world with its glow,
 Never Bride in the clasp of thine arms shall repose ;
 Thou canst see not our tears, though in torrents they flow,
 Those eyes in the calm of eternity close !
 Yet happy—oh, happy, at least in thy slumber—
 Serene is the rest, where all trouble must cease ;
 For the sorrows must die with the joys they outnumber,
 And the pains of the flesh with its dust—are at peace !
 The tooth of sharp slander thou never canst feel,
 The poison of Vice cannot pierce to thy cell ;
 Over thee may the Pharisee thunder his zeal,
 And the rage of the Bigot devote thee to Hell !
 Though the mask of the saint may the swindler disguise ;
 Though Earth's Justice, that Bastard of Right, we may see
 At play with mankind as the cheat with his dies,
 As now so for ever—what matters to thee ?
 Over thee too may Fortune (her changes unknown)
 Blindly give to her minions the goods they desire ;
 Now raising her darling aloft to the throne,
 Now hurling the wretch whom she raised—to the mire !
 Happy thou, happy thou—in the still narrow cell !
 To this strange tragi-comedy acted on earth,
 To these waters where Bliss is defiled at the well,
 To this lottery of chances in sorrow and mirth,
 To this rot and this ferment—this sloth and this strife,
 To the day and the night of this toilsome repose,
 To this Heaven full of Devils—O Brother !—TO LIFE—
 Thine eyes in the calm of Eternity close !

Fare thee well, fare thee well, O Beloved of the soul !
 Our yearnings shall hallow the loss we deplore ;
 Slumber soft in the Grave till we win to thy goal—
 Slumber soft, slumber soft, till we see thee once more !
 Till the Trumpet that heralds God's coming in thunder,
 From the hill-tops of light shall ring over thy bed—
 Till the portals of Death shall be riven asunder,
 And the storm-wind of God whirl the dust of the Dead ;
 Till the breath of Jehovah shall pass o'er the Tombs,
 Till their seeds spring to bloom at the life of the Breath,
 Till the pomp of the Stars into vapour consumes,
 And the spoils he hath captured are ravished from Death.
 If not in the worlds dreamed by sages, nor given
 In the Eden the Multitude hope to attain,
 If not where the Poet hath painted his Heaven,
 Sull, Brother, we know we shall meet thee again !
 Is there truth in the hopes which the Pilgrim beguile ?
 Does the thought still exist when Life's journey is o'er ?
 Does Virtue conduct o'er the dreary defile ?
 Is the faith we have cherished a dream and no more ?
 Already the riddle is bared to thy sight,
 Already thy soul quaffs the Truth it has won,
 The Truth that streams forth in its waters of light
 From the chalice the Father vouchsafes to the Son !
 Draw near, then, O silent and dark gliding Train,
 Let the feast for the Mighty Destroyer be spread ;

Cease the groans which so loudly, so idly complain,
 Heap the mould o'er the mould—heap the dust o'er the Dead !
 Who can solve the decrees of God's Senate?—the heart
 Of the groundless abyss, what the eye that explores?
 Holy !—holy !—all holy in darkness thou art,
 O God of the Grave, whom our shudder adores !
 Earth to Earth may return, the material to matter,
 But high from the cell soars the spirit above ;
 His ashes the winds of the tempest may scatter—
 The life of Eternity lives in his love !

THE BATTLE

HEAVY and solemn,
 A cloudy column,
 Through the green plain they marching came !
 Measureless spread, like a table dread,
 For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
 The looks are bent on the shaking ground,
 And the heart beats loud with a knelling sound ;
 Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt,
 Gallops the Major along the front—
 "Halt !"
 And fettered they stand at the stark command,
 And the warriors, silent, halt !
 Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
 What on the hill-top shines in flowing !
 "See you the Foeman's banners waving ?"
 "We see the Foeman's banners waving !"
 "God be with ye—children and wife !"
 Hark to the Music—the trump and the fife,
 How they ring through the ranks which they rouse to the strife !
 Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,
 Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone !
*Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
 In the life to come that we meet once more !*
 See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving asunder !
 Hark the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder !
 From host to host, with kindling sound,
 The shouting signal circles round,
 Ay, shout it forth to life or death—
 Freer already breathes the breath !
 The war is waging, slaughter raging,
 And heavy through the reeking pall,
 The iron Death-dice fall !
 Nearer they close—foes upon foes
 "Ready !"—From square to square it goes,
 Down on the knee they sank,
 And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.
 Many a man to the earth it sent,
 Many a gap by the balls is rent—
 O'er the corpse before springs the hinder-man,
 That the line may not 'ail to the fearless van.
 To the right, to the left, and around and around,
 Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.

God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
Over the host falls a brooding Night!

*Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!*

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood,
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.
"What, Francis!" "Give Charlotte my last farewell."
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—
"I'll give—O God! are their guns so near?

Ho! comrades!—yon volley!—look sharp to the rear!—
I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell,
Sleep soft! where Death thickest descendeth in rain,
The friend thou forsaketh thy side shall regain!"

Hitherward—thitherward reels the fight,
Dark and more darkly Day glooms into night—
*Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!*
Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!

The Adjutants flying,—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms in dying—

Victory!

The terror has seized on the dastards all,
And their colours fall!

Victory!

Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight:
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night.
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
*Farewell, fallen brothers, though this life be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!*

ROUSSEAU.

(FREE TRANSLATION.)

O MONUMENT of shame to this our time!
Dishonouring record to thy mother clime;
Hail, Grave of Rousseau!—here thy troubles cease!
Thy life one search for Freedom and for Peace:
Thee, Peace and Freedom life did ne'er allow.
Thy search is ended, and thou find'st them now!
When will the old wounds scar!—In the dark age
Perished the wise;—Light comes—How fares the sage?
The same in darkness or in light his fate,
Time brings no mercy to the Bigot's hate!
Socrates charmed Philosophy to dwell
On Earth—by false philosophers he fell;
In Rousseau, Christians marked their victim—when
Rousseau enlisted Christians into Men!

FRIENDSHIP.

[From "Letters of Julius to Raphael," an unpublished Novel.]

FRIEND!—the Great Ruler, easily content,
Needs not the laws it has laborious been

The task of small Professors to invent ;
 A single wheel impels the whole machine
 Matter and spirit ;—yea, that simple law,
 Pervading Nature, which our Newton saw.

This taught the spheres, slaves to one golden rein,
 Their radiant labyrinths to weave around
 Creation's mighty heart ; this made the chain,
 Which into interwoven systems bound
 All spirits streaming to the spiritual Sun,
 As brooks that ever into ocean run !

Did not the same strong main-spring urge and guide
 Our Hearts to meet in Love's eternal bond ?
 Linked to thine arm, O Raphael, by thy side
 Might I aspire to reach to souls beyond
 Our earth, and bid the bright Ambition go
 To that Perfection which the Angels know !

Happy, O happy—I have found thee—I
 Have out of millions found thee, and embraced ;
 Thou, out of millions, mine !—Let earth and sky
 Return to darkness, and the antique waste—
 To chaos shocked, let warring atoms be,
 Still shall each heart unto the other flee !

Do I not find within thy radiant eyes
 Fairer reflections of all joys most fair ?
 In thee I marvel at myself—the dyes
 Of lovely earth seem lovelier painted there,
 And in the bright looks of the Friend is given
 A heavenlier mirror even of the Heaven !

Sadness casts off its load, and gaily goes
 From the intolerant storm to rest awhile,
 In Love's true heart, sure haven of repose ;
 Does not Pain's veriest transports learn to smile
 From that bright eloquence Affection gave
 To friendly looks ?—there, finds not Pain a grave ?

In all Creation did I stand alone,
 Still to the rocks my dreams a soul should find,
 Mine arms should wreath themselves around the stone,
 My grief should feel a listener in the wind ;
 My joy—its echo in the caves should be !
 Fool, if ye will—Fool, for sweet Sympathy !

We are dead groups of matter when we hate ;
 But when we love we are as gods !—Unto
 The gentle fetters yearning, through each state
 And shade of being multiform, and through
 All countless spirits (save of all the sire)—
 Moves, breathes, and blends the one divine Desire.

Lo ! arm in arm, through every upward grade,
 From the rude Mongol to the starry Greek,
 Who the fine link between the Mortal made,
 And Heaven's last Seraph—everywhere we seek

Union and bond—till in one sea sublime
Of Love be merged all measure and all time !

Friendless ruled God His solitary sky ;
He felt the want, and therefore Souls were made,
The blessed mirrors of His bliss !—His Eye
No equal in His loftiest works surveyed ;
And from the source whence souls are quickened—He
Called His Companion forth—ETERNITY !

A GROUP IN TARTARUS.

HARK, a; hoarse murmurs of a gathering sea—
As brooks that howling through black gorges go,
Groans sullen, hollow, and eternally,
One wailing Woe !
Sharp Anguish shrinks the shadows there ;
And blasphemous Despair
Yells its wild curse from jaws that never close ;
And ghastly eyes for ever
Stare on the bridge of the relentless River,
Or watch the mournful wave as year on year it flows,
And ask each other, with parched lips that writhe
Into a whisper, "When the end shall be?"
The end?—Lo, broken in Time's hand the scythe,
And round and round revolves Eternity !

ELYSIUM.

PAST the despairing wail—
And the bright banquets of the Elysian Vale
Melt every care away !
Delight, that breathes and moves for ever,
Glides through sweet fields like some sweet river !
Elysian life survey !
There, fresh with youth, o'er jocund meads,
His merry west-winds blithely leads
The ever-blooming May !
Through gold-woven dreams goes the dance of the Hours,
In space without bounds swell the soul and its powers,
And Truth, with no veil, gives her face to the day.
And joy to-day and joy to-morrow,
But wafts the airy soul aloft ;
The very name is lost to Sorrow,
And Pain is Rapture tuned more exquisitely soft.
Here the Pilgrim reposes the world-weary limb,
And forgets in the shadow, cool-breathing and dim,
The load he shall bear never more ;
Here the Mower, his sickle at rest, by the streams,
Lulled with harp-strings, reviews, in the calm of his dreams,
The fields, when the harvest is o'er.
Here, He, whose ears drank in the battle roar,
Whose banners streamed upon the startled wind
A thunderstorm,—before whose thunder tread

The mountains trembled,—in soft sleep reclined,
 By the sweet brook that o'er its pebbly bed
 In silver plays, and murmurs to the shore,
 Hears the stern clangour of wild spears no more !
 Here the true Spouse the lost-beloved regains,
 And on the enamelled couch of summer-plains
 Mingles sweet kisses with the zephyr's breath.
 Here, crowned at last, Love never knows decay,
 Living through ages its one BRIDAL DAY,
 Safe from the stroke of Death !

THE REFUGEE.

FRESH breathes the living air of dawning Day,
 The young Light reddens through the dusky pines,
 Ogling the tremulous leaves with wanton ray ;
 The cloud-clapt hill-tops shine,
 With golden-flame divine ;
 And all melodious thrills the lusty song
 Of skylarks, greeting the delighted Sun ;
 As to Aurora's arms he steals along—
 And now in bright embrace she clasps the glowing one !
 O Light, hail to thee !
 How the mead and the lea
 The warmth and the wave of thy splendour suffuse !
 How silver-clear, shimmer
 The fields, and how glimmer
 The thousand suns glassed in the pearls of the dews !
 How folio and gay
 Is young Nature at play,
 Where the cool-breathing shade with low whispers is sweet ;
 Sigling soft round the rose,
 The Zephyr, its lover, carelessly goes,
 And over the Meadow the light vapours fleet !
 How, high o'er the city the smoke-cloud is reeking,
 What snorting, and rattling, and trampling, and creaking ;
 Neighs the horse—the bull lows,
 And the heavy wain goes
 To the valley that groans with the tumult of Day ;
 The life of the Woodlands leaps up to the eye—
 The Eagle, the Falcon, the Hawk, wheel on high,
 On the wings that exult in the ray !
 Where shall I roam,
 O Peace, for thy home ?
 With the staff of the Pilgrim, where wander to Thee ?
 The face of the Earth
 With the smile of its mirth
 Has only a grave for me !
 Rise up, O rosy Morn, whose lips of love
 Kiss into blushing splendour grove and field ;
 Sink down, O rosy Eve, that float'st above
 The weary world, in happy slumbers sealed.
 Morn, in the joyous world thou reddenest over
 But one dark Burial-place the Pilgrim knows !
 O Eve, the sleep thy rosy veil shall cover
 Is—but my long repose !

THE FLOWERS.

CHILDREN of Suns restored to youth,
 In purpled Fields ye dwell,
 Reared to delight and joy—in sooth,
 Kind Nature loves ye well ;
 Broïdered with light the robes ye wear,
 And liberal Flora decks ye fair,
 In gorgeous-coloured pride :
 Yet woe—Spring's harmless Infants—Woe,
 Mourn, for ye wither while ye glow—
 Mourn for the soul denied !

The Skyiark and the Nightbird sing
 To yon their Hymns of Love,
 And Sylphs that wanton on the wing
 Embrace your blooms above ;
 Woven for Love's soft pillow, were
 The Chalice crowns ye blushing bear,
 By the Idalian Queen :
 Yet weep, soft Children of the Spring,
 The feelings Love alone can bring
 To you denied have been !

But me in vain my Laura's¹ eyes,
 Her Mother hath forbidden ;
 For in the buds I gather, lies
 Love's symbol language hidden—
 Mute Heralds of voluptuous pain
 I touch ye—life, speech, heart, ye gain,
 And soul, denied before :
 And silently your leaves enclose
 The mightiest god in arch repose,
 Soft cradled in the core !

TO MINNA.

I.

Do I dream ? can I trust to my eye ?
 My sight sure some vapour must cover ?
 Or, there, did my Minna pass by—
 My Minna—and knew not her lover ?
 On the arm of the coxcomb she crost,
 Well the fan might its zephyr bestow ;
 He self in her vanity lost,
 That wanton my Minna ?—Ah, no !

II.

In the gifts of my love she was drest,
 My plumes o'er her summer-hat quiver ;
 The ribbons that flaunt in her breast
 Might bid her—remember the giver !

¹ *Nanny*, in the Editions of Schiller's collected Works ; but Laura, when the poem was first printed in the Anthology. In the earlier form of the poem, it was not, however, the poet who sent the flowers to Laura, but Laura who sent the flowers to him.

And still do they bloom on thy bosom,
 The flowerets I gathered for thee !
 Still as fresh is the leaf of each blossom,
 'Tis the Heart that has faded from me

III.

Go and take, then, the incense they tender ;
 Go, the one that adored thee forget !
 Go, thy charms to the Feigner surrender,
 In my scorn is my comforter yet !
 Go, for thee with what trust and belief
 There beat not ignobly a heart,
 That has strength yet to strive with the grief
 To have worshipped the trifier thou art !

IV.

Thy beauty *thy* heart hath betrayed—
 Thy beauty—shame, Minna, to thee !
 To-morrow its glory will fade,
 And its roses all withered will be !
 The swallows that swarm in the sun
 Will fly when the north winds awaken,
 The false ones thine Autumn will shun,
 For whom thou the true hast forsaken !

V.

'Mid the wrecks of thy charms in December,
 I see thee alone in decay,
 And each Spring shall but bid thee remember
 How brief for thyself was the May ?
 Then they who so wantonly flock
 To the rapture thy kiss can impart,
 Shall scoff at thy winter, and mock
 Thy beauty as wrecked as thy heart ;

VI.

Thy beauty thy heart hath betrayed—
 Thy beauty—shame, Minna, to thee !
 To-morrow its glory will fade—
 And its roses all withered will be !
 O, what scorn for thy desolate years
 Shall I feel !—God forbid it in me !
 How bitter will then be the tears
 Shed, Minna, O Minna, for thee !

TO THE SPRING.

WELCOME, gentle Stripling
 Nature's darling, thou !
 With thy basket full of blossoms,
 A happy welcome now !
 Aha !—and thou returnest,
 Heartily we greet thee—

From all her state, the Great One bends
 To charm the Olympian's bright embraces,
 The Heart-Enthraller only lends
 The rapture-cestus of the Graces !

* * * *

Blessed through love are the gods above—
 Through love like a god may man be ;
 Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,
 Through love like a heaven earth can be !

* * * *

Love can sun the Realms of Night—
 Orcus owns the magic might—
 Peaceful where She sits beside,
 Smiles the swart King on his Bride ;
 Hell feels the smile in sudden light—
 Love can sun the Realms of Night !
 Heavenly o'er the startled Hell,
 Holy, where the Accursed dwell,
 O Thracian, went thy silver song !
 Grim Minos, with unconscious tears,
 Melts into Mercy as he hears—
 The serpents in Megara's hair,
 Kiss, as they wreath enamoured there ;
 All harmless rests the madding thong ;—
 From the torn breast the Vulture mute
 Flies, scared before the charmed lute—
 Lulled into sighing from their roar
 The dark waves woo the listening shore—
 Listening the Thracian's silver song !—
 Love was the Thracian's silver song !

* * * *

Blessed through love are the gods above—
 Through love like a god may man be ;
 Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,
 Through love like a heaven earth can be !

* * * *

Through Nature, blossom-strewing,
 One footstep we are viewing,
 One flash from golden pinions !—
 If from Heaven's starry sea,
 If from the moonlit sky ;
 If from the Sun's dominions,
 Looked not Love's laughing eye ;
 Then Sun and Moon and Stars would be
 Alike, without one smile for me !
 But, oh, wherever Nature lives
 Below, around, above—
 Her happy eye the mirror gives
 To thy glad beauty, Love !
 Love sighs through brooklets silver-clear,
 Love bids their murmur woo the vale ;
 Listen, O list ! Love's soul ye hear
 In his own earnest nightingale.

TO A MORALIST.

27

No sound from Nature ever stirs,
But Love's sweet voice is heard with hers.
Bold Wisdom, with her sunlit eye,
Retreats when Love comes whispering by—
For Wisdom's weak to Love!
To victor stern or monarch proud,
Imperial Wisdom never bowed
The knee she bows to Love!
Who through the steep and starry sky,
Goes onward to the gods on high,
Before thee, hero-brave!
Who halves for thee the land of Heaven;
Who shows thy heart, Elysium, given
Through the flame-rended Grave?
Below, if we were blind to Love,
Say, should we soar o'er Death, above?
Would the weak soul, did Love forsake her,
E'er gain the wing to seek the Maker?
Love, only Love, can guide the creature
Up to the Father-fount of Nature;
What were the soul did Love forsake her?
Love guides the Mortal to the Maker!
* * *
Blessed through love are the gods above—
Through love like a god may man be;
Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,
Through love like a heaven earth can be!

TO A MORALIST.

ARE the sports of our youth so displeasing?
Is love but the folly you say?
Benumbed with the Winter, and freezing,
You scold at the revels of May.
For you once a nymph had her charms,
And oh! when the waltz you were wreathing,
All Olympus embraced in your arms—
All its nectar in Julia's breathing.
If Jove at that moment had hurled
The earth in some other rotation,
Along with your Julia whirled,
You had felt not the shock of creation.
Learn this—that Philosophy beats
Sure time with the pulse,—quick or slow
As the blood from the heyday retreats,—
But it cannot make gods of us—No!
It is well, icy Reason should thaw
In the warm blood of Mirth now and then,
The gods for themselves have a law
Which they never intended for men.
The Spirit is bound by the ties
Of its Gaoler the Flesh;—if I can
Not reach as an Angel the skies,
Let me feel on the earth as a Man!

FORTUNE AND WISDOM.

IN a quarrel with her lover
 To Wisdom Fortune flew;
 "I'll all my hoards discover—
 Be but my friend—to you.
 Like a mother I presented
 To one each fairest gift,
 Who still is discontented,
 And murmurs at my thrift.
 Come, let's be friends. What say you?
 Give up that weary plough,
 My treasures shall repay you,
 For both I have enow!"
 "Nay, see thy Friend betake him
 To death from grief for thee—
 He dies if thou forsake him—
 Thy gifts are nought to me!"

COUNT EBERHARD, THE QUARRELLER (DER
GREINER) OF WURTEMBERG.

[Count Eberhard reigned from 1344-92. His son Ulrich was defeated before Reutling in 1377, and fell the next year in battle, at Döffingen, near Stuttgart, in a battle in which Eberhard was victorious. There is something of national feeling in this fine war-song, composed in honour of the old Suabian hero, by a poet himself a Suabian.]

HA, HA!—take heed,—ha, ha! take heed—¹
 Ye knaves both South and North!
 For many a man, both bold in deed,
 And wise in peace, the land to lead,
 Old Suabia has brought forth.

Proud boasts your Edward and your Charles,
 Your Ludwig, Frederick—are!
 Yet Eberhard's worth, ye bragging carles!
 Your Ludwig, Frederick, Edward, Charles—
 A thunder-storm in war!

And Ulrich, too, his noble son,
 Ha, ha! his might ye know;
 Old Eberhard's boast, his noble son,
 Not he the boy, ye rogues, to run,
 How stout so'er the foe!

The Reutling lads with envy saw
 Our glories, day by day;
 The Reutling lads shall give the law—
 The Reutling lads the sword shall draw—
 O Lord—how hot were they!

Out Ulrich went, and beat them not—
 To Eberhard back he came—
 A lowering look young Ulrich got—
 Poor lad, his eyes with tears were hot—
 He hung his head for shame.

¹ "Don't bear the head too high."
 Ihr, ihr dort aussen in der Welt,
 Die Nasen eingespannt!

"Ho—ho"—thought he—"ye rogues beware ;
 Nor you nor I forget—
 For by my father's beard¹ I swear
 Your blood shall wash the blot I bear,
 And Ulrick pay you yet !"

Soon came the hour ! with steeds and men
 The battle-field was gay ;
 Steel closed on steel at Dossingen—
 And joyous was our stripling then,
 And joyous the hurra !

"The battle lost" our battle-cry ;
 The foe once more advances :
 As some fierce whirlwind cleaves the sky,
 We skirr, through blood and slaughter, by,
 Amidst a night of lances !

On, lion-like, grim Ulrick sweeps—
 Bright shines his hero-glaive—
 Her chase before him Fury keeps,
 Far-heard behind him, Anguish weeps,
 And round him—is the Grave !

Woe—woe ! it gleams—the sabre-blow—
 Swift-sheering down it sped—
 Around, brave hearts the buckler throw—
 Alas ! our boast in dust is low !
 Count Eberhard's boy is dead !

Grief checks the rushing Victor-van—
 Fierce eyes strange moisture know—
 On rides old Eberhard, stern and wan,
 "My son is like another man—
 March, children, on the Foe !"

And fiery lances whirled around,
 Revenge, at least, undying—
 Above the blood-red clay we bound—
 Hurra ! the burghers break their ground,
 Through vale and woodland flying !

Back to the camp, behold us throng,
 Flags stream, and bugles play—
 Woman and child with choral song,
 And men, with dance and wine, prolong
 The warrior's holiday.

And our old Count—and what doth he ?
 Before him lies his son,
 Within his lone tent, loneliness,
 The old man sits with eyes that see
 Through one dim tear—his son !

So heart and soul, a loyal band,
 Count Eberhard's band, we are !
 His front the tower that guards the land,
 A thunderbolt his red right hand—
 His eye a guiding star !

¹ Count Eberhard had the nickname of Rush-Beard, from the rustling of that appendage, with which he was favoured to no ordinary extent.

Then take ye heed—Aha ! take heed,
 Ye knaves both South and North !
 For many a man, both bold in deed,
 And wise in peace, the land to lead,
 Old Suabia has brought forth !

With this ballad conclude all in the First Period, or early Poems which Schiller himself thought worth preserving, and which are retained in the editions of his collected works except the sketch of "Semele," which ought to be classed amongst his dramatic compositions. [We pass now at once to his mature work.]

THE DIVER.

A BALLAD.

[The original of the story on which Schiller has founded this ballad, matchless perhaps for the power and grandeur of its descriptions, is to be found in Kircher. According to the true principles of imitative art, Schiller has preserved all that is striking in the legend, and ennobled all that is commonplace. The name of the Diver was Nicholas, surnamed the Fish. The King appears, according to Hoffmeister's probable conjectures, to have been either Frederic I. or Frederic II., of Sicily. Date from 1295 to 1377.]

"OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
 As to dive to the howling Charybdis below?—
 I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
 And o'er it already the dark waters flow ;
 Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
 Shall have for his garden that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
 That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
 Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
 Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge,
 "And where is the diver so stout to go—
 I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
 Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes ;
 They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,
 And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
 And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
 Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king—
 Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
 'Mid the tremulous squires—stept out from the ring,
 Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle ;
 And the murmuring crowd as they parted asunder,
 On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
 One glance on the gulf of that merciless main ;
 Lo ! the wave that for ever devours the wave,
 Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again ;
 And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
 Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom¹.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,¹
 As when fire is with water commixed and contending,

¹ "Und es wasset, und siedet, und brauset, und zischt," &c. Goethe was particularly struck with the truthfulness of these lines, of which his personal observation at the Falls of the Rhine enabled him to judge. Schiller modestly owns his obligations to Homer's

THE DIVER.

And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
 And flood upon flood hurries on, never-ending.
 And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
 Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.
 Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
 As the whirlpool sucks into black smoothness the swell
 Of the white-foaming breakers—and cleaves through the ocean
 A path that seems winding in darkness to hell.
 Round and round whirled the waves—deeper and deeper still driven,
 Like a gorge through the mountainous main thunder-riven !
 The youth gave his trust to his Maker ! Before
 That path through the riven abyss closed again—
 Hark ! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,
 And, behold ! he is whirled in the grasp of the main !
 And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
 And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.
 O'er the surface grim silence lay dark ; but the crowd
 Heard the wail from the deep murmur hollow and fell ;
 They hearken and shudder, lamenting aloud—
 " Gallant youth—noble heart—fare thee well, fare thee well ! "
 More hollow and more dread grows suspense in its fear.
 If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
 And cry, " Who may find it shall win it and wear ; "
~~God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—~~
 A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
 For never shall lips of the living reveal
 What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.
 Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
 Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave ;
 Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,
 To be seen, tossed aloft in the glee of the wave.—
 Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
 Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.
 And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
 As when fire is with water commixed and contending ;
 And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
 And flood upon flood hurries on, never-ending ;
 And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
 Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.
 And, lo ! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,¹
 What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white ?
 Lo ! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb !—
 They battle—the Man's with the Element's might.
 It is he—it is he ! in his left hand behold,
 As a sign—as a joy !—shines the goblet of gold !
 And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,
 And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.

descriptions of Charybdis, *Odys.* l. 12. The property of the higher order of imagination
 to reflect truth, though not familiar to experience, is singularly illustrated in this
 description. Schiller had never seen even a Waterfall.
¹ The same rhyme as the preceding line in the original.

They gaze on each other—they shout, as they throng—

“He lives—lo, the ocean has rendered its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!”

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamour and glee,

And the goblet his daring has won from the water;

He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;—

And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter—

She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,

And thus spake the Diver—“Long life to the king!”

“Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,

The air and the sky that to mortals are given!

May the horror below never more find a voice—

Nor Man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!

Never more—never more may he lift from the sight

The veil which is woven with Terror and Night!

“Quick-brightening like lightning—it tore me along,

Down, down, till the gush of a torrent, at play

In the rocks of its wilderness, caught me—and strove

As the wings of an eagle, it whirled me away.

Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me

Round and round in its dance, the wild element spun me.

“And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer

In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath—

And showed me a way that once on I found out,

And I clung to it, nimbly—and baffled the death!

And, safe in the perils around me, behold

On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

“Below, at the foot of the precipice drear,

Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure!

A silence of Horror that slept on the ear,

That the eye more appalled might the Horror endure!

Salamander—snake—dragon—vast reptiles that dwell

In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell!

“Dark-crawled—glided dark the unspeakable swarms,

Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast—

Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms—

Here the dark-moving bulk of the Hammer-fish passed—

And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,

Went the terrible Shark—the Hyæna of Ocean.

“There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o’er me,

So far from the earth, where man’s help there was none!

The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me—

Alone—in a loneliness so ghastly—*ALONE!*

Fathom-deep from man’s eye in the speechless profound,

With the death of the Man and the Monsters around.

“Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now

It¹ saw—the dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey!

¹ “—da kroch’s heran,” &c.

The *It* in the original has been greatly admired. The poet thus vaguely represents the fabulous misshapen monster, the Polypus of the ancients.

And darted—O God! from the far flaming-bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save—King, the danger is o'er!"

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvelled; quoth he,
"Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine,
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine;
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again;
To say what lies hid in the innermost main?"

Then outspoke the daughter in tender emotion:
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself has confessed.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"

The king seized the goblet—he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide:
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace, as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart, as he listened, there leapt the wild joy—
And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in sue,
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed delighted the boy;
The maiden—she faints at the feet of her sire!
Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
He resolves! To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
Their coming the thunder sound heralds along!
Fond eyes¹ yet are tracking the spot where he fell:
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Rorring up to the cliff—roaring back, as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore.

This ballad is the first composed by Schiller, if we except his early and ruder lay of "Count Eberhard, the Quartermaster," which really, however, has more of the true old ballad spirit about it than those grand and artistic tales elaborated by his riper genius and belonging to a school of poetry, to which the ancient Ballad singer certainly never pretended to aspire. . . . The old Ballad is but a simple narrative, without any symbolical or interior meaning. . . . But in most of the performances to which Schiller has given the name of Ballad, a certain purpose, not to say philosophy, in conception, elevates the Narrative into dramatic dignity. . . . Rightly, for instance, has "The Diver" been called a Lyrical Tragedy in two Acts—the first act ending with the disappearance of the hero amidst the whirlpool, and the conception of the contest of Man's will with physical Nature, . . . together with the darkly hinted moral, not to stretch too far the mercy of Heaven, . . . belong in themselves to the design and the ethos of Tragedy.

There is another peculiarity in the art which Schiller employs upon his narrative poems. Though he usually enters at once on the interest of his story, and adopts, for the most part, the simple and level style of recital, he selects a subject admitting naturally of some striking picture, upon which he lavishes those resources of description that are only at the command of a great poet; . . . thus elevating the ancient ballad not only into something of the Drama, by conception, but into something of the Epic by execution. The reader will recognize this peculiarity in the description of the Charybdis and the Abyss in the Ballad he has just concluded—in that of the Storm in "Hero and Leander"—of the Forge and the Catholic Ritual in "Fridolin"—of the Furies in the "Cranes of Ibycus," &c. . . . We have the more drawn the reader's notice to these distinctions between the

¹ Viz, the King's Daughter Hoffmeister, Sup. iv 30r.

simple ballad of the ancient minstrels, and the artistical narratives of Schiller—because it seems to us that our English critics are too much inclined to consider that modern Ballad-writing succeeds or fails in proportion as it seizes merely the spirit of the ancient. . . . But this would but lower genius to an exercise of the same imitative ingenuity which a schoolboy or a college prizeman displays upon Latin Lyrics . . . in which the merit consists in the avoidance of originality. The Great Poet cannot be content with only imitating what he studies : and he succeeds really in proportion not to his fidelity but his innovations . . . that is, in proportion as he improves upon what serves him as a model.

In the ballad of "The Diver," Schiller not only sought the simple but the sublime. According to his own just theory—"The Main Ingredient of Terror is the Unknown" He here seeks to accomplish as a poet what he before perceived as a critic. . . . And certainly the picture of his lonely Diver amidst the horrors of the Abyss, dwells upon the memory amongst the sublimest conceptions of modern Poetry.

THE GLOVE.

A TALE.

original of this well-known story is in St. Foix—(*Essai sur Paris*) ; date, the reign of Francis I]

BEFORE his lion-court,
To see the griesly sport,
Sate the king ;
Beside him grouped his princely peers,
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,
Wreathed round their blooming ring.
King Francis, where he sate,
Raised a finger—yawned the gate,
And, slow from his repose,
A LION goes !
Dumbly he gazed around
The foe-encircled ground ;
And, with a lazy gape,
He stretched his lordly shape,
And shook his careless mane,
And—laid him down again !
A finger raised the king—
And nimbly have the guard
A second gate unbarred ;
Forth, with a rushing spring,
A TIGER sprung !
Wildly the wild one yelled
When the lion he beheld ;
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And rolled his rabid tongue ;
In many a wary ring
He swept round the forest king,
With a fell and rattling sound ;—
And laid him on the ground,
Grommelling !
The king raised his finger ; then
Leaped two LEOPARDS from the den
With a bound ;
And boldly bounded they
Where the crouching tiger lay
Terrible !
And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold ;
In the grim embrace they grappled and rolled ;

Rose the lion with a roar !
 And stood the strife before ;
 And the wild-cats on the spot,
 From the blood-thirst, wroth and hot,
 Halted still !

Now from the balcony above,
 A snowy hand let fall a glove :—
 Midway between the beasts of prey,
 Lion and tiger : there it lay,
 The winsome lady's glove !

Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,
 To the knight DELORGES—“ If the love you have sworn
 Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,
 I might ask you to bring back that glove to me ! ”

The knight left the place where the lady sate ;
 The knight he has passed through the fearful gate ;
 The lion and tiger he stooped above,
 And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove !

All shuddering and stunned, they beheld him there—
 The noble knights and the ladies fair ;
 But loud was the joy and the praise the while
 He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile !

With a tender look in her softening eyes,
 That promised reward to his warmest sighs,
 Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace,
 He tossed the glove in the lady's face !
 “ Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least,” quoth he ;
 And he left for ever that fair ladye !

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

[In this beautiful ballad, Schiller is but little indebted to the true legend of Toggenburg, which is nevertheless well adapted to Narrative Poetry. Ida, wife of Henry Count of Toggenburg, was suspected by her husband of a guilty attachment to one of his vassals, and ordered to be thrown from a high wall. Her life, however, was miraculously saved ; she lived for some time as a female hermit in the neighbouring forest, till she was at length discovered, and her innocence recognized. She refused to live again with the lord whose jealousy had wronged her, retired to a convent, and was acknowledged as a saint after her death. This legend, if abandoned by Schiller, has found a German poet not unworthy of its simple beauty and pathos. Schiller has rather founded his poem, which sufficiently tells its own tale, upon a Tyrolere legend, similar to the one that yet consecrates Rolduczek and Nonnenwörth on the Rhine. Hoffmeister implies that, unlike “ The Diver,” and some other of Schiller's Ballads, “ The Knight of Toggenburg ” dispenses with all intellectual and typical meaning, draws its poetry from feeling, and has no other purpose than that of moving the heart. Still upon Feeling itself are founded those ideal truths which make up the true philosophy of a Poet. In these few stanzas are represented the poetical chivalry of an age—the contest between the earthly passion and the religious devotion, which constantly agitated human life in the era of the Crusades. How much of deep thought has been employed to arouse the feelings—what intimate conviction of the moral of the Middle Ages, in the picture of the Knight looking up to the convent—of the Nun bowing calmly to the vail !]

“ KNIGHT, a sister's quiet love
 Gives my heart to thee !
 Ask me not for other love,
 For it paineth me !
 Calmly couldst thou greet me now,
 Calmly from me go ;
 Calmly ever,—why dost thou
 Weep in silence, so ? ”

Sadly—(not a word he said!)—

'To the heart she wrung,
Sadly clasped he once the maid,
On his steed he sprung!

"Up, my men of *Swisserland*!"

Up, awake the brave!
Forth they go—the Red-Cross band,
To the Saviour's grave!

High your deeds, and great your fame,
Heroes of the tomb!

Glancing through the carnage came
Many a dauntless plume.

Terror of the Moorish foe,
Toggenburg, thou art!
But thy heart is heavy! Oh,
Heavy is thy heart!

Heavy was the load his breast
For a twelvemonth bore:
Never can his trouble rest!
And he left the shore.

Lo! a ship on *Joppa's* strand,
Breeze and billow fair,
On to that beloved land,
Where she breathes the air!

Knocking at her castle-gate
Was the pilgrim heard;
Woe the answer from the gate!
Woe the thunder-word!
"She thou seekest lives—a Nun!
To the world she died!
When, with yester-morning's sun,
Heaven received a Bride!"

From that day, his father's hall
Ne'er his home may be;
Helm and hauberk, steed and all,
Evermore left he!
Where his castle crownéd height
Frowns the valley down,
Dwells unknown the hermit-knight,
In a sackcloth gown.

Rude the hut he built him there,
Where his eyes may view
Wall and cloister glisten fair
Dusky lindens through.¹
There, when dawn was in the skies,
Till the eve-star shone,
Sate he with mute wistful eyes,
Sate he there—alone!

¹ In this description (though, to the best of our recollection, it has escaped the vigilance of his many commentators) Schiller evidently has his eye and his mind upon the scene of his early childhood at Lorch, a scene to which in later life he was fondly attached.

The village of Lorch lies at the foot of a hill crowned with a convent, before the walls of which springs an old linden or lime tree. The ruined castle of *Hohenstaufen* is in the immediate neighbourhood.

Looking to the cloister, still,
Looking forth afar,
Looking to her lattice—till
Clinked the lattice-bar.
Till—a passing glimpse allowed—
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly tow'rs the vale.

Then the watch of day was o'er,
Then, consoled awhile,
Down he lay, to greet once more,
Morning's early smile.
Days and years are gone, and still
Looks he forth afar,
Uncomplaining, hoping—till
Clinks the lattice-bar :

Till,—a passing glimpse allowed,—
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly tow'rs the vale.
So, upon that lonely spo.,
Sate he, dead at last,
With the look where life was not
Tow'rs the casement cast !

THE MEETING.

[This poem and the two that immediately follow, appear to have been inspired by Charlotte von Lengefeld, whom Schiller afterwards married.]

I.

I SEE her still, with many a fair one nigh,
Of every fair the stateliest shape appear :
Like a lone sun she shone upon my eye—
I stood afar, and durst not venture near.
Seized, as her presence brightened round me, by
The trembling passion of voluptuous fear,
Yet, swift, as borne upon some hurrying wing,
The impulse snatched me, and I struck the string !

II.

What then I felt—what sung—my memory hence
From that wild moment would in vain invoke—
It was the life of some discovered sense
That in the heart's divine emotion spoke ;
Long years imprisoned, and escaping thence
From every chain, the SOUL enchanted broke,
And found a music in its own deep core,
Its holiest, deepest deep, unguessed before.

III.

Like melody long hushed, and lost in space,
Back to its home the breathing spirit came :
I looked, and saw upon that angel face
The fair love circled with the modest shame ;

I heard (and heaven descended on the place)
 Low-whispered words a charmed truth proclaim—
 Save in thy choral hymns, O spirit-shore,
 Ne'er may I hear such thrilling sweetness more !

IV.

"I know the worth within the heart which sighs,
 Yet shuns, the modest sorrow to declare ;
 And what rude Fortune niggardly denies,
 Love to the noble can with love repair.
 The lowly have the birthright of the skies ;
 Love only culls the flower that love should wear ;
 And ne'er in vain for love's rich gifts shall yearn
 The heart that feels their wealth—and can return !"¹

THE ASSIGNATION.

[NOTE—In Schiller the eight long lines that conclude each stanza of this charming love-poem, instead of rhyming alternately, as in the translation, chime somewhat to the tune of Byron's *Don Juan*—six lines rhyming with each other, and the two last forming a separate couplet. In other respects the translation, it is hoped, is sufficiently close and literal.]

I.

HEAR I the creaking gate unclose ?
 The gleaming latch uplifted ?
 No—'twas the wind that, whirring, rose,
 Amidst the poplars drifted !
 Adorn thyself, thou green leaf-bowering roof,
 Destined the Bright One's presence to receive,
 For her, a shadowy palace-hall aloof
 With holy Night, thy boughs familiar weave.
 And ye sweet flatteries of the delicate air,
 Awake an' sport her rosy cheek around,
 When their light weight the tender feet shall bear,
 When Beauty comes to Passion's trysting-ground.

II.

Hush ! what amidst the copses crept—
 So swiftly by me now ?
 No—'twas the startled bird that swept
 The light leaves of the bough !
 Day, quench thy torch ! come, ghost-like, from on high,
 With thy loved Silence, come, thou haunting Eve,
 Broaden below thy web of purple dye,
 Which lulled boughs mysterious round us weave.
 For love's delight, enduring listeners none,
 The froward witness of the light will flee ;
 Hesper alone, the rosy Silent One,
 Down-glancing may our sweet Familiar be !

III.

What murmur in the distance spoke,
 And like a whisper died ?
 No !—'twas the swan that gently broke
 In rings the silver tide !

¹ This is the only one of Schiller's poems that reminds us of the Italian poets. It has in it something of the sweet mannerism of Petrarch.

THE SECRET.

Soft to my ear there comes a music-flow ;
 In gleesome murmur glides the waterfall ;
 To Zephyr's kiss the flowers are bending low ;
 Through life goes joy, exchanging joy with all.
 Tempt to the touch the grapes—the blushing fruit,¹
 Voluptuous swelling from the leaves that hide ;
 And, drinking fever from my cheek, the mute
 Air sleeps all liquid in the Odour-Tide !

IV.

Hark ! through the alley hear I now
 A footfall ? Comes the maiden ?
 No,—'twas the fruit-lid from the bough,
 With its own richness laden !
 Day's lu-trous eyes grow heavy in sweet death,
 And pale and paler wane his jocund hues,
 The flowers too gentle for his glowing breath,
 Ope their frank beauty to the twilight dews.
 The bright face of the moon is still and lone,
 Melts in vast masses the world silently ;
 Slides from each charm the slowly loosening zone ;
 And round all beauty, veiless, roves the eye.

V.

What yonder seems to glimmer ?
 Her white robe's glancing hues ?—
 No,—'twas the column's shimmer
 Athwart the darksome yews !
 O, longing heart, no more delight-upbuoyed
 Let the sweet airy image thee besoul !
 The arms that would embrace her clasp the void :
 This feverish breast no phantom-bliss can cool.
 O, waft her here, the true, the living one !
 Let but my hand her hand, the tender, feel—
 The very shadow of her robe alone !—
 So into life the idle dream shall steal !

* * *

As glide from heaven, when least we ween,
 The ro-y hours of bliss,
 All gently came the maid, unseen :—
 He waked beneath her kiss !

THE SECRET.

AND not a word by her was spoken ;
 For many a listener's ear was by,
 But sweetly was the silence broken,
 For eye could well interpret eye.
 Soft to thy hushed pavilion stealing,
 Thou fair, far-spreading Beech, I glide,
 Thy favouring veil our forms concealing.
 And all the garish world denied.

¹ The Peach

From far, with dull, unquiet clamour,
 Labours the vexed and busy day,
 And, through the hum, the sullen hammer
 Comes heaving down its heavy way.
 Thus man pursues his weary calling,
 And wrings the hard life from the sky,
 While happiness unseen is falling
 Down from God's bosom silently.

O, all unheard ! e still the lonely
 Delights in our true love embraced.
 The hearts that never loved can only
 Disturb the well they shun to taste.
 The world but searches to destroy her,
 The Bliss concealed from vulgar eyes—
 In secret seize, in stealth enjoy her,
 Ere watchful Envy can surprise.

Soft, upon tiptoe, comes she greeting,
 Through silent night she loves to stray,
 A nymph, that fades to air, if meeting
 One gave her mysteries to betray.
 Roll round us, roll, thou softest river,¹
 Thy broad'ning stream, a barrier given,
 And guard with threat'ning waves for ever
 This one last Heritage of Heaven !

TO EMMA.

I.

AMIDST the cloud-grey deeps afar
 The Bliss departed lies ;
 How linger on one lonely star
 The loving wistful eyes !
 Alas—a star in truth—the light
 Shines but a signal of the night !

II.

If locked within the icy chill
 Of the long sleep, thou wert—
 My faithful grief could find thee still
 A life within my heart ;—
 But, oh, the worse despair to see
 Thee live to earth, and die to me !

III.

Can those sweet longing hopes, which make
 Love's essence, thus decay ?
 Can that be love which doth forsake ?—
 That love—which fades away ?—
 That earthly gifts are brief, I knew—
 Is that all heaven-born mortal too ?

¹ Probably the river Saale, on the banks of which Schiller was accustomed to meet his Charlotte.

THE POET TO HIS FRIENDS.
 (WRITTEN AT WEIMAR.)

I.

FRIENDS, fairer times have been
 (Who can deny?) than we ourselves have seen:
 And an old race of more majestic worth.
 Were History silent on the Past, in sooth,
 A thousand stones would witness of the truth
 Which men disbury from the womb of earth.
 But yet that race, if more endowed than ours
 Is past!—no joy to death can glory give;
 But we—we are—to us the breathing hours,
 They have the best—who live!

II.

Suns are of happier ray
 Than where, not ill, we while our life away,
 If the far-wandering traveller speaks aright;
 But much which Nature hath to us denied
 Hath not kind Art, the genial friend, supplied,
 And our hearts warmed beneath her mother-light!
 Though native not beneath our winters keen,
 Or bays or myrtle—for our mountain shrines
 And hardy brows, their lusty garlands green
 Weave the thick-clustering vines.

III.

Well may proud hearts take pleasure
 Where change four worlds their intermingled treasure,
 And Trade's great pomp the wanderer may behold,
 Where, on rich Thames, a thousand sails unfurled
 Or seek or leave the market of the world—
 And throned in splendour sits the Earth-god—GOLD.
 But never, in the mire of troubled streams,
 Swelled by wild torrents from the mountain's breast,
 But on the still wave's mirror, the soft beams
 Of happy sunshine rest.¹

Prouder and more elate
 Than we o' the North, beside the Angel's Gate²
 The beggar basking views eternal Rome!
 Round to his gaze bright-swarming beauties given,
 And, holy in the heaven, a second heaven,
 The world's large wonder, hangs St. Peter's Dome.
 But Rome in all her glory is a grave,
 The Past, that ghost of power, alone is hers,
 Strewed by the green Hours, where the young leaves wave
 Breathes all the life that stirs!

Elsewhere are nobler things
 Than to our souls our scant existence brings:

¹ These lines afford one of the many instances of the peculiar tenacity with which Schiller retained certain favourite ideas. At the age of seventeen he had said, "Not on the stormy sea, but on the calm and glassy stream, does the sun reflect itself."—See Hoffmeister, Part iv. p. 39.

² St. Peter's Church.

The New beneath the sun hath never been.
 Yet still the greatness of each elder age
 We see—the conscious phantoms of the stage—
 As the world finds its symbol on the scene.¹
 Life but repeats itself, all stale and worn;
 Sweet Phantasy alone is young for ever;
 What ne'er and nowhere on the earth was born²
 Alone grows aged never.

EVENING.

(FROM A PICTURE.)

SINK, shining god—tired Nature halts; and parched
 Earth needs the dews; adown the welkin arched
 Falter thy languid steeds;—
 Sink in thy ocean halls!
 Who beckons from the crystal waves unto thee?
 Knows not thy heart the smiles of love that woo thee?
 Quicken the homeward steeds!
 The silver Thetis calls!
 Swift to her arms he aprings, and with the bridle
 Young Eros toys—the gladdening steeds (as idle
 The guideless chariot rests)
 The cool wave-bend above;
 And Night, with gentle step and melancholy,
 Breathes low through heaven; with her comes Love the holy
 Phœbus the lover rests,—
 Be all life, rest and love!

THE LONGING.

FROM out this dim and gloomy hollow,
 Where hang the cold clouds heavily,
 Could I but gain the clue to follow,
 How blessed would the journey be!
 Aloft I see a fair dominion,
 Through time and change all vernal still;
 But where the power, and what the pinion,
 To gain the ever-blooming hill?
 Afar I hear the music ringing—
 The lulling sounds of heaven's repose,
 And the light gales are downward bringing
 The sweets of flowers the mountain knows.
 I see the fruits, all golden-glowing,
 Beckon the glossy leaves between,
 And o'er the blooms that there are blowing
 Nor blight nor winter's wrath hath been.
 To suns that shine for ever, yonder,
 O'er fields that fade not, sweet to flee:
 The very winds that there may wander,
 How healing must their breathing be!

¹ The signification of these lines in the original has been disputed—we accept Hoffmeister's interpretation.—Part vi. p. 40

² "The light that never was on sea or land,
 The Consecration and the Poet's Dream."—WORDSWORTH.

But lo, between us rolls a river—
 O'er which the wrathful tempest raves ;
 I feel the soul within me shiver
 To gaze upon the gloomy waves.
 A rocking boat mine eyes discover,
 But, woe is me, the pilot fails !—
 In, boldly in—undaunted over !
 And trust the life that swells the sails !
 Thou must believe, and thou must venture,
 In fearless faith thy safety dwells ;
 By miracles alone men enter
 The glorious Land of Miracles !¹

THE PILGRIM.

YOUTH's gay spring-time scarcely knowing
 Went I forth the world to roam—
 And the dance of youth, the glowing,
 Left I in my Father's home.
 Of my birthright, glad-believing,
 Of my world-gear took I none,
 Careless as an infant, cleaving
 To my pilgrim staff alone.
 For I placed my mighty hope in
 Dim and holy words of Faith,
 "Wander forth—the way is open
 Ever on the upward path—
 Till thou gain the Golden Portal,
 Till its gates unclose to thee.
 There the Earthly and the Mortal,
 Deathless and Divine shall be !"
 Night on Morning stole, on stealth,
 Never, never stand I still,
 And the Future yet concealeth,
 What I seek, and what I will !
 Mount on mount arose before me,
 Torrents hemmed me every side,
 But I built a bridge that bore me
 O'er the roaring tempest-tide.
 Towards the East I reached a river,
 On its shores I did not rest ;
 Faith from Danger can deliver,
 And I trusted to its breast.
 Drifted in the whirling motion,
 Seas themselves around me roll—
 Wide and wider spreads the ocean,
 Far and farther flies the goal.
 While I live is never given
 Bridge or wave the goal to near—
 Earth will never meet the Heaven,
 Never can the THERE be HERE !

The two poems of "The Longing" and "The Pilgrim" belong to a class which may be said to allegorize *Feeling*, and the meaning, agreeably to the genius of allegory or parable, has been left somewhat obscure. The commentators agree in referring both poems to the

¹ "Wo kein Wunder geschieht, ist kein Beglückter zu sehn."
 SCHILLER, *Das Glück*.

illustration of the *Ideal*. "The Longing" represents the desire to escape from the real world into the higher realms of being. "The Pilgrim" represents the active labour of the idealist to reach "the Golden Gate." The belief in what is beyond Reality is necessary to all who would escape from the Real; and in "The Longing" it is intimated that that belief may attain the end. But "The Pilgrim," after all his travels, finds that the earth will never reach the heaven, and the *There* never can be *Here*. The two poems are certainly capable of an interpretation at once loftier and more familiar than that which the commentators give to it. They are apparently intended to express the natural human feeling—common not to poets alone, but to us all—the human feeling which approaches to an instinct, and in which so many philosophers have recognized the inward assurance of a hereafter—viz., the desire to escape from the coldness and confinement, "the valley and the cloud" of actual life, into the happier world which smiles, in truth, evermore upon those who *believe* that it exists; the desire of the poet is identical with the desire of the religious man. He who longs for another world—only to be obtained by abstraction from the low desires of this—longs for what the Christian strives for. And if he finds, with Schiller's Pilgrim, that in spite of all his longing and all his labour, the goal cannot be reached below, still, as Schiller expresses it elsewhere, "He has had *Hope*—his belief has been his reward." That Heaven which "The Longing" yearns for, which "The Pilgrim" seeks, may be called "The Ideal," or whatever else refiners please; but, in plain fact and in plain words, that Ideal is the Hereafter—is Heaven!

THE DANCE.

SEE how like lightest waves at play, the airy dancers fleet;
And scarcely feels the floor the winds of those harmonious feet.
Oh, are they flying shadows from their native forms set free?
Or phantoms in the fairy ring that summer moonbeams see?
As, by the gentle zephyr blown, some light mist flees in air,
As skiffs that skim adown the tide, when silver waves are fair,
So sports the docile footstep to the heave of that sweet measure,
As music wafts the form aloft at its melodious pleasure,
Now breaking through the woven chain of the entangled dance,
From where the ranks the thickest press, a bolder pair advance,
The path they leave behind them lost—wide opes the path beyond,
The way unfolds or closes up as by a magic wand.
See now, they vanish from the gaze in wild confusion blended;
Ah, in sweet chaos whirled again, that gentle world is ended!
No!—disentangled glides the knot, the gay disorder ranges—
The only system ruling here, a grace that never changes.
For aye destroyed—for aye renewed, whirls on that fair creation;
And yet one peaceful law can still pervade in each mutation.
And what can to the reeling maze breathe harmony and vigour,
And give an order and repose to every gliding figure?
That each a ruler to himself doth but himself obey,
Yet through the hurrying course still keeps his own appointed way.
What, wouldst thou know? It is in truth the mighty power of Tune,
A power that every step obeys, as tides obey the moon;
That threadeth with a golden clue the intricate employment,
Curbs bounding strength to tranquil grace, and tames the wild enjoyment.
And comes THE WORLD'S wide harmony in vain upon thine ears?
The streams of music borne aloft from yonder choral spheres?
And feel'st thou not the measure which Eternal Nature keeps?
The whirling Dance for ever held in yonder azure deeps!
The suns that wheel in varying maze?—That music thou discernest;
No! Thou canst honour that in sport which thou forgett'st in earnest.

NOTE.—This poem is very characteristic of the noble ease with which Schiller often loves to surprise the reader, by the sudden introduction of matter for the loftiest reflection, in the midst of the most familiar subjects. What can be more accurate and happy than the poet's description of the national dance, as if such description were his only object—the outpouring, as it were, of a young gallant, intoxicated by the music, and dizzy with the waltz? Suddenly and imperceptibly the reader finds himself elevated from a trivial scene.

He is borne upward to the harmony of the spheres. He bows before the great law of the universe—the young gallant is transformed into the mighty teacher; and this without one hard conceit—without one touch of pedantry. It is but a flash of light; and where glowed the playful picture, shines the solemn moral.

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH.

"TAKE the world," cried the god from his heaven
To men—"I proclaim you its heirs;
To divide it amongst you 'tis given,
You have only to settle the shares."

Each takes for himself as it pleases,
Old and young have alike their desire;
The Harvest the Husbandman seizes,
Through the wood and the chase sweeps the Squire.

The Merchant his warehouse is locking—
The Abbot is choosing his wine—
Cries the Monarch, the thoroughfares blocking,
"Every toll for the passage is mine!"

All too late, when the sharing was over,
Comes the Poet—He came from afar—
Nothing left can the laggard discover,
Not an inch but its owners there are.

"Woe is me, is there nothing remaining,
For the son who best loves thee alone!"
Thus to Jove went his voice in complaining,
As he fell at the Thunderer's throne.

"In the land of the dreams if abiding,"
Quoth the god—"Canst thou murmur at ME?
Where wert thou, when the Earth was dividing?"
"I WAS," said the Poet, "BY THEE!"

"Mine eye by thy glory was captured—
Mine ear by thy music of bliss,
Pardon him whom thy world so enraptured—
As to lose him his portion in this!"

"Alas," said the god—"Earth is given!
Field, forest, and market, and all!—
What say you to quarters in Heaven?
We'll admit you whenever you call!"

THE INDIAN DEATH-DIRGE.

[The idea of this poem is taken from Carver's Travels through North America. Goethe reckoned it amongst Schiller's best poems of the kind, and wished he had made a dozen such. But, precisely because Goethe admired it for its *objectivity*, William von Humboldt found it wanting in idealty.—See Hoffmeister, pp. 3, 311.]

SEE on his mat—as if of yore,
All life-like, sits he here!
With that same aspect which he wore
When light to him was dear.
But where the right hand's strength?—and where
The breath that loved to breathe,
To the Great Spirit aloft in air,
The peace-pipe's lusty wreath?

And where the hawk-like eye, alas !
 That wont the deer pursue,
 Along the waves of rippling grass,
 Or fields that shone with dew ?
 Are these the limber, bounding feet,
 That swept the winter snows ?
 What stateliest stag so fast and fleet ?
 Their speed outstript the roe's !
 These arms that then the sturdy bow
 Could supple from its pride,
 How stark and helpless hang they now
 Adown the stiffened side !
 Yet weal to him—at peace he strays
 Where never fall the snows ;
 Where o'er the meadows springs the maize
 That mortal never sows :
 Where birds are blithe on every brake—
 Where forests teem with deer—
 Where glide the fish through every lake—
 One chase from year to year !
 With spirits now he feasts above ,
 All left us—to revere
 The deeds we honour with our love,
 The dust we bury here.
 Here bring the last gifts !—loud and shrill
 Wail, death-dirge for the brave !
 What pleased him most in life may still
 Give pleasure in the grave.
 We lay the axe beneath his head
 He swung, when strength was strong—
 The bear on which his banquets fed—
 The way from earth is long !
 And here, new-sharpened, place the knife
 That severed from the clay,
 From which the axe had spoiled the life,
 The conquered scalp away !
 The paints that deck the Dead, bestow—
 Yes, place them in his hand—
 That red the Kingly Shade may glow
 Amidst the Spirit Land !

THE LAY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

[The scenery of Gotthardt is here personified]

The three following ballads, in which Switzerland is the scene, betray their origin in Schiller's studies for the drama of William Tell

To the solemn abyss leads the terrible path,
 The life and the death winding dizzy between ;
 In thy desolate way, grim with menace and wrath,
 To daunt thee the spectres of giants are seen :
 That thou wake not the Wild One,¹ all silently tread—
 Let thy lip breathe no breath in the pathway of Dread !

¹ The avalanche—the *équirotte* of the original, turning on the Swiss word *Lawine*, it is impossible to render intelligible to the English reader. The giants in the preceding line are the rocks that overhang the pass which winds now to the right, now to the left, of a roaring stream.

High over the marge of the horrible deep
 Hangs and hovers a Bridge with its phantom-like span,¹
 Not by man was it built, o'er the vastness to sweep ;
 Such thought never came to the daring of Man !
 The stream roars beneath—late and early it raves—
 But the bridge which it threatens, is safe from the waves.
 Black-yawning a Portal, thy soul to affright,
 Like the gate to the kingdom, the Fiend for the king—
 Yet beyond it there smiles but a land of delight,
 Where the Autumn in marriage is met with the Spring.
 From a lot which the care and the trouble assail,
 Could I fly to the bliss of that balm-breathing vale !
 Through that field, from a fount ever hidden their birth,
 Four Rivers in tumult rush roarily forth ;
 They fly to the fourfold divisions of earth—
 The sunrise, the sunset, the south, and the north.
 And, true to the mystical mother that bore,
 Forth they rush to their goal, and are lost evermore.
 High over the races of men in the blue
 Of the ether, the Mount in twin summits is riven ;
 There, veiled in the gold-woven webs of the dew,
 Moves the Dance of the Clouds—the pale Daughters of Heaven !
 There, in solitude circles their mystical maze,
 Where no witness can hearken, no earthborn surveys.
 August on a throne which no ages can move,
 Sits a Queen, in her beauty serene and sublime,²
 The diadem blazing with diamonds above
 The glory of brows, never darkened by time,
 His arrows of light on that form shoots the sun—
 And he gilds them with all, but he warms them with none !

THE ALP HUNTER.

[Founded on a legend of the Valley of Ormond, in the Pays de Vaud.]

“ WILT thou not, thy lamblings heeding,
 (Soft and innocent are they !)
 Watch them on the herbage feeding,
 Or beside the brooklet play ? ”
 “ Mother, mother, let me go,
 O'er the mount to chase the roe. ”
 “ Wilt thou not, around thee bringing,
 Lure the herds with lively horn ?
 Gaily go the clear bells ringing,
 Through the echoing forest borne ! ”
 “ Mother, mother, let me go,
 O'er the wilds to chase the roe. ”
 “ Wilt thou not (their blushes woo thee !)
 In their sweet beds tend thy flowers,
 Smiles so fair a garden to thee,
 Where the savage mountain lours ? ”

¹ The Devil's Bridge. The Land of Delight (called in Tell “a serene valley of joy”) to which the dreary portal (in Tell the black rock gate) leads, is the Urse Vale. The four rivers, in the next stanza, are the Reus, the Rhine, the Tessin, and the Rhône.

² The everlasting glacier. See William Tell, act v, scene 2.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

"Leave the flowers in peace to blow;
 Mother, mother, let me go!"
 On and ever onwards bounding,
 Scours the hunter to the chase,
 On and ever onwards hounding
 To the mountain's wildest space.—
 Swift, as footed by the wind,
 Flies before the trembling hind.
 Light and limber, upwards driven,
 On the hoar crag quivering,
 Or through gorges thunder-riven
 Leaps she with her airy spring!
 But behind her still the Foe—
 Near, and near the deadly bow!
 Fast and faster on—unslack'ning;
 Now she hangs above the brink,
 Where the last rocks, grim and black'ning,
 Down the gulf abruptly sink.
 Never pathway there may wind,
 Chasms below—and death behind!
 To the hard man—dumb-lamenting,
 Turns she with her look of woe;
 Turns in vain—the Unrelenting
 Meets the look—and bends the bow.—
 Sudden—from the darksome deep,
 Rose the Spirit of the Steep!
 And his godlike hand extending,
 From the hunter snatched the prey,
 "Wherefore, woe and slaughter sending,
 To my solitary sway?—
 Why should my herds before thee fall?
 THERE'S ROOM UPON THE EARTH FOR ALL!"

RUDOLF OF HAPSBURG.

A BALLAD.

[Hinrichs properly classes this striking ballad (together with the yet grander one of the "Fight with the Dragon") amongst those designed to depict and exalt the virtue of Humility. The source of the story is in *Ægidius Tschudi*, a Swiss chronicler; and Schiller appears to have adhered, with much fidelity, to the original narrative.]

At Aachen, in imperial state,
 In that time-hallowed hall renowned,
 At solemn feast King Rudolf sate,
 The day that saw the hero crowned!
 Bohemia and thy Pa'grave, Rhine,
 Give this the feast, and that the wine;¹
 The Aich Electoral Seven,
 Like choral stars around the sun,
 Gird him whose hand a world has won,
 The anointed choice of Heaven.

¹ The office, at the coronation feast, of the Count Palatine of the Rhine (Grand Sewer of the Empire and one of the Seven Electors) was to bear the Imperial Globe and set the dishes on the board; that of the King of Bohemia was cupbearer. The latter was not, however, present, as Schiller himself observed in a note (omitted in the editions of his collected works), at the coronation of Rudolf.

In galleries raised above the pomp,
 Pressed crowd on crowd their panting way;
 And with the joy-resounding tromp,
 Rang out the million's loud hurra !
 For closed at last the age of slaughter,
 When human blood was poured as water—
 LAW dawns upon the world !¹
 Sharp force no more shall right the wrong,
 And grind the weak to crown the strong—
 War's carnage-flag is furled !

In Rudolf's hand the goblet shines—
 And gaily round the board looked he ;
 " And proud the feast, and bright the wines
 My kingly heart feels glad to me !
 Yet where the Gladness-Bringer—blest
 In the sweet art which moves the breast
 With lyre and verse divine ?
 Dear from my youth the craft of song,
 And what as knight I loved so long,
 As Kaisar, still be mine."

Lo, from the circle bending there,
 With sweeping robe the Bard appears,
 As silver white his gleaming hair,
 Bleached by the many winds of years ;
 " And music sleeps in golden strings—
 Love's rich reward the minstrel sings,
 Well known to him the ALL
 High thoughts and ardent souls desire !
 What would the Kaisar from the lyre
 Amidst the banquet-hall ?"

The Great One smiled—" Not mine the sway—
 The minstrel owns a loftier power—
 A mightier king inspires the lay—
 Its hest—THE IMPULSE OF THE HOUR !"
 As through wide air the tempests sweep,
 As gush the springs from mystic deep,
 Or lone untroddeu glen ;
 So from dark hidden fount within,
 Comes SONG, its own wild world to win
 Amidst the souls of men !"

Swift with the fire the minstrel glowed,
 And loud the music swept the ear :
 " Forth to the chase a Hero rode,
 To hunt the bounding chamois-deer ;
 With shaft and horn the squire behind ;—
 Through greensward meads the riders wind—
 A small sweet bell they hear.
 Lo, with the HOST, a holy man,—
 Before him strides the sacristan,
 And the bell sounds near and near.

¹ Literally, "*A judge (ein Richter)* was again upon the earth." The word substituted in the translation is introduced in order to recall to the reader the sublime name given, not without justice, to Rudolf of Hapsburg—viz., "*THE LIVING LAW.*"

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS

"The noble hunter down-inclined
His reverent head and softened eye,
And honoured with a Christian's mind
The Christ who loves humility!
Loud through the pasture, brawls and raves
A brook—the rains had fed the waves,
And torrents from the hill.
His sandal shoon the priest unbound,
And laid the Host upon the ground,
And neared the swollen rill!

" 'What wouldst thou, priest?' the Count began,
As, marvelling much, he halted there.
'Sir Count, I seek a dying man,
Sore-hungering for the heavenly fare.
The bridge that once its safety gave,
Rent by the anger of the wave,
Drifts down the tide below.
Yet barefoot now, I will not fear
(The soul that seeks its God, to cheer)
Through the wild wave to go!'

"He gave that priest the knightly steed,
He reached that priest the lordly reins,
That he might serve the sick man's need,
Nor slight the task that heaven ordains.
He took the horse the squire bestrode;
On to the chase the hunter rode,
On to the sick the priest!
And when the morrow's sun was red,
The servant of the Saviour led
Back to its lord the beast.

" 'Now Heaven forfend!' the Hero cried,
'That e'er to chase or battle more
These limbs the sacred steed bestride
That once my Maker's image bore;
If not a boon allowed to thee,
Thy Lord and mine its Master be,
My tribute to the King,
From whom I hold, as fiefs, since birth,
Honour, renown, the goods of earth,
Life and each living thing!'

" 'So may the God, who faileth never
To hear the weak and guide the dim,
To thee give honour here and ever,
As thou hast duly honoured Him!
Far-famed ev'n now through Swisserland,
Thy generous heart and dauntless hand;
And fair from thine embrace,
Six daughters bloom,¹ six crowns to bring,
Blest as the daughters of a KING,
The mothers of a RACE!'

¹ At the coronation of Rudolf was celebrated the marriage-feast of three of his daughters—to Ludwig of Bavaria, Otto of Brandenburg, and Albrecht of Saxony. His other three daughters married afterwards Otto, nephew of Ludwig of Bavaria, Charles Martell, son of Charles of Anjou, and Wenceslaus, son of Ottocar of Bohemia. The royal house of England numbers Rudolf of Hapsburg amongst its ancestors.

The mighty Kaisar heard amazed !
 His heart was in the days of old ;
 Into the minstrel's heart he gazed,
 That tale the Kaisar's own had told,
 Yes, in the baid the priest he knew,
 And in the purple veiled from view
 The gush of holy tears !
 A thrill through that vast audience ran,
 And every heart the godlike man
 Revering God—reveres !

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

Who comes ?—why rushes fast and loud,
 Through lane and street the hurtling crowd,
 Is Rhodes on fire ?—Hurrah !—along
 Faster and fast storms the throng !
 High towers a shape in knightly garb—
 Behold the Rider and the Barb !
 Behind is dragged a wondrous load ;
 Beneath what monster groans the road ?
 The horrid jaws—the Crocodile,
 The shape the mightier Dragon, shows—
 From Man to Monster all the while—
 The alternate wonder glancing goes.

Shout thousands, with a single voice,
 “ Behold the Dragon, and rejoice,
 Safe roves the herd, and safe the swain !
 Lo !—there the Slayer—here the Slain !
 Full many a breast, a gallant life,
 Has waged against the ghastly strife,
 And ne'er returned to mortal sight—
 Hurrah, then, for the Hero Knight ! ”
 So to the Cloister, where the vowed
 And peerless brethren of St. John
 In conclave sit—that sea-like crowd,
 Wave upon wave, goes thundering on.

High o'er the rest, the chief is seen—
 There wends the Knight with modest mien ;
 Pours through the galleries raised for all
 Above that Hero-council Hall,
 The crowd—And thus the Victor One :
 “ Prince—the knight's duty I have done.
 The Dragon that devoured the land
 Lies slain beneath thy servant's hand ;
 Free, o'er the pasture, rove the flocks—
 And free the idler's steps may stray—
 And freely o'er the lonely rocks,
 The holier pilgrim wends his way ! ”

A lofty look the Master gave :
 “ Certes,” he said, “ thy deed is brave ;
 Dread was the danger, dread the fight—
 Bold deeds bring fame to vulgar knight ;
 But say, what sways with holier laws
 The knight who sees in Christ his cause,

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

And wears his cross?"—Then every cheek
 Grew pale to hear the Master speak;
 But nobler was the blush that spread
 His face—the Victor's of the day—
 As bending lowly—"Prince," he said;
 "His noblest duty—TO OBEY!"

"And yet that duty, son," replied
 The chief, "methinks thou hast denied,
 And dared thy sacred sword to wield
 For fame in a forbidden field."
 "Master, thy judgment, howsoe'er
 It lean, till all is told, forbear—
 Thy law, in spirit and in will,
 I had no thought but to fulfil,
 Not rash, as some, did I depart
 A Christian's blood in vain to shed;
 But hoped by skill, and strove by art,
 To make my life avenge the dead.

"Five of our Order, in renown
 The war-gems of our saintly crown,
 The martyr's glory bought with life;
 'Twas then thy law forbade the strife.
 Yet in my heart there gnawed, like fire,
 Proud sorrow, fed with stern desire:
 In the still visions of the night,
 Panting I fought the fancied fight;
 And when the morrow glimmering came,
 With tales of ravage freshly done,
 The dream remembered, turned to shame,
 That night should dare what day should shun.

"And thus my fiery musings ran—
 'What youth has learned should nerve the man;
 How lived the great in days of old,
 Whose fame to time by bards is told—
 Who, heathens though they were, became
 As gods—upborne to heaven by fame?
 How proved they best the hero's worth?
 They chased the monster from the earth—
 They sought the lion in his den—
 They pierced the Cretan's deadly maze—
 Their noble blood gave humble men
 Their happy birthright—peaceful days.

"What! sacred, but against the horde
 Of Mahound, is the Christian's sword?
 All strife, save one, should he forbear?
 No! earth itself the Christian's care.
 From every ill and every harm,
 Man's shield should be the Christian's arm.
 Yet art o'er strength will oft prevail,
 And mind must aid where heart may fail!"

Thus musing, oft I roamed alone,
 Where went the Hell-born Beast to lie;
 Till sudden light upon me shone,
 And on my hope broke victory!

"Then, Prince, I sought thee with the prayer
 To breathe once more my native air;
 The license given—the ocean past—
 I reached the shores of home at last.
 Scarce hailed the old beloved land,
 Than huge, beneath the artist's hand,
 To every hideous feature true,
 The Dragon's monster-model grew,
 The dwarfed, deformed limbs upbore
 The lengthened body's ponderous load;
 The scales the impervious surface wore,
 Like links of burnished harness, glowed.

"Life-like, the huge neck seemed to swell,
 And widely, as some porch to hell,
 You might the horrent jaws survey,
 Griesly, and greedling for their prey.
 Grim fangs and added terror gave,
 Like crags that whiten through a cave.
 The very tongue a sword in seeming—
 The deep-sunk eyes in sparkles gleaming.
 Where the vast body ends, succeed
 The serpent spires around it rolled—
 Woe—woe to rider, woe to steed,
 Whom coils as fearful e'er enfold!

"All to the awful life was done—
 The very hue, so ghastly, won—
 The grey, dull tint:—the labour ceased,
 It stood—half reptile and half beast!
 And now began the mimic chase;
 Two dogs I sought, of noblest race,
 Fierce, nimble, fleet, and wont to scorn
 The wild bull's wrath and levelled horn;
 These, docile to my cheering cry,
 I trained to bound, and rend, and spring,
 Now round the Monster-shape to fly,
 Now to the Monster-shape to cling!

"And where their gripe the best assails,
 The belly left unsheathed in scales,
 I taught the dexterous hounds to hang
 And find the spot to fix the fang;
 Whilst I, with lance and mailed garb,
 Launched on the beast mine Arab barb.
 From purest race that Arab came,
 And steeds, like men, are fired by fame.
 Beneath the spur he chafes to rage;
 Onwards we ride in full career—
 I seem, in truth, the war to wage—
 The monster reels beneath my spear!

"Albeit, when first the *destrier*¹ eyed
 The laidly thing, it swerved aside,
 Snorted and reared—and even they,
 The fierce hounds, shrank with startled bay;
 I ceased not, till by custom bold,

¹ War-horse.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

After three tedious moons were told,
 Both barb and hounds were trained—nay, more,
 Fierce for the fight—then left the shore !
 Three days have fled since I prest
 (Returned at length) this welcome soil,
 Nor once would lay my limbs to rest,
 Till wrought the glorious crowning toil.
 “For much it moved my soul to know
 The unslack’ning curse of that grim foe.
 Fresh rent, men’s bones lay bleached and bare
 Around the hell-worm’s swampy lair ;
 And pity nerved me into steel :—
 Advice ?—I had a heart to feel,
 And strength to dare ! So, to the deed.—
 I called my squires—bestrode my steed,
 And with my stalwart hounds, and by
 Lone secret paths, we gaily go
 Unseen—at least by human eye—
 Against a worse than human foe !
 “Thou know’st the sharp rock—steep and hoar ?
 The abyss ?—the chapel glimmering o’er ?
 Built by the Fearless Master’s hand,
 The fane looks down on all the land.
 Humble and mean that house of prayer—
 Yet God hath shrined a wonder there :—
 Mother and Child, to whom of old
 The Three Kings knelt with gifts, behold !
 By three times thirty steps, the shrine
 The pilgrim gains—and faint, and dim,
 And dizzy with the height, divine
 Strength on the sudden springs to him !
 “Yawns wide within that holy steep
 A mighty cavern dark and deep—
 By blessed sunbeam never lit—
 Rank foetid swamps engirdle it ;
 And there by night, and there by day,
 Ever at watch, the fiend-worm lay,
 Holding the Hell of its abode
 Fast by the hallowed House of God.
 And when the pilgrim gladly weened
 His feet had found the healing way,
 Forth from its ambush rushed the fiend,
 And down to darkness dragged the prey.
 “With solemn soul, that solemn height
 I clomb, ere yet I sought the fight—
 Kneeling before the cross within,
 My heart, confessing, cleared its sin.
 Then, as befits the Christian knight,
 I donned the spotless surplice white,
 And, by the altar, grasped the spear :—
 So down I strode with conscience clear—
 Bade my leal squires afar the deed,
 By death or conquest crowned, await—
 Leapt lightly on my lithesome steed,
 And gave to God his soldier’s fate !

"Before me wide the marshes lay—
 Started the hounds with sudden bay—
 Aghast the swerving charger slanting
 Snorted—then stood abrupt and panting—
 For curling there, in coiled fold,
 The Unutterable Beast behold !
 Lazily basking in the sun.
 Forth sprang the dogs. The fight's begun
 But lo ! the hounds, in cowering, fly
 Before the mighty poison-breath—
 A fierce yell, like the jackal's cry,
 Howled, mingling with that wind of death.

"No halt—I gave one cheering sound,
 Lustily springs each dauntless hound—
 Swift as the dauntless hounds advance,
 Whirringly skirrs my stalwart lance—
 Whirringly skirrs ; and from the scale
 Bounds, as a reed aslant the mail.
 Onward—but no !—the craven steed
 Shrinks from his lord in that dread need—
 Smitten and scared before that eye
 Of basilisk horror, and that blast
 Of death, it only seeks to fly—
 And half the mighty hope is past !

"A moment, and to earth I leapt ;
 Swift from its sheath the falchion swept ;
 Swift on that rock-like mail it plied—
 The rock-like mail the sword defied :
 The monster lashed its mighty coil—
 Down hurled—behold me on the soil !
 Behold the hell-jaws gaping wide—
 When lo ! they bound—the flesh is found ;
 Upon the scaleless parts they spring !
 Spring either hound ;—the flesh is found—
 It roars ; the blood-dogs cleave and cling !

"No time to foil its fast'ning foes—
 Light, as it writhed, I sprang, and rose ;
 The all-unguarded place explored,
 Up to the hilt I plunged the sword—
 Buried one instant in the blood—
 The next, upsprang the bubbling flood !
 The next, one Vastness spread the plain—
 Crushed down—the victor with the slain ;
 And all was dark—and on the ground
 My life, suspended, lost the sun,
 Till waking—lo, my squires around—
 And the dead foe !—my tale is done."

Then burst, as from a common breast,
 The eager laud so long suppress—
 A thousand voices, choral-blending,
 Up to the vaulted dome ascending—
 From groined roof and bannered wall,
 Invisible echoes answering all—

The very Brethren, grave and high,
 Forget their state, and join the cry.
 "With laurel wreaths his brows be crowned,
 Let throng to throng his triumph tell;
 Hail him, all Rhodes!"—the Master frowned,
 And raised his hand—and silence fell.

"Well," said that solemn voice, "thy hand
 From the wild-beast hath freed the land.
 An idol to the People be!
 A foe our Order sows on thee!
 For in thy heart, superb and vain,
 A hell-worm laidlier than the slain,
 To discord which engenders death,
 Poisons each thought with baleful breath!
 That hell-worm is the stubborn Will—
 Oh! what were man and nations worth
 If each his own desire fulfil,
 And law be banished from the earth?"

"Valour the Heathen gives to story—
 Obedience is the Christian's glory;
 And on that soil our Saviour-God
 As the meek low-born mortal trod.
 We the Apostle-knights were sworn
 To laws thy daring laughs to scorn—
 Not fame, but duty to fulfil—
 Our noblest offering—man's wild will.
 Vainglory doth thy soul betray—
 Begone—thy conquest is thy loss:
 No breast too haughty to obey,
 Is worthy of the Christian's cross!"

From their cold awe the crowds awaken,
 As with some storm the halls are shaken;
 The noble Brethren plead for grace—
 Mute stands the doomed, with downward face;
 And mutely loosened from its band
 The badge, and kissed the Master's hand,
 And meekly turned him to depart:
 A moist eye followed, "To my heart
 Come back, my son!"—the Master cries:
 "Thy grace a harder fight obtains;
 When Valour risks the Christian's prize,
 Lo, how Humility regains!"

In the poem just presented to the reader, Schiller designed, as he wrote to Goethe, to depict the old Christian chivalry—half knightly, half monastic. The attempt is strikingly successful. Indeed, "The Fight of the Dragon" appears to us the most spirited and nervous of all Schiller's narrative poems, with the single exception of "The Diver;" and if its interest is less intense than that of the matchless "Diver," and its descriptions less poetically striking and effective, its interior meaning or philosophical conception is at once more profound and more elevated. In "The Fight of the Dragon" is expressed the moral of that humility which consists in self-conquest—even merit may lead to vainglory—and, after vanquishing the fiercest enemies without, Man has still to contend with his worst foe—the pride or disobedience of his own heart. "Every one," as a recent and acute, but somewhat over-refining critic has remarked, "has, more or less, his own 'fight with the Dragon'—his own double victory (without and within) to achieve." The origin of this poem is to be found in the Annals of the Order of Malta, and the details may be seen in Vertot's History. The date assigned to the conquest of the Dragon is 1342. Helion de Villeneuve was the name of the Grand Master—that of the Knight, Dieu-

Donné de Gozon. Thevenot declares that the head of the monster (to whatever species it really belonged), or its effigies, was still placed over one of the gates of the city in his time. Dieu-Donné succeeded De Villeneuve as Grand Master, and on his gravestone were inscribed the words "Draconis Exstinctor."

DITHYRAMB.¹

BELIEVE me, together
 The bright gods come ever,
 Still as of old ;
 Scarce see I Bacchus, the giver of joy,
 Than comes up fair Eros, the laugh-loving boy ;
 And Phoebus, the stately, behold !
 They come near and nearer,
 The Heavenly Ones all—
 The gods with their presence
 Fill earth as their hall !
 Say, how shall I welcome,
 Human and earthborn,
 Sons of the Sky ?
 Pour out to me—pour the full life that ye live !
 What to you, O ye gods ! can the mortal-one give ?
 The Joys can dwell only
 In Jupiter's palace—
 Brimmed bright with your nectar,
 Oh, reach me the chalice !
 "Hebe, the chalice
 Fill full to the brim !
 Steep his eyes—steep his eyes in the bath of the dew,
 Let him dream, while the Styx is concealed from his view,
 That the life of the gods is for him !"
 It murmurs, it sparkles,
 The Fount of Delight ;
 The bosom grows tranquil—
 The eye becomes bright.

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

OH, nobly shone the fearful Cross upon your mail afar,
 When Rhodes and Acro hailed your might, O lions of the war !
 When leading many a pilgrim horde, through wastes of Syrian gloom ;
 Or standing with the Cherub's sword before the Holy Tomb.
 Yet on your forms the Apron seemed a nobler armour far,
 When by the sick man's bed ye stood, O lions of the war !
 When ye, the high-horn, bowed your pride to tend the lowly weakness,
 The duty, though it brought no fame,² fulfilled by Christian meekness,—
 Religion of the Cross, thou blend'st, as in a single flower,
 The twofold branches of the palm—HUMILITY AND POWER.

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR.

(OR FROM ABROAD.)

WITHIN a vale, each infant year,
 When earliest larks first carol free,
 To humble shepherds doth appear
 A wondrous maiden, fair to see.

¹ This has been paraphrased by Coleridge.² The epithet in the first edition is *unhumble*.

Not born within that lowly place—
 From whence she wandered none could tell,
 Her parting footsteps left no trace,
 When once the maiden sighed farewell.

And blessed was her presence there—
 Each heart, expanding, grew more gay ;
 Yet something loftier still than fair
Kept man's familiar looks away.
 From fairy gardens, known to none,
 She brought mysterious fruits and flowers—
 The things of some serener sun—
 Some Nature more benign than ours.

With each, her gifts the maiden shared—
 To some the fruits, the flowers to some ;
 Alike the young, the aged fared ;
 Each bore a blessing back to home.
 Though every guest was welcome there,
 Yet some the maiden held more dear,
 And culled her rarest sweets whene'er
 She saw two hearts that loved draw near.

NOTE.—It seems generally agreed that Poetry is allegorized in these stanzas ; thought, with this interpretation, it is difficult to reconcile the sense of some of the lines—for instance, the last in the first stanza. How can Poetry be said to leave no trace when she takes farewell ?

THE TWO GUIDES OF LIFE :

THE SUBLIME AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

Two genii are there, from thy birth through weary life, to guide thee !
 Ah, happy when, united both, they stand to aid, beside thee !
 With gleesome play, to cheer the path, the One comes blithe with beauty—
 And lighter, leaning on her arm, the destiny and duty.
 With jest and sweet discourse, she goes unto the rock sublime,
 Where halts above the Eternal Sea,¹ the shuddering Child of Time,
 The Other here, resolved and mute, and solemn claspeth thee,
 And bears thee in her giant arms across the fearful sea.
 Never admit the one alone !—Give not the gentle guide
 Thy honour—nor unto the stern thy happiness confide !

THE FOUR AGES OF THE WORLD.

[This poem is one of those in which Schiller has traced the progress of Civilization, and to which the Germans have given the name of Culture-Historic.]

BRIGHT-PURPLING the glass glows the blush of the wine—
 Bright sparkle the eyes of each guest ;
 The POET has entered the circle to join—
 To the good brings the Poet the best,
 Ev'n Olympus were mean, with its nectar and all,
 If the lute's happy magic were mute in the hall.

Bestowed by the gods on the Poet has been
 A soul that can mirror the world !

¹ By this, Schiller informs us elsewhere that he does not mean Death alone ; but that the thought applies equally to every period in life, when we can divest our souls of the body, and perceive or act as pure spirits : we are truly then under the influence of the Sublime.

Whate'er has been done on this earth he has seen,
And the future to him is unfurled.

He sits with the gods in their council sublime,
And views the dark seeds in the bosom of Time.

The folds of this life, in the pomp of its hues,
He broadens all lustily forth,
And to him is the magic he takes from the Muse,
To deck, like a temple, the earth.

A hut, though the humblest that man ever trod,
He can charm to a heaven, and illumine with a god !

As the god and the genius, whose birth was of Jove,¹
In one type all creation revealed,

When the ocean, the earth, and the star-realm above,
Lay compressed in the orb of a shield ;
So the Poet, a shape and a type of the All,
From a sound, that is mute in a moment, can call.²

Blithe pilgrim ! his footsteps have passed in their way,
Every time, every far generation ;

He comes from the age when the Earth was at play
In the childhood and bloom of Creation.

Four Ages of men have decayed to his eye,
And fresh to the Fifth he glides youthfully by.

King Saturn first ruled us, the simple and true —

Each day as each yesterday fair :

No grief and no guile the calm shepherd-race knew—

Their life was the absence of care ;

They loved, and to love was the whole of their task—

Kind earth upon all lavished all they could ask.

Then the LABOUR arose, and the demi-god man

Went the monster and dragon to seek ;

And the age of the hero, the ruler, began,

And the strong were the stay of the weak.

By Scamander the strife and the glory had birth ;

But the Beautiful still was the god of the earth.

From the strife came the conquest ; and Strength, like a wind,

Swept its way through the meek and the mild ;

Still vocal the Muse, and in marble enshrined,

The gods upon Helicon smiled.

Alas, for the age which fair Phantasie bore !—

It is fled from the earth, to return nevermore.

The gods from their thrones in Olympus were hurled,

Fane and column lay rent and forlorn ;

And—holy, to heal all the wounds of the world—

The Son of the Virgin was born.

¹ Vulcan—the allusion, which is exquisitely beautiful, is to the Shield of Achilles.—
HOMER, II. i. 18.

"There Earth, there Heaven, there Ocean, he designed."—POPE.

² This line is obscure, not only in the translation, but so in the original. Schiller means to say that the Poet is the true generalizer of the infinite—a position which he himself practically illustrates, by condensing, in the few verses that follow, the whole history of the world. Thus, too, Homer is the condenser of the whole heroic age of Greece. In the Prologue to "Wallenstein" the same expressions, with little alteration, are employed to convey the perishable nature of the Actor's art.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

The lusts of the senses subdued or suppressed,
Man mused on life's ends, and took THOUGHT to his breast.¹

Ever gone were those charms, the voluptuous and vain,
Which had decked the young world with delight ;

For the monk and the nun were the penance and pain,
And the tilt for the iron-clad knight.

Yet, however that life might be darksome and wild,
Love lingered with looks still as lovely and mild :

By the shrine of an altar yet chaste and divine,
Stood the Muses in stillness and shade ;

And honoured, and household, and holy that shrine—
In the blush—in the heart of the maid :

And the sweet light of song burned the fresher and truer,
In the lay and the love of the wild Troubadour.

As ever, so aye, in their beautiful band,
May the Maid and the Poet unite :

Their task be to work, and to weave, hand in hand,
The zone of the Fair and the Right !

Love and Song, Song and Love, intertwined evermore,
Weary Earth to the suns of its youth can restore.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

[The two first stanzas of this poem are sung by Thekla, in the third Act of the
"Piccolomini."]

THE wind rocks the forest,
The clouds gather o'er ;

The girl sitteth lonely
Beside the green shore ;

The breakers are dashing with might, with might :
And she mingles her sighs with the gloomy night,
And her eyes are hot with tears.

"The earth is a desert,
And broken my heart,
Nor aught to my wishes
The world can impart.

To her Father in Heaven may the Daughter now go ;
I have known all the joys that the world can bestow—
I have lived—I have loved"—

"In vain, oh ! how vainly,
Flows tear upon tear !
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear !—

Yet say what can soothe for the sweet vanished love,
And I, the Celestial, will shed from above
The balm for thy breast."

"Let ever, though vainly,
Flow tear upon tear ;

¹ "Der Mensch griff *denkend* in seine Brust,"

i.e., Man strove by reflection to apprehend the phenomena of his own being—the principles of his own nature. The development of the philosophical, as distinguished from the natural consciousness, forms a very important era in the history of civilization. It is in fact the great turning-point of humanity, both individually and historically. *Griff*, *Begriff*—has a peculiar logical significance in German.

Human woe never waketh
 Dull Death's heavy ear ;
 Yet still when the heart mourns the sweet vanished love,
 No balm for its wound can descend from above
 Like Love's own faithful tears ! ”

THE IMMUTABLE.

TIME flies on restless pinions—constant never.
 Be constant—and thou chainest time for ever.

THE VEILED IMAGE AT SAIS.

A YOUTH, whom wisdom's warm desire had lured
 To learn the secret lore of Egypt's priests,
 To Sais came. And soon, from step to step
 Of upward mystery, swept his rapid soul !
 Still ever sped the glorious Hope along,
 Nor could the parched Impatience halt, appeased
 By the calm answer of the Hierophant—
 “ What have I, if I have not all,” he sighed ;
 “ And givest thou but the little and the more ?
 Does thy truth dwindle to the gauge of gold,
 A sum that man may smaller or less small
 Possess and count—subtract or add to—still ?
 Is not TRUTH one and indivisible ?
 Take from the Harmony a single tone—
 A single tint take from the Iris bow,
 And lo ! what once was all, is nothing—while
 Fails to the lovely whole one tint or tone ! ”

They stood within the temple's silent dome,
 And, as the young man paused abrupt, his gaze
 Upon a veiled and giant IMAGE fell :
 Amazed he turned unto his guide—“ And what
 Towers, yonder, vast beneath the veil ? ”
 “ THE TRUTH,”

Answered the Priest.

“ And have I for the truth
 Panted and struggled with a lonely soul,
 And yon the thin and ceremonial robe
 That wraps her from mine eyes ? ”

Replied the priest,
 “ There shrouds herself the still Divinity.
 Hear, and revere her hest : ‘ Till I this veil
 Lift—may no mortal-born presume to raise ;
 And who with guilty and unhallowed hand
 Too soon profanes the Holy and Forbidden—
 He,’ says the goddess ”—

“ Well ? ”

“ “ SHALL SEE THE TRUTH ! ” ”

“ A wond'rous oracle ; and hast thou never
 Lifted the veil ? ”

“ No ! nor desired to raise ! ”

“ What ! nor desired ? O strange incurious heart,
 Here the thin barrier—there revealed the truth ”

Mildly returned the priestly master, "Son,
More mighty than thou dream'st of, Holy Law
Spreads interwoven in yon slender web,
Air-light to touch—lead-heavy to the soul!"

The young man, thoughtful, turned him to his home,
And the sharp fever of the Wish to Know
Robbed night of sleep. Around his couch he rolled,
Till midnight hatched resolve—

"Unto the shrine!"

Stealthily on, the involuntary tread
Bears him—he gains the boundary, scales the wall,
And midway in the inmost, holiest dome,
Strides with adventurous step the daring man.

Now halts he where the lifeless Silence sleeps
In the embrace of mournful Solitude;—
Silence unstirred—save where the guilty tread
Called the dull echo from mysterious vaults!

High from the opening of the dome above,
Came with wan smile the silver shining moon.
And, awful as some pale presiding god,
Dim-gleaming through the hush of that large gloom,
In its wan veil the Giant Image stood.

With an unsteady step he onwards past,
Already touched the violating hand
The Holy—and recoiled! a shudder thrilled
His limbs, fire-hot and icy-cold in turns,
As if invisible arms would pluck the soul
Back from the deed.

"O miserable man!

What wouldst thou?' (Thus within the inmost heart
Murmured the warning whisper.) "Wilt thou dare
The All-hallowed to profane? 'No mortal-born
(So spake the oracular word) may lift the veil
Till I myself shall raise!' Yet said it not,
The same oracular word—'who lifts the veil
Shall see the truth?' Behind, be what there may,
I dare the hazard—I will lift the veil—"
Loud rang his shouting voice—"and I will see!"

"SEE!"

A lengthened echo, mocking, shrilled again!
He spoke and raised the veil! And ask'st thou what
Unto the sacrilegious gaze lay bare?
I know not—pale and senseless, stretched before
The statue of the great Egyptian queen,
The priests beheld him at the dawn of day
But what he saw, or what did there befall,
His lips revealed not. Ever from his heart
Was fled the sweet serenity of life,
And the deep anguish dug the early grave:
"Woe—woe to him"—such were his warning words,
Answering some curious and impetuous brain,
"Woe—for her face shall charm him never more!
Woe—woe to him who treads through Guilt to TRUTH

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.

WITHIN that narrow bed, glad babe, to thee
 A boundless world is spread !
 Unto thy soul, the boundless world shall be,
 When man, a narrow bed ! ”¹

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

A BALLAD.

UPON his battlements he stands—
 And proudly looks along the lands—
 His Samos and the Sea !
 “ And all,” he said, “ that we survey,
 Egyptian king, my power obey—
 Own, Fortune favours me ! ”

“ With thee the gods their favour share,
 And they who once thine equals were,
 In thee a monarch know !
 Yet one there lives to avenge the rest,
 Nor can my lips pronounce thee blest,
 While on thee frowns the Foe ! ”

He spoke, and from Miletus sent,
 There came a breathless man, and bent
 Before the tyrant there.
 “ Let incense smoke upon the shrine,
 And with the lively laurel twine,
 Victor, thy godlike hair !

“ The foe sunk, smitten by the spear ;
 With the glad tidings sends me here,
 Thy faithful Polydore.”
 And from the griesly bowl he drew
 (Grim sight they well might start to view !)
 A head that dripped with gore.

The Egyptian king recoiled in fear,
 “ Hold not thy fortune yet too dear—
 Bethink thee yet,” he cried,
 “ Thy Fleets are on the faithless seas ;
 Thy Fortune trembles in the breeze,
 And floats upon the tide.”

Ere yet the warning word was spoken—
 Below the choral joy was broken—
 Shouts ring from street to street !
 Home-veering to the crowded shore,
 Their freight of richest booty bore
 The Forest of the Fleet.

¹ This epigram has a considerable resemblance to the epitaph on Alexander the Great :

Sufficit huic Tumulus, cui non suffecerat orbis :
 Res brevis huic ampla est, cui fuit ampla brevis.

A little tomb sufficeth him whom not sufficed all :
 The small is now as great to him as once the great was small.
Vide Blackwood's Magazine, April 1838, p. 556.

Astounded stood that kingly guest,
 "Thy luck this day must be confest,
 Yet trust not the Unsteady !
 The banners of the Cretan foe
 Wave war, and bode thine overthrow—
 They near thy sands already !"

Scarce spoke the Egyptian King—before
 Hark, "Victory—Victory !" from the shore,
 And from the seas ascended ;
 "Escaped the doom that round us lowered,
 Swift storm the Cretan has devoured,
 And war itself is ended !"

Shuddered the guest—"In sooth," he faltered,
 "To-day thy fortune smiles unaltered,
 Yet more thy fate I dread—
 The gods oft grudge what they have given,
 And ne'er unmixed with grief has Heaven
 Its joys on Mortals shed !

"No less than thine my rule has thriven,
 And o'er each deed the gracious heaven
 Has, favouring, smiled as yet.
 But one beloved heir had I—
 God took him !—I beheld him die,
 His life paid fortune's debt.

"So wouldst thou 'scape the coming ill—
 Implore the dread Invisible—
 Thy sweets themselves to sour !
 Well ends his life, believe me, never,
 On whom, with hands thus full for ever,
 The gods their bounty shower.

"And if thy prayer the gods can gain not
 This counsel of thy friend disdain not—
 Thine own afflictor be !
 And what of all thy worldly gear
 Thy deepest heart esteems most dear,
 Cast into yonder sea !"

The Samian thrilled to hear the king—
 "No gems so rich as deck this ring,
 The wealth of Samos gave :
 By this—O may the Fatal Three
 My glut of fortune pardon me !"
 He cast it on the wave.

And when the morrow's dawn began,
 All joyous came a fisherman
 Before the prince. Quoth he,
 "Behold this fish—so fair a spoil
 Ne'er yet repaid the snarer's toil,
 I bring my best to thee !"

The cook to dress the fish begun—
 The cook ran fast as cook could run—
 "Look, look !—O master mine—

The ring—the ring the sea did win,
I found the fish's maw within—
Was ever luck like thine ! ”

In horror turns the kingly guest—
“ Then longer here I may not rest,
I'll have no friend in thee !
The gods have marked thee for their prey,
To share thy doom I dare not stay ! ”
He spoke—and put to sea.

NOTE.—This story is taken from the well-known correspondence between Amasis and Polycrates, in the third book of Herodotus. Polycrates—one of the ablest of that most able race, the Greek tyrants—was afterwards decoyed into the power of Orates, Governor of Sardis, and died on the cross. Herodotus informs us that the ring Polycrates so prized, was an emerald set in gold, the workmanship of Theodorus the Samian. Pliny, on the contrary, affirms it to have been a sardonyx, and in his time it was supposed still to exist among the treasures in the Temple of Concord. It is worth while to turn to Herodotus (c. 40-43, book 3), to notice the admirable art with which Schiller has adapted the narrative, and heightened its effect.

HOPE.

WE speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,
Of some better and fairer day ;
And our days, the meanwhile, to that golden goal
Are gliding and sliding away.
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
But “ The Better ” 's for ever the word on the tongue.
At the threshold of life Hope leads us in—
Hope plays round the mirthful boy ;
Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,
Yet for age it reserves its toy.
When we sink at the grave, why the grave has scope,
And over the coffin Man planteth—HOPE !
And it is not a dream of a fancy proud,
With a fool for its dull begetter ;
There's a voice at the heart that proclaims aloud—
“ We are born for a something Better ! ”
And that Voice of the Heart, oh, ye may believe,
Will never the Hope of the Soul deceive !

THE SEXES.

SEE in the babe two loveliest flowers untied—yet in truth,
While in the bud they seem the same—the virgin and the youth !
But loosened is the gentle bond, no longer side by side—
From holy Shame the fiery Strength will soon itself divide.
Permit the youth to sport, and still the wild desire to chase,
For, but when sated, weary strength returns to seek the grace.
Yet in the bud, the double flowers the future strife begin,
How precious all—yet nought can still the longing heart within.
In ripening charms the virgin bloom to woman shape hath grown,
But round the ripening charms the pride hath clasped its guardian zone ;
Shy, as before the hunter's horn the doe all trembling moves,
She flies from man as from a foe, and hates before she loves !
From lowering brows this struggling world the fearless youth observes,
And, hardened for the strife betimes, he strains the willing nerves ;

Far to the armed throng and to the race prepared to start,
 Inviting glory calls him forth, and grasps the troubled heart :—
 Protect thy work, O Nature, now ! one from the other flies,
 Till thou unitest each at last that for the other sighs.
 There art thou, mighty one ! where'er the discord darkest frown,
 Thou call'st the meek harmonious Peace, the godlike soother down.
 The noisy chase is lulled asleep, day's clamour dies afar,
 And through the sweet and veiled air in beauty comes the star.
 Soft-sighing through the crisped reeds, the brooklet glides along,
 And every wood the nightingale melodious fills with song.
 O virgin ! now what instinct heaves thy bosom with the sigh ?
 O youth ! and wherefore steals the tear into thy dreaming eye ?
 Alas ! they seek in vain within the charm around bestowed,
 The tender fruit is ripened now, and bows to earth its load.
 And restless goes the youth to feed his heart upon its fire,
 Ah, where the gentle breath to cool the flame of young desire !
 And now they meet—the holy love that leads them lights their eyes,
 And still behind the winged god the winged victory flies.
 O heavenly Love !—'tis thy sweet task the human flowers to bind,
 For aye apart, and yet by thee for ever intertwined !

HONOURS.

[*DIGNITIES* would be the better title, if the word were not so essentially unpoetical.]

WHEN the column of light on the waters is glassed,
 As blent in one glow seem the shine and the stream ;
 But wave after wave through the glory has passed,
 Just catches, and flies as it catches, the beam :
 So Honours but mirror on mortals their light ;
 Not the MAN but the PLACE that he passes is bright.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

WHAT wonder this ?—we ask the limpid well,
 O Earth ! of thee—and from thy solemn womb
 What yield'st thou ?—Is there life in the abyss—
 Doth a new race beneath the lava dwell ?
 Returns the Past, awakening from the tomb ?
 Rome—Greece !—O, come !—Behold—behold ! For this
 Our living world—the old Pompeii sees ;
 And built anew the town of Dorian Hercules !
 House upon house—its silent halls once more
 Opes the broad Portico !—O, haste and fill
 Again those halls with life !—O, pour along
 Through the seven-vista'd theatre the throng !
 Where are ye, mimes ?—Come forth, the steel prepare
 For crowned Atrides, or Orestes haunt,
 Ye choral Furies with your dismal chaunt !
 The Arch of Triumph !—whither leads it ?—still
 Behold the Forum !—On the curule chair
 Where the majestic image ?—Lictors, where
 Your solemn fasces ?—Place upon his throne
 The Prætor—here the Witness lead, and there
 Bid the Accuser stand !

—O God ! how lone
 The clear streets glitter in the quiet day—

The footpath by the doors winding its lifeless way !
 The roofs arise in shelter, and around
 The desolate Atrium—every gentle room
 Wears still the dear familiar smile of Home !
 Open the doors—the shops—on dreary night
 Let lusty day laugh down in jocund light !
 See the trim benches ranged in order !—See
 The marble-tesselated floor—and there
 The very walls are glittering livingly
 With their clear colours. But the artist where ?
 Sure but this instant he hath laid aside
 Pencil and colours !—Glittering on the eye
 Swell the rich fruits, and bloom the flowers !—See all
 Art's gentle wreaths still fresh upon the wall !
 Here the arch Cupid slyly seems to glide
 By with bloom-laden basket. There the shapes
 Of Genii press with purpling feet the grapes.
 Here springs the wild Bacchante to the dance,
 And there she sleeps [while that voluptuous trance
 Eyes the sly faun with never-sated glance]
 Now on one knee upon the centaur-steeds
 Hovering—the Thyrsus plies.—Hurrah !—away she speeds !
 Come—come, why loiter ye ?—Here, here, how fair
 The goodly vessels still ! Girls, hither turn,
 Fill from the fountain the Etruscan urn !
 On the winged sphinxes see the tripod.—

Ho !

Quick—quick, ye slaves, come—fire !—the hearth prepare !
 Ha ! wilt thou sell ?—this coin shall pay thee—this,
 Fresh from the mint of mighty Titus !—Lo !
 Here lie the scales, and not a weight we miss !
 So—bring the light ! The delicate lamp !—what toil
 Shaped thy minutest grace !—quick, pour the oil !
 Yonder the fairy chest !—come, maid, behold
 The bridegroom's gifts—the armlets—they are gold,
 And paste out-seigning jewels !—lead the bride
 Into the odorous bath—lo, unguents still—
 And still the crystal vase the arts for beauty fill !
 But where the men of old—perchance a prize
 More precious yet in yon papyrus lies,
 And see ev'n still the tokens of their toil—
 The waxen tablets—the recording style.

The earth, with faithful watch, has hoarded all !
 Still stand the mute Penates in the hall ;
 Back to his haunts returns each ancient god.
 Why absent only from their ancient stand
 The Priests !—waves Hermes his Caducean rod,
 And the winged victory struggles from the hand.
 Kindle the flame—behold the Altar there !
 Long hath the god been worshipless—To prayer !

LIGHT AND WARMTH.

IN cheerful faith that fears no ill
 The good man doth the world begin ;
 And dreams that all without shall still
 Reflect the trusting soul within.

Warm with the noble vows of youth,
Hallowing his true arm to the truth

Yet is the littleness of all
So soon to sad experience shown,
That crowds but teach him to recall
And centre thought on self alone ;
Till love no more emotion knows,
And the heart freezes to repose.

Alas ! though truth may light bestow,
Not always warmth the beams impart,
Blest he who gains the *BOON TO KNOW*,
Nor buys the knowledge with the heart.
For warmth and light a blessing both to be,
Feel as the *Enthusiast*—as the *World-wise* see.

BREADTH AND DEPTH.

FULL many a shining wit one sees,
With tongue on all things well-conversing ;
The what can charm, the what can please,
In every nice detail rehearsing.
Their raptures so transport the college,
It seems one honeymoon of knowledge.

Yet out they go in silence where
They whilome held their learned prate ;
Ah ! he who would achieve the fair
Or sow the embryo of the great,
Must hoard—to wait the ripening hour—
In the least point the loftiest power.

With wanton boughs and pranksome hues,
Aloft in air aspires the stem ;
The glittering leaves inhale the dews
But fruits are not concealed in them.
From the small kernel's undiscerned repose
The oak that lords it o'er the Forest grows.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL EGOIST.

HAST thou the infant seen that yet, unknowing of the love
Which warms and cradles, calmly sleeps the mother's heart above—
Wandering from arm to arm, until the call of passion wakes,
And glimmering on the conscious eye—the world in glory breaks ?—
And hast thou seen the mother there her anxious vigil keep,
Buying with love that never sleeps the darling's happy sleep ?
With her own life she fans and feeds that weak life's trembling rays,
And with the sweetness of the care, the care itself repays.
And dost thou Nature then blaspheme—that, both the child and mother
Each unto each unites, the while the one doth need the other ?—
All self-sufficing wilt thou from that lovely circle stand—
That creature still to creature links in faith's familiar band ?
Ah ! dar'st thou, poor one, from the rest thy lonely self estrange ?
Eternal Power itself is but all powers in interchange !

FRIDOLIN.

FRIDOLIN ;

OR, THE MESSAGE TO THE FORGE.

[Schiller, speaking of this Ballad, which he had then nearly concluded, says that "accident had suggested to him a very pretty theme for a Ballad;" and that, "after having travelled through air and water," alluding to "The Cranes of Ibycus" and "The Diver," "he should now claim to himself the Element of Fire."—Hoffmeister supposes from the name of Savern, the French orthography for Zabern, a town in Alsatia, that Schiller took the material for his tale from a French source; though there are German legends analogous to it. The general style of the Ballad is simple almost to homeliness, though not to the puerility affected by some of our own Ballad writers. But the pictures of the Forge and the Catholic Ritual are worked out with singular force and truthfulness.]

A HARMLESS lad was Fridolin

A pious youth was he ;
He served and sought her grace to win,
Count Savern's fair ladye ;
And gentle was the Dame as fair,
And light the toils of service there ;
And yet the woman's wildest whim
In her—had been but joy to him.

Soon as the early morning shone,
Until the vesper bell,
For her sweet hest he lived alone
Nor e'er could serve too well,
She bade him oft not labour so :
But then his eyes would overflow. . . .
It seemed a sin if strength could swerve,
From that one thought—her will to serve !

And so of all her House, the Dame
Most favoured him always ;
And from her lip for ever came
His unexhausted praise.
On him, more like some gentle child,
Than serving-youth, the lady smiled,
And took a harmless pleasure in
The comely looks of Fridolin.

For this, the Huntsman Robert's heart
The favoured Henchman cur'd ;
And long, till ripened into art,
The hateful envy nursed.
His lord was rash of thought and deed :
And thus the knave the deadly seed,
(As from the chase the homeward rode,) —
That poisons thought to fury, sowed—

"Your lot, great Count, in truth is fair,
(Thus spoke the craft suppress ;)
The gnawing tooth of doubt can ne'er
Consume your golden rest.
He who a noble spouse can claim,
Sees love begirt with holy shame ;
Her truth no villain arts ensnare—
The smooth seducer comes not there."

"How now !—bold man, what sayest thou ?"
The frowning Count replied—

"Think'st thou I build on woman's vow,
Unstable as the tide?

Too well the flatterer's lips allureth—
On firmer ground my faith endureth ;
The Count Von Savern's wife unto
No smooth seducer comes to woo !"

"Right !"—quoth the other—"and your scorn
The fool enow the fool chastises,
Who though a simple vassal born,
Himself so highly prizes ;
Who buoys his heart with rash desires,
And to the Dame he serves aspires."

"How !" cried the Count, and trembled—"How !
Of One who lives, then, speakest thou ?"

"Surely ; can that to all revealed
Be all unknown to you ?
Yet, from your ear if thus concealed,
Let me be silent too."

Out burst the Count, with gasping breath,
"Fool—fool !—thou speak'st the words of death !
What brain has dared so bold a sin ?"
"My lord, I spoke of Fridolin !

"His face is comely to behold"—
He adds—then paused with art.
The Count grew hot—the Count grew cold—
The words had pierced his heart.

"My gracious master sure must see
That only in her eyes lives he ;
Behind your board he stands unheeding,
Close by her chair—his passion feeding.

"And then the rhymes . . ." "The rhymes !" "The same—
Confessed the frantic thought."

"Confessed !" "Ay, and a mutual flame
The foolish boy besought !

No doubt the Countess, soft and tender,
Forbore the lines to you to render, . . .
And I repent the babbling word
That 'scaped my lips—What ails my lord ?"

Straight to a wood, in scorn and shame,
Away Count Savern rode—

Where, in the soaring furnace-flame,
The molten iron glowed.

Here, late and early, still the brand
Kindled the smiths, with crafty hand ;
The bellows heave and the sparkles fly,
As if they would melt down the mountains high.

Their strength the Fire, the Water gave,
In interleagued endeavour ;

The mill-wheel, whirled amidst the wave,
Rolls on for aye and ever—

Here, day and night, resounds the clamour,
While measured beats the heaving hammer ;
And, suppld in that ceaseless storm,
Iron to iron stamps a form.

FRIDOLIN.

Two smiths before Count Savern bend,
 Forth-beckoned from their task.
 "The first whom I to you may send,
 And who of you may ask—
 'Have you my lord's command obeyed?'
 —Thrust in the hell-fire yonder made;
 Shrunk to the cinders of your ore,
 Let him offend mine eyes no more!"

Then gloated they—the griesly pair—
 They felt the hangman's zest;
 For senseless as the iron there,
 The heart lay in the breast.
 And hied they, with the bellows' breath,
 To strengthen still the furnace-death;
 The murder-priests nor flag nor falter—
 Wait the victim—trim the altar!

The huntsman seeks the page—God wot,
 How smooth a face hath he!
 "Off, comrade, off! and tarry not;
 Thy lord hath need of thee!"
 Thus spoke his lord to Fridolin,
 "Haste to the forge the wood within,
 And ask the serfs who ply the trade—
 'Have you my lord's command obeyed?'"

"It shall be done"—and to the task
 He hies without delay.
 Had she not hest?—'twere well to ask,
 To make less long the way.
 So, wending backward at the thought,
 The youth the gracious lady sought.
 "Ere I go to the forge, I have come to thee:
 Hast thou any commands by the road for me?"

"I fain," thus spake that lady fair,
 In winsome tone and low,
 "But for mine infant ailing there,
 To hear the mass would go.
 Go thou, my child—and on the way,
 For me and mine thy heart shall pray;
 Repent each sinful thought of thine—
 So shall thy soul find grace for mine!"

Forth on the welcome task he wends,
 Her wish the task endears,
 Till, where the quiet hamlet ends,
 A sudden sound he hears.
 To and fro the church-bell, swinging,
 Cheerily, clearly forth is ringing;
 Knolling souls that would repent
 To the Holy Sacrament.

He thought, "Seek God upon thy way,
 And He will come to thee!"
 He gains the House of Prayer to pray,
 But all stood silently.

It was the Harvest's merry reign,
The scythe was busy in the grain,
One clerkly hand the rites require
To serve the mass and aid the choir.

At once the good resolve he takes,
As sacristan to serve :
"No halt," quoth he, "the footstep makes,
That doth but heavenward swerve !"
So, on the priest, with humble soul,
He hung the cingulum and stole,
And eke prepares each holy thing
To the high mass administ'ring.

Now, as the ministrant, before
The priest he took his stand ;
Now towards the altar moved, and bore
The mass-book in his hand.
Rightward, leftward kneeleth he,
Watchful every sign to see ;
Tinkling, as the *sanctus* fell,
Thrice at each holy name, the bell.

Now the meek priest, bending lowly,
Turns unto the solemn shrine,
And with lifted hand and holy,
Rears the cross divine.
While the clear bell, lightly swinging,
That boy-sacristan is ringing ;—
Strike their breasts, and down inclining,
Kneel the crowd, the symbol signing.

Still in every point excelling,
With a quick and nimble art—
Every custom in that dwelling
Knew the boy by heart !
To the close he tarried thus,
Till *Vobiscum Dominus* :
To the crowd inclines the priest,
And the crowd have signed—and ceased !

Now back in its appointed place,
His footsteps but delay
To range each symbol-sign of grace—
Then forward on his way.
So, conscience calm, he lightly goes ;
Before his steps the furnace glows ;
His lips, the while (the count completing),
Twelve paternosters slow-repeating.

He gained the forge—the smiths surveyed,
As there they grimly stand :
"How fares it, friends?—have ye obeyed,"
He cried, "my lord's command?"
"Ho ! ho !" they shout and ghastly grin,
And point the furnace-throat within :
"With zeal and heed, we did the deed—
The master's praise, the servants' meed."

THE YOUTH BY THE BROOK.

On, with this answer, onward home,
With fleet step he flies ;

Afar, the Count beheld him come—
He scarce could trust his eyes.

"Whence com'st thou?" "From the furnace." "So!
Not elsewhere? troth, thy steps are slow;
Thou hast loitered long!"—"Yet only till
I might the trust consigned fulfil.

"My noble lord, 'tis true, to-day,
I'd chanced, on quitting thee,

To ask my duties, on the way,
Of her who guideth me.

She bade me (and how sweet and dear
It was!) the holy mass to hear;

Rosaries four I told, delaying,
Grace for thee and thine heart-praying."

All stunned, Count Savern heard the speech—
A wondering man was he;

"And when thou didst the furnace reach,
What answer gave they thee?"

"An answer hard the sense to win;
Thus spake the men with ghastly grin,

'With zeal and heed, we did the deed—
The master's praise, the servants' meed.'"

"And Robert?"—gasp'd the Count, as lost
In awe, he shuddering stood—

"Thou must, be sure, his path have crossed?
I sent him to the wood."

"In wood nor field where I have been,
No single trace of him was seen."

All deathlike stood the Count: "Thy might,
O God of heaven, hath judg'd the right!"

Then meekly, humbled from his pride,
He took the servant's hand;

He led him to his lady's side,
She nought mote understand.

"This child—no angel is more pure—
Long may thy grace for him endure;

Our strength how weak, our sense how dim—
GOD AND HIS HOSTS ARE OVER HIM!"

THE YOUTH BY THE BROOK.

[Sung in "The Parasite," a comedy which Schiller translated from Picard—much the best comedy, by the way, that Picard ever wrote.]

BESIDE the brook the Boy reclined
And wove his flowery wreath,

And to the waves the wreath consigned—
The waves that danced beneath.

"So fleet mine hours," he sigh'd, "away
Like waves that restless flow:

And, so my flowers of youth decay
Like those that float below.

"Ask not why I, alone on earth,
Am sad in life's young time;
To all the rest are hope and mirth
When spring renews its prime.
Alas! the music Nature makes,
In thousand songs of gladness—
While charming all around me, wakes
My heavy heart to sadness.

"Ah! vain to me the joys that break
From Spring, voluptuous are;
For only ONE 'tis mine to seek—
The Near, yet ever Far!
I stretch my arms, that shadow-shape
In fond embrace to hold;
Still doth the shade the clasp escape—
The heart is unconsol'd!

"Come forth, fair Friend, come forth below,
And leave thy lofty hall,
The fairest flowers the spring can know
In thy dear lap shall fall!
Clear glides the brook in silver rolled,
Sweet carols fill the air;
The meanest hut hath space to hold
A happy loving Pair!"

TO THE IDEAL.

[To appreciate the beauty of this poem—the reader must remember that it preceded our own School—we will not say of Egotism, but of Self-expression; a school of which the great Byron is the everlasting master—and in which the Poet reveals the hearts of others, by confessing the emotions of his own. Of late years we have been overwhelmed with attempts at the kind of pathos which the following stanzas embody with melancholy tenderness—yet with manly resignation. But at the time Schiller wrote this elegy on departed youth, he had the merit of originality—a merit the greater, because the poem expresses feelings which almost all of us have felt in the progress of life. The only poem written before it, which it resembles, is the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," by our own illustrious Gray, whom the little critics of our day seek to depreciate. Beautiful as the German's poem is (in his own language), the Englishman's excels it.]

THEN wilt thou, with thy fancies holy—

Wilt thou, faithless, fly from me?

With thy joy, thy melancholy,

Wilt thou thus relentless flee?

O Golden Time, O Human May,

Can nothing, Fleet One, thee restrain?

Must thy sweet river glide away

Into the eternal Ocean-Main?

The suns serene are lost and vanished

That wont the path of youth to gild,

And all the fair Ideals banished

From that wild heart they whilome filled.

Gone the divine and sweet believing

In dreams which Heaven itself unfurled!

What godlike shapes have years bereaving

Swept from this real work-day world!

As once, with tearful passion fired,

The Cyprian Sculptor clasped the stone,

Till the cold cheeks, delight inspired,
 Blushed—to sweet life the marble grown :
 So youth's desire for Nature !—round
 The Statue, so my arms I wreathed,
Till warmth and life in mine it found,
 And breath that poets breathe—it breathed ;
 With my own burning thoughts it burned ;—
 Its silence stirred to speech divine ;—
 Its lips my glowing kiss returned—
 Its heart in beating answered mine !
 How fair was then the flower—the tree !—
 How silver-sweet the fountain's fall !
 The soulless had a soul to me !
 My life its own life lent to all !
 The Universe of things seemed swelling,
 The panting heart to burst its bound,
 And wandering Fancy found a dwelling
 In every shape—thought—deed, and sound.
 Germed in the mystic buds, reposing,
 A whole creation slumbered mute,
 Alas, when from the buds unclosing,
 How scant and blighted sprung the fruit !
 How happy in his dreaming error,
 His own gay valour for his wing,
 Of not one care as yet in terror,
 Did Youth upon his journey spring ;
 Till floods of balm, through air's dominion,
 Bore upward to the faintest star—
 For never aught to that bright pinion
 Could dwell too high, or spread too far.
 Though laden with delight, how lightly
 The wanderer heavenward still could soar,
 And aye the ways of life how brightly.
 The airy Pageant danced before !—
 Love, showering gifts (life's sweetest) down,
 Fortune, with golden garlands gay,
 And Fame, with starbeams for a crown,
 And Truth, whose dwelling is the Day.
 Ah ! midway soon lost evermore,
 Afar the blithe companions stray ;
 In vain their faithless steps explore,
 As one by one, they glide away.
 Fleet Fortune was the first escaper—
 The thirst for wisdom lingered yet ;
 But doubts with many a gloomy vapour
 The sun-shape of the Truth beset !
 The holy crown which Fame was wreathing,
 Behold ! the mean man's temples wore,
 And but for one short spring-day breathing,
 Bloomed Love—the Beautiful—no more !
 And ever stiller yet, and ever
 The barren path more lonely lay,
 Till scarce from waning Hope could quiver
 A glance along the gloomy way.

Who, loving, lingered yet to guide me,
 When all her boon companions fled,
 Who stands consoling yet beside me,
 And follows to the House of Dread?
 Thine, FRIENDSHIP—thine the hand so tend
 Thine the balm dropping on the wound,
 Thy task, the load more light to render,
 O! earliest sought and soonest found!—

And Thou, so pleased, with her uniting,
 To charm the soul-storm into peace,
 Sweet TOIL, in toil itself delighting,
 That more it laboured, less could cease,
 Though but by grains thou aid'st the pile
 The vast Eternity uprears,
 At least thou strik'st from Time the while
 Life's debt—the minutes, days and years.¹

PHILOSOPHERS.

To learn what gives to every thing
 The form and life which we survey,
 The law by which the Eternal King
 Moves all Creation's ordered ring,
 And keeps it from decay—
 When to great Doctor Wiseman we go—
 If helped not out by Fichte's Ego—
 All from his brain that we can delve,
 Is this sage answer—"Ten's not Twelve."²

The snow can chill, the fire can burn,
 Men when they walk on two feet go;
 A sun in Heaven all eyes discern—
 This through the senses we may learn,
 Not go to school to know!
 But the profounder student sees,
 That that which burns—will seldom freeze;
 And can instruct the astonished hearer,
 How moisture moistens—light makes clearer.

¹ Though the Ideal images of youth forsake us, the Ideal itself still remains to the Poet. It is his task and his companion—unlike the Phantasies of Fortune, Fame, and Love, the Phantasies of the Ideal are imperishable. While, as the occupation of life, it pays off the debt of Time, as the exalter of life it contributes to the Building of Eternity.

² "Wenn Ich nicht drauf ihm helfe
 (Er heisst: zehn ist nicht zwölf.)"

If the Ich in the text is correctly printed with a capital initial, the intention of Schiller must apparently be to ridicule the absolute Ego of Fichte—a philosopher whom he elsewhere treats with very little ceremony—and thus Hoffmeister seems to interpret the meaning. Heinrichs, on the other hand, quoting the passage without the capital initial, assumes the satire to be directed against the first great law of logic, which logicians call the Principle of Contradiction,—viz., that it is impossible for a thing to be and not to be at the same time; or, as Schiller expresses it, that it is impossible for ten to be both ten and twelve; a truth which is obvious to all men, and which, precisely because it is obvious to all men, Philosophers can state and explain. According to this interpretation, the sense of the translation is not correctly given, and Schiller seems rather to say, "I should call that man exceedingly clever who could explain to me the great law of the Universe, if I did not first explain it to him by saying it is this, Ten is not Twelve—i.e., No philosopher can tell a plain man anything about a profound principle, which any plain man could not just as well have told to the Philosopher.

PUNCH SONG.

Homér, composé his mighty song,
The hero danger dared to scorn,
Before—(and who shall say I'm wrong)—
Without Descartes and Locke—the Sun
Saw things by Heart and Genius done,
Which those great men have proved, on viewing,
The—possibility of doing!

Strength in his life prevails and sways—
He who can not command obeys—
In short, there's not too much to praise
But how things better might be done,
If sages had this world begun,
By moral systems of their own,
Most incontestably is shown!

“Man needs mankind, must be confest—
In all he labours to fulfil,
Must work, or with, or for, the rest;
‘Tis drops that swell the ocean's breast—
The savage life for man unfit is,
So take a wife and live in cities.”
Thus *ex cathedra* teach, we know,
Wise Messieurs Puffendorf and Co.

Yet since, what grave professors preach,
Meanwhile, old Nature looks to each,
Tinkers the chain, and mends the breach,
Some day, Philosophy, no doubt,
Till then the Old a little longer,
Must blunder on—through Love and Hunger!

PUNCH SONG.

Four Elements, joined in
Fashion the world, and
Constitute life.
From the sharp citron
The starchy juice pour;
Acid to Life is
The innermost core.

Now, let the sugar
The bitter one meet;
Still be life's bitter
Tamed down with the sweet!
Let the bright water
Flow into the bowl;

Water, the calm one,
Embraces the Whole.

Drops from the spirit
Pour quick'ning within ;
Life but its life from
The spirit can win.

Haste, while it gloweth,
Your vessels to bring ;
The wave has but virtue
Drunk hot from the spring !

PUNCH SONG.

TO BE SUNG IN THE NORTH.

ON the free southern hills
Where the full summers shine,
Nature quickened by sunlight,
Gives birth to the vine !

Her work the Great Mother
Conceals from the sight,
Untracked is the labour,
Unfathomed the might.

As the child of the sunbeam,
The wine leaps to-day,
From the tun springs the crystal,
A fountain at play.

All the senses it gladdens,
Gives Hope to the breast ;
To grief a soft balsam,
To life a new zest.

But, our zone palely gildiug,
The Sun of the North,
From the leaves it scarce tinteth
No fruit ripens forth.

Yet life will ne'er freely
Life's gladness resign :
Our vales know no vineyard—
Invent we a wine !

But wan the libation,
In truth must appear ;
Living Nature alone gives
The bright and the clear !

Yet draw from the dim fount,
The Waters of Mirth !
For Heaven gave us Art,
The Prometheus of Earth.

Wherever strength reacheth,
What kingdoms await her !
From the Old, the New shaping,
Art, ay—a Creator !—

The Elements' union
Divides at her rod,
With the hearth-flame she mimics
The glow of a god.

To Hesperidan Islands
She sends the ship forth ;
Lo, the southern fruits lending
Their gold to the North !

So, this sap wrung from flame be
A symbol-sign still,
Of the wonders man works with
The Force and the Will !

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

AT Smithfield¹ once, as I've been told,
Or some such place where beasts are sold,
A bard, whose bones from flesh were all free,
Put up for sale the Muses' palfrey.
His ears how cocked, his tail how stiff !
Loud neighed the prancing Hippogriff.
The crowd grew large, the crowd grew larger :
"By Jove, indeed a splendid charger !
'Twould suit some coach of state !—the king's !
But, bless my soul, what frightful wings !
No doubt the breed is mighty rare—
But who would coach it through the air ?
Who'd trust his neck to such a flyer ?"—
In short, the bard could find no buyer.

At last a farmer plucked up mettle :
"Let's see if we the thing can settle.
These useless wings my man may lop,
Or tie down tight—I likes a crop !
'T might draw my cart ; it seems to frisk it ;
Come, twenty pounds !—ecod, I'll risk it."
I blush to say the bard consented,
And Hodge bears off his prize, contented.
The noble beast is in the cart ;
Hodge cries, "Gee hup !" and off they start.
He scarcely feels the load behind,
Skirrs, scours, and scampers like the wind.
The wings begin for heaven to itch,
The wheels go devilish near the ditch !
"So ho !" grunts Hodge, "'tis more than funny ;
I've got a penn'orth for my money.
To-morrow, if I still survive,
I have some score of folks to drive ;—
The load of five the beast could drag on ;
I'll make him leader to the waggon.
Choler and collar wear with time ;
The lively rogue is in his prime."
All's well at first ; a famous start—
Waggon and team go like a dart.

¹ Literally "Haymarket."

The wheelers' heavy plod behind him,
 But doubly speeds the task assigned him ;
 Till, with tall crest, he snuffs the heaven,
 Spurns the dull road so smooth and even.
 True the impetuous instinct to,
 Field, fen, and bog, he scampers through.
 The frenzy seems to catch the team ;
 The driver tugs, the travellers scream.
 O'er ditch, o'er hedge, splash, dash, and crash on,
 Ne'er farmer flew in such a fashion.
 At last, all battered, bruised and broken,
 (Poor Hodge's state may not be spoken,)
 Waggon, and team, and travellers stop,
 Perched on a mountain's steepest top !
 Exceeding sore, and much perplexed,
 "I fegs," the farmer cries, "what next ?
 This helter-skelter sport will never do,
 But break him in I'll yet endeavour to ;
 Let's see if work and starving diet
 Can't tame the monster into quiet !"

The proof was made, and save us ! if in
 Three days you'd seen the hippogriffin,
 You'd scarce the noble beast have known,
 Starved duly down to skin and bone.
 Cries Hodge, rejoiced, "I have it now,
 Bring out my ox, he goes to plough."
 So said, so done, and droll the tether,
 Winged horse, slow ox, at plough together !
 The unwilling griffin strains his might
 One last strong struggle yet for flight ;
 In vain, for well inured to labour,
 Plods sober on his heavy neighbour,
 And forces, inch by inch, to creep,
 The hoofs that love the air to sweep ;
 Until, worn out, the eye grows dim,
 The sinews fail the foundered limb,
 The god-steed droops, the strife is past,
 He writhes amidst the mire at last !
 "Accursed brute !" the farmer cries ;
 And, while he bawls, the cart-whip plies,
 "All use it seems you think to shirk,
 So fierce to run—so dull to work !
 My twenty pounds !—Not worth a pin !
 Confound the rogue who took me in !"

He vents his wrath, he plies his thong,
 When lo ! there gaily comes along,
 With looks of light and locks of yellow,
 And lute in hand, a buxom fellow ;
 Through the bright clusters of his hair
 A golden circlet glistens fair.
 "What's this—a wondrous yoke and pleasant ?"
 Cries out the stranger to the peasant.
 "The bird and ox thus leashed together—
 Come, prithee, just unbrace the tether :
 But let me mount him for a minute—
 That beast !—you'll see how much is in it."

HERO AND LEANDER.

The steed released—the easy stranger
 Leaps on his back, and smiles at danger;
 Scarce felt that steed the master's rein,
 When all his fire returns again:
 He champs the bit—he rears on high,
 Light, like a soul, looks from his eye;
 Changed from a creature of the sod,
 Behold the spirit and the god:
 As sweeps the whirlwind, heavenward springs
 The unfurled glory of his wings.
 Before the eye can track the flight,
 Lost in the azure fields of light.

HERO AND LEANDER.

A BALLAD.

[We have already seen, in "The Ring of Polycrates," Schiller's mode of dealing with classical subjects. In the poems that follow, derived from similar sources, the same spirit is maintained. In spite of Humboldt, we venture to think that Schiller certainly does not narrate Greek legends in the spirit of an ancient Greek. The Gothic sentiment, in its ethical depth and mournful tenderness, more or less pervades all that he translates from classic fable into modern pathos. The grief of Hero, in the ballad subjoined, touches closely on the lamentations of *Thekla*, in "Wallenstein." The Complaint of Ceres embodies Christian Grief and Christian Hope. The Trojan Cassandra expresses the moral of the Northern Faust. Even the "Victory Feast" changes the whole spirit of Homer, on whom it is founded, by the introduction of the Ethical Sentiment at the close. Nothing can be more foreign to the Hellenic Genius (if we except the very disputable intention of the "Prometheus") than the interior and typical design which usually exalts every conception in Schiller. But it is perfectly open to the Modern Poet to treat of ancient legends in the modern spirit. Though he selects a Greek story, he is still a modern who narrates—he can never make himself a Greek, any more than Æschylus in the "Persæ" could make himself a Persian. But this is still more the privilege of the poet in Narrative, or lyrical composition, than in the Drama, for in the former he does not abandon his identity, as in the latter he must—yet even this *must* has its limits. Shakespeare's wonderful power of self-transfusion has no doubt enabled him, in his Plays from Roman History, to animate his characters with much of Roman life. But no one can maintain that a Roman would ever have written plays in the least resembling "Julius Cæsar," or "Coriolanus," or "Antony and Cleopatra." The Portraits may be Roman, but they are painted in the manner of the Gothic school. The Spirit of antiquity is only in them, inasmuch as the representation of Human Nature, under certain circumstances, is accurately, though loosely outlined. When the poet raises the dead, it is not to restore, but to remodel.]

SEE you the towers, that, gray and old,
 Frown through the sunlight's liquid gold,
 Steep sternly fronting steep?
 The Hellespont beneath them swells,
 And roaring cleaves the Dardanelles,
 The Rock-Gates of the Deep!
 Hear you the Sea, whose stormy wave,
 From Asia, Europe clove in thunder?
 That sea which rent a world can not
 Rend Love from Love asunder!

In Hero's, in Leander's heart,
 Thrills the sweet anguish of the dait
 Whose feather flies from Love.
 All Hebe's bloom in Hero's cheek—
 And his the hunter's steps that seek
 Delight, the hills above!
 Between their sires the rival feud
 Forbids their plighted hearts to meet;

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

Love's fruits hang over Danger's gulf,
By danger made more sweet.

Alone on Sestos' rocky tower,
Where upward sent in stormy shower,
The whirling waters foam,—
Alone the maiden sits, and eyes
The cliffs of fair Abydos rise
Afair—her lover's home.
Oh, safely thrown from strand to strand,
No bridge can love to love convey;
No boatman shoots from yonder shore,
Yet LOVE has found the way.—

That Love, which could the Labyrinth pierce—
Which nerves the weak, and curbs the fierce,
And wings with wit the dull;—
That Love which o'er the furrowed land
Bowed—tame beneath young Jason's hand—
The fiery-snorting Bull!
Yes, Styx itself, that nine-fold flows,
Has Love, the fearless, ventured o'er,
And back to daylight borne the bride,
From Pluto's dreary shore!

What marvel then that wind and wave,
Leander doth but burn to brave,
When Love, that goads him, guides!
Still when the day, with fainter glimmer,
Wanes pale—he leaps, the daring swimmer,
Amid the darkening tides;
With lusty arms he cleaves the waves,
And strives for that dear strand afar;
Where high from Hero's lonely tower
Lone streams the Beacon-star.

In vain his blood the wave may chill,
These tender arms can warm it still—
And, weary if the way,
By many a sweet embrace, above
All earthly boons—can liberal Love
The Lover's toil repay,
Until Aurora breaks the dream,
And warns the Loiterer to depart—
Back to the ocean's icy bed,
Scared from that loving heart.

So thirty suns have sped their flight—
Still in that theft of sweet delight
Exult the happy pair;
Caress will never pall caress,
And joys that gods might envy, bless
The single bride-night there.
Ah! never he has rapture known,
Who has not, where the waves are driven
Upon the fearful shores of Hell,
Plucked fruits that taste of Heaven!

Now changing in their Season are,
 The Morning and the Hesper Star ;—
 Nor see those happy eyes
 The leaves that withering droop and fall,
 Nor hear, when, from its northern hall,
 The neighbouring Winter sighs ;
 Or, if they see, the shortening days
 But seem to them to close in kindness ;
 For longer joys, in lengthening nights,
 They thank the heaven in blindness.

It is the time, when Night and Day,
 In equal scales contend for sway¹
 Lone, on her rocky steep,
 Lingers the girl with wistful eyes
 That watch the sun-steeds down the skies,
 Carcering towards the deep.
 Lulled lay the smooth and silent sea,
 A mirror in translucent calm,
 The breeze, along that crystal realm,
 Unmurmuring, died in balm.

In wanton swarms and blithe array,
 The merry dolphins glide and play
 Amid the silver waves.
 In gray and dusky troops are seen,
 The hosts that serve the Ocean-Queen,
 Upborne from coral caves :
 They—only they—have witnessed love
 To rapture steal its secret way :
 And Hecate² sealed the only lips
 That could the tale betray !

She marks in joy the lulléd water,
 And Sestos, thus thy tender daughter,
 Soft-flattering, woo's the sea !
 " Fair god—and canst thou then betray ?
 No ! falsehood dwells with them that say
 That falsehood dwells with thee !
 Ah ! faithless is the race of man,
 And harsh a father's heart can prove ;
 But thee, the gentle and the mild,
 The grief of love can move !

" Within these hated walls of stone,
 Should I, repining, mourn alone,
 And fade in ceaseless care,
 But thou, though o'er thy giant tide,
 Nor bridge may span, nor boat may glide,
 Dost safe my lover bear.
 And darksome is thy solemn deep,
 And fearful is thy roaring wave ;
 But wave and deep are won by love—
 Thou smilest on the brave !

¹ This notes the time of year—not the time of day—viz., about the 23rd September.
 —HOFFMEISTER.

² Hecate, as the mysterious Goddess of Nature.—HOFFMEISTER.

“Nor vainly, Sovereign of the Sea,
 Did Eros send his shafts to thee :
 What time the Ram of Cold,
 Bright Helle, with her brother bore,
How stirred the waves she wandered o'er,
 How stirred thy deeps of old !
 Swift, by the maiden's charms subdued,
 Thou cam'st from out the gloomy waves,
 And, in thy mighty arms, she sank
 Into thy bridal caves.

“A goddess with a god, to keep
 In endless youth, beneath the deep,
 Her solemn ocean-court !
 And still she smooths thine angry tides,
 Tames thy wild heart, and favouring guides
 The sailor to the port !
 Beautiful Helle, bright one, hear
 Thy lone adoring suppliant pray !
 And guide, O goddess—guide my love
 Along the wonted way !”

Now twilight dims the water's flow,
 And from the tower the beacon's glow
 Waves flickering o'er the main.
 Ah, where athwart the dismal stream,
 Shall shine the beacon's faithful beam
 The lover's eye shall strain !
 Hark ! sounds moan threat'ning from afar—
 From heaven the blessed stars are gone—
 More darkly swells the rising sea—
 The tempest labours on !

Along the ocean's boundless plains
 Lies Night—in torrents rushed the rains
 From the dark-bosomed cloud—
 Red lightning skirrs the panting air,
 And, loosed from out their rocky lair,
 Sweep all the storms abroad.
 Huge wave on huge wave tumbling o'er,
 The yawning gulf is rent asunder,
 And shows, as through an opening pall,
 Grim earth—the ocean under !

Poor maiden ! bootless wail or vow—
 “Have mercy, Jove—be gracious, Thou !
 Dread prayer was mine before !
 What if the gods have heard—and he,
 Lone victim of the stormy sea,
 Now struggles to the shore !
 There's not a sea-bird on the wave—
 Their hurrying wings the shelter seek ;
 The stoutest ship the storms have proved,
 Takes refuge in the creek.

“Ah, still that heart, which oft has braved
 The danger where the daring saved,
 Love lureth o'er the sea ;—
 For many a vow at parting morn,

That nought but death should bar return,
Breathed those dear lips to me ;
And whiled around, the while I weep,
Amid the storm that rides the wave,
The giant gulf is grasping down
The rash one to the grave !

" False Pontus ! and the calm I hailed,
The awaiting murder darkly veiled—
The lulled pellucid flow,
The smiles in which thou wert arrayed,
Were but the snares that Love betrayed
To thy false realm below !
Now in the midway of the main,
Return relentlessly forbidden,
Thou loosenest on the path beyond
The horrors thou hadst hidden."

Loud and more loud the tempest raves,
In thunder break the mountain waves,
White foaming on the rock—
No ship that ever swept the deep
Its ribs of gnarled oak could keep
Unshattered by the shock.
Dies in the blast the guiding torch
To light the struggler to the strand ;
'Tis death to battle with the wave,
And death no less to land !

On Venus, daughter of the seas,
She calls the tempest to appease—
To each wild-shrieking wind
Along the ocean-desert borne,
She vows a steer with golden horn—
Vain vow—relentless wind !
On every goddess of the deep,
On all the gods in heaven that be,
She calls—to soothe in calm, awhile,
The tempest-laden sea !

" Harken the anguish of my cries !
From thy green halls, arise—arise,
Leucothoe the divine !
Who, in the barren main afar
Oft on the storm-beat mariner
Dost gently-saving shine.
Oh, reach to him thy mystic veil,
To which the drowning clasp may cling,
And safely from that roaring grave,
To shore my lover bring !"

And now the savage winds are hushing,
And o'er the arched horizon, blushing,
Day's chariot gleams on high !
Back to their wonted channels rolled,
In crystal calm the waves behold—
One smile on sea and sky !

All softly breaks the rippling tide,
 Low-murmuring on the rocky land,
 And playful wavelets gently float
 A Corpse upon the strand !

'Tis he !—who ev'n in death would still
 Not fail the sweet vow to fulfil ;

She looks—sees—knows him there !
 From her pale lips no sorrow speaks,
 No tears glide down the hueless cheeks,
 Cold—numbed in her despair—
 She looked along the silent deep,
 She looked upon the bright'ning heaven,
 Till to the marble face the soul
 Its light sublime had given !

“ Ye solemn Powers men shrink to name,
 Your might is here, your rights ye claim—
 Yet think not I repine :

Soon closed my course ; yet I can bless
 The life that brought me happiness—
 The fairest lot was mine !

Living have I thy temple served,
 Thy consecrated priestess been—
 My last glad offering now receive
 Venus, thou mightiest queen ! ”

Flashed the white robe along the air,
 And from the tower that beetled there
 She sprang into the wave ;
 Roused from his throne beneath the waste,
 Those holy forms the god embraced—
 A god himself their grave !
 Pleased with his prey, he glides along—
 More blithe the murmured music seems,
 A gush from unexhausted urns
 His Everlasting Streams !

THE PLAYING INFANT.

PLAY on thy mother's bosom, Babe, for in that holy isle
 The error cannot find thee yet, the grieving, nor the guile ;
 Held in thy mother's arms above Life's dark and troubled wave,
 Thou lookést with thy fearless smile upon the floating grave.
 Play, loveliest Innocence !—Thee, yet Arcadia circles round,
 A charmed power for thee has set the lists of fairy ground ;
 Each gleesome impulse Nature now can sanction and besfriend,
 Nor to that willing heart as yet the Duty and the End.
 Play, for the haggard Labour soon will come to seize its prey,
 Alas ! when Duty grows thy law—Enjoyment fades away !

CASSANDRA.

[There is peace between the Greeks and Trojans—Achilles is to wed Polyxena, Priam's daughter. On entering the Temple, he is shot through his only vulnerable part by Paris. The time of the following poem is during the joyous preparations for the marriage.]

AND mirth was in the halls of Troy,
 Before her towers and temples fell ;
 High pealed the choral hymns of joy,
 Melodious to the golden shell.

The weary had reposed from slaughter—
 The eye forgot the tear it shed ;
 This day King Priam's lovely daughter
 Shall great Pelides wed !

Adorned with laurel boughs, they come,
 Crowd after crowd—the way divine,
 Where lanes are decked—for gods the home—
 And to the Thymbrian's ¹ solemn shrine.
 The wild Bacchantic joy is madd'ning
 The thoughtless host, the fearless guest ;
 And there, the unheeded heart is sadd'ning
 One solitary breast !

Unjoyous in the joyful throng,
 Alone, and linking life with none,
 Apollo's laurel groves among,
 The still Cassandra wandered on !
 Into the forest's deep recesses
 The solemn Prophet-Maiden passed,
 And, scornful, from her loosened tresses,
 The sacred fillet cast !

“To all, its arms doth Mirth unfold,
 And every heart foregoes its cares—
 And Hope is busy in the old—
 The bridal-robe my sister wears—
 And I alone, alone am weeping ;
 The sweet delusion mocks not me—
 Around these walls destruction sweeping,
 More near and near I see !

“A torch before my vision glows,
 But not in Hymen's hand it shines,
 A flame that to the welkin goes,
 But not from holy offering-shrines ;
 Glad hands the banquet are preparing,
 And near, and near the halls of state
 I hear the god that comes unsparing,
 I hear the steps of Fate.

“And men my prophet-wail deride !
 The solemn sorrow dies in scorn ;
 And lonely in the waste, I hide
 The tortured heart that would forewarn.
 Amidst the happy, unregarded,
 Mocked by their fearful joy, I trod ;
 Oh, dark to me the lot awarded,
 Thou evil Pythian god !

“Thine oracle, in vain to be,
 Oh, wherefore am I thus consigned
 With eyes that every truth must see,
 Lone in the City of the Blind ?
 Cursed with the anguish of a power
 To view the fates I may not thrall,
 The hovering tempest still must lower—
 The horror must befall !

¹ Apollo.

"Boots it the veil to lift, and give
 To sight the frowning fates beneath?
 For error is the life we live,
 And, oh, our knowledge is but death!
 Take back the clear and awful mirror,
 Shut from mine eyes the blood-red glare;
 Thy truth is but a gift of terror
 When mortal lips declare.

"My blindness give to me once more¹
 The gay dim senses that rejoice;
 The Past's delighted songs are o'er
 For lips that speak a Prophet's voice.
 To me the future thou hast granted;
 I miss the moment from the chain—
 The happy Present-Hour enchanted!
 Take back thy gift again!

"Never for me the nuptial wreath
 The odour-breathing hair shall twine;
 My heavy heart is bowed beneath
 The service of thy dreary shrine.
 My youth was but by tears corroded,—
 My sole familiar is my pain,
 Each coming ill my heart foreboded,
 And felt it first—in vain!

"How cheerly sports the careless mirth,—
 The life that loves, around I see;
 Fair youth to pleasant thoughts give birth—
 The heart is only sad to me.
 Not for mine eyes the young spring gloweth,
 When earth her happy feast-day keeps;
 The charm of life who ever knoweth
 That looks into the deeps?

"Wrapt in thy bliss, my sister, thine
 The heart's inebriate rapture-springs;—
 Longing with bridal arms to twine
 The bravest of the Grecian kings.
 High swells the joyous bosom, seeming
 Too narrow for its world of love,
 Nor envies, in its heaven of dreaming,
 The heaven of gods above!

"I too might know the soft control
 Of one the longing heart could choose,
 With look which love illumines with soul—
 The look that supplicates and woos.
 And sweet with him, where love presiding
 Prepares our hearth, to go—but, dim,
 A Stygian shadow, nightly gliding,
 Stalks between me and him!

"Forth from the grim funereal shore,
 The Hell-Queen sends her ghastly bands;

¹ "Everywhere," says Hoffmeister truly, "Schiller exalts Ideal Belief over real wisdom; everywhere this modern Apostle of Christianity advocates that Ideal, which exists in Faith and emotion, against the wisdom of worldly intellect, the barren experience of life," &c.

Where'er I turn—behind—before—
 Dumb in my path—a Spectre stands !
 Wherever gayliest, youth assembles—
 I see the shades in horror clad,
 Amidst Hell's ghastly People trembles
 One soul for ever sad !

" I see the steel of Murder gleam—
 I see the Murderer's glowing eyes—
 To right—to left, one gory stream—
 One circling fate—my flight defies !
 I may not turn my gaze—all seeing,
 Foreknowing all, I dumbly stand—
 To close in blood my ghastly being
 In the far strangers' land ! "

Hark ! while the sad sounds murmur round,
 Hark, from the Temple-porch, the cries !—
 A wild, confused, tumultuous sound !—
 Dead the divine Pelides lies !
 Grim Discord rears her snakes devouring—
 The last departing god hath gone !
 And, wombed in cloud, the thunder, lowering,
 Hangs black on Iliou.

NOTE.—Upon this poem, Madame de Stael makes the following just and striking criticism (*L'Allemagne*, Part II. c. 13) : " One sees in this ode, the curse inflicted on a mortal by the prescience of a god. Is not the grief of the prophetess that of all who possess a superior intellect with an impassioned heart ? Under a shape wholly poetic, Schiller has embodied an idea grandly moral—viz, that the true genius (that of the sentiment) is a victim to itself, even when spared by others. There are no nuptials for Cassandra : not that she is insensible—not that she is disdained, but the clear penetration of her soul passes in an instant both life and death, and can only repose in Heaven."

THE VICTORY FEAST.

[In this lyric, Schiller had a notion of raising the popular social song from the prosaic vulgarity common to it—into a higher and more epic dignity.]

THE stately walls of Troy had sunken,
 Her towers and temples strewed the soil ;
 The sons of Hellas, victory-drunken,
 Richly laden with the spoil,
 Are on their lofty barks reclined
 Along the Hellespontine strand :
 A gleesome freight the favouring wind
 Shall bear to Greece's glorious land ;
 And gleesome chaunt the choral strain,
 As towards the household altars, now,
 Each bark inclines the painted prow—
 For Home shall smile again !

And there the Trojan women, weeping,
 Sit ranged in many a length'ning row ;
 Their heedless locks, dishevelled, sweeping
 Adown the wan cheeks worn with woe.
 No festive sounds that peal along,
 Their mournful dirge can overwhelm ;
 Through hymns of joy one sorrowing song
 Commingled, wails the ruined realm.

"Farewell, beloved shores!" it said,
 "From home afar behold us torn,
 By foreign lords as captives borne—
 Ah, happy are the dead!"

And Calchas, while the altars blaze,
 Invokes the high gods to their feast!
 On Pallas, mighty or to raise
 Or shatter cities, called the Priest—
 And Him, who wreathes around the land
 The girdle of his watery world,
 And Zeus, from whose almighty hand
 The terror and the bolt are hurled.
 Success at last awards the crown—
 The long and weary war is past;
 Time's destined circle ends at last—
 And fall'n the Mighty Town!

The Son of Atreus, king of men,
 The muster of the hosts surveyed,
 How dwindled from the thousands, when
 Along Scamander first arrayed!
 With sorrow and the cloudy thought,
 The Great King's stately look grew dim—
 Of all the hosts to Ilion brought,
 How few to Greece return with him!
 Still let the song to gladness call,
 For those who yet their homes shall greet!—
 For them the blooming life is sweet:
 Return is not for all!

Nor all who reach their native land
 May long the joy of welcome feel—
 Beside the household gods may stand
 Grim Murder with awaiting steel;
 And they who 'scape the foe, may die
 Beneath the foul familiar glaive.
 Thus He¹ to whose prophetic eye
 Her light the wise Minerva gave:—
 "Ah! blest whose hearth, to memory true,
 The goddess keeps unstained and pure—
 For woman's guile is deep and sure,
 And Falsehood loves the New!"

The Spartan eyes his Helen's charms,
 By the best blood of Greece recaptured;
 Round that fair form his glowing arms—
 (A second bridal)—wreath enraptured.
 "Woe waits the work of evil birth—
 Revenge to deeds unblest is given!
 For watchful o'er the things of earth,
 The eternal Council-Halls of Heaven.
 Yes, ill shall ever ill repay—
 Jove to the impious hands that stain
 The Altar of Man's Hearth, again
 The doomer's doom shall weigh!"

¹ Ulysses.

"Well they; reserved for joy to-day,"
 Cried out Oileus' valiant son,
 "May laud the favouring gods who sway
 Our earth, their easy thrones upon;
 With careless hands they mete our doom,
 Our woe or welfare Hazard gives—
 Patroclus slumbers in the tomb,
 And all unharmed Thersites lives.
 If Fate, then, showers without a choice
 The lots of luck and life on all,
 Let him on whom the prize may fall —
 Let him who lives—rejoice !

"Yes, war will still devour the best !—
 Brother, remembered in this hour !
 His shade should be in feasts a guest,
 Whose form was in the strife a tower !
 What time our ships the Trojan fired,
 Thine arm to Greece the safety gave—
 The prize to which thy soul aspired,
 The crafty wrested from the brave.¹
 Peace to thine ever-holy rest—
 Not thine to fall before the foe !
 Ajax alone laid Ajax low :
 Ah—wrath destroys the best !"

To his dead sire—(the Dorian king)—
 The bright-haired Pyrrhus² pours the wine :—
 "O'er every lot that life can bring,
 My soul, great Father, prizes thine.
 Whate'er the goods of earth, of all,
 The highest and the holiest—*FAME!*
 For when the Form in dust shall fall,
 O'er dust triumphant lives the Name!
 Brave Man, thy light of glory never
 Shall fade, while song to man shall last;
 The Living soon from earth are passed,
 'THE DEAD—ENDURE FOR EVER!'"

"Since all are mute to mourn and praise
 In Victory's hour, the vanquished Man—
 Be mine at least one voice to raise
 For HECTOR," Tydeus' son began :
 "A Tower before his native town ;
 He stood—and fell as fall the brave.
 The conqueror wins the brighter crown,
 The conquered has the nobler grave!
 He who brave life shall bravely close,
 For Home and Hearth, and Altar slain,
 If mourned by Friends, shall glory gain
 Out of the lips of Foes !"

¹ Need we say to the general reader, that allusion is here made to the strife between Ajax and Ulysses, which has furnished a subject to the Greek tragic poet, who has depicted, more strikingly than any historian, that intense emulation for glory, and that mortal agony in defeat, which constituted the main secret of the prodigious energy of the Greek character? The Tragic poet, in taking his hero from the Homeric age, endowed him with the feelings of the Athenian republicans he addressed.

² Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles.

Lo, Nestor now, whose stately age
 Through threefold lives of mortals lives!—
 The laurelled bowl, the kingly sage
 To Hector's tearful mother gives.
 "Drink—in the draught new strength is glowing,
 The grief it bathes forgets the smart!
 O Bacchus! wond'rous boons bestowing,
 Oh, how thy balsam heals the heart!
 Drink—in the draught new vigour gloweth,
 The grief it bathes forgets the smart—
 And balsam to the breaking heart,
 The healing god bestoweth.

"As Niobe, when weeping mute,
 To angry gods the scorn and prey,
 But tasted of the charmed fruit,
 And cast despair itself away;
 So, while unto thy lips, its shore,
 This stream of life enchanted flows,
 Remembered grief, that stung before,
 Sinks down to Lethé's calm repose.
 So, while unto thy lips, its shore,
 The stream of life enchanted flows—
 Drowned deep in Lethé's calm repose,
 The grief that stung before!"

Seized by the god, behold the dark
 And dreaming prophetess arise,
 She gazes from the lofty Bark
 Where Home's dim vapours wrap the skies—
 "A vapour all of human birth
 Like mists ascending, seen and gone,
 So fade Earth's great ones from the Earth
 And leave the changeless gods alone.
 Behind the steed that skirrs away:
 And on the galley's deck—sits Care,
 To-morrow comes, and we are where?
 At least we'll live to-day!"

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

FROM Rhegium to the Isthmus, long
 Hallowed to steeds and glorious song,
 Where, linked awhile in holy peace,
 Meet all the sons of martial Greece—
 Wends Ibycus—whose lips the sweet
 And ever-young Apollo fires;
 The staff supports the wanderer's feet—
 The god the Poet's soul inspires!

Soon from the mountain-ridges high,
 The tower-crowned Corinth greets his eye;
 In Neptune's groves of darksome pine,
 He treads with shuddering awe divine;
 Nought lives around him, save a swarm
 Of CRANES, that still pursued his way—
 Lured by the South, they wheel and form
 In ominous groups their wild array.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

9

And "Hail! beloved Birds!" he cried;
"My comrades on the ocean tide,
Sure signs of good ye bode to me;
Our lots alike would seem to be;
From far, together borne, we greet
A shelter now from toil and danger;
And may the friendly hearts we meet
Preserve from every ill—the Stranger!"

His step more light, his heart more gay,
Along the mid-wood winds his way,
When, where the path the thickets close,
Burst sudden forth two ruffian foes;
Now strife to strife, and foot to foot!
Ah! weary sinks the gentle hand;
The gentle hand that wakes the lute
Has learned no lore that guides the brand.

He calls on men and gods—in vain!
His cries no blest deliverer gain;
Feebler and fainter grows the sound,
And still the deaf life slumbers round—
"In the far land I fall forsaken,
Unwept and unregarded, here;
By death from traitor hands o'ertaken,
Nor ev'n one late avenger near!"

Down to the earth the death-stroke bore him—
Hark, where the Cranes wheel dismal o'er him!
He hears, as darkness veils his eyes,
Near, in hoarse croak, their dirge-like cries.
"Ye whose wild wings above me hover,
(Since never voice, save yours alone,
The deed can tell)—the hand discover—
Avenge!"—He spoke, and life was gone.

Naked and maimed the corpse was found—
And, still through many a mangling wound,
The sad Corinthian Host could trace
The loved—too well-remembered face.
"And must I meet thee thus once more?
Who hoped with wreaths of holy pine,
Bright with new fame—the victory o'er—
The Singer's temples to entwine!"

And loud lamented every guest
Who held the Sea-God's solemn feast—
As in a single heart prevailing,
Throughout all Hellas went the wailing.
Wild to the Council-Hall they ran—
In thunder rushed the threat'ning Flood—
"Revenge shall right the murdered man,
The last atonement—blood for blood!"

Yet 'mid the throng the Isthmus claims,
Lured by the Sea-God's glorious games—
The mighty many-nationed throng—
How track the hand that wrought the wrong?—

How guess if that dread deed were done,
 By ruffian hands, or secret foes?
 He who sees all on earth—the SUN—
 Alone the gloomy secret knows.

Perchance he treads in careless peace,
 Amidst your Sons, assembled Greece—
 Hears with a smile revenge decreed—
 Gloats with fell joy upon the deed—
 His steps the avenging gods may mock
 Within the very Temple's wall,
 Or mingle with the crowds that flock
 To yonder solemn scenic¹ hall.

Wedged close, and serried, swarms the crowd—
 Beneath the weight the walls are bowed—
 Thitherwards streaming far, and wide,
 Broad Helias flows in mingled tide—
 A tide like that which heaves the deep
 When hollow-sounding, shoreward driven;
 On, wave on wave, the thousands sweep
 Till arching, row on row, to heaven!

The tribes, the nations, who shall name,
 That guest-like, there assembled came?
 From Theseus' town, from Aulis' strand—
 From Phocis, from the Spartans' land—
 From Asia's wave-divided clime,
 The Isles that gem the Ægean Sea,
 To hearken on that Stage Sublime,
 The Dark Choir's mournful melody!

True to the awful rites of old,
 In long and measured strides, behold
 The Chorus from the hinder ground,
 Pace the vast circle's solemn round.
 So this World's women never strode,
 Their race from Mortals ne'er began,
 Gigantic, from their grim abode,
 They tower above the Sons of Man!

Across their loins the dark robe clinging,
 In fleshless hands the torches swinging,
 Now to and fro, with dark red glow—
 No blood that lives the dead cheeks know!
 Where flow the locks that woo to love
 On human temples—ghastly dwell
 The serpents, coiled the brow above,
 And the green asps with poison swell.

Thus circling, horrible, within
 That space—doth their dark hymn begin,
 And round the sinner as they go,
 Cleave to the heart their words of woe.
 Dismally wails, the senses chilling,
 The hymn—the FURIES' solemn song;
 And froze the very marrow thrilling
 As rolled the gloomy sounds along.

¹ The theatre.

" And weal to him—from crime secure—
Who keeps his soul as childhood's pure ;
Life's path he roves, a wanderer free—
We near him not—THE AVENGERS, WE !
But woe to him for whom we weave
The doom for deeds that shun the light :
Fast to the murderer's feet we cleave,
The fearful Daughters of the Night.

" And deems he flight from us can hide him ?
Still on dark wings We sail beside him !
The murderer's feet the snare enthrals—
Or soon or late, to earth he falls !
Untiring, hounding on, we go ;
For blood can no remorse atone !
On, ever—to the Shades below,
And there—we grasp him, still our own ! "

So singing, their slow dance they wreathe,
And stillness, like a silent death,
Heavily there lay cold and dear,
As if the godhead's self were near.
Then, true to those strange rites of old,
Pacing the circle's solemn round,
In long and measured strides—behold,
They vanish in the hinder ground !

Confused and doubtful—half between
The solemn truth and phantom scene,
The crowd revere the Power, presiding
O'er secret deeps, to justice guiding—
The Unfathomed and Inscrutable
By whom the web of doom is spun ;
Whose shadows in the deep heart dwell,
Whose form is seen not in the sun !

Just then, amidst the highest tier,
Breaks forth a voice that starts the ear ;
" See there—see there, Timotheus ;
Behold the Cranes of Ibycus ! "
A sudden darkness wraps the sky ;
Above the roofless building hover
Dus' swarming wings ; and heavily
Sweep the slow Cranes—hoarse-murmuring, over !

" Of Ibycus ? "—that name so dear
Thrills through the hearts of those who hear !
Like wave on wave in eager seas,
From mouth to mouth the murmur flees—
" Of Ibycus, whom we bewail ?
The murdered one ! What mean those words ?
Who is the man—knows he the tale ?
Why link that name with those wild birds ? "

Questions on questions louder press—
Like lightning flies the inspiring guess—
Leaps every heart—" The truth we seize
Your might is here, EUMENIDES !

The murderer yields himself confest—
 Vengeance is near—that voice the token—
 Ho !—him who yonder spoke, arrest !—
 And him to whom the words were spoken !”

Scarce had the wretch the words let fall,
 Than fain their sense he would recall,
 In vain ; those whitening lips, behold !
 The secret have already told.
 Into their Judgment Court sublime
 The Scene is changed ;—their doom is sealed !
 Behold the dark unwitnessed Crime,
 Struck by the lightning that revealed !

The principal sources whence Schiller has taken the story of Ibycus (which was well known to the ancients, and indeed gave rise to a proverb) are Suidas and Plutarch. Ibycus is said by some to have been the Inventor of the Sambuca or triangular Cithara. We must observe, however (though erudite investigation on such a subject were misplaced here), that Athenæus and Strabo consider the Sambuca to have originated with the Syrians, and this supposition is rendered the more probable by the similitude of the Greek word with the Hebrew, which in our received translation of the Bible is rendered by the word Sackbut. The tale, in its leading incidents, is told very faithfully by Schiller : it is the moral, or interior meaning, which he has heightened and idealized. Plutarch is contented to draw from the story a moral against loquacity. “It was not,” says he, “the Cranes that betrayed the murderers, but their own garrulity.” With Schiller the garrulity is produced by the surprise of the Conscience, which has been awakened by the Apparition and Song of the Furies. His own conceptions as to the effect he desired to create are admirable. “It is not precisely that the Hymn of the Furies” (remarks the poet) “has roused the remorse of the murderer, whose exclamation betrays himself and his accomplice ; that was not my meaning—but it has reminded him of his deed : his sense is struck with it. In this moment the appearance of the Cranes must take him by surprise ; he is a rude, dull churl, over whom the impulse of the moment has all power. His loud exclamation is natural in such circumstances.” “That he feels no great remorse, in this thoughtless exclamation, is evident by the quick, snappish nature of it—‘See there, see there !’ &c.” “In any other state of mind,” observes Hoffmeister, “perhaps the Audience might not have attended to this ejaculation—but at that moment of deep inward emotion, produced by the representation of the fearful Goddesses, and an excited belief in their might, the name of the newly murdered man must have struck them as the very voice of Fate, in which the speaker betrayed himself.” In fact, the poem is an illustration of Schiller’s own lines in “The Artists,” written eight years before :—

“Here secret Murder, pale and shuddering, sees
 Sweep o’er the stage the stern Eumenides :
 Ours, where law fails, what powers to art belong,
 And, screened from justice, finds its doom in song !”

In the foregoing ballad Poetry (that is, the Dirge and dramatic representation of the Furies) acts doubly—first on the Murderer, next on the Audience ; it surprises the one into self-betrayal, it prepares in the other that state of mind in which, as by a divine instinct, the quick perception seizes upon the truth. In this double effect is nobly typified the power of Poetry on the individual and on the multitude. Rightly did Schiller resolve to discard from his design whatever might seem to partake of marvellous or supernatural interposition. The appearance of the Cranes is purely accidental. . . . Whatever is of diviner agency in the punishment of crime is found not in the outer circumstances, but in the heart within—the true realm in which the gods work their miracles. As it has been finely said—“The bad conscience (in the Criminal) is its own Nemesis, the good conscience in the Many—the audience—drags at once the bad before its forum and adjudges it.” The history of the composition of this poem affords an instance of the exquisite art of Goethe, to which it is largely indebted. In the first sketch of the ballad, it was only one Crane that flew over Ibycus at the time he was murdered, and moreover this was only mentioned at the end of the piece. But Goethe suggested the enlargement of this leading incident—into “the long and broad phenomenon” of the swarm of Cranes, corresponding in some degree with the long and ample pageant of the Furies. Schiller at once perceived how not only the truthfulness, but the grandeur, of his picture was heightened by this simple alteration. . . . According to Goethe’s suggestions, the swarm of Cranes were now introduced as the companions of Ibycus in his voyage. . . . The fine analogy between the human wanderer and his winged companions, each seeking a foreign land, was dimly outlined. . . . And the generous criticism of the one poet finally gave its present fulness and beauty to the masterpiece of the other.—See *Goethe’s Correspondence with Schiller* Hoffmeister ; Heinrichs,

THE HOSTAGE.

THE HOSTAGE.

A BALLAD.

THE tyrant Dionys to seek,
Stern Mœrus with his poniard crept;
The watchful guards upon him swept;
The grim king marked his changeless cheek:
"What wouldst thou with thy poniard? Speak?"
"The city from the tyrant free!"—
"The death-cross shall thy guerdon be."

"I am prepared for death, nor pray,"
Replied that haughty man, "to live;
Enough, if thou one grace will give:
For three brief suns the death delay
To wed my sister—leagues away;
I boast one friend whose life for mine,
If I should fail the cross, is thine."

The tyrant mused,—and smiled,—and said
With gloomy craft, "So let it be;
Three days I will vouchsafe to thee.
But mark—if, when the time be sped,
Thou fail'st—thy surety dies instead.
His life shall buy thine own release;
Thy guilt atoned, my wrath shall cease."

He sought his friend—"The king's decree
Ordains my life the cross upon
Shall pay the deed I would have done;
Yet grants three days' delay to me,
My sister's marriage-rites to see;
If thou, the hostage, wilt remain
Till I—set free—return again!"

His friend embraced—No word he said,
But silent to the tyrant strode—
The other went upon his road.
Ere the third sun in heaven was red,
The rite was o'er, the sister wed;
And back, with anxious heart unquailing,
He hastes to hold the pledge unfailing,

Down the great rains unending bore,
Down from the hills the torrents rushed,
In one broad stream the brooklets gushed.
The wanderer halts beside the shore,
The bridge was swept the tides before—
The shattered arches o'er and under
Went the tumultuous waves in thunder.

Dismayed, he takes his idle stand—
Dismayed, he strays and shouts around;
His voice awakes no answering sound.
No boat will leave the sheltering strand,
To bear him to the wished-for land;
No boatman will Death's pilot be;
The wild stream gathers to a sea!

Sunk by the banks, awhile he weeps,
 Then raised his arms to Jove, and cried,
 "Stay thou, oh stay the madd'ning tide!
 Midway behold the swift sun sweeps,
 And, ere he sinks adown the deeps,
 If I should fail, his beams will see
 My friend's last anguish—slain for me!"

More fierce it runs, more broad it flows,
 And wave on wave succeeds and dies—
 And hour on hour remorseless flies;
 Despair at last to daring grows—
 Amidst the flood his form he throws;
 With vigorous arms the roaring waves
 Cleaves—and a god that pities, saves.

He wins the bank—he scours the strand,
 He thanks the god in breathless prayer;
 When from the forest's gloomy lair,
 With ragged club in ruthless hand,
 And breathing murder—rushed the band
 That find, in woods, their savage den,
 And savage prey in wandering men.

"What," cried he, pale with generous fear;
 "What think to gain ye by the strife?
 All I bear with me is my life—
 I take it to the King!"—and here
 He snatched the club from him most near:
 And thrice he smote, and thrice his blows
 Dealt death—before him fly the foes!

The sun is glowing as a brand;
 And faint before the parching heat,
 The strength forsakes the feeble feet;
 "Thou hast saved me from the robbers' hand,
 Through wild floods given the blessed land;
 And shall the weak limbs fail me now?
 And he—Divine one, nerve me, thou!

Hark! like some gracious murmur by,
 Babbles low music, silver-clear—
 The wanderer holds his breath to hear;
 And from the rock, before his eye,
 Laughs forth the spring delightedly;
 Now the sweet waves he bends him o'er,
 And the sweet waves his strength restore.

Through the green boughs the sun gleams dying,
 O'er fields that drink the rosy beam,
 The trees' huge shadows giant seem.
 Two strangers on the road are hieing;
 And as they fleet beside him flying,
 These muttered words his ear dismay:
 "Now—now the cross has claimed its prey!"

Despair his wingéd path pursues,
 The anxious terrois hound him on—
 There, redd'ning in the evening sun,

THE HOSTAGE.

From far, the domes of Syracuse!—
When towards him comes Philostratus,
(His leal and trusty herdsman he,)
And to the master bends his knee.

“Back—thou canst aid thy friend no more,
The niggard time already flown—
His life is forfeit—save thine own!
Hour after hour in hope he bore,
Nor might his soul its faith give o'er;
Nor could the tyrant's scorn deriding,
Steal from that faith one thought confiding!”

“Too late! what horror hast thou spoken!
Vain life, since it can not requite him!
But death with me can yet unite him;
No boast the tyrant's scorn shall make—
How friend to friend can faith forsake.
But from the double-death shall know,
That Truth and Love yet live below!
The sun sinks down—the gate's in view,
The cross looms dismal on the ground—

The eager crowd gape murmuring round.
His friend is bound the cross unto . . .
Crowd—guards—all-bursts he breathless through:
“Me! Doomsman, me!” he shouts, “alone!
His life is rescued—lo, mine own!”

Amazement seized the circling ring!
Linked in each other's arms the pair—
Weeping for joy—yet anguish there!
Moist every eye that gazed;—they bring
The wondrous tidings to the king—
His breast Man's heart at last hath known,
And the Friends stand before his throne.
Long silent, he, and wondering long,
Gazed on the Pair—“In peace depart,
Victors, ye have subdued my heart!
Truth is no dream!—its power is strong.
Give grace to Him who owns his wrong!
'Tis mine your suppliant now to be,
Ah, let the band of Love—be THREE!”

This story, the heroes of which are more popularly known to us under the names of Damon and Pythias (or *Phintias*), Schiller took from Hyginus, in whom the friends are called Mœrus and Selinuntius. Schiller has somewhat amplified the incidents in the original, in which the delay of Mœrus is occasioned only by the swollen stream—the other hindrances are of Schiller's invention. The subject, like “The Ring of Polycrates,” does not admit of that rich poetry of description with which our author usually adorns some single passage in his narratives. The poetic spirit is rather shown in the terse brevity with which picture after picture is not only sketched, but finished—and in the great thought at the close. Still it is not one of Schiller's best ballads. His additions to the original story are not happy. The incident of the Robbers is commonplace and poor. The delay occasioned by the thirst of Mœrus is clearly open to Goethe's objection (an objection showing very nice perception of nature)—that extreme thirst was not likely to happen to a man who had lately passed through a stream, on a rainy day, and whose clothes must have been saturated with moisture—nor in the traveller's preoccupied state of mind is it probable that he would have so much felt the mere physical want. With less reason has it been urged by other critics, that the sudden relenting of the Tyrant is contrary to his character. The Tyrant here has no individual character at all. He is the mere personation of Disbelief in Truth and Love—which the spectacle of sublime self-abnegation at once converts. In this idea lies the deep Philosophical Truth, which redeems all the defects of the piece—for Poetry, in its highest form, is merely this—“Truth made beautiful.”

THE COMPLAINT OF CERES.

It may be scarcely necessary to treat, however briefly, of the mythological legend on which this exquisite elegy is founded; yet we venture to do so rather than that the forgetfulness of the reader should militate against his enjoyment of the poem. Proserpine, according to the *Homeride* (for the story is not without variations), when gathering flowers with the Ocean Nymphs, is carried off by Aidoneus or Pluto. Her mother, Ceres,

is restored to her. Finally, Jupiter commissions Hermes to persuade Pluto to render up his bride, who rejoins Ceres at Eleusis. Unfortunately she has swallowed a pomegranate seed in the Shades below, and is thus mysteriously doomed to spend one-third of the year with her husband in Hades, though for the remainder of the year she is permitted to dwell with Ceres and the gods. This is one of the very few mythological fables of Greece which can be safely interpreted into an Allegory. Proserpine denotes the seed corn one-third of the year below the earth: two-thirds (that is, dating from the appearance of the ear) above it. Schiller has treated this story with admirable and artistic beauty; and, by an alteration in its symbolical character, has preserved the pathos of the external narrative, and heightened the beauty of the interior meaning—associating the productive principle of the earth with the immortality of the soul. Proserpine here is not the symbol of the buried seed, but the buried seed is the symbol of her—that is, of the Dead. The exquisite feeling of this poem consoled Schiller's friend, Sophia La Roche, in her grief for her son's death.

DOES pleasant Spring return once more?
Does Earth her happy youth regain?
Sweet suns green hills are shining o'er;
Soft brooklets burst their icy chain:
Upon the blue translucent river
Laughs down an all-unclouded day,
The winged west winds gently quiver,
The buds are bursting from the spray;
While birds are blithe on every tree;
The Oread from the mountain-shore
Sighs "Lo thy flowers come back to thee—
Thy Child, sad Mother, comes no more!"

II.

Alas! how long an age it seems
Since all the Earth I wandered over,
And vainly, Titan, tasked thy beams
The loved—the lost one—to discover!
Though all may seek—yet none can call
Her tender presence back to me!
The Sun, with eyes detecting all,
Is blind one vanished form to see.
Hast thou, O Zeus, hast thou away
From these sad arms my Daughter torn?
Has Pluto, from the realms of Day,
Enamoured—to dark rivers borne?

III.

Who to the dismal Phantom-Strand
The Herald of my Grief will venture?
The Boat for ever leaves the Land,
But only Shadows there may enter.—
Veiled from each holier eye repose
The realms where Midnight wraps the Dead
And, while the Stygian River flows,
No living footstep there may tread!

THE COMPLAINT OF CERES.

A thousand pathways wind the drear
Descent ;—none upward lead to-day ;—
No witness to the Mother's ear
The Daughter's sorrows can betray.

IV.

Mothers of happy Human clay
Can share at least their children's doom ;
And when the loved ones pass away,
Can track—can join them—in the tomb !
The race alone of Heavenly birth
Are banished from the darksome portals ;
The Fates—have mercy on the Earth,
And death is only kind to mortals !¹
Oh, plunge me in the Night of Nights,
From Heaven's ambrosial halls exiled !
Oh, let the goddess lose the rights
That shut the Mother from the Child !

V.

Where sits the Dark King's joyless bride,
Where midst the Dead her home is made :
Oh that my noiseless steps may glide,
Amidst the shades myself a shade !
I see her eyes, that search through tears,
In vain the golden light to greet ;
That yearn for yonder distant spheres,
That pine the Mother's face to meet !
Till some bright moment shall renew
The severed Hearts' familiar ties ;
And softened pity still in dew,
From Pluto's slow-relent eyes !

VI.

Ah, vain the wish, the sorrow are !
Calm in the changeless paths above
Rolls on the Day-God's golden Car—
Fast are the fixed decrees of Jove !
Far from the ever gloomy Plain,
He turns his blissful looks away.
Alas ! Night never gives again
What once it seizes as its prey !
Till over Lethe's sullen swell,
Aurora's rosy hues shall glow ;
And arching through the midmost Hell
Shine forth the lovely Iris-Bow !

VII.

And is there nought of Her ;—no token—
No pledge from that beloved hand ?
To tell how Love remains unbroken,
How far soever be the land ?
Has love no link, no lightest thread,
The Mother to the Child to bind ?
Between the Living and the Dead,
Can Hope no holy compact find ?

¹ What a beautiful vindication of the shortness of human life !

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

No! every bond is not yet riven ;
 We are not yet divided wholly ;
 To us the eternal Powers have given
 A symbol language, sweet and holy.

VIII.

When Spring's fair children pass away,
 When, in the Northwind's icy air,
 The leaf and flower alike decay,
 And leave the rivelled branches bare,
 Then from Vertumnus' lavish horn
 I take Life's seeds to strew below—
 And bid the gold that germs the corn
 An offering to the Styx to go !
 Sad in the earth the seeds I lay—
 Laid at thy heart, my Child—to be
 The mournful tokens which convey
 My sorrow and my love to Thee !

IX.

But, when the Hours, in measured dance,
 The happy smile of Spring restore,
 Rise in the Sun-god's golden glance
 The buried Dead revive once more !
 The germs that perished to thine eyes,
 Within the cold breast of the earth,
 Spring up to bloom in gentler skies,
 The brighter for the second birth !
 The stem its blossom rears above—
 Its roots in Night's dark womb repose—
 The plant but by the equal love
 Of light and darkness fostered—grows !

X.

If half with Death the germs may sleep,
 Yet half with Life they share the beams ;
 My heralds from the dreary deep,
 Soft voices from the solemn streams,—
 Like her, so them, awhile entombs,
 Stern Orcus, in his dismal reign,
 Yet Spring sends forth their tender blooms
 With such sweet messages again,
 To tell,—how far from light above,
 Where only mournful shadows meet,
 Memory is still alive to love,
 And still the faithful Heart can beat !

XI.

Joy to ye children of the field !
 Whose life each coming year renews,
 To your sweet cups the Heaven shall yield
 The purest of its nectar-dews !
 Steeped in the light's resplendent streams,
 The hues that streak the Iris-Bow
 Shall trim your blooms as with the beams
 The looks of young Aurora know.

THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL.

The budding life of happy Spring,
The yellow Autumn's faded leaf,
Alike to gentle Hearts shall bring
The symbols of my joy and grief.

THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL.

[This, originally called the "Burger-Lay," is one of the poems which Schiller has devoted to his favourite subject—the Progress of Society,]

I.

WIND in a garland the ears of gold,
Azure Cyanes¹ inwoven be!
Oh, how gladly shall eye behold
The Queen who comes in her majesty.
Man with man in communion mixing,
Taming the wild ones where she went;
Into the peace of the homestead fixing
Lawless bosom and shifting tent.²

II.

Darkly hid in cave and cleft
Shy, the Troglodyte abode;
Earth a waste, was found and left
Where the wandering Nomad strode:
Deadly with the spear and shaft,
Prowled the Hunter through the land;
Woe the Stranger, waves may waft
On an ever-fatal strand!

III.

Thus was all to Ceres, when
Searching for her ravished child,
(No green culture smiling then,)
O'er the drear coasts bleak and wild,
Never shelter did she gain,
Never friendly threshold trod;
All unbuilt then the Fane,
All unheeded then the god!

IV.

Not with golden corn-ears strewed
Were the ghastly altar-stones;
Bleaching there, and gore-embued,
Lay the unhallowed Human bones!
Wide and far, where'er she roved,
Still reigned Misery over all;
And her mighty soul was moved
At Man's universal fall.

V.

"What! can this be Man—to whom
Our own godlike form was given—
Likeness of the shapes that bloom
In the Garden-Mount of Heaven?"

1. The corn-flowers.

2. "This first strophe," observes Hoffmeister, "is opened by the chorus of the whole festive assembly. A smaller chorus, or a single narrator, passes then to the *recitative*, and traces the progress of mankind through Agriculture."

Was not Earth on Man bestowed?
 Earth itself his kingly home!
 Roams he through his bright abode,
 Homeless wheresoe'er he roam?

VI.

"Will no god vouchsafe to aid?—
 None of the Celestial choir—
 Lift the demigod we made
 From the slough and from the mire?
 No, the grief they ne'er have known,
 Calmly the Celestials scan!
 I—The Mother—I, alone
 Have a heart that feels for Man!

VII.

"Let—that Men to Man may soar—
 Man and Earth with one another
 Make a compact evermore—
 Man the Son, and Earth the Mother.
 Let their laws the Seasons show,
 Time itself Man's teacher be;
 And the sweet Moon moving slow
 To the starry Melody!"

VIII.

Gently brightening from the cloud,
 Round her image, veil-like, thrown;
 On the startled savage crowd
 Lo! the goddess-glory shone!
 Soft, the goddess-glory stole
 On their War-feast o'er the Dead;
 Fierce hands offered her the bowl
 With the blood of foemen red.

IX.

Loathing, turned the gentle Queen,
 Loathing, shuddering, turned—and said,
 "Ne'er a godhead's lips have been
 With the food of tigers fed.
 Offering pure that ne'er pollutes,
 Be to purer Beings given,
 Summer flowers and autumn fruits
 Please the Family of Heaven."

X.

And the wrathful spear she takes
 From the Hunter's savage hand,
 With the shaft of Murder,—breaks
 Into furrows the light sand;
 From her spiked wreath she singles
 Out a golden seed of corn,
 With the earth the germ she mingles,
 And the mighty birth is born!

XI.

Robing now the rugged ground—
 Glints the budding lively green,

THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL.

Now—a Golden Forest—round
 Waves the Mellow Harvest's Sheen!—
 And the goddess blessed the Earth,
 Bade the earliest sheaf be bound—
 Chose the landmark for a hearth,
 And serenely smiling round,

XII.

Spoke in prayer—"O Father King,
 On thine Ether-Hill divine—
 Take, O Zeus, this offering,
 Let it soften Thee to thine!
 From thy People's eyes—away,
 Roll the vapour coiled below;
 Let the hearts untaught to pray
 Learn the Father-God to know!"

XIII.

And his gentle Sister's prayer,
 To the High Olympian came
 Thundering through a cloudless air
 Flashed the consecrating flame;—
 On the holy sacrifice,
 Bright the wreathed lightning leaps;
 And in circles through the skies,
 Jove's good-omened Eagle sweeps.

XIV.

Low at the feet of the great Queen, low¹
 Fall the crowd in a glad devotion;
 First then, first the rude souls know
 Human channels of sweet emotion—
 Cast to the Earth is the gory spear,
 Wakened a soft sense blind before;
 Hushed in delight, from her lips they hear
 Mildest accents and wisest lore!

XV.

Thither from their thrones descending,
 All the Blest ones brightly draw;
 Sceptred Themis, order-blending,
 Metes the right and gives the law:²
 Teaches each one to respect
 What his Neighbour's landmarks girth;
 Bids attesting Styx protect
 What the mortal owns on earth.

XVI.

Hither limps the god, whom all³
 Life's inventive Arts obey,
 Highly skilled is he to call
 Shape from metal, use from clay!

¹ Here the full chorus chime in again. . . . The Art of Husbandry once commenced,
 the chorus proceed to deduce from it the improvements of all social life.—HOFFMEISTER.
² Property begins with the culture of the Earth, Law and Property.
³ Vulcan. Then follow the technical Arts.

Heave the bellows, rings the clamour
 Of the heavy Anvil, now ;
 Fashioned from the Forge-God's hammer
 O'er the Furrow speeds the Plough !

XVII.

And Minerva, towering proudly
 Over all, with lifted spear,
 Calls in accents ringing loudly
 O'er the millions far and near—¹
 Calls the scattered tribes around ;—
 Soars the rampart—spreads the wall,
 And the scattered tribes have found
 Bulwark each, and union all !

XVIII.

Forth she leads her lordly train,
 O'er the wide earth ;—and where'er
 Prints her conquering step the plain,
 Springs another Landmark there !
 O'er the Hills her empire sweeps ;
 O'er their heights her chain she throws,
 Stream that thundered to the deeps
 Curbed in green banks, gently flows.

XIX.

Nymph and Oread, all who follow
 The fleet-footed Forest-Queen,
 O'er the hill, or through the hollow ;
 Swinging 'light their spears are seen.
 With a merry clamour trooping,
 With bright axes—one and all
 Round the dooméd forest grouping,
 Down the huge pines crackling fall !

XX.

At the hest of Jove's high daughter,
 Heavy load and groaning raft
 O'er his green reed-margined Water
 Doth the River Genius waft.
 In the work, glad hands have found,
 Hour on hour, lighted-footed, flies,
 From the rude trunk, smooth and round,
 Till the polished mast arise !

XXI.

Up leaps now the Ocean God,
 Riving ribbéd Earth asunder ;
 With his wondrous Trident-rod ;—
 And the granite falls in thunder.
 High he swings the mighty blocks,
 As an Infant swings a ball—
 Helped by active Hermes, rocks
 Heaped on rocks—construct the wall.²

¹ Now come the Arts of Polity.

² This refers to the building of Troy.

XXII.

Then from golden strings set free
(Young Apollo's charmed boon)
Triple flows the Harmony,
And the Measure, and the Tune !
With their ninefold symphonies
There the chiming Muses throng,
Stone on stone the walls arise
To the Choral Music-song.¹

XXIII.

By Cybele's cunning hand
Set the mighty Portals are ;
And the huge Lock's safety-band,
And the force-defying Bar.
Swift from those divinest hands
Does the Wondrous City rise—
Bright, amidst, the Temple stands
In the pomp of sacrifice.

XXIV.

With a myrtle garland—there
Comes the Queen,² by gods obeyed,
And she leads the Swain most fair
To the fairest Shepherd-maid !
Venus and her laughing Boy
Did that earliest pair array ;
All the gods, with gifts of joy
Blessed the earliest Marriage Day !

XXV.

Through the Hospitable Gate
Flock the City's new-born sons,
Marshalled in harmonious state
By that choir of Holy ones.
At the Altar-shrine of Jove
High—the Priestess Ceres stands
Folding, the mute Crowd above,
Blessed and all-blessing hands !

XXVI.

In the waste the Beast is free,
And the god upon his throne !
Unto each the curb must be
But the nature each doth own
Yet the Man—(betwixt the two)
Must to man allied, belong ;
Only Law and Custom through
Is the Mortal free and strong !

XXVII.

Wind in a garland the ears of gold,
Azure Cyanes inwoven be ;
Oh how gladly shall eye behold
The Queen, who comes in her majesty !

¹ A felicitous allusion to the Walls of Thebes, built according to the fable to the sound of the Muses.

² Juno, the goddess presiding over marriage.

Man to man in communion bringing,
 Hers are the sweets of Home and Hearth,
 Honour and praise, and hail her, singing,
 "Hail to the Mother and Queen of Earth!"

PARABLES AND RIDDLES.

I.

FROM Pearls her lofty bridge she weaves,
 A gray sea arching proudly over;
 A moment's toil the work achieves,
 And on the height behold her hover!
 Beneath that arch securely go
 The tallest barks that ride the seas,
 No burthen e'er the bridge may know,
 And as thou seek'st to near—it flees!
 First with the floods it came, to fade
 As rolled the waters from the land;
 Say where that wondrous arch is made,
 And whose the Artist's mighty hand?¹

II.

League after league it hurrieth thee,
 Yet never quits its place;
 It hath no wings wherewith to flee,
 Yet wafts thee over space!
 It is the fleetest boat that e'er
 The wildest wanderer bore:
 As swift as thought itself to bear
 From shore to farthest shore;
 'Tis here and there and everywhere,
 Ere yet a moment's o'er!²

III.

O'er a mighty pasture go,
 Sheep in thousands, silver-white;
 As to-day we see them, so
 In the oldest grandsire's sight.
 They drink (never waxing old)
 Life from an unfailing brook;
 There's a Shepherd to their fold,
 With a silver-horned crook.
 From a gate of gold let out,
 Night by night he counts them over;
 Wide the field they rove about,
 Never hath he lost a rover!
 True the DOG, that helps to lead them,
 One gay RAM in front we see;
 What the Flock and who doth heed them,
 Sheep and Shepherd—tell to me!³

IV.

There is a Mansion vast and fair,
 That doth on unseen pillars rest;

¹ The Rainbow. ² The Sight, or perhaps Light. ³ The Moon and Stars.

PARABLES AND RIDDLES.

No Wanderer leaves the portals there,
 Yet each how brief a guest !
 The craft by which that mansion rose
 No thought can picture to the soul ;
 'Tis lighted by a Lamp which throws
 Its stately shimmer through the whole.
 As crystal clear, it rears aloof
 The single gem which forms its roof,
 And never hath the eye surveyed
 The Master who that Mansion ¹ made.

v.

Up and down two buckets ply,
 A single well within ;
 While the one comes full on high,
 One the deeps must win ;
 Full or empty, never ending,
 Rising now and now descending,
 Always—while you quaff from this,
 That one lost in the abyss,
 From that well the waters living
 Never both together giving.²

vi.

That gentle picture dost thou know,
 Itself its hues and splendour gaining ?
 Some change each moment can bestow,
 Itself as perfect still remaining ;
 It lies within the smallest space,
 The smallest framework forms its girth,
 And yet that picture can embrace
 The mightiest object known on Earth :
 Canst thou to me that crystal name
 (No gem can with its worth compare)
 Which gives all light, and knows no flame ;
 Absorbed is all creation there !—
 That ring can in itself enclose
 The loveliest hues that light the Heaven,
 Yet from it light more lovely goes
 Than all which to it can be given !³

vii.

There stands a Building vast and wide,
 Built in eldest times of yore ;
 Round it may the Rider ride
 For a hundred days or more ;
 And however fast he speed,
 Shall the pile outstrip the steed.
 Many a hundred years have fled,
 'Gainst it Time and Storm have striven,
 Stark and strong it rears its head
 Underneath the Vault of Heaven ;

¹ The Earth and the Firmament.
² Day and Night. It has also
 Present.

been interpreted as Youth and Age, or Past and
³ The Eye.

Soaring here the clouds to meet,
 There the ocean laves its feet.
 Not some pageant-pomp to lend
 Vaunting Pride, or flaunting Power,
 But to shield and to defend
 Doth that Mighty Fabric tower.
 Ne'er its like hath Earth surveyed,
 Though a mortal hand hath made!¹

VIII.

Amidst the Serpent Race is one
 That Earth did never bear;
 In speed and fury there be none
 That can with it compare,—
 With fearful hiss—its prey to grasp
 It darts its dazzling course;
 And locks in one destroying clasp
 The Horseman and the Horse.
 It loves the loftiest heights to haunt—
 No bolt its prey secures,
 In vain its mail may Valour vaunt,
 For steel its fury lures!
 As slightest straw whirled by the wind,
 It snaps the starkest tree;
 It can the might of metal grind,
 How hard so'er it be!
 Yet ne'er but once the Monster tries
 The prey it threats to gain,²
 In its own wrath consumed it dies,
 And while it slays is slain.³

IX.

Six Sisters, from a wondrous pair,⁴
 We take our common birth;
 Our solemn Mother—dark as Care,
 Our Father bright as Mirth,
 Its several virtues each bequeaths;
 The softened shade—the merry glance;
 In endless youth, around you wreathes
 Our undulating dance!
 We shun the darksome hollow cave,
 And bask where daylight glows;
 Our magic life to Nature gave
 The soul her beauty knows.
 Blithe messengers of Spring, we lead
 Her jocund train—we flee
 The dreary chambers of the Dead,—
 Where life is—there are we!
 To Happiness essential things,
 Where Man enjoys we live—

¹ The Wall of China.

² "Hat zwei mal nur gedroht." For *nur* should be read *nur*.

³ Lightning.

⁴ Black and White. Here Schiller adopts Goethe's theory of colours, and supposes that they are formed from the mixture of Light and Darkness—*i.e.*, the Children of Night and Day. In his earlier poem of "The Artists," the noble image which concludes the poem is taken from the different theory of Newton. According to the former theory, the Colours are six in number—according to the latter, seven.—HORFMEISTER.

PARABLES AND RIDDLES.

111

Whate'er the Pomp that blazons kings,
'Tis ours the pomp to give!¹

X.

What's that, the Poor's most precious Friend
Nor less by kings respected—
Contrived to pierce, contrived to rend,
And to the sword connected.
It draws no blood, and yet doth wound;
Makes rich, but ne'er with spoil;
It prints, as Earth it wanders round,
A blessing on the soil.
Though eldest cities it hath built—
Bade mightiest kingdoms rise, it
Ne'er fired to War, nor roused to guilt;
Weal to the states that prize it!²

XI.

In a Dwelling of stone I conceal,
My existence obscure and asleep;
But forth at the clash of the steel,
From my slumber exulting I leap!
At first, all too feeble for strife,
As a dwarf I appear to thine eye;
A drop could extinguish my life—
But my wings soon expand to the sky!
Let the might of my Sister³ afford
Its aid to those wings when unfurled,
And I grow to a terrible lord,
Whose anger can ravage the world.⁴

XII.

Revolving round a Disk I go,
One restless journey o'er and over;
The smallest field my wanderings know,
Thy hands the space could cover:
Yet many a thousand miles are past,
In circling round that field so narrow,
My speed outstrips the swiftest blast—
The strongest bowman's arrow!⁵

XIII.

It is a Bird—whose swiftness flees,
Fast as an Eagle through the Air;
It is a Fish—and cleaves the seas,
Which ne'er a mightier monster bear
It is an Elephant, whose form
Is crowned with a castle-keep;
And now, all like the spider-worm,
Spinning its white webs—see it creep!
It hath an iron fang; and where
That fang is grappled hold doth gain,
It roots its rock-like footing there,
And braves the baffled Hurricane.⁶

¹ The Colours.
² The Ploughshare.
³ Viz., the Air.

⁴ Fire.
⁵ The Shade on the Dial.
⁶ The Ship.

THE MIGHT OF SONG.

In the two poems—"The Might of Song"—and that to which, in the translation, we have given the paraphrastic title "Honour to Woman" (*Würde der Frauen*), are to be found those ideas which are the well streams of so much of Schiller's noblest inspiration:—1st, An intense and religious conviction of the lofty character and sublime ends of the true poet 2nd, A clear sense of what is most lovely in woman, and a chivalrous devotion to the virtues of which he regards her as the Personation and Prototype. It is these two articles in his poetical creed which constitute Schiller so peculiarly the Poet of *Gentlemen*—not the gentlemen of convention, but the gentlemen of nature—that Aristocracy of feeling and sentiment which are the flower of the social world; chivalrously inclined to whatever is most elevated in Art—chivalrously inclined to whatever is most tender in emotion. The Nobility of the North, which Tacitus saw in its rude infancy, has found in Schiller not only the voice of its mature greatness, but the Ideal of its great essentials

A RAIN-FLOOD from the Mountain riven,
It leaps in thunder forth to-day;
Before its rush the crags are driven,
The oaks uprooted whirled away!
Awe—yet in awe all wildly gladd'ning,
The startled wanderer halts below;
He hears the rock-born waters madd'ning,
Nor wits the source from whence they go,—
So, from their high, mysterious Founts, along,
Stream on the silenced world the Waves of Song

Knit with the threads of life, for ever,
By those dread Powers that weave the woof,—
Whose art the singer's spell can sever?
Whose breast has mail to music proof?
Lo, to the Bard, a wand of wonder
The Herald¹ of the gods has given:
He sinks the soul the death-realm under,
Or lifts it breathless up to heaven—
Half sport, half earnest, rocking its devotion
Upon the tremulous ladder of emotion.

As, when in hours the least unclouded
Portentous, strides upon the scene—
Some Fate, before from wisdom shrouded,
And awes the startled souls of Men—
Before that Stranger from ANOTHER,
Behold how THIS world's great ones bow,
Mean joys their idle clamour smother,
The mask is vanished from the brow—
And from Truth's sudden, solemn flag unfurled,
Fly all the craven Falsehoods of the World!

So, Song—like Fate itself—is given,
To scare the idler thoughts away,
To raise the Human to the Holy,
To wake the Spirit from the Clay!²
One with the gods the Bard: before him
All things unclean and earthly fly—

¹ Hermes.

² Thus somewhat obscure, but lofty comparison, by which Poetry is likened to some fate that rouses men from the vulgar littleness of sensual joy, levels all ranks for the moment, and appals conventional falsehoods with unlooked-for truth, Schiller had made, though in rugged and somewhat bombastic prose, many years before—as far back as the first appearance of "The Robbers."

HONOUR TO WOMAN.

Hushed are all meaner powers, and o'er him
The dark fate swoops unharmed by;
And while the Soother's magic measures flow,
Smoothed every wrinkle on the brows of Woe!

Even as a child, that, after pining
For the sweet absent mother—hears
Her voice—and, round her neck entwining
Young arms, vents all his soul in tears;—
So, by harsh Custom far estranged,
Along the glad and guileless track,
To childhood's happy home unchanged,
The swift song wafts the wanderer back—
Snatched from the cold and formal world, and prest
By the Great Mother to her glowing breast!

HONOUR TO WOMAN.

[Literally, "Dignity of Women."]

HONOUR to Woman! To her it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of Heaven!
All blessed, she linketh the Loves in their choir—
In the veil of the Graces her beauty concealing,
She tends on each altar that's hallowed to Feeling,
And keeps ever-living the fire!

From the bounds of Truth careering,
Man's strong spirit wildly sweeps,
With each hasty impulse veering,
Down to Passion's troubled deeps.
And his heart, contented never,
Greeds to grapple with the Far,
Chasing his own dream for ever,
On through many a distant Star!

But Woman with looks that can charm and enchain,
Lureth back at her beck the wild truant again,
By the spell of her presence beguiled—
In the home of the Mother her modest abode,
And modest the manners by Nature bestowed
On Nature's most exquisite child!

Bruised and worn, but fiercely breasting,
Foe to foe, the angry strife;
Man the Wild One, never resting,
Roams along the troubled life;
What he planneth, still pursuing;
Vainly as the Hydra bleeds,
Crest the severed crest renewing—
Wish to withered wish succeed.

But Woman at peace with all being, reposes,
And seeks from the Moment to gather the roses—
Whose sweets to her culture belong.
Ah! richer than he, though his soul reigneth o'er
The mighty dominion of Genius and Lore,
And the infinite Circle of Song.

Strong, and proud, and self-dependeing,
 Man's cold bosom beats alone ;
 Heart with heart divinely blending,
 In the love that gods have known,
 Souls' sweet interchange of feeling,
 Melting tears—he never knows,
 Each hard sense the hard one steeling,
 Arms against a world of foes.

Alive, as the wind-harp, how lightly soever
 If wooed by the Zephyr, to music will quiver,
 Is Woman to Hope and to Fear ;
 Ah, tender one ! still at the shadow of grieving,
 How quiver the chords—how thy bosom is heaving—
 How trembles thy glance through the tear !

Man's dominion, war and labour ;
 Might to right the Statute gave ;
 Laws are in the Scythian's sabre ;
 Where the Mede reigned—see the Slave !
 Peace and Meekness grimly routing,
 Prowls the War-lust, rude and wild ;
 Eris rages, hoarsely shouting,
 Where the vanished Graces smiled.

But Woman, the Soft One, persuasively prayeth—
 Of the life¹ that she charmeth, the sceptre she swayeth ;
 She lulls, as she looks from above,
 The Discord whose Hell for its victims is gaping,
 And blending awhile the for-ever escaping,
 Whispers Hate to the Image of Love !

THE WORDS OF BELIEF.

THREE Words will I name thee—around and about,
 From the lip to the lip, full of meaning, they flee ;
 But they had not their birth in the being without,
 And the heart, not the lip, must their oracle be !
 And all worth in the man shall for ever be o'er
 When in those Three Words he believes no more.

Man is made FREE !—Man, by birthright is free,
 Though the tyrant may deem him but born for his tool.
 Whatever the shout of the rabble may be—
 Whatever the ranting misuse of the fool—
 Still fear not the Slave, when he breaks from his chain,
 For the Man made a Freeman grows safe in his gain.

And VIRTUE is more than a shade or a sound,
 And Man may her voice, in this being, obey ;
 And though ever he slip on the stony ground,
 Yet ever again to the godlike way,
 To the science of Good though the Wise may be blind,
 Yet the practice is plain to the childlike mind.

And a GOD there is !—over Space, over Time,
 While the Human Will rocks, like a reed, to and fro,
 Lives the Will of the Holy—A Purpose Sublime,
 A Thought woven over creation below ;

¹ Literally, "the Manners." The French word *mœurs* corresponds best with the German.

THE MERCHANT.

Changing and shifting the All we inherit,
 But changeless through all One Immutable Spirit !
 Hold fast the Three Words of Belief—though about
 From the lip to the lip, full of meaning, they flee ;
 Yet they take not their birth from the being without—
 But a voice from within must their oracle be ;
 And never all worth in the Man can be o'er,
 Till in those Three Words he believes no more.

THE WORDS OF ERROR.

THREE Errors there are, that for ever are found
 On the lips of the good, on the lips of the best ;
 But empty their meaning and hollow their sound—
 And slight is the comfort they bring to the breast.
 The fruits of existence escape from the clasp
 Of the seeker who strives, but those shadows to grasp—
 So long as Man dreams of some Age in this life
 When the Right and the Good will all evil subdue ;
 For the Right and the Good lead us ever to strife,
 And wherever they lead us, the Fiend will pursue.
 And (till from the earth borne, and stifled at length)
 The earth that he touches still gifts him with strength !
 So long as Man fancies that Fortune will live,
 Like a bride with her lover, united with Worth ;
 For her favours, alas ! to the mean she will give—
 And Virtue possesses no title to earth !
 That Foreigner wanders to regions afar,
 Where the lands of her birthright immortally are !
 So long as Man dreams that, to mortals a gift,
 The Truth in her fulness of splendour will shine ;
 The veil of the goddess no earth-born may lift,
 And all we can learn is—to guess and divine !
 Dost thou seek, in a dogma, to prison her form ?
 The spirit flies forth on the wings of the storm !
 O, Noble Soul ! fly from delusions like these,
 More heavenly belief be it thine to adore ;
 Where the Ear never hearkens, the Eye never sees,
 Meet the rivers of Beauty and Truth evermore !
 Not without thee the streams—there the Dull seek them ;—No !
 Look within thee—behold both the fount and the flow !

THE MERCHANT.

WHERE sails the ship ?—It leads the Tyrian forth
 For the rich amber of the liberal North.
 Be kind, ye seas—winds lend your gentlest wing,
 May in each creek, sweet wells restoring spring !—

¹ This simile is nobly conceived, but expressed somewhat obscurely. As Hercules contended in vain against Antæus, the Son of Earth—so long as the Earth gave her giant offspring new strength in every fall,—so the soul contends in vain with evil—the natural earth-born enemy, while the very contact of the earth invigorates the enemy for the struggle. And as Antæus was slain at last, when Hercules lifted him from the earth, and strangled him while raised aloft, so can the soul slay the enemy (the desire, the passion, the evil, the earth's offspring), when bearing it from earth itself, and stifling it in the higher air.

To you, ye gods, belong the Merchant!—o'er
 The waves, his sails the wide world's goods explore;
 And, all the while, wherever waft the gales,
 The wide world's good sails with him as he sails!

THE GERMAN ART.

By no kind Augustus reared,
 To no Medici endeared,
German Art arose;
 Fostering glory smiled not on her,
 Ne'er with kingly smiles to sun her,
 Did her blooms uncloze.

No—she went by Monarchs slighted—
 Went unhonoured, unrequited,
 From high Frederick's throne;
 Praise and Pride be all the greater,
 That Man's genius did create her,
 From Man's worth alone.

Therefore, all from loftier mountains,
 Purers wells and richer Fountains,
 Streams our Poet-Art;
 So no rule to curb its rushing—
 All the fuller flows it gushing
 From its deep—The Heart!

THE WALK.

This (excepting only "The Artists," written some years before) is the most elaborate of those poems which, classed under the name of *Culture Historie*, Schiller has devoted to the Progress of Civilization. Schiller himself esteemed it amongst the greatest of the poems he had thitherto produced—and his friends, from Goethe to Humboldt, however divided in opinion as to the relative merit of his other pieces, agreed in extolling this one. It must be observed, however, that Schiller had not then composed the narrative poems, which bear the name of *Ballads*, and which are confessedly of a yet higher order—inasmuch as the *Narrative*, in itself, demands much higher merits than the *Didactic*.¹ It is also reasonably to be objected to all Schiller's poems of this *Culture-Historic School* (may we be pardoned the use of the German barbarism) that the leading idea of the Progress of Civilization, however varied as to form in each, is essentially repeated in all. Nor can we omit this occasion of inculcating one critical doctrine, which seems to us highly important, and to which the theories of Schiller's intimate and over-refining friend, William Von Humboldt, were strongly opposed. The object of Poetry, differing essentially from that of abstract wisdom, is not directly to address the Reasoning faculty—but insensibly to rouse it through the popular medium of the emotions. Science aims at Truth, and through Truth may arrive at Beauty. Poetry or Art aims at Beauty, and through Beauty it cannot fail to arrive at Truth. The fault of "The Walk," of "The Artists"—more than all of "The Ideal and the Actual Life," not to specify some other poems, less elaborately scholastic—is, that they strain too much the faculty with which Poetry has least to do—viz., the mere Reason. Poetry ought, it is true, to bear aloft and to sustain the mind in a state of elevation—but through the sentiment or the passion. It fails in something when it demands a high degree of philosophy or knowledge in the reader to admire—nay, to comprehend it. It ought not to ask a prepared audience, but to raise any audience it may address. Milton takes the sublimest theme he can find—he adorns it with all his stately genius and his multiform learning; but, except in two or three passages (which are really defects in his great whole), he contrives to keep within reach of very ordinary understandings. Because the Poet is wise, he is not for that reason to demand wisdom from his readers. In the poem of "The Walk," it is only after repeated readings that we can arrive at what seems to us its great and distinctive purpose—apart from the mere recital of the changes of the Social State. According to our notion, the purpose is this—the intimate and necessary connection between Man and Nature—the

¹ Schiller perhaps disclaimed the title of *Didactic* for this poem, as for "The Artists"—yet *Didactic* both poems unquestionably are.

THE WALK.

Social State and the Natural. The Poet commences with the actual Landscape, he describes the scenery of his walk: Rural Life—viz, Nature in the Fields—suggests to him the picture of the Early Pelasgian or Agricultural life—Nature is then the *Companion* of Man. A sudden turn in the Landscape shows him the popular avenues which in Germany conduct to cities. He beholds the domes and towers of the distant town—and this suggests to him the alteration from the rural life to the civic—still Nature is his guide. But in cities Man has ceased to be the companion of Nature—he has become her *Ruler* (der Herrscher). In this altered condition the Poet depicts the growth of Civilization, till he arrives at the Invention of Printing. Light then breaks upon the Blind—Man desires not only to be Lord of Nature, but to dispense with her. "Instead of Necessity and Nature he would appoint Liberty and Reason." Reason shouts for Liberty—so do the Passions, and both burst from the wholesome control of Nature. He then reviews the corruption of Civilization under the old French Régime; he likens Man, breaking from this denaturalized state, to the tiger escaping from its den into the wilderness; and suggests the great truth, that it is only by a return to Nature that he can regain his true liberty and redemption. Not, indeed (as Hoffmeister truly observes), the savage Nature to which Rousseau would reduce Man—that, Schiller was too wise to dream of, and to which virtuous to desire; but that Nature which has not more its generous liberty than its holiness—that Nature which is but the word for Law—God's Law. He would not lead Man back to Nature in its infancy, but advance him to Nature in its perfection. The moral Liberty of a well-ordered condition of society is as different from the physical liberty lusted after by the French Revolutionists, as (to borrow Cowley's fine thought) "the solitude of a god from the solitude of a wild beast." And finally, after this general association of Nature with Mankind, the Poet awakens as from a dream, to find himself individually alone with Nature, and concludes, in some of the happiest lines he ever wrote, by insisting on that eternal youthfulness of Nature, which links itself with its companion Poetry. "The Sun of Homer smiles upon us still." In the original German, the poem is composed in the long rhymeless metre, which no one has succeeded, or can succeed, in rendering into English melody. But happily, the true beauty of the composition, like most of Schiller's (unlike most of Goethe's), is independent of *form*; consisting of ideas, not easily deprived of their effect, into what mould soever they may be thrown. . . . In the above remarks we have sought to remove the only drawback the general reader may find, to the pleasure to be derived from the poem in the original—to lighten the weight upon his intellect, and define the purpose of the design. As to execution, even in translation, the sense of beauty must be dull in those who cannot perceive the exquisite merits of the preliminary description—the rapid vigour with which Herder called "the World of Scenes," shifts and shimmers, and the grand divisions of Human History are seized and outlined—and the noble reflections which, after losing himself in the large interests of the multitude, Solitude forces upon the Poet at the close.

HAIL, mine own hill—ye bright'ning hill-tops, hail!
Hail, sun, that gild'st them with thy looks of love!
Sweet fields!—ye lindens, murmuring to the gale!
And ye gay choristers the boughs above!
And thou, the Blue Immeasurable CALM,
O'er mount and forest, motionless and bright,
Thine airs breathe through me their reviving balm,
And the heart strengthens as it drinks thy light!
Thou gracious Heaven! man's prison-home I flee—
Loosed from the babbling world, my soul leaps up to thee!

Flowers of all hue are struggling into glow,
Along the blooming fields; yet their sweet strife
Melts into one harmonious concord. Lo,
The path allures me through the pastoral green,
And the wide world of fields! The labouring bee
Hums round me; and on hesitating wing
O'er beds of purple clover quiveringly
Hovers the butterfly.—Save these, all life
Sleeps in the glowing sunlight's steady sheen—
Ev'n from the west, no breeze the lulled airs bring.
Hark—in the calm aloft, I hear the skylark sing

The thicket rustles near—the alders bow
Down their green coronals—and as I pass,

Waves, in the rising wind, the silvering grass.
 Come, day's ambrosial night!—receive me now
 Beneath the roof by shadowy beeches made,
 Cool-breathing! Lost the gentler landscape's bloom!
 And as the path mounts, snake-like, through the shade,
 Deep woods close round me with mysterious gloom;
 Still, through the trellice-leaves, at stolen whiles,
 Glints the stray beam, or the meek azure smiles.
 Again, and yet again, the veil is riven—
 And the glade opening, with a sudden glare,
 Lets in the blinding day! Before me, heaven
 With all its Far-Unbounded!—one blue hill
 Ending the gradual world—in vapour!

Where

I stand upon the mountain-summit, lo,
 As sink its sides precipitous before me,
 'The stream's smooth waves in flying crystal flow
 Through the calm vale beneath. Wide Ether o'er me—
 Beneath, alike, wide Ether endless still!
 Dizzy, I gaze aloft—shuddering, I look below!
 A railéd path betwixt the eternal height—
 And the eternal deep allures me on.
 Still, as I pass—all laughing in delight,
 The rich shores glide along; and in glad toil,
 Glories the pranksome vale with variegated soil.
 Each feature that divides what labour's son
 Claims for his portion from his labouring brother;
 Broidering the veil wrought by the Mighty Mother.¹
 Hedgerow and bound—those friendly scrolls of law,—
 LAW, Man's sole guardian ever since the time
 When the old Brazen Age, in sadness saw
 Love fly the world!

Now, through the harmonious meads,
 One glimmering path, or lost in forests, leads,
 Or up the winding hill doth labouring climb—
 The highway link of lands dissevered—glide
 'The quiet rafts adown the placid tide;
 And through the lively fields, heard faintly, goes
 The many sheep-bells' music—and the song
 Of the lone herdsman, from its vexed repose,
 Rouses the gentle echo!—Calm, along
 The stream, gay hamlets crown the pastoral scene,
 Or peep through distant glades, or from the hill
 Hang dizzy down! Man and the soil serene
 Dwell neighbour-like together—and the still
 Meadow sleeps peaceful round the rural door—
 And, all-familiar, wreathes and clusters o'er
 The lowly casement, the green bough's embrace,
 As with a loving arm, clasping the gentle place!
 O happy People of the Fields, not yet
 Wakened to freedom from the gentle will
 Of the wild Nature, still content to share
 With your own fields earth's elementary law!
 Calm harvests to calm hopes the boundary set,
 And peaceful as your daily labour, there,

¹ Demeter.

Creep on your careless lives!¹

But ah! what steals
Between me and the scenes I lately saw—
A stranger spirit a strange world reveals.
A world with method, ranks, and orders rise—
And rends the simple unity of life.
The vista'd Poplars in their long array
The measured pomp of social forms betray.
That stately train proclaims the Ruler nigh;
And now the bright domes glitter to the sky,
And now from out the rocky kernel flowers
The haughty CITY, with its thousand towers!
Yet though the Fauns² back to their wilds have flown,
Devotion lends them loftier life in stone.
Man with his fellow-man more closely bound—
The world without begirts and cramps him round;
But in that world within the widening soul,
The unpausing wheels in swifter orbits roll.
See how the iron powers of thoughtful skill
Are shaped and quickened by the fire of strife;
Through contest great—through union greater still.
To thousand hands a single soul gives life—
In thousand breasts a single heart is beating—
Beats for the country of the common cause—
Beats for the old hereditary laws—
The earth itself made dearer by the dead—
And by the gods (whom mortal steps are meeting),
Come from their heaven, large gifts on men to shed.
Ceres, the plough—the anchor, Mercury—
Bacchus, the grape—the Sovereign of the sea,
The horse;—the olive brings the Blue-eyed Maid—
While towered Cybele yokes her lion-car,
Entering in peace the hospitable gate—
A Goddess-Citizen!

All-blest ye are,
Ye Solemn Monuments! ye men and times
That did from shore to shore, and state to state,
Transplant the beauty of humanity!
Forth send far islands, from the gentler climes,
Their goodly freight—the manners and the arts
In simple courts the Patriarchal Wise
By social Gates adjudge the unpurchased right.³
To deathless fields the ardent hero flies,
To guard the hearths that sanctify the fight;
And women from the walls, with anxious hearts
Beating beneath the infants nestled there,
Watch the devoted band, till from their eyes,
In the far space, the steel-clad pageant dies—
Then, falling by the altars, pour the prayer,

¹ Here the Poet (after a slight and passing association of Man's more primitive state with the rural landscape before him) catches sight of the distant city; and, proceeding to idealize what he thus surveys, brings before the reader, in a series of striking and rapid images, the progressive changes of Civilization.—See PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

² The Fauns here are meant generally to denote all the early rural gods—the primitive Deities of Italy.

³ Alluding to the ancient custom of administering Law in the open places near the town gates.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

Fit for the gods to hear—that worth may earn
 The fame which crowns brave souls that conquer, and—return !
 And fame was yours and conquest !—yet alone
 Fame—and not life returned : your deeds are known
 In words that kindle glory from the stone.
 “Tell Sparta, we, whose record meets thine eye,
 Obed the Spartan laws—and here we lie !”¹
 Sleep soft !—your blood bedews the Olive's bloom,
 Peace sows its harvests in the Patriot's tomb,
 And Trade's great intercourse at once is known
 Where Freedom guards what Labour makes its own.
 The azure River-God his watery fields
 Lends to the raft ;—her home the Dryad yields.
 Down falls the huge oak with a thunder-groan ;
 Winged by the lever soars the quickening stone ;
 Up from the shaft the diving Miner brings
 The metal-mass with which the anvil rings,
 Anvil and hammer keeping measured time
 As the steel sparkles with each heavy chime :—
 The bright web round the dancing spindle gleams ;
 Safe guides the Pilot, through the world of streams,
 The ships that interchange, where'er they roam,
 The wealth of earth—the industry of home ;
 High from the mast the garland-banner waves,
 The Sail bears life upon the wind it braves ;
 Life grows and multiplies where life resorts,
 Life crowds the Masts—life bustles through the Ports,
 And many a language the broad streets within
 Blends on the wondering Ear the Babel and the din.
 And all the harvests of all earth, whate'er
 Hot Afric nurtures in its lurid air,
 Or Araby, the blest one of the Wild,
 Or the Sea's lonely and abandoned child
 Uttermost Thulé,—to one mart are borne,
 And the rich plenty brims starred Amalthæa's horn.
 The nobler Genius prospers with the rest :
 Art draws its aliment from Freedom's breast ;
 Flushed into life, the pictured Image breaks,
 Waked by the chisel, Stone takes soul and speaks !
 On slender Shafts a Heaven of Art reposes,
 And all Olympus one bright Dome encloses.
 Light as aloft we see the Iris spring,
 Light as the arrow flying from the string,
 O'er the wide river, rushing to the Deep,
 The lithe bridge boundeth with its airy leap.

But all the while, best pleased apart to dwell,
 Sits musing Science in its noiseless cell ;
 Draws meaning circles, and with patient mind
 Steals to the Spirit that the whole designed,
 Gropes through the Realm of Matter for its Laws,
 Learns where the Magnet or repels or draws,
 Follows the sound along the air, and flies
 After the lightning through the pathless skies,

¹ Herodotus. The celebrated epitaph on the Spartan tumulus at Thermopylæ.

Seeks through dark Chance's wonder-teeming maze
The Guiding Law which regulates and sways,
Seeks through the shifting evanescent shows
The Central Principle's serene repose.

Now shape and voice—the immaterial Thought
Takes from th' Invented speaking page sublime;
The Ark which Mind has for its refuge wrought,
Its floating Archive down the floods of Time!
Rent from the startled gaze the veil of Night,
O'er old delusions streams the dawning light :—
Man breaks his bonds—ah, blest could he refrain,
Free from the curb, to scorn alike the rein!
"Freedom!" shouts Reason, "Freedom!" wild Desire—
And light to Wisdom is to Passion fire.
From Nature's check bursts forth one hurtling swarm—
Ah, snaps the anchor, as descends the storm!
The sea runs mountains—vanishes the shore,
The mastless wreck drifts endless ocean o'er;
Lost,—Faith—man's polar Star!—nought seems to rest,
The Heart's god, Conscience, darkens from the breast—

Yet first the foulness of the slough discern, }
From which to Freedom Nature seeks return ¹ }
Gone Truth from language, and from life, belief;
The oath itself rots blighted to a lie,
On love's most solemn secrets, on the grief
Or joy that knits the Heart's familiar tie—
Intrudes the Sycophant, and glares the spy.
Suspected friendship from the soul is rent,
The hungry treason snares the innocent—
With rabid slaver, and devouring fangs,
Fast on his prey the foul blasphemer hangs—
Shame from the reason and the heart effaced,
The thought is abject, and the love debased:
Deceit—O Truth, thy holy features steals—
Watches emotion in its candid course—
Betrays what Mirth unconsciously reveals,
And desecrates Man's nature at its source;
And yet the Tribune justice can debate—
And yet the Cot of tranquil Union prate—
And yet a spectre which they call the Law,
Stands by the Kingly throne, the crowd to awe!
For years—for centuries, may the Mummies there,
Mock the warm life whose lying shape they wear,
Till Nature once more from her sleep awakes—
Till to the dust the hollow fabric shakes
Beneath your hands—Avenging Powers sublime,
Your heavy iron hands, NECESSITY and TIME!

'Then, as some Tigress from the grated bar,
Bursts sudden, mindful of her wastes afar,
Deep in Numidian glooms—Humanity,
Fierce in the wrath of wretchedness and crime,

¹ The two lines in brackets are, after much hesitation, interpolated by the translator, in order to maintain the sense, otherwise obscured, if not lost, by the abruptness of the transition. Schiller has already glanced at the French Revolution, but he now goes back to the time preceding it, and the following lines portray the corruption of the old régime.

From the dross and the scum,
 Pure, the fusion must come ;
 For perfect and pure we the metal must keep,
 That its voice may be perfect, and pure, and deep.

That voice, with merry music rise,
 The cherished child shall welcome in ;
 What time the rosy dreams of life,
 In the first slumber's arms begin.
 As yet in Time's dark womb unwarning,
 Repose the days, or foul or fair ;
 And watchful o'er that golden morning,
 The Mother-Love's untiring care !
 And swift the years like arrows fly—
 No more with girls content to play,
 Bounds the proud Boy upon his way,
 Storms through loud life's tumultuous pleasures,
 With pilgrim staff the wide world measures ;
 And, wearied with the wish to roam,
 Again seeks, stranger-like, the Father-Home.
 And, lo, as some sweet vision breaks
 Out from its native morning skies,
 With rosy shame on downcast cheeks,
 The Virgin stands before his eyes.
 A nameless longing seizes him !
 From all his wild companions flown ;
 Tears, strange till then, his eyes bedim ;
 He wanders all alone.
 Blushing, he glides where'er she move ;
 Her greeting can transport him ;
 To every mead to deck his love,
 The happy wild flowers court him !
 Sweet Hope—and tender Longing—ye
 The growth of Life's first Age of Gold
 When the heart, swelling, seems to see
 The gates of heaven unfold !
 O Love, the beautiful and brief ! O prime,
 Glory, and verdure, of life's summer time !

IV.

Browning o'er, the pipes are simmering,
 Dip this wand of clay¹ within ;
 If like glass the wand be glimmering,
 Then the casting may begin.
 Brisk, brisk now, and see
 If the fusion flow free ;
 If—(happy and welcome indeed were the sign !)
 If the hard and the ductile united combine.
 For still where the strong is betrothed to the weak,
 And the stern in sweet marriage is blent with the meek,
 Rings the concord harmonious, both tender and strong :
 So be it with thee, if for ever united,
 The heart to the heart flows in one, love-delighted ;
 Illusion is brief, but Repentance is long.

¹ A piece of clay pipe, which becomes vitrified if the metal is sufficiently heated.

Lovely, thither are they bringing,
 With her virgin wreath, the Bride!
 To the love-feast clearly ringing,
 Tolls the church-bell far and wide!
 With that sweetest holyday,
 Must the May of Life depart;
 With the cestus loosed—away
 Flies ILLUSION from the heart!
 Yet love lingers lonely,
 When Passion is mute,
 And the blossoms may only
 Give way to the fruit.
 The Husband must enter
 The hostile life,
 With struggle and strife,
 To plant or to watch,
 To snare or to snatch,
 To pray and importune,
 Must wager and venture
 And hunt down his fortune!
 Then flows in a current the gear and the gain,
 And the garnerers are filled with the gold of the grain,
 Now a yard to the court, now a wing to the centre!
 Within sits Another,
 The thrifty Housewife;
 The mild one, the mother—
 Her home is her life.
 In its circle she rules,
 And the daughters she schools,
 And she cautions the boys,
 With a bustling command,
 And a diligent hand
 Employed she employs;
 Gives order to store,
 And the much makes the more;
 Locks the chest and the wardrobe, with lavender smelling,
 And the hum of the spindle goes quick through the dwelling
 And she hoards in the presses, well polished and full,
 The snow of the linen, the shine of the wool;
 Blends the sweet with the good, and from care and endeavour
 Rests never!
 Blithe the Master (where the while
 From his roof he sees them smile)
 Eyes the lands, and counts the gain;
 There, the beams projecting far,
 And the laden store-house are,
 And the granaries bowed beneath
 The blessed golden grain;
 There, in undulating motion,
 Wave the corn-fields like an ocean.
 Proud the boast the proud lips breathe:—
 “My house is built upon a rock,
 And sees unmoved the stormy shock
 Of waves that fret below!”
 What chain so strong, what girth so great,
 To bind the giant form of Fate?
 Swift are the steps of Woe.

V.

Now the casting may begin ;
 See the breach indented there :
 Ere we run the fusion in,
 Halt—and speed the pious prayer !
 Pull the bung out—
 See around and about
 What vapour, what vapour—God help us!—has risen?—
 Ha ! the flame like a torrent leaps forth from its prison !
 What friend is like the might of fire
 When man can watch and wield the ire ?
 Whate'er we shape or work, we owe
 Still to that heaven-descended glow.
 But dread the heaven-descended glow,
 When from their chain its wild wings go,
 When, where it listeth, wide and wild
 Sweeps the free Nature's free-born Child !
 When the Frantic One fleets,
 While no force can withstand,
 Through the populous streets
 Whirling ghastly the brand ;
 For the Element hates
 What man's labour creates,
 And the work of his hand !
 Impartially out from the cloud,
 Or the curse or the blessing may fall !
 Benignantly out from the cloud,
 Come the dews, the revivers of all !
 Avengingly out from the cloud
 Come the levin, the bolt, and the ball !
 Hark—a wail from the steeple !—aloud
 The bell shrills its voice to the crowd !
 Look—look—red as blood
 All on high !
 It is not the daylight that fills with its flood
 The sky !
 What a clamour awaking
 Roars up through the street,
 What a hell-vapour breaking
 Rolls on through the street,
 And higher and higher
 Aloft moves the Column of Fire !
 Through the vistas and rows
 Like a whirlwind it goes,
 And the air like the steam from a furnace glows.
 Beams are crackling—posts are shrinking—
 Walls are sinking—windows clinking—
 Children crying—
 Mothers flying—
 And the beast (the black ruin yet smouldering under)
 Yells the howl of its pain and its ghastly wonder !
 Hurry and skurry—away—away,
 The face of the night is as clear as day !
 As the links in a chain,
 Again and again
 Flies the bucket from hand to hand ;

High in arches up-rushing
 The engines are gushing,
 And the flood, as a beast on the prey that it hounds,
 With a roar on the breast of the element bounds.
 To the grain and the fruits,
 Through the rafters and beams,
 Through the barns and the garner it crackles and streams!
 As if they would rend up the earth from its roots,
 Rush the flames to the sky
 Giant-high;
 And at length,
 Wearied out and despairing, man bows to their strength!
 With an idle gaze sees their wrath consume,
 And submits to his doom!
 Desolate
 The place, and dread
 For storms the barren bed.
 In the blank voids that cheerful casements were,
 Comes to and fro the melancholy air,
 And sits despair;
 And through the ruin, blackening in its shroud,
 Peers, as it flits, the melancholy cloud.
 One human glance of grief upon the grave
 Of all that Fortune gave
 The loiterer takes—Then turns him to depart,
 And grasps the wanderer's staff and mans his heart:
 Whatever else the element bereaves
 One blessing more than all it left—it leaves,
 The faces that he loves!—He counts them o'er,
 See—not one look is missing from that store!

VI.

Now clasped the bell within the clay—
 The mould the mingled metals fill—
 Oh, may it, sparkling into day,
 Reward the labour and the skill!
 Alas! should it fail,
 For the mould may be frail—
 And still with our hope must be mingled the fear—
 And, ev'n now, while we speak, the mishap may be near!
 To the dark womb of sacred earth
 This labour of our hands is given,
 As seeds that wait the second birth,
 And turn to blessings watched by heaven!
 Ah seeds, how dearer far than they
 We bury in the dismal tomb,
 Where Hope and Sorrow bend to pray
 That suns beyond the realm of day
 May warm them into bloom!
 From the steeple
 Tolls the bell,
 Deep and heavy,
 The death-knell
 Guiding with diige-note—solemn, sad, and slow,
 To the last home earth's weary wanderers know.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

It is that worshipped wife—
 It is that faithful mother !¹
 Whom the dark Prince of Shadows leads benighted,
 From that dear arm where oft she hung delighted.
 Far from those blithe companions, born
 Of her, and blooming in their morn ;
 On whom, when couched her heart above,
 So often looked the Mother-Love !

Ah ! rent the sweet Home's union-band,
 And never, never more to come—
 She dwells within the shadowy land,
 Who was the Mother of that Home !
 How oft they miss that tender guide,
 The care—the watch—the face—the MOTHER—
 And where she sate the babes beside,
 Sits with unloving looks—ANOTHER !

VII

While the mass is cooling now,
 Let the labour yield to leisure,
 As the bird upon the bough,
 Loose the travail to the pleasure.
 When the soft stars awaken !
 Each task be forsaken !
 And the vesper-bell lulling the earth into peace,
 If the master still toil, chimes the workman's release !

Homeward from the tasks of day,
 Through the greenwood's welcome way
 Wends the wanderer, blithe and cheerly,
 To the cottage loved so dearly !
 And the eye and ear are meeting,
 Now, the slow sheep homeward bleating—
 Now, the wonted shelter near,
 Lowing the lusty-fronted steer ;
 Creaking now the heavy wain,
 Reels with the happy harvest grain.
 While, with many-coloured leaves,
 Glitter the garland on the sheaves :
 For the mower's work is done,
 And the young folks' dance begun !
 Desert street, and quiet mart ;—
 Silence is in the city's heart ;
 And the social taper lighteth
 Each dear face that HOME uniteth ;
 While the gate the town before
 Heavily swings with sullen roar !
 Though darkness is spreading
 O'er earth—the Upright
 And the Honest, undreading,
 Look safe on the night—
 Which the evil man watches in awe,
 For the eye of the Night is the Law !
 Bliss-dowered ! O daughter of the skies.

¹ The translator adheres to the original, in forsaking the rhyme in these lines and some others.

Hail, holy ORDER, whose employ
 Blends like to like in light and joy—
 Builder of cities, who of old
 Called the wild man from waste and wold.
 And, in his hut thy presence stealing,
 Roused each familiar household feeling;
 And, best of all the happy ties,
 The centre of the social band,—
The Instinct of the Fatherland!
 United thus—each helping each,
 Brisk work the countless hands for ever;
 For nought its power to Strength can teach,
 Like Emulation and Endeavour!
 Thus linked the master with the man,
 Each in his rights can each revere,
 And while they march in freedom's van,
 Scorn the lewd rout that dogs the rear!
 To freemen labour is renown!
 Who works—gives blessings and commands;
 Kings glory in the orb and crown—
 Be ours the glory of our hands.
 Long in these walls—long may we greet
 Your footfalls, Peace and Concord sweet!
 Distant the day, oh! distant far,
 When the rude hordes of trampling War
 Shall scare the silent vale;
 And where,
 Now the sweet heaven, when day doth leave
 The air,
 Limns its soft rose-hues on the veil of Eve;
 Shall the fierce war-brand tossing in the gale,
 From town and hamlet shake the horrent glare!

VIII.

Now, its destined task fulfilled,
 Asunder break the prison-mould;
 Let the goodly Bell we build,
 Eye and heart alike behold.
 The hammer down heave,
 Till the cover it cleave:—
 For not till we shatter the wall of its cell
 Can we lift from its darkness and bondage the Bell.
 To break the mould, the master may,
 If skilled the hand and ripe the hour;
 But woe, when on its fiery way
 The metal seeks itself to pour.
 Frantic and blind, with thunder-knell,
 Exploding from its shattered home,
 And glaring forth, as from a hell,
 Behold the red Destruction come!
 When rages strength that has no reason,
 There breaks the mould before the season;
 When numbers burst what bound before,
 Woe to the State that thrives no more!
 Yea, woe, when in the City's heart,
 The latent spark to flame is blown;

And Millions from their silence start,
 To claim, without a guide, their own !
 Discordant howls the warning Bell,
 Proclaiming discord wide and far,
 And, born but things of peace to tell,
 Becomes the ghastliest voice of war :
 "Freedom ! Equality !" —to blood,
 Rush the roused people at the sound !
 Through street, hall, palace, roars the flood,
 And banded murder closes round !
 The hyæna-shapes, (that women were !)
 Jest with the horrors they survey ;
 They hound—they rend—they mangle there—
 As panthers with their prey !
 Nought rests to hallow—burst the ties
 Of life's sublime and reverent awe ;
 Before the Vice the Virtue flies,
 And Universal Crime is Law !
 Man fears the lion's kingly tread ;
 Man fears the tiger's fangs of terror ;
 And still the dreadliest of the dread,
 Is Man himself in error !
 No torch, though lit from Heaven, illumes
 The Blind !—Why place it in his hand ?
 It lights not him—it but consumes
 The City and the Land !

IX.

Rejoice and laud the prospering skies !
 'The kernel bursts its husk—behold
 From the dull clay the metal rise,
 Pure-shining, as a star of gold !
 Neck and lip, but as one beam,
 It laughs like a sunbeam.
 And even the scutcheon, clear-graven, shall tell
 That the art of a master has fashioned the Bell !

Come in—come in
 My merry men—we'll form a ring
 The new-born labour christening ;
 And "CONCORD" we will name her !
 To union may her heart-felt call
 In brother-love attune us all !
 May she the destined glory win
 For which the master sought to frame her—
 Aloft—(all earth's existence under,)
 In blue-pavilioned heaven afar
 To dwell—the Neighbour of the Thunder,
 The Borderer of the Star !
 Be hers above a voice to raise
 Like those bright hosts in yonder sphere,
 Who, while they move, their Maker praise,
 And lead around the wreathéd year !
 To solemn and eternal things
 We dedicate her lips sublime !—
 As hourly, calmly, on she swings—
 Fanned by the fleeting wings of Time !—

THE LAY OF THE BELL.

131

No pulse—no heart—no feeling hers !
 She lends the warning voice to Fate ;
 And still companions, while she stirs,
 The changes of the Human State !
 So may she teach us, as her tone
 But now so mighty, melts away—
 That earth no life which earth has known
 From the last silence can delay !

* * * * *
 Slowly now the cords upheave her !
 From her earth-grave soars the Bell ;
 'Mid the airs of Heaven we leave her !
 In the Music-Realm to dwell !
 Up—upwards—yet raise—
 She has risen—she sways.

Fair Bell to our city bode joy and increase,
 And oh, may thy first sound be hallowed to—PEACE !¹

In "The Walk" we have seen the progress of Society—in "The Bell" we have the Lay of the Life of Man. This is the crowning Flower of that garland of Humanity, which, in his Culture-Historic poems, the hand of Schiller has entwined. In England, "The Lay of the Bell" has been the best known of the Poet's compositions—out of the Drama. It has been the favourite subject selected by his translators ; to say nothing of others (more recent, but with which we own we are unacquainted), the elegant version of Lord Francis Egerton has long since familiarized its beauties to the English public ; and had it been possible to omit from our collection a poem of such importance, we would willingly have declined the task which suggests comparisons disadvantageous to ourselves. The idea of this poem had long been revolved by Schiller.² He went often to a bell-foundry, to make himself thoroughly master of the mechanical process, which he has applied to purposes so ideal. Even from the time in which he began the actual composition of the poem, two years elapsed before it was completed. The work profited by the delay, and as the Poet is generally clear in proportion to his entire familiarity with his own design, so of all Schiller's moral poems this is the most intelligible to the ordinary understanding ; perhaps the more so, because, as one of his commentators has remarked, the principal ideas and images he has already expressed in his previous writings, and his mind was thus free to give itself up more to the form than to the thought. Still we think that the symmetry and *oneness* of the composition have been indiscriminately panegyricized. As the Lay of Life, it begins with Birth, and when it arrives at Death, it has reached its abrupt and final break in the individual interest which has hitherto connected the several portions. Till then, he has had before him the prominent figure of a single man—the one representative of human life—whose baptism the Bell has celebrated, whose youth, wanderings, return to his father's house, love, marriage, prosperity, misfortunes, to the death of the wife, have carried on the progress of the poem ; and this leading figure then recedes altogether from the scene, and the remainder of the poem, till the ninth stanza, losing sight altogether of *individual* life, merely repeats the purpose of "The Walk," and conveys its message in illustrations of *social* life in general. The picture of the French Revolution, though admirably done, is really not only an episode in the main design, but is merely a copy of that already painted, and set in its proper place, in the historical poem of "The Walk."

But whatever weight may be attached, whether to this objection or to others which we have seen elsewhere urged, the "non Ego paucis offendar maculis" may, indeed, be well applied to a poem so replete with the highest excellences—so original in conception—so full of pathos, spirit, and variety in its plan—and so complete in its mastery over form and language. . . . Much of its beauty must escape in translation, even if an English Schiller were himself the translator. For that beauty which belongs to form—the "curiosa felicitas verborum"—is always untranslatable. Witness the Odes of Horace, the greater part of Goethe's Lyrics, and the Choruses of Sophocles. Though the life of Man is portrayed, it is the life of a *German* man. The wanderings, or apprenticeship, of the youth, are not a familiar feature in our own civilization ; the bustling housewife is peculiarly German ; so is the incident of the fire—a misfortune very common in parts of Germany, and which the sound of the church-bell proclaims. Thus that peculiar charm which belongs to the recognition of familiar and household images, in an ideal and

¹ Written in the time of the French war.

² See Life of Schiller, by Madame von Wolzogen.

poetic form, must be in a great measure lost to a foreigner. The thought, too, at the end—the prayer for Peace—is of a local and temporary nature. It breathed the wish of all Germany, during the four years' war with France, and was, at the date of publication—like all temporary allusions—a strong and effective close, to become, after the interest of the allusion ceased, comparatively feeble and non-universal. These latter observations are made, not in depreciation of the poem, but on behalf of it; to show that it has beauties peculiar to the language it was written in, and the people it addressed, of which it must be despoiled in translation.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

“WHO would himself with shadows entertain,
Or gild his life with lights that shine in vain,
Or nurse false hopes that do but cheat the true?—
Though with my dream my heaven should be resigned—
Though the free-opinioned soul that once could dwell
In the large empire of the Possible,
This work-day life with iron chains may bind,
Yet thus the mastery o'er ourselves we find,
And solemn duty to our acts decreed,
Meets us thus tutored in the hour of need,
With a more sober and submissive mind!
How front Necessity—yet bid thy youth
Shun the mild rule of life's calm sovereign, Truth.”
So speak'st thou, friend, how stronger far than I;
As from Experience—that sure port serene—
Thou look'st;—and straight, a coldness wraps the sky,
The summer glory withers from the scene,
Scared by the solemn spell; behold them fly,
The godlike images that seemed so fair!
Silent the playful Muse—the rosy Hours
Halt in their dance; and the May-breathing flowers
Fall from the sister-Graces' waving hair.
Sweet-mouthed Apollo breaks his golden lyre,
Hermes, the wand with many a marvel rise;—
The veil, rose-woven, by the young Desire
With dreams, drops from the hueless cheeks of Life.
The world seems what it is—A Grave! and Love
Casts down the bondage wound his eyes above,
And sees!—He sees but images of clay
Where he dreamed gods; and sighs—and glides away.
The youngness of the Beautiful grows old,
And on thy lips the bride's sweet kiss seems cold;
And in the crowd of joys—upon thy throne
Thou sitt'st in state, and hardenest into stone.

THE ANTIQUE AT PARIS.

(FREE TRANSLATION.)

WHAT the Greek wrought, the vaunting Frank may gain,
And waft the pomp of Hellas to the Seine:
His proud museums may with marble groan,
And Gallia gape on Glories not her own;
But ever silent in the ungenial Halls
Shall stand the Statues on their pedestals.
By him alone the Muses are possess'd,
Who warms them from the Marble—at his breast;
Bright, to the Greek, from stone each goddess grew—
Vandals, each goddess is but stone to you!

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

To flaunt the fair shape of Humanity,
 Lewd Mockery dragged thee through the mire it trod.¹
 Wit wars with Beauty everlastingly—
 Yearns for no Angel—worships to no God—
 Views the heart's wealth, to steal it as the thief—
 Assails Delusion, but to kill Belief.
 Yet the true Poetry—herself, like thee,
 Sprung from the younger race, a shepherd maid,
 Gives thee her birthright of Divinity,
 Thy wrongs in life in her star-worlds repaid.
 Sweet Virgin-Type of Thought, pure, brave, and high—
 The Heart created thee—thou canst not die.
 The mean world loves to darken what is bright,
 To see to dust each loftier image brought;
 But fear not—souls there are that can delight
 In the high Memory and the stately Thought;
 To ribald mirth let Momus rouse the mart,
 But forms more noble glad the noble heart.

THEKLA.

(A SPIRIT VOICE.)

[It was objected to Schiller's "Wallenstein," that he had suffered Thekla to disappear from the play without any clear intimation of her fate. These stanzas are his answer to the objection.]

WHERE am I? whither borne? From thee
 As soars my fleeting shade above?
 Is not all being closed for me,
 And over life and love?—
 Wouldst ask, where wing their flight away
 The Nightbirds that enraptured air
 With Music's soul in happy May?
 But while they loved—they were!
 And have I found the Lost again?
 Yes, I with him at last am wed;
 Where hearts are never rent in twain,
 And tears are never shed.
 There, wilt thou find us welcome thee,
 When thy life to our life shall glide;
 My father,² too, from sin set free,
 Nor Murder at his side—
 Feels there, that no delusion won
 His bright faith to the starry spheres;
 Each faith (nor least the boldest one)
 Still towards the Holy nears.
 There word is kept with Hope; to wild
 Belief a lovely truth is given!
 O dare to err and dream!—the child
 Has instincts of the Heaven!

¹ Voltaire, in "The Pucelle."

² Wallenstein :—the next stanza alludes to the belief in Astrology—of which such beautiful uses have been made by Schiller in his solemn tragedy.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

WILLIAM TELL.

[Lines accompanying the copy of Schiller's Drama of "William Tell," presented to the Arch-Chancellor von Dalberg.]

I.

In that fell strife, when force with force engages,
And Wrath stirs bloodshed—Wrath with blindfold eyes—
When, midst the war which raving Faction wages,
Lost in the roar—the voice of Justice dies,
When but for license, Sin the shameless rages,
Against the Holy, when the Wilful rise,
When lost the Anchor which makes Nations strong
Amidst the storm,—there is no theme for song.

II.

But when a Race, tending by vale and hill
Free flocks, contented with its rude domain—
Bursts the hard bondage with its own great will,
Lets fall the sword when once it rends the chain,
And, flushed with Victory, can be human still—
There blest the strife, and then inspired the strain.
Such is my theme—to thee not strange, 'tis true,
Thou in the Great canst never find the New !¹

ARCHIMEDES.

To Archimedes once a scholar came,
"Teach me," he said, "the Art that won thy fame ;—
The godlike Art which gives such boons to toil,
And showers such fruit upon thy native soil ;—
The godlike Art that girt the town when all
Rome's vengeance burst in thunder on the wall ! "
"Thou call'st Art godlike—it is so, in truth,
And was," replied the Master to the youth,
"Ere yet its secrets were applied to use—
Ere yet it served beleaguered Syracuse :—
Ask'st thou from Art, but what the Art is worth ?
The fruit ?—for fruit go cultivate the Earth.—
He who the goddess would aspire unto,
Must not the goddess as the woman woo ! "

CARTHAGE.

THOU, of the nobler Mother Child degenerate ;—all the while
That with the Roman's Might didst match the Tyrian's crafty guile ;
The one through strength subdued the earth—that by its strength it ruled—
Through cunning earth the other stole, and by the cunning schooled—
With iron as the Roman, thou (let History speak) didst gain
The empire which with gold thou as the Tyrian didst maintain.

COLUMBUS.

STEER on, bold Sailor—Wit may mock thy soul that sees the land,
And hopeless at the helm may droop the weak and weary hand,

¹ The concluding point in the original requires some paraphrase in translation.—
Schiller's lines are—

Und solch ein Bild darf ich dir freudig zeigen
Du kennst's—denn alles Grosse ist dein eigen.

YET EVER—EVER TO THE WEST, for there the coast must lie,
 And dim it dawns and glimmering dawns before thy reason's eye ;
 Yea, trust the guiding god—and go along the floating grave,
 Though hid till now—yet now, behold the New World o'er the wave !
 With Genius Nature ever stands in solemn union still,
 And ever what the One foretells the Other shall fulfil.

NÆNIA.¹

THE Beautiful, that men and gods alike subdues, must perish ;
 For pity ne'er the iron breast of Stygian Jove² shall cherish !
 Once only—Love, by aid of Song, the Shadow-Sovereign thrall'd,
 And at the dreary threshold he again the boon recalled.
 Not Aphrodite's heavenly tears to love and life restored
 Her own adored Adonis, by the grisly monster gored !
 Not all the art of Thetis saved her godlike hero son,
 When, falling by the Scæan gate, his race of glory run !
 But forth she came, with all the nymphs of Nereus, from the deep,
 Around the silence of the Dead to sorrow and to weep.
 See tears are shed by every god and goddess, to survey
 How soon the Beautiful is past, the Perfect dies away !
 Yet noble sounds the voice of wail—and woe the Dead can grace ;
 For never wail and woe are heard to mourn above the Base !

JOVE TO HERCULES.

'Twas not my nectar made thy strength divine,
 But 'twas thy strength which made my nectar thine !

THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL LIFE.

In Schiller's poem of "The Ideal," a translation of which has already been presented to the reader, but which was composed subsequently to "The Ideal and the Actual," the prevailing sentiment is of that simple pathos which can come home to every man who has mourned for Youth, and the illusions which belong to it—

for the hour
 Of glory in the grass, and splendour in the flower.

But "The Ideal and the Actual" is purely philosophical ; a poem "in which," says Hoffmeister, "every object and epithet has a metaphysical background." Schiller himself was aware of its obscurity to the general reader ; he desires that even the refining Humboldt "should read it in a kind of holy stillness ; and banish, during the meditation it required, all that was profane." Humboldt proved himself worthy of these instructions, by the enthusiastic admiration with which the poem inspired him. Previous to its composition, Schiller had been employed upon philosophical inquiries, especially his "Letters on the Æsthetic Education of Man ;" and of these Letters it is truly observed that the poem is the crowning Flower. To those acquainted with Schiller's philosophical works and views, the poem is therefore less obscure ; in its severe compression such readers behold but the poetical epitome of thoughts the depth of which they have already sounded, and the coherence of which they have already ascertained ; they recognize a familiar symbol, where the general reader only perplexes himself in a riddle.

Without entering into disquisitions, out of place in this translation, and fatiguing to those who desire in a collection of poems to enjoy the poetical, not to be bewildered by the abstract, we shall merely preface the poem, with the help of Schiller's commentators, by a short analysis of the general design and meaning, so at least as to facilitate the reader's study of this remarkable poem—study it will require, and well repay.

The poem begins, Stanza 1st, with the doctrine which Schiller has often inculcated, that to Man there rests but the choice between the pleasures of sense and the peace of the soul ; but both are united in the life of the Immortals—viz, the higher orders of being. Stanza 2nd.—Still it may be ours to attain, even on earth, to this loftier and holier life—provided we can raise ourselves beyond material objects. Stanza 3rd.—The Fates can

¹ Nænia was the goddess of funerals—and funeral songs were called Næniæ,

² Pluto.

only influence the body, and the things of time and matter. But, safe from the changes of matter and of life, the Platonic Archetype, *Form*, hovers in the realm of the Ideal. If we can ascend to this realm—in other words, to the domain of Beauty—we attain (Stanza 4th) to the perfection of Humanity—a perfection only found in the immaterial forms and shadows of that realm—yet in which, as in the gods, the sensual and the intellectual powers are united. In the Actual Life we strive for a goal we cannot reach; in the Ideal, the goal is attainable, and there effort is victory. With Stanza 5th begins the antithesis, which is a key to the remainder—an antithesis constantly balancing before us the conditions of the Actual and the privileges of the Ideal. The Ideal is not meant to relax, but to brace us for the Actual Life. From the latter we cannot escape: but when we begin to flag beneath the sense of our narrow limits, and the difficulties of the path, the eye, steadfastly fixed upon the Ideal Beauty aloft, beholds there the goal. Stanza 6th.—In Actual Life, Strength and Courage are the requisites for success, and are doomed to eternal struggle; but (Stanza 7th) in the Ideal Life, struggle exists not; the stream, gliding far from its rocky sources, is smoothed to repose. Stanza 8th.—In the Actual Life, as long as the artist still has to contend with matter, he must strive and labour. Truth is only elicited by toil—the statue only awakens from the block by the stroke of the chisel; but when (Stanza 9th) he has once achieved the idea of Beauty—when once he has elevated the material marble into form—all trace of his human neediness and frailty is lost, and his work seems the child of the soul. Stanza 9th.—Again, in the Actual world, the man who *strives* for Virtue, finds every sentiment and every action poor compared to the rigid standard of the abstract moral law. But if (Stanza 9th), instead of *striving* for Virtue, merely from the cold sense of duty, we live that life beyond the senses, in which Virtue becomes as it were natural to us—in which its behests are served, not through duty but inclination—then the gulf between man and the moral law is filled up; we take the godhead, so to speak, into our will; and Heaven ceases its terrors when man ceases to resist it. Stanza 10th.—Finally, in Actual Life, sorrows, whether our own, or those with which we sympathize, are terrible and powerful; but (Stanza 11th) in the Ideal World even Sorrow has its pleasures. We contemplate the writhings of the Laocoon in marble, with delight in the greatness of Art—not with anguish for the suffering, but with veneration for the grandeur with which the suffering is idealized by the artist, or expressed by the subject. Over the pain of Art smiles the Heaven of the Moral world. Stanzas 11th and 12th.—Man thus aspiring to the Ideal, is compared to the Mythical Hercules. In the Actual world he must suffer and must toil; but when once he can cast aside the garb of clay, and through the Ethereal flame separate the Mortal from the Immortal, the material dross sinks downward, the spirit soars aloft, and Hebe (or Eternal Youth) pours out nectar as to the gods. If the reader will have the patience to compare the above analysis with the subjoined version (in which the translator has also sought to render the general sense as intelligible as possible), he will probably find little difficulty in clearing up the author's meaning.

I.

FOR ever fair, for ever calm and bright,
Life flies on plumage, zephyr-light,
For those who on the Olympian hill rejoice—
Moons wane, and races wither to the tomb,
And 'mid the universal ruin, bloom
The rosy days of gods—

With Man, the choice,
Timid and anxious, hesitates between
The sense's pleasure and the soul's content;
While on celestial brows, aloft and sheen,
The beams of both are blent.

II.

Seek'st thou on earth the life of gods to share,
Safe in the Realm of Death?—beware
To pluck the fruits that glitter to thine eye;
Content thyself with gazing on their glow—
Short are the joys Possession can bestow,
And in Possession sweet Desire will die.
'Twas not the ninefold chain of waves that bound
Thy daughter, Ceres, to the Stygian river—
She plucked the fruit of the unholy ground,
And so—was Hell's for ever!

THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL LIFE.

137

III.

The Weavers of the Web—the Fates—but sway
The matter and the things of clay;
Safe from each change that Time to Matter gives,
Nature's blest playmate, free at will to stray
With gods a god, amidst the fields of Day,
The FORM, the ARCHETYPE,¹ serenely lives.
Wouldst thou soar heavenward on its joyous wing?
Cast from thee, Earth, the bitter and the real,
High from this cramped and dungeon being, spring
Into the Realm of the Ideal!

IV.

Here, bathed, Perfection, in thy purest ray,
Free from the clogs and taints of clay,
Hovers divine the Archetypal Man!
Dim as those phantom ghosts of life that gleam
And wander voiceless by the Stygian stream,—
Fair as it stands in fields Elysian,
Ere down to Flesh the Immortal doth descend;—
If doubtful ever in the Actual Life
Each contest—here a victory crowns the end
Of every nobler strife.

V.

Not from the strife itself to set thee free,
But more to nerve—doth Victory
Wave her rich garland from the Ideal clime.
Whate'er thy wish, the Earth has no repose—
Life still must drag thee onward as it flows,
Whirling thee down the dancing surge of Time
But when the courage sinks beneath the dull
Sense of its narrow limits—on the soul,
Bright from the hill-tops of the Beautiful,
Bursts the attained goal!

VI.

If worth thy while the glory and the strife
Which fire the lists of Actual Life—
The ardent rush to fortune or to fame,
In the hot field where Strength and Valour are,
And rolls the whirling thunder of the car,
And the world, breathless, eyes the glorious game—
Then dare and strive—the prize can but belong
To him whose valour o'er his tribe prevails;
In life the victory only crowns the strong—
He who is feeble fails.

VII.

But Life, whose source, by crags around it piled,
Chafed while confined, foams fierce and wild,
Glides soft and smooth when once its streams expand,
When its waves, glassing in their silver play,
Aurora blent with Hesper's milder ray,
Gain the still BEAUTIFUL—that Shadow-Land!

¹ "Die Gestalt"—Form, the Platonic Archetype.

Here, contest grows but interchange of Love,
 All curb is but the bondage of the Grace;
 Gone is each foe,—Peace folds her wings above
 Her native dwelling-place.

VIII.

When, through dead stone to breathe a soul of light,
 With the dull matter to unite
 The kindling genius, some great sculptor glows;
 Behold him straining every nerve intent—
 Behold how, o'er the subject element,
 The stately THOUGHT its march laborious goes!
 For never, save to 'Toil untiring, spoke
 The unwilling Truth from her mysterious well—
 The statue only to the chisel's stroke
 Wake; from its marble cell.

IX.

But onward to the Sphere of Beauty—go
 Onward, O Child of Art! and, lo,
 Out of the matter which thy pains control
 The Statue springs!—not as with labour wrung
 From the hard block, but as from Nothing sprung—
 Airy and light—the offspring of the soul!
 The pangs, the cares, the weary toils it cost
 Leave not a trace when once the work is done—
 The Artist's human frailty merged and lost
 In Art's great victory won!¹

X.

If human Sin confronts the rigid law
 Of perfect Truth and Virtue,² awe
 Seizes and saddens thee to see how far
 Beyond thy reach, Perfection;—if we test
 By the Ideal of the Good, the best,
 How mean our efforts and our actions are!
 This space between the Ideal of man's soul
 And man's achievement, who hath ever past?
 An ocean spreads between us and that goal,
 Where anchor ne'er was cast!

XI.

But fly the boundary of the Senses—live
 The Ideal life free Thought can give;
 And, lo, the gulf shall vanish, and the chill
 Of the soul's impotent despair be gone!
 And with divinity thou sharest the throne,
 Let but divinity become thy will!
 Scorn not the Law—permit its iron band
 The sense (it cannot chain the soul) to thrall.

¹ More literally translated thus by the author of the article on Schiller in the *Foreign and Colonial Review*, July 1843—

“Thence all witnesses for ever banished
 Of poor Human Nal edness”

² The Law *is*, the Kantian Ideal of Truth and Virtue. This stanza and the next embody, perhaps with some exaggeration, the Kantian doctrine of morality.

THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL LIFE.

139

Let man no more the will of Jove withstand,¹
And Jove the bolt lets fall !

XII.

If, in the woes of Actual Human Life—
If thou couldst see the serpent strife
Which the Greek Art has made divine in stone—
Couldst see the writhing limbs, the livid cheek,
Note every pang, and hearken every shriek
Of some despairing lost Laocoon,
The human nature would thyself subdue
To share the human woe before thine eye—
Thy cheek would pale, and all thy soul be true
To Man's great Sympathy.

XIII.

But in the Ideal Realm, aloof and far,
Where the calm Art's pure dwellers are,
Lo, the Laocoon writhes, but does not groan.
Here, no sharp grief the high emotion knows—
Here, suffering's self is made divine, and shows
The brave resolve of the firm soul alone:
Here, lovely as the rainbow on the dew
Of the spent thunder-cloud, to Art is given,
Gleaming through Grief's dark veil, the peaceful blue
Of the sweet Moral Heaven.

XIV.

So, in the glorious parable, behold
How, bowed to mortal bonds, of old
Life's dreary path divine Alcides trod:
The hydra and the lion were his prey,
And to restore the friend he loved to-day,
He went undaunted to the black-browed god ;
And all the torments and the labours sore
Wroth Juno sent—the meek majestic One,
With patient spirit and unquailing, bore,
Until the course was run—

XV.

Until the god cast down his garb of clay,
And rent in hallowing flame away
The mortal part from the divine—to soar
To the empyreal air ! Behold him spring
Blithe in the pride of the unwonted wing,
And the dull matter that confined before
Sinks downward, downward, downward as a dream !
Olympian hymns receive the escaping soul,
And smiling Hebe, from the ambrosial stream,
Fills for a god the bowl !

¹ "But in God's sight submission is command."
"Jonah," by the Rev. F. Hodgson. Quoted in *Foreign and Colonial Review*, July
1843 : Art. Schiller, p. 21.

THE FAVOUR OF THE MOMENT.

ONCE more, then, we meet
 In the circles of yore ;
 Let our song be as sweet
 In its wreaths as before.
 Who claims the first place
 In the tribute of song ?
 The god to whose grace
All our pleasures belong.
 Though Ceres may spread
 All her gifts on the shrine,
 Though the glass may be red
 With the blush of the vine,
 What boots—if the while
 Fall no spark on the hearth ?
 If the heart do not smile
 With the instinct of mirth ?—
 From the clouds, from God's breast
 Must our happiness fall,
 'Mid the blessed, most blest
 Is the MOMENT of all !
 Since Creation began
 All that mortals have wrought,
 All that's godlike in MAN
 Comes—the flash of a Thought !
 For ages the stone
 In the quarry may lurk,
 An instant alone,
 Can suffice to the work ;
 An impulse give birth
 To the child of the soul,
 A glance stamp the worth
 And the fame of the whole.¹
 On the arch that she buildeth
 From sunbeams on high,
 As Iris just gildeth,
 And fleets from the sky,
 So shineth, so gloometh
Each gift that is ours ;
 The lightning illumeth,
 The darkness devours !²

THE FORTUNE-FAVOURER.

• [The first five verses in the original of this poem are placed as a motto on Goethe's statue in the Library at Weimar. The Poet does not here mean to extol what is vulgarly meant by the Gifts of Fortune ; he but develops a favourite idea of his, that, whatever is really sublime and beautiful, comes freely down from Heaven ; and vindicates the seeming partiality of the gods, by implying that the Beauty and the Genius given, without labour, to some, but serve to the delight of those to whom they are denied.]

Ah ! happy He, upon whose birth each god
 Looks down in love, whose earliest sleep the bright

¹ The idea diffused by the translator through this and the preceding stanza, is more forcibly condensed by Schiller in four lines.

² "And ere a man hath power to say, 'behold,'
 The jaws of Darkness to devour it up,
 So quick bright things come to confusion."—SHAKESPEARE.

Idalia cradles, whose young lips the rod
 Of eloquent Hermes kindles—to whose eyes,
 Scarce wakened yet, Apollo steal in light,
 While on imperial brows Jove sets the seal of might !
 Godlike the lot ordained for him to share,
 He wins the garland ere he runs the race ;
 He learns life's wisdom ere he knows life's care,
 And, without labour vanquished, smiles the Grace.

Great is the man, I grant, whose strength of mind,
 Self-shapes its objects and subdues the Fates—
 Virtue subdues the Fates, but cannot bind
 The fickle Happiness, whose smile awaits
 Those who scarce seek it ; nor can courage earn
 What the Grace showers not from her own free urn !

From aught unworthy, the determined will
 Can guard the watchful spirit—there it ends ;—
 The all that's glorious from the heaven descends ;
 As some sweet mistress loves us, freely still
 Come the spontaneous gifts of Heaven !—Above
 Favour rules Jove, as it below rules Love !
 The Immortals have their bias !—Kindly they
 See the bright locks of youth enamoured play,
 And where the glad one goes, shed gladness round the way.
 It is not they who boast the best to see,
 Whose eyes the holy Apparitions bless ;
 The stately light of their divinity
 Hath oft but shone the brightest on the blind ;—
 And their choice spirit found its calm recess
 In the pure childhood of a simple mind.
 Unasked they come—delighted to delude
 The expectation of our baffled Pride ;
 No law can call their free steps to our side.
 Him whom He loves, the Sire of men and gods,
 (Selected from the marvelling multitude,)
 Bears on his eagle to his bright abodes ;
 And showers, with partial hand and lavish, down,
 The minstrel's laurel or the monarch's crown !

Before the fortune-favoured son of earth,
 Apollo walks—and, with his jocund mirth,
 The heart-enthralling Smiler of the skies :
 For him gray Neptune smooths the pliant wave—
 Harmless the waters for the ship that bore
 The Cæsar and his fortunes to the shore !
 Charmed at his feet the crouching lion lies,
 To him his back the murmuring dolphin gave ;
 His soul is born a sovereign o'er the strife—
 The lord of all the Beautiful of Life ;
 Where'er his presence in its calm has trod,
 It charms—it sways as some diviner god.

Scorn not the Fortune-favoured, that to him
 The light-won victory by the gods is given,
 Or that, as Paris, from the strife severe,
 The Venus draws her darling.—Whom the heaven
 So prospers, love so watches, I revere !
 And not the man upon whose eyes, with dim
 And baleful night, sits Fate. Achaia boasts,

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

No less the glory of the Dorian Lord¹
 That Vulcan wrought for him the shield and sword—
 That round the mortal hovered all the hosts
 Of all Olympus—that his wrath to grace,
 The best and bravest of the Grecian race
 Untimely slaughtered, with resentful ghosts
 Awed the pale people of the Stygian coasts !
 Scorn not the Darlings of the Beautiful,
 If without labour they Life's blossoms cull ;
 If, like the stately lilies, they have won
 A crown for which they neither toiled nor spun ;—
 If without merit, theirs be Beauty, still
 Thy sense, unenvying, with the Beauty fill.
 Alike for thee no merit wins the right,
 To share, by simply seeing, their delight.
 Heaven breathes the soul into the Minstrel's breast,
 But with that soul he animates the rest ;
 The God inspires the Mortal—but to God,
 In turn, the Mortal lifts thee from the sod.
 Oh, not in vain to Heaven the Bard is dear ;
 Holy himself—he hallows those who hear !
 The busy mart let Justice still control,
 Weighing the guerdon to the toil !—What then ?
 A God alone claims joy—all joy is his,
 Flushing with unsought light the cheeks of men.
 Where is no miracle, why there no bliss !¹
 Grow, change, and ripen all that mortal be,
 Shapened from form to form, by toiling time ;
 The Blissful and the Beautiful are born
 Full grown, and ripened from Eternity—
 No gradual changes to their glorious prime,
 No childhood dwarfs them, and no age has worn—.
 Like Heaven's, each earthly Venus on the sight
 Comes, a dark birth, from out an endless sea ;
 Like the first Pallas, in maturest might,
 Armed, from the Thunderer's brow, leaps forth each Thought
 of Light.

THE SOWER.

SURE of the Spring that warms them into birth,
 The golden seeds thou trustest to the Earth ;
 And dost thou doubt the Eternal Spring sublime,
 For deeds—the seeds which Wisdom sows in Time ?

SENTENCES OF CONFUCIUS.

TIME

THREEFOLD the stride of Time, from first to last !
 Loitering slow, the FUTURE creepeth—
 Arrow-swift, the PRESENT sweepeth—,
 And motionless for ever stands the PAST.

¹ Achilles

² Paraphrased from—

Aber die Freude ruft nur ein Goth auf sterbliche Wangen.

These lines furnish the key to—

Nur ein Wunder kann dich tragen
 In das schöne Wunderland.—SCHILLER, *Sehnsucht*.

And the same lines, with what follow, explain also the general intention of the poem on the favour of the moment.

Impatience, fret howe'er she may,
 Cannot speed the tardy goer;
 Fear and Doubt—that crave delay—
 Ne'er can make the Fleet One slower:
 Nor one spell Repentance knows,
 To stir the Still One from repose.
 If thou wouldst, wise and happy, see
 Life's solemn journey close for thee,
 The Lingerer's counsel thou wilt heed,
 Though readier tools must shape the deed;
 Not for thy friend the Fleet One know,
 Nor make the Motionless thy foe!

SPACE.

A threefold measure dwells in Space—
 Restless, with never-pausing pace,
 LENGTH, ever stretching ever forth, is found,
 And, ever widening, BREADTH extends around,
 And ever DEPTH sinks bottomless below!
 In this, a type thou dost possess—
 On, ever restless, must thou press,
 No halt allow, no languor know,
 If to the Perfect thou wouldst go;
 Must broaden from thyself, until
 Creation thy embrace can fill!
 Must down the Depth for ever fleeing,
 Dive to the spirit and the being,
 The distant goal at last to near,
 Still lengthening labour sweeps;
 The full mind is alone the clear,
 And Truth dwells in the deeps.

THE ANTIQUE TO THE NORTHERN WANDERER.

AND o'er the river hast thou past, and o'er the mighty sea,
 And o'er the Alps, the dizzy bridge hath borne thy steps to me;
 To look all near upon the bloom my deathless beauty knows,
 And, face to face, to front the pomp whose fame through ages goes—
 Gaze on, and touch my relics now! At last thou standest here,
 But art thou nearer now to me—or I to thee more near?

GENIUS.

(FREE TRANSLATION.)

[The original, and it seems to us the more appropriate, title of this poem was
 "Nature and the School."]

DO I believe, thou ask'st, the Master's word,
 The Schoolman's shibboleth that binds the herd?
 To the soul's haven is there but one chart?
 Its peace a problem to be learned by art?
 On system rest the happy and the good?
 To base the temple must the props be wood?
 Must I distrust the gentle law, imprest,
 To guide and warn, by Nature on the breast,
 Till, squared to rule the instinct of the soul,—
 Till the School's signet stamp the eternal scroll,

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

Till in one mould, some dogma hath confined
The ebb and flow—the light waves—of the mind?
Say thou, familiar to these depths of gloom,
Thou, safe ascended from the dusty tomb,
Thou, who hast trod these weird Egyptian cells—
Say—if Life's comfort with yon mummies dwells!—
Say—and I grope—with saddened steps indeed—
But on, through darkness, if to Truth it lead!

Nay, Friend, thou know'st the golden time—the age
Whose legends live in many a poet's page?
When heavenlier shapes with Man walked side by side,
And the chaste Feeling was itself a guide;
Then the great law, alike divine amid
Suns bright in Heaven, or germs in darkness hid,—
That silent law—(called whether by the name
Of Nature or Necessity—the same),
To that deep sea, the heart, its movement gave—
Swayed the full tide, and freshened the free wave.
Then sense unerring—because unproved—
True as the finger on the dial moved,
Half-guide, half-playmate, of Earth's age of youth,
The sportive instinct of Eternal Truth.

Then, nor Initiate nor Profane were known;
Where the Heart felt—there Reason found a throne:
Not from the dust below, but life around
Warm Genius shaped what quick Emotion found.
One rule, like light, for every bosom glowed,
Yet hid from all the fountain whence it flowed.

But, gone that blessed Age!—our wilful pride
Has lost, with Nature, the old peaceful Guide.
FEELING, no more to raise us and rejoice,
Is heard and honoured as a godhead's voice;
And, disenhallowed in its eldest cell
The Human Heart,—hence mute the Oracle;¹
Save where the low and mystic whispers thrill
Some listening spirit more divinely still.
There, in the chambers of the inmost heart,
There, must the Sage explore the Magian's art;
There, seek the long-lost Nature's steps to track,
Till, found once more, she gives him Wisdom back!
Hast thou,—(O Blest, if so, whate'er betide!)—
Still kept the Guardian Angel by thy side?
Can thy Heart's guileless childhood yet rejoice
In the sweet instinct with its warning voice?
Does Truth yet limn upon untroubled eyes,
Pure and serene, her world of Iris-dies?
Rings clear the echo which her accent calls
Back from the breast, on which the music falls?
In the calm mind is doubt yet hushed,—and will
That doubt to-morrow as to-day be still?

¹ Schiller seems to allude to the philosophy of Fichte and Schelling then on the ascendant, which sought to explain the enigma of the universe, and to reconcile the antithesis between man and nature, by carrying both up into the unity of an absolute consciousness—i.e., a consciousness anterior to everything which is now known under the name of consciousness—sed de hac re satius est silere quam parvum dicere.

Will all these fine sensations in their play,¹
 No censor need to regulate and sway?
 Fear'st thou not in the insidious Heart to find
 The source of Trouble to the limpid mind?

No!—then thine Innocence thy Mentor be!
 Science can teach thee nought—she learns from thee!
 Each law that lends lame succour to the Weak—
 The cripple's crutch—the vigorous need not seek!
 From thine own self thy rule of action draw;—
 That which thou dost—what charms thee—is thy Law,
 And sounds to every race a code sublime—
 What pleases Genius gives a Law to Time!
 The Word—the Deed—all Ages shall command,
 Pure if thy lip and holy if thy hand!
 Thou, thou alone mark'st not within thy heart
 The inspiring god whose Minister thou art,
 Know'st not the magic of the mighty ring
 Which bows the realm of Spirits to their King:
 But meek, nor conscious of diviner birth,
 Glide thy still footsteps through the conquered Earth!

ULYSSES.

To gain his home all oceans he explored—
 Here Scylla frowned—and there Charybdis roared;
 Horror on sea—and horror on the land—
 In hell's dark boat he sought the spectre land,
 Till borne—a slumberer—to his native spot
 He woke—and sorrowing, knew his country not!

VOTIVE TABLETS.

[Under this title Schiller arranged that more dignified and philosophical portion of the small poems published as Epigrams in the "Musen Almanach;" which rather sought to point a general thought than a personal satire. Many of these, however, are either wholly without interest for the English reader, or express in almost untranslatable laconism what, in far more poetical shapes, Schiller has elsewhere repeated and developed. We, therefore, content ourselves with such a selection as appears to us best suited to convey a fair notion of the object and spirit of the class.]

MOTTO TO THE VOTIVE TABLETS.

What the god taught—what has befriended all
 Life's ways, I place upon the Votive Wall.

THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

(ZWEIERLEI WIRKUNGSARTEN.)

THE Good's the Flower to Earth already given—
 The Beautiful—on Earth sows flowers from Heaven!

VALUE AND WORTH.

If thou hast something, bring thy goods—a fair return be thine;
 If thou art something, bring thy soul and interchange with mine.

THE DIVISION OF RANKS.

YES, in the moral world, as ours, we see
 Divided grades—a Soul's Nobility;

¹ Will this play of fine sensations (or sensibilities) require no censor to control it—i.e., will it always work spontaneously for good, and run into no passionate excess?

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

By deeds their titles Commoners create—
The loftier order are by birthright great.¹

TO THE MYSTIC.
SPREADS Life's true mystery round us evermore,
Seen by no eye, it lies all eyes before.²

THE KEY.
To know thyself—in others self discern;
Wouldst thou know others? read thyself—and learn!

WISDOM AND PRUDENCE.
WOULDST thou the loftiest height of Wisdom gain?
On to the rashness, Prudence would disdain;
The purblind see but the receding shore,
Nor that to which the bold wave wafts thee o'er!

THE UNANIMITY.
TRUTH seek we both—Thou, in the life without thee and around;
I in the Heart within—by both can Truth alike be found;
The healthy eye can through the world the great Creator track—
The healthy heart is but the glass which gives creation back.

THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS.
ALL that thou dost be right—to that alone confine thy view,
And halt within the certain rule—the All that's right to do!
True zeal the what already is would sound and perfect see,
False zeal would sound and perfect make the something that's to be!

TO ASTRONOMERS.
OF the Nebulæ³ and planets do not babble so to me;
What I is Nature only mighty inasmuch as you can see?
Inasmuch as you can measure her immeasurable ways?
As she renders world on world, sun and system to your gaze?
Though through space your object be the Sublimest to embrace,
Never the Sublime abideth—where you vainly search—in space!

THE BEST GOVERNED STATE.
How the best state to know?—it is found out;
Like the best woman—that least talked about.

MY BELIEF.
WHAT thy religion? those thou namest—none?
None why—because I have religion!

¹ This idea is often repeated, somewhat more clearly, in the haughty philosophy of Schiller. He himself says, elsewhere—"In a fair soul each single action is not properly moral, but the whole character is moral. The fair soul has no other service than the instincts of its own beauty." "Common Natures," observes Hoffmeister, "can only act as it were by rule and law; the Noble are of themselves morally good, and humanly beautiful."

² Query?—the Law of Creation, both physical and moral.
³ Nebelflecke—i.e., the nebulous matter which puzzles astronomers. Is Nature, then, only great inasmuch as you can compute her almost incalculable dimensions, or inasmuch as she furnishes almost incalculable subjects for your computations? Your object is, indeed, the sublimest in space; but *the* Sublime does not dwell in space—i.e., the Moral Law is *the* only Sublime, and its Kingdom is where Time and Space are not.

VOTIVE TABLETS.

FRIEND AND FOE.

DEAR is my friend—yet from my foe, as from my friend, comes good;
My friend shows what I can do, and my foe shows what I should.

LIGHT AND COLOUR.

DWELL, Light, beside the changeless God—God spoke and Light began;
Come, thou, the ever-changing one—come, Colour, down to Man!

FORUM OF WOMEN.

WOMAN—to judge man rightly—do not scan
Each separate act;—pass judgment on the Man!

GENIUS.

INTELLECT can repeat what's been fulfilled,
And, aping Nature, as she buildeth—build;
O'er Nature's base can haughty Reason dare
To pile its lofty castle—in the air.
But only thine, O Genius, is the charge,
In Nature's kingdom Nature to enlarge!

THE IMITATOR.

GOOD out of good—that art is known to all—
But Genius from the bad the good can call;
Then, Mimic, not from leading-strings escaped,
Work'st but the matter that's already shaped:
The already shaped a nobler hand awaits,
All matter asks a Spirit that creates!

CORRECTNESS.

(FREE TRANSLATION.)

THE calm correctness, where no fault we see,
Attests Art's loftiest or its least degree;
Alike the smoothness of the surface shows
The Pool's dull stagner—the great Sea's repose.

THE MASTER.

THE herd of scribes, by what they tell us,
Show all in which their wits excel us;
But the True Master we behold,
In what his art leaves—just untold.

EXPECTATION AND FULFILMENT.

O'ER Ocean, with a thousand masts, sails forth the stripling bold—
One boat, hard rescued from the deep, draws into port the old!

THE EPIC HEXAMETER.

(TRANSLATED BY COLERIDGE.)

STRONGLY it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

THE ELEGIAC METRE.

(TRANSLATED BY COLERIDGE.)

IN the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.¹

OTHER EPIGRAMS, &c.

GIVE me that which thou know'st—I'll receive and attend;
But thou givest me thyself—prithce, spare me, my friend!

THE PROSELYTE MAKER.

"A LITTLE earth from out the Earth—and I
The Earth will move:" so spake the Sage divine.
Out of myself one little moment—try
Myself to take:—succeed, and I am thine!

THE CONNECTING MEDIUM.

WHAT to cement the lofty and the mean
Does Nature?—what?—place vanity between!

THE MORAL POET

[This is an Epigram on Lavater's work, called "Pontius Pilatus, oder der Mensch in Allen Gestalten," &c.—HOFFMEISTER.]

"How poor a thing is man!" alas, 'tis true
I'd half forgot it—when I chanced on you!

THE SUBLIME THEME.

[Also on Lavater, and alluding to the "Jesus Messias, oder die Evangelien und Apostelgeschichte in Gesängen," &c.]

How God compassionates Mankind, thy muse, my friend, rehearses—
Compassion for the sins of Man!—What comfort for thy verses!

SCIENCE.

To some she is the goddess great, to some the milch-cow of the field;
Their care is but to calculate—what butter she will yield.

KANT AND HIS COMMENTATORS.

How many starvelings one rich man can nourish!
When monarchs build, the rubbish-carriers flourish.

TO

THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF SAXE WEIMAR,

ON HIS JOURNEY TO PARIS, WRITTEN FEBRUARY 1802.

[Sung in a friendly circle.]

To the Wanderer a bowl to the brim!
This Vale on his infancy smiled;
Let the Vale send a blessing to him,
Whom it cradled to sleep as a child!

¹ We have ventured to borrow these two translations from Coleridge's poems, not only because what Coleridge did well, no living man could have the presumptuous hope to improve, but because they adhere to the original metre, which Germany has received from Greece, and show, we venture to think, that not even Coleridge could have made that more agreeable to the English ear and taste in poems of *any length*, nor even in small poems *if often repeated*. It is, however, in their own language the grandest which the Germans possess, and has been used by Schiller with signal success in his "Walk," and other poems.

He goes from his Forefathers' halls—
 From the arms that embraced him at birth—
 To the City that trophies its walls
 With the spoils it has ravished from earth !

The thunder is silent, and now
 The War and the Discord are ended ;
 And Man o'er the crater may bow,
 Whence the stream of the lava descended.

O fair be the fate to secure
 Thy way through the perilous track ;
 The heart Nature gave thee is pure,
 Bring it pure, as it goes from us, back.

Those lands the wild hoofs of the steeds,
 War yoked for the carnage, have torn ;
 But Peace, laughing over the meads,
 Come, strewing the gold of the corn.

Thou the old Father Rhine wilt be greeting,
 By whom thy great Father¹ shall be
 Remembered so long as is fleeting
 His stream to the beds of the Sea ;—

There, honour the Heroes of old,
 And pour to our Warden, the Rhine,
 Who keeps on our borders his hold,
 A cup from his own merry wine ;

That thou may'st, as a guide to thy youth,
 The soul of the Fatherland find,
 When thou passest the bridge where the Truth
 Of the German, thou leavest behind.

TO

A YOUNG FRIEND DEVOTING HIMSELF TO PHILOSOPHY.

SEVERE the proof the Grecian youth was doomed to undergo,
 Before he might what lurks beneath the Eleusinia know—
 Art thou prepared and ripe, the shrine—that inner shrine—to win,
 Where Pallas guards from vulgar eyes the mystic prize within ?
 Know'st thou what bars thy way ? how dear the bargain thou dost make,
 When but to buy uncertain good, sure good thou dost forsake ?
 Feel'st thou sufficient strength to brave the deadliest human fray—
 When Heart from Reason—Sense from Thought, shall rend themselves
 away ?

Sufficient valour, war with Doubt, the Hydra-shape, to wage ;
 And that worst Foe within thyself with manly soul engage ?
 With eyes that keep their heavenly health—the innocence of youth
 To guard from every falsehood, fair beneath the mask of Truth ?
 Fly, if thou canst not trust thy heart to guide thee on the way—
 Oh, fly the charmed margin ere the abyss engulf its prey.
 Round many a step that seeks the light, the shades of midnight close ;
 But in the glimmering twilight, see—how safely Childhood goes !

¹ Duke Bernard of Weimar, one of the great Generals of the Thirty Years' War.

THE PUPPET-SHOW OF LIFE.

(DAS SPIEL DES LEBENS.)

A PARAPHRASE.

[A *literal* version of this poem, which possibly may have been suggested by some charming passages in Wilhelm Meister, would be incompatible with the spirit which constitutes its chief merit. And perhaps, therefore, the original may be more faithfully rendered (like many of the Odes of Horace) by paraphrase than translation. In the general idea, as in all Schiller's poems of this kind, something more is implied than expressed. He has treated, elsewhere, the Ideal or Shadowy life in earnest. He here represents the Actual as a game; the chief images it brings to view are those of strife and contest. To see it rightly you must not approach too near; and regard the Actual Stage only by the lights of Love. True to his chivalry to the sex, even in sport, as in earnest, Schiller places the prize of life in the hand of Woman.]

Ho—ho—my puppet-show !
 Ladies and gentlemen see my show !
 Life and the world—look here, in troth,
 Though but *in parvo*, I promise ye both !
 The world and life—they shall both appear ;
 But both are best seen when you're not too near ;
 And every lamp from the stage to the porch,
 Must be lighted by Venus, from Cupid's torch ;
 Never a moment, if rules can tempt ye,
 Never a moment my scene is empty !
 Here is the babe in his leading-strings—
 Here is the boy at play ;
 Here is the passionate youth with wings,
 Like a bird's on a stormy day,
 To and fro, waving here and there,
 Down to the earth and aloft through the air ;
 Now see the man, as for combat enter—
 Where is the peril he fears to adventure ?
 See how the puppets speed on to the race,
 Each his own fortune pursues in the chase ;
 How many the rivals, how narrow the space !
 But, hurry and scurry, O mettlesome game !
 The cars roll in thunder, the wheels rush in flame.
 How the brave dart onward, and pant and glow !
 How the craven behind them come creeping slow—
 Ha ! ha ! see how Pride gets a terrible fall !
 See how Prudence, or Cunning, out-races them all !
 See how at the goal, with her smiling eyes,
 Ever waits Woman to give the prize !

THE MINSTRELS OF OLD.

WHERE now the minstrel of the large renown,
 Rapturing with living words the heark'ning throng ?
 Charming the Man to Heaven, and earthward down
 Charming the god !—who winged the soul with song ?
 Yet lives the minstrel, not the deeds—the lyre
 Of old demands ears that of old believed it—
 Bards of blessed time—how flew your living fire
 From lip to lip ! how race from race received it !
 As if a god, men hallowed with devotion—
 What GENIUS, speaking, shaping, wrought below,

The glow of song inflamed the ear's emotion,
 The ear's emotion gave the song the glow;
 Each nurturing each—back on his soul—its tone
 Whole nations echoed with a rapture-peal;
 Then all around the heavenly splendour shone
 Which now the heart, and scarce the heart can feel.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW CENTURY.

WHERE can Peace find a refuge?—whither, say,
 Can Freedom turn?—lo, friend, before our view
 The CENTURY rends itself in storm away,
 And, red with slaughter, dawns on earth the New.
 The girdle of the lands is loosened;¹—hurled
 To dust the forms old Custom deemed divine,—
 Safe from War's fury not the watery world;—
 Safe not the Nile-god nor the antique Rhine.
 Two mighty nations make the world their field,
 Deeming the world is for their heirloom given—
 Against the freedom of all lands they wield
 This—Neptune's trident; that—the Thund'rer's levin.
 Gold to their scales each region must afford;
 And, as fierce Brennus in Gaul's early tale,
 The Frank casts in the iron of his sword,
 To poise the balance, where the right may fail—
 Like some huge Polypus, with arms that roam
 Outstretched for prey—the Briton spreads his reign;
 And, as the Ocean were his household home,
 Locks up the chambers of the liberal main.
 On to the Pole where shines, unseen, the Star,
 Onward his restless course unbounded flies;
 Tracks every isle and every coast afar,
 And undiscovered leaves but—Paradise!
 Alas, in vain on earth's wide chart, I ween,
 Thou seek'st that holy realm beneath the sky—
 Where Freedom dwells in gardens ever green—
 And blooms the Youth of fair Humanity!
 O'er shores where sail ne'er rustled to the wind,
 O'er the vast universe, may rove thy ken;
 But in the universe thou canst not find
 A space sufficing for ten happy men!
 In the heart's holy stillness only beams
 The shrine of refuge from life's stormy throng;
 Freedom is only in the land of Dreams;
 And only blooms the Beautiful in Song!

We have now concluded the poems composed in the third or maturest period of Schiller's life. . . . From this portion, only have been omitted in the translation (besides some of the moral or epigrammatic sentences to which we have before alluded) a very few pieces, which, whatever their merit in the original, would be wholly without interest for the general English reader,—viz., the satirical lines of Shakespeare's translators,—“The Philosopher,” “The Rivers,” “The Jeremiad,” the Remonstrance, addressed to Goethe on producing Voltaire's “Mahomet” on the stage, in which the same ideas have been already

¹ That is—the settled political question—the balance of power.

expressed by Schiller in poems of more liberal and general application ; and three or four occasional pieces in albums, &c.

POEMS OF THE SECOND PERIOD.

The poems included in the Second Period of Schiller's literary career are few, but remarkable for their beauty, and deeply interesting from the struggling and anxious state of mind which some of them depict. It was, both to his taste and to his thought, a period of visible transition. He had survived the wild and irregular power which stamps, with fierce and somewhat sensual characters, the productions of his youth ; but he had not attained that serene repose of strength—that calm, bespeaking depth and fulness, which is found in the best writings of his maturer years. In point of style, the poems in this division have more facility and sweetness than those of his youth, and perhaps more evident vigour, more popular *verve* and *gusto* than many composed in his riper manhood ; in point of thought, they mark that era through which few men of inquisitive and adventurous genius—of sanguine and impassioned temperament—and of education chiefly self-formed, undisciplined, and imperfect, have failed to pass—the era of doubt and gloom, of self-conflict, and of self-torture. In "The Robbers," and much of the poetry written in the same period of Schiller's life, there is a bold and wild imagination, which attacks rather than questions—innovates rather than examines—seizes upon subjects of vast social import, that float on the surface of opinion, and assails them with a blind and half-savage rudeness, according as they offend the enthusiasm of unreasoning youth. But now this eager and ardent mind had pruned to contemplate ; its studies were turned to philosophy and history—a more practical knowledge of life (though in this last, Schiller, like most German authors, was ever more or less deficient in variety and range) had begun to soften the stern and fiery spirit which had hitherto sported with the dangerous elements of social revolution. And while this change was working, before its feverish agitation subsided into that Kantism which is the antipodes of scepticism, it was natural that the energy which had asserted, denounced, and dogmatized, should succeed the reaction of despondency and distrust. Vehement indignation at "the solemn plausibilities" of the world pervades "The Robbers." In "Don Carlos," the passion is no longer vehement indignation, but mournful sorrow—not indignation that hypocrisy reigns, but sorrow that honesty cannot triumph—not indignation that formal Vice usurps the high places of the world, but sorrow that, in the world, warm and generous Virtue glows, and feels and suffers—without reward. So, in the poems of this period, are two that made a considerable sensation at their first appearance—"The Conflict," published originally under the title of "The Free-thinking of Passion," and "Resignation." They presented a melancholy view of the moral struggles in the heart of a noble and virtuous man. From the first of these poems, Schiller, happily and wisely, at a later period of his life, struck out the passages most calculated to offend. What hand would dare to restore them? The few stanzas that remain still suggest the outline of dark and painful thoughts, which is filled up in the more elaborate, and, in many respects, most exquisite, poem of "Resignation." Virtue exacting all sacrifices, and giving no reward—Relief which denies enjoyment, and has no bliss save its own faith ; such is the sombre lesson of the melancholy poet—the more impressive because so far it is truth—deep and everlasting truth—but only, to a Christian, a part of truth. Resignation, so sad if not looking beyond the earth, becomes joy, when assured and confident of heaven. Another poem in this intermediate collection was no less subjected to severe animadversion. We mean "The Gods of Greece." As the poem however now stands, though one or two expressions are not free from objection, it can only be regarded as the Poet's lament for the Mythology which was the Fount of poetry, and certainly not as a Reasoner's defence of Paganism in disparagement of Christianity. But the fact is, that Schiller's mind was so essentially religious, that we feel more angry when he whom we would gladly hail as our light and guide, only darkens us or misleads, than we should with the absolute infidelity of a less grave and reverent genius. Yet a period—a transition state—of doubt and despondency is perhaps common to men in proportion to their natural dispositions to faith and veneration. With them, it comes from keen sympathy with undeserved sufferings—from grief at wickedness triumphant—from too intense a brooding over the mysteries involved in the government of the world. Scepticism of this nature can but little injure the frivolous, and will be charitably regarded by the wise. Schiller's mind soon outgrew the state which, to the mind of a poet, above all men, is most ungenial, but the sadness which the struggle bequeathed seems to have wrought a complete revolution in all his preconceived opinions. The wild creator of "The Robbers," drunk with liberty, an audacious antagonist of all restraint, became the champion of "Holy Order,"—the denouncer of the French Republic—the extoller of an Ideal Life, which should entirely separate Genius the Restless from Society the Settled. And as his impetuous and stormy vigour matured into the lucid and tranquil art of "Der Spaziergang," "Wallenstein," and "Die Braut von Messina," so his philosophy threw itself into calm respect for all that custom sanctioned and convention hallowed.

But even during the painful transition, of which, in his minor poems glimpses alone are visible, Scepticism, with Schiller, never insults the devoted, or mocks the earnest mind. It may have sadness—but never scorn. It is the question of a traveller who has lost his way in the great wilderness, but who mourns with his fellow-seekers, and has no bitter

laughter for their wanderings from the goal. This Division begins, indeed, with a Hymn which atones for whatever pains us in the two poems whose strain and spirit so gloomily contrast it—viz., the matchless and immortal "Hymn to Joy"—a poem steeped in the very essence of all-loving and all-aiding Christianity—breathing the enthusiasm of devout yet glad some adoration, and ranking amongst the most glorious bursts of worship which grateful Genius ever rendered to the benign Creator.

And it is peculiarly noticeable that, whatever Schiller's state of mind upon theological subjects at the time that this Hymn was composed, and though all doctrinal stamp and mark be carefully absent from it, it is yet a poem that never could have been written but in a Christian age, in a Christian land—but by a man whose whole soul and heart had been at one time (nay, *was*, at the *very moment* of composition) inspired and suffused with that firm belief in God's goodness and His justice—that full assurance of rewards beyond the grave—that exulting and seraphic cheerfulness which associate Joy with the Creator—and that animated affection for the Brotherhood of Mankind, which Christianity—and Christianity alone, in its pure, orthodox, gospel form, needing no aid from school-man or philosopher—taught and teaches.

HYMN TO JOY.

[The origin of the following hymn is said to be this:—Schiller, when at Leipsic, or its vicinity, saved a poor student of theology, impelled by destitution and the fear of starvation, from drowning himself in the river Pleisse. Schiller gave him what money he had: obtained his promise to relinquish the thought of suicide, at least while the money lasted; and a few days afterwards, amidst the convivialities of a marriage feast, related the circumstance so as to affect all present. A subscription was made, which enabled the student to complete his studies, and ultimately to enter into an official situation. Elated with the success of his humanity, it is to Humanity that Schiller consecrated this Ode.]

SPARK from the fire that gods have fled—
Joy—thou Elysian Child divine,
Fire-drunk, our airy footsteps tread,
O Holy One! thy holy shrine.
Strong custom rends us from each other—
Thy magic all together brings;
And man in man but hails a brother,
Wherever rest thy gentle wings.

CHORUS—Embrace ye millions—let this kiss,
Brothers, embrace the earth below!
Yon starry worlds that shine on this,
One common Father know!

He who this lot from fate can grasp—
Of one true friend the friend to be—
He who one faithful maid can clasp,
Shall hold with us his jubilee;
Yes, each who but one single heart
In all the earth can claim his own!—
Let him who cannot, stand apart,
And weep beyond the pale, alone!

CHORUS—Homage to holy Sympathy,
Ye dwellers in our mighty ring;
Up to yon star-pavilions—she
Leads to the Unknown King!

All being drinks the mother-dew
Of joy from Nature's holy bosom;
And Vice and Worth alike pursue
Her steps that strew the blossom.
Joy in each link—to *us*¹ the treasure
Of Wine and Love;—beneath the sod,

¹ To *us*, emphatically. Schiller means to discriminate the measure of bliss assigned to *us*, to the *worm*, and to the *cherub*.

Behold thy glory trembling to its fall !
 Thy coming doom the round earth shall appal,
 And all the hearts of freemen beat for thee,
 And all free souls their fate in thine foresee—
 Theirs is thy glory's fall !
 One look below the Almighty gave,
 Where streamed the lion-flags of thy proud foe ;
 And near and wider yawned the horrent grave.
 "And who," saith HE, "shall lay mine England low—
 The stem that blooms with hero-deeds—
 The rock when man from wrong a refuge needs—
 The stronghold where the tyrant comes in vain ?
 Who shall bid England vanish from the main ?
 Ne'er be this only Eden Freedom knew,
 Man's stout defence from Power, to Fate consigned."
 God the Almighty blew,
 And the Armada went to every wind !

THE CONFLICT.

No ! I this conflict longer will not wage,
 The conflict Duty claims—the giant task ;—
 Thy spells, O Virtue, never can assuage
 The heart's wild fire—this offering do not ask !
 True, I have sworn—a solemn vow have sworn,
 That I myself will curb the self within ;
 Yet take thy wreath, no more it shall be worn—
 Take back thy wreath, and leave me free to sin.
 Rent to be contract I with thee once made ;—
 She loves me, loves me—forfeit be thy crown !
 Blest he who, lulled in rapture's dreamy shade,
 Glides, as I glide, the deep fall gladly down.
 She sees the worm that my youth's bloom decays,
 She sees my springtime wasted as it flees ;
 And, marv'ling at the rigour that gainsays
 The heart's sweet impulse, my reward decrees.
 Distrust this angel purity, fair soul !
 It is to guilt thy pity armeth me ;
 Could Being lavish its unmeasured whole,
 It ne'er could give a gift to rival Thee !
 Thee—the dear guilt I ever seek to shun,
 O tyranny of fate, O wild desires !
 My virtue's only crown can but be won
 In that last breath—when virtue's self expires !

RESIGNATION.

AND I, too, was amidst Arcadia born,
 And Nature seemed to woo me ;
 And to my cradle such sweet joys were sworn :
 And I, too, was amidst Arcadia born,
 Yet the short spring gave only tears unto me !
 Life but one blooming holiday can keep—
 For me the bloom is fled ;

The silent Genius of the Darker Sleep
 Turns down my torch—and weep, my brethren, weep—
 Weep, for the light is dead !
 Upon thy bridge the shadows round me press,
 O dread Eternity !
 And I have known no moment that can bless ;—
 Take back this letter meant for Happiness—
 'The seal's unbroken—see !
 Before thee, Judge, whose eyes the dark-spun veil
 Conceals, my murmur came ;
 On this our orb a glad belief prevails,
 That, thine the earthly sceptre and the scales,
 REQUITER is thy name.

Terrors, they say, thou dost for Vice prepare,
 And joys the good shall know ;
 Thou canst the crooked heart unmask and bare ;
 Thou canst the riddle of our fate declare,
 And keep account with Woe.
 With thee a home smiles for the exiled one—
 There ends the thorny strife.
 Unto my side a godlike vision won,
 Called TRUTH, (few know her, and the many shun,)
 And checked the reins of life.
 “ I will repay thee in a holier land—
 Give thou to me thy youth ;
 All I can grant thee lies in this command.”
 I heard, and, trusting in a holier land,
 Gave my young joys to Truth.

“ Give me thy Laura—give me her whom Love
 To thy heart's core endears ;
 The usurer, Bliss, pays every grief—above ! ”
 I tore the fond shape from the bleeding love,
 And gave—albeit with tears !
 “ What bond can bind the Dead to life once more ?
 Poor fool,” (the scoffer cries ;)
 “ Gulled by the despot's hincing lie, with lore
 That gives for Truth a Shadow ;—life is o'er
 When the delusion dies ! ”
 “ Tremblest thou,” hissed the serpent-herd in scorn,
 “ Before the vain deceit ?
 Made holy but by custom, stale and worn,
 The phantom gods, of craft and folly born —
 The sick world's solemn cheat ?
 What is this Future underneath the stone ?
 But for the veil that hides, revered alone ;
 The giant shadow of our Terror, thrown
 On Conscience' troubled glass—
 Life's lying likeness—in the dreary shroud
 Of the cold sepulchre—
 Embalmed by Hope—Time's mummy—which the proud
 Delirium, driv'ling through thy reason's cloud,
 Calls ‘ Immortality ! ’
 Giv'st thou for hope (corruption proves its lie)
 Sure joy that most delights us ?
 Six thousand years has Death reigned tranquilly !—

Nor one corpse come to whisper those who die
 What after death requites us !"
 Along Time's shores I saw the Season fly ;
 Nature herself, interred
 Among her blooms, lay dead ; to those who die
 There came no corpse to whisper Hope ! Still I
 Clung to the godlike Word.
 Judge !—All my joys to thee did I resign,
 All that did most delight me ;
 And now I kneel—man's scorn I scorned—thy shrine
 Have I adored—Thee only held divine—
 Requirer, now requite me !
 " For all my sons an equal love I know
 And equal each condition,"
 Answered an unseen Genius—" See below,
 Two flowers, for all who rightly seek them, blow—
 The HOPE and the FRUITION.
 He who has plucked the one, resigned must see
 The sister's forfeit bloom :
 Let Unbelief enjoy—Belief must be
 All to the chooser ;—the world's history
 Is the world's judgment doom.
 Thou hast had HOPE—in thy belief thy prize—
 Thy bliss was centred in it :
 Eternity itself—(Go ask the Wise !)
 Never to him who forfeits, resupplies
 The sum struck from the Minute !"

THE GODS OF GREECE.

I.

YE in the age gone by,
 Who ruled the world—a world how lovely then !—
 And guided still the steps of happy men
 In the light leading-strings of careless joy !
 Ah, flourished then your service of delight !
 How different, oh, how different, in the day
 When thy sweet fanes with many a wreath were bright,
 O Venus Amathusia !

II.

Then, through a veil of dreams
 Woven by Song, Truth's youthful beauty glowed,
 And life's redundant and rejoicing streams
 Gave to the soulless, soul—where'er they flowed
 Man gifted Nature with divinity
 To lift and link her to the breast of Love ;
 All things betrayed to the initiate eye
 The track of gods above !

III.

Where lifeless—fixed afar,
 A flaming Lall to our dull sense is given,
 Phœbus Apollo, in his golden car,
 In silent glory swept the fields of heaven !

On yonder hill the Oread was adored,
 In yonder tree the Dryad held her home ;
 And from her Urn the gentle Naiad poured
 The wavelet's silver foam.

IV.

Yon bay, chaste Daphné wreathed,
 Yon stone was mournful Niobe's mute cell,
 Low through yon sedges pastoral Syrinx breathed,
 And through those groves wailed the sweet Philomel,
 The tears of Ceres swelled in yonder rill—
 Tears shed for Proserpine to Hades borne ;
 And, for her lost Adonis, yonder hill
 Heard Cytherea mourn !—

V.

Heaven's shapes were charmed unto
 The mortal race of old Deucalion ;
 Pyrrha's fair daughter, humanly to woo,
 Came down, in shepherd-guise, Latona's son.
 Between Men, Heroes, Gods, harmonious then
 Love wove sweet links and sympathies divine ;
 Blest Amathusia, Heroes, Gods, and Men,
 Equals before thy shrine !

VI.

Not to that culture gay,
 Stern self-denial, or sharp penance wan !
 Well might each heart be happy in that day—
 For gods, the Happy Ones, were kin to Man !
 The Beautiful alone the Holy there !
 No pleasure shamed the gods of that young race ;
 So that the chaste Camœnæ favouring were,
 And the subduing Grace !

VII.

A palace every shrine :
 Your very sports heroic ;—Yours the crown
 Of contests hallowed to a power divine,
 As rushed the chariots thund'ring to renown.
 Fair round the altar where the incense breathed,
 Moved your melodious dance inspired ; and fair
 Above victorious brows, the garland wreathed.
 Sweet leaves round odorous hair !

VIII.

The lively Thyrsus-swinging,
 And the wild car the exulting Panthers bore,
 Announced the Presence of the Rapture-Bringer—
 Bounded the Satyr and blithe Faun before ;
 And Mænads, as the frenzy stung the soul,
 Hymned in the madding dance, the glorious wine—
 As ever beckoned to the lusty bowl
 The ruddy Host divine !

IX.

Before the bed of death
 No ghastly spectre stood—but from the porch

Of life, the lip—one kiss inhaled the breath,
 And the mute graceful Genius lowered a torch.
 The judgment-balance of the Realms below,
 A judge, himself of mortal lineage, held ;
 The very Furies at the Thracian's woe,
 Were moved and music-spelled.

X.

In the Elysian grove
 The shades renewed the pleasures life held dear :
 The faithful spouse rejoined remembered love,
 And rushed along the meads the charioteer ;
 There Linus poured the old accustomed strain ;
 Admetus there Alcestis still could greet ; his
 Friend there once more Orestes could regain,
 His arrows—Philoctetes !

XI.

More glorions then the meeds
 That in their strife with labour nerved the brave,
 To the great doer of renownéd deeds,
 The Hebe and the Heaven the Thunderer gave.
 Before the rescued Rescuer¹ of the dead,
 Bowed down the silent and Immortal Host ;
 And the Twin Stars² their guiding lustre shed,
 On the bark tempest-tost !

XII.

Art thou, fair world, no more ?
 Return, thou virgin-bloom on Nature's face ;
 Ah, only on the Minstrel's magic shore,
 Can we the footsteps of sweet Fable trace !
 The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life ;
 Vainly we search the earth of God's bereft ;
 Where once the warm and living shapes were rife,
 Shadows alone are left !

XIII.

Cold, from the North, has gone
 Over the Flowers the Blast that killed their May ;
 And, to enrich the worship of the ONE,
 A Universe of Gods must pass away !
 Mourning, I search on yonder starry steeps,
 But thee no more, Selene, there I see !
 And through the woods I call, and o'er the deeps,
 And—Echo answers me !

XIV.

Deaf to the joys she gives—
 Blind to the pomp of which she is possess—
 Unconscious of the spiritual Power that lives
 Around, and rules her—by our bliss unblest—

¹ Hercules, who recovered from the Shades Alcestis, after she had given her own life to save her husband Admetus. Alcestis in the hands of Euripides (that woman-hater as he is called) becomes the loveliest female creation in the Greek Drama.

² i.e., Castor and Pollux are transferred to the Stars, Hercules to Olympus, for their deeds on earth.

Dull to the Art that colours or creates,
 Like the dead timepiece, godless NATURE creeps
 Her plodding round, and, by the leaden weights,
 The slavish motion keeps.

XV.

To-morrow to receive
 New life, she digs her proper grave to-day ;
 And icy moons with weary sameness weave
 From their own light their fulness and decay.
 Home to the Poet's Land the gods are flown,
 Light use in them that later world discerns,
 Which, the diviner leading-strings outgrown,
 On its own axle turns.

XVI.

Home! and with them are gone
 The hues they gazed on and the tones they heard ;
 Life's Beauty and life's Melody :—alone
 Broods o'er the desolate void the lifeless Word ;
 Yet rescued from Time's deluge, still they throng
 Unseen the Pindus they were wont to cherish :
 Ah, that which gains immortal life in Song,
 To mortal life must perish !

THE ARTISTS.

This justly ranks amongst Schiller's noblest poems. He confessed "that he had hitherto written nothing that so much pleased him—nothing to which he had given so much time."¹ It forms one of the many pieces he has devoted to the progress of Man. "The Eleusinian Festival" records the social benefits of Agriculture ; "The Four Ages" panegyricizes the influence of Poetry in all times ; "The Walk" traces, in a series of glowing pictures, the development of general civilization ; the "Lay of the Bell" commemorates the stages of Life ; and "The Artists," by some years the earliest of the Series, is an elaborate exposition of the effect of Art upon the Happiness and Dignity of the Human Species—a lofty Hymn in honour of Intellectual Beauty. Herein are collected into a symmetrical and somewhat argumentative whole, many favourite ideas of Schiller which the reader will recognize as scattered throughout his other effusions. About the time when this poem was composed, the narrow notions of a certain School of mis-called Utilitarians were more prevalent than they deserved ; and this fine composition is perhaps the most eloquent answer ever given to those thinkers who have denied the Morality of Fiction, and considered Poets rather the Perverters than the Teachers of the World. Perhaps in his just Defence of Art, Schiller had somewhat underrated the dignity of Science ; but so many small Philosophers have assailed the divine uses of Poetry, that it may be pardoned to the Poet to vindicate his Art in somewhat too arrogant a tone of retaliation. And it may be fairly contended that Fiction (the several forms of which are comprehended under the name of Art) has exercised an earlier, a more comprehensive, and a more genial influence over the Civilization and the Happiness of Man, than nine-tenths of that investigation of Facts which is the pursuit of Science.

The poem, in the original, is written in lines of irregular length, the imitation of which—considering the nature and the length of the piece—would probably displease in an English version. Occasionally too (for Schiller in all his philosophical poems is apt to incur the fault of obscurity, from which his poems of sentiment and narrative are generally free), it has been judged necessary somewhat to expand and paraphrase the sense—to translate the idea as well as the words. But though, verbally, the translation may be more free than most others in this collection, yet no less pains have been taken to render the version true to the spirit and intention of the author. For the clearer exposition of the train of thought which Schiller pursues, the poem has been divided into sections, and the Argument of the whole prefixed. If any passages in the version should appear obscure to those readers who find the mind of Schiller worth attentive study, even when deprived of the melodious language which clothed its thoughts, by referring to the Argument the sense will perhaps become sufficiently clear.

¹ Hinrichs.

ARGUMENT.

SECT. 1.—Man regarded in his present palmy state of civilization—free through Reason, strong through Law—the Lord of Nature. (2) But let him not forget his gratitude to ART, which found him the Savage, and by which his powers have been developed—his soul refined. Let him not degenerate from serving ART, the Queen—to a preference for her handmaids (the Sciences). The Bee and the Worm excel him in diligence and mechanical craft—the Seraph in knowledge—but Art is Man's alone. (3) It is through the Beautiful that Man gains the Intuition of Law and Knowledge. (4) The supposed discoveries of Philosophy were long before revealed as symbols to Feeling. Virtue charmed and Vice revolted, before the Laws of Solon. (5) That goddess which in Heaven is Urania—the great Deity whom only pure Spirits can behold, descends to earth as the earthly Venus—viz., the Beautiful. She adapts herself to the childlike understanding. But what we now only adore as Beauty we shall, one day, recognize as Truth. (6) After the Fall of Man, this goddess—viz., the Beautiful—(comprehending Poetry and Art) alone deigned to console him, and painted on the walls of his Dungeon the Shapes of Elysium. (7) While Men only worshipped the Beautiful, no Fanaticism hallowed Persecution and Homicide—without formal Law, without compulsion, they obeyed Virtue rather as an instinct than a Duty. (8) Those dedicated to her service (viz., the Poet and the Artist, hold the highest intellectual rank Man can obtain. (9) Before Art introduced its own symmetry and method into the world, all was chaos. (10) You, the Artists, contemplated Nature, and learned to imitate; you observed the light shaft of the cedar, the shadow on the wave. (11) Thus rose the first Column of the Sculptor—the first Design of the Painter—and the wind sighing through the reed suggested the first Music. (12) Art's first attempt was in the first choice of flowers for a posy; its second, the weaving of those flowers into a garland—viz., Art first observes and selects—next blends and unites—the column is ranged with other columns—the individual Hero becomes one of an heroic army—the rude Song becomes an Iliad. (13) The effect produced by Homeric Song, in noble emulation,—nor in this alone; Man learns to live in other woes than his own—to feel pleasures beyond animal enjoyment. (14) And as this diviner intellectual feeling is developed, are developed also Thought and Civilization. (15) In the rudest state of Man, you, the Artists, recognize in his breast the spiritual germ, and warm it into life—true and holy Love awoke with the first Shepherd's love song. (16) It is you, the Artists, who generalizing, and abstracting, gather all several excellences into one ideal.—You thus familiarize Man to the notion of the Unknown Powers, whom you invest with the attributes Man admires and adores—He fears the Unknown, but he loves its shadow.—You suffered the Nature around him to suggest the Prototype of all Beauty. (17) You make subject to your ends—the passion, the duty, and the instinct—All that is scattered through creation you gather and concentrate, and resolve to the Song or to the Stage—Even the murderer who has escaped justice, conscience-stricken by the Eumenides on the scene, reveals himself—Long before Philosophy hazarded its dogmas an Iliad solved the riddles of Fate—And with the wain of Thetis wandered a Providence. (18) Where your symmetry, your design fail in this world, they extend into the world beyond the grave—If life be over too soon for the brave and good, Poetry imagined the Shades below, and placed the hero Castor among the Stars.¹ (19) Not contented with bestowing immortality on Man—you furnish forth from Man, the ideal of the Immortals—Virgin Beauty grows into a Pallas—manly Strength into a Jove. (20) As the world without you is thus enlarged and the world within you agitated and enriched, your Art extends to Philosophy.—For as the essentials of Art are symmetry and design, so the Artist extends that symmetry and that design into the system of Creation, the Laws of Nature, the Government of the World.—Lends to the spheres its own harmony—to the Universe its own symmetric method. (21) The Artist thus recognizing *Centrality* everywhere, feels his life surrounded with Beauty—He has before him in Nature itself an eternal model of the Perfect and Consummate—Through joy—grief—terror—wherever goes his course—one stream of harmony murmurs by his side—The Graces are his companions—his life glides away amidst airy shapes of Beauty—His soul is merged in the divine ocean that flows around him—Fate itself which is reduced from Chance and Providence, and which furnishes him with themes of pleasurable awe, does not daunt him. (22) You, Artists, are the sweet and trusty companions of life—You gave us what life has best—Your reward is your own immortality and the gratitude of Men's hearts. (23) You are the imitators of the Divine Artist, who accompanies power with sweetness, terror with splendour, who adorns himself even in destroying—As a brook that reflects the evening landscape, so on the meagard stream of life shimmers Poetry. You lead us on, in marriage garments, to the Unknown Bourne—As your Urns deck our bones your fair semblances deck our cares.—Through the history of the world, we find that Humanity smiles in your presence and mourns in your absence. (24) Humanity came young from your hands, and when it grew old and decayed, you gave it a second youth—Time has bloomed twice from seeds sown by Art. (25) When the Barbarians chased Civilization from Greece, you transplanted it to Italy—and, with Civilization, freedom and gentle manners—Yet you sought

¹ To the Poet we are indebted for the *promise* of another life (foreshadowing Divine Revelation) long before the Philosopher bewildered us by *arguing* for it.

not public rewards for your public benefits—In obscurity you contemplated the blessings you had diffused. (26) If the Philosopher now pursues his course without obstacles—if he now would arrogate the crown, and hold Art but as the first Slave to Science—pardon his vain boast.—Completion and Perfection in reality rest with you.—With you dawned the Spring, in you is matured the Harvest, of the Moral World. (27) For although Art sprung first from physical materials, the clay and the stone—it soon also embraced in its scope the spiritual and intellectual—Even what Science discovers only ministers to Art.—The Philosopher obtains his first hints from the Poet or Artist—and when his wisdom flows, as it were, into beauty—it but returns to the service, and is applied to the uses of its instructor.—When the Philosopher contemplates the Natural World, side by side with the Artist—the more the Latter accumulates images of beauty, and unites the details of the great design, the more the Former enriches the sphere of his observation—the more profound his research—the more bold his speculations—The Imagination always assists the Reason—And Art which teaches Philosophy to see Art (*i.e.*, Symmetry and Design) everywhere, may humble the Philosopher's pride, but augments his love.—Thus scattering flowers, Poetry leads on through tones and forms, ever high and higher, pure and purer, till it shall at last attain that point when Poetry becomes but sudden inspiration and the instantaneous intuition of Truth;—when in fact the Art sought by the Poet, the Truth sought by the Philosopher, become one. (28) Then this great goddess, whom we have hitherto served as the earthly Venus, the Beautiful—shall reassume her blazing crown—and Man, to whose earlier and initiatory probation she has gently familiarized her splendour, shall behold her without a veil—not as the Venus of Earth, but as the Urania of Heaven—Her beauty comprehended by him in proportion to the beauty his soul took from her—So from the Mentor of his youth shone forth Minerva to Telemachus. (29) To you, O Artists, is committed the dignity of Man—It sinks with you, it revives with you. (30) In those Ages when Truth is persecuted by the Bigotry of her own time, she seeks refuge in Song. The charm she takes from the Muse but renders her more fearful to her Foes. (31) Aspire then constantly, O Artists, to the Beautiful—covet no meaner rewards.—If Art escape you, search for her in Nature.—Remember that the excellent and the perfect ever must be found in whatsoever fair souls esteem fair.—Do not bound yourselves to your own time—Let your work reflect the shadow of the coming Age—It matters not what paths you select—You have before you the whole labyrinth of being—but all its paths for you unite at one throne—As the white breaks into seven tints, as the seven tints re-dissolve into white—so Truth is the same, whether she dazzles us with the splendour of variegated colours, or pervades the Universe with one Stream of Light.

I.

UPON the century's verge, O Man, how fair
Thou standest, stately as a silent palm
With boughs far-spreading through the solemn air,
In the full growth of mellowest years sublime;
Through mildness earnest, through achievement calm,
Each sense unfolded, all the soul matured—
The crowning work and ripest born of Time!
Free in the freedom reason has secured,
Strong in the strength that Law bestows, thou art,
Great in thy meekness—rich with countless stores,
Which slept for ages silent in thy heart;
The Lord of Nature, who thy chains adores,
Who in each strife but disciplines thy skill,
And shines from out the desert at thy will!

II.

O not, inebriate with thy victory, scorn—
Scorn not to prize and praise the fostering hand
That found thee weeping—orphaned and forlorn,
Lone on the verge of Life's most barren strand—
That seized from lawless CHANCE its helpless prey,
And early taught thy young heart the control
Of ART—thy guide upon the upward way—
The softener and the raiser of the soul,—
Cleansing the breast it tutored to aspire,
From the rude passion and the low desire:
The good, the blessed One, who, through sweet play,

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

To lofty duties lured thy toilless youth ;
 Who by light parables revealed the ray
 That gilds the mystery of each holier Truth ;
 And but to stranger arms consigned—once more
 To clasp her darling, riper for her lore.
 O fall not back from that high faith serene,
 To serve the Handmaids and forsake the Queen.
 In diligent toil thy master is the bee ;
 In craft mechanical, the worm that creeps
 Through earth its dexterous way, may tutor thee ;
 In knowledge (couldst thou fathom all its deeps),
 All to the seraph are already known.
 But thine, O MAN, is ART—thine wholly and alone !

III.

But through the Morning-Gate of Beauty goes
 Thy pathway to the Land of Knowledge ! By
 The twilight Charin,—Truth's gradual daylight grows
 Familiar to the Mind's unconscious eye ;
 And what was first—with a sweet tremulous thrill—
 Wakened within thee by melodious strings,
 Grows to a Power that swells and soars until
 Up to the all-pervading God it springs.¹

IV.

What first the reason of the Antique Time
 Dimly discovered (many a century flown
 Lay in the symbol types of the Sublime
 And Beautiful—intuitively known :
 True, from the seeker as a lore concealed,
 But as an instinct all to childish sense revealed.
 Virtue's fair shape to Virtue love could draw,
 From Vice a gentler impulse warned away,
 Ere yet a Solon sowed the formal Law,
 Whose fruits warmed slowly to the gradual ray ;—
 Ere the Idea of Space, the Infinite,
 Before Philosophy, the Seeker, stole—
 Who ever gazed upon the Starry Light,
 Nor guessed the large truth in the silent soul ?

V.

She the URANIA, with her wreath of rays,
 The glory of Orion round her brow ;
 On whom pure Spirits only dare to gaze,
 As Heaven's bright Habitants before her bow ;
 And round her splendour the stars wink and fade
 So awful, reigning on her sunlit throne—
 When she diswreathes her of her fiery crown,
 Gliding to Earth (Earth's gentle Venus) down,
 Smiles on us but as BEAUTY :²—with the zone
 Of the sweet Graces girded, the meek youth

¹ *i.e.* Poetry prepared the mind for the knowledge of God.
² *i.e.* She who, in Heaven, is Urania—the Daughter of Uranus—by Light, is, on Earth,
 Venus—the Divinity of Love and Beauty. The Beautiful is to Mortals the revelation of
 Truth. Truth, in its abstract splendour too bright for the eyes of Man in his present
 state, familiarises itself to him in the shape of the Beautiful.

Of Infancy she wears, that she may be
By Infants comprehended, and what we
Here, but as BEAUTY gazed on and obeyed,—
Will, one day, meet us in her name of TRUTH

I.

When the Creator from his presence cast
Man to thy dark abyss—Mortality,
Condemned the late return to glory past,
To seek and strive for with a weary sigh,
Amidst the dim paths of the sensual clay,
When every heavenlier Nature from his eye
Veiled its bright face, and swept in scorn away;
She only—she, in the low Human cell,
Herself made human, deigned with him to dwell—
Stooped round her darling, wings soft-brooding; fanned
With freshening airs, the Senses' barren land;
And, kind in bright delusions, limned with all
The lost Elysium—life's sad dungeon-wall.

VII.

Ah, in that tender Nurse's cradling arms—
While yet reposed the mild Humanity—
War decked not Murder with Fame's holy charms,
Reeked not the innocent blood;—but guided by
Those gentle leading-strings, the guileless soul
Shunned the cold duties, by compulsion taught;
Virtue was instinct—and without control,
Through ways the lovelier for their winding, sought
The Moral in the Beautiful,—and won;—
Each path a ray that guided to the Sun!
Ne'er they who tended her chaste service knew
One meaner impulse—and the frown of Fate
Paled not their courage from its healthy hue,
As in some holier realm, their happy state
Regained the freedom while it shunned the strife,
And won to Earth once more the spiritual, heavenly life.

VIII.

Oh, happy! and of many millions, they
The purest chosen, whom her service pure
Hallows and claims—whose hearts are made her throne,
Whose lips her oracle—ordained secure,
To lead a Priestly life, and feed the ray
Of her eternal shrine,—to them alone
Her glorious Countenance unveiled is shown:
Ye, the high Brotherhood she links—rejoice
In the great rank allotted by her choice!—
The loftiest rank the spiritual world sublime,
Rich with its starry thrones, gives to the Sons of Time!

IX.

Ere yet unto the early world the Law
Of the harmonious Symmetry, which all
Essence and life now joyously obey,
Your Art divinely gave—walled round with Night
And Chaos, gloomier for one sickly ray,

Man struggled with the uncouth shapes of awe,
 That through the Dark came giant on the sight,
 And chained the senses in a slavish thrall:
 Rude as himself pressed round the shadowy throng,
 Vast without outline, without substance, strong;
 So gloomed Creation on the Savage Breast,
 While brutal lusts alone allured the eye,
 And unenjoyed, unheeded, and unquest,
 The lovely soul of Nature passed him by,—

X.

Lo, as it passed him, with a noiseless hand,
 And with a gentle instinct, the fair shade
 Ye seized; and linked in one harmonious band
 The airy images your eyes surveyed;
 Ye felt, surveying, how the cedar gave
 Its light shaft to the air;—how sportive, played
 The form reflected on the crystal wave!
 How could ye fail the gentle hints to read
 With which free Nature met ye on the way?
 By easy steps did eye observant lead
 The hand to mimic the fair forms at play,
 Till from the image on the water glassed
 The likeness rose—and Painting grew at last!
 Yea, from the substance severed, Nature's fair
 And phantom shadow—followed by the soul,
 Cast itself on the silver stream, and there
 Rendered its coyness to the hand that stole!

So born the craft that imitates and takes¹
 Shape from the shadow;—so young Art awakes
 The earliest genius;—so in clay and sand
 The shade is snatched at by the eager hand;
 The sweet enjoyment in the labour grows,
 And from your breast the first creation flows.

XI.

Seized by the power of thoughtful contemplation,
 Snared by the eye that steals what it surveys,
 Nature, the talisman of each creation
 With which her spells enamour you, betrays:
 Your quickened sense, the wonder-working laws,
 The stores in Beauty's treasure-house, conceives—
 Your hand from Nature the light outline draws,
 And scattered hints in gentle union weaves.
 Thus rise—tall Obelisk, and vast Pyramid—
 The half-formed Hermes grows—the Column springs;
 Music comes lispings from the Shepherd's reed,
 And Song the valour and the victory sings.

XII.

The happier choice of flowers most sweet or fair,
 To weave the posy for some Shepherd Maid,
 Lo, the first Art, from Nature born is there!—
 The next—the flowers the careless tresses braid

¹ See Argument.

In garlands wreathed :—Thus step by step ascends
The Art that notes, and gathers, shapes and blends !

But, each one blent with each, its single grace
Each offspring of the Beautiful must lose ;
The artful hand according each its place,
Confounds the separate with the common hues.
Charmed into method by the harmonious word,
Column with column ranged—proud Fanes aspire,
The Hero melts amidst the Hero herd,
And peals the many-stringed Mæonian Lyre.

XIII.

Soon round this new Creation in great Song
Barbarian wonder gathered and believed ;
" See," cried the enulous and kindled throng,
" The deeds a Mortal like ourselves achieved !"
Grouped into social circles near and far,
Listing the wild tales of the Titan war,
Of giants piled beneath the rocks,—and caves
Grim with the lion some stout hero braves,
Still while the Minstrel sung, the listeners grew
Themselves the Heroes his high fancy drew.
Then first did Men the soul's enjoyment find,
First knew the calmer raptures of the mind
Not proved by sense—but from the distance brought ;
The joy at deeds themselves had never wrought,—
The thirst for what possession cannot give,—
The power in nobler lives than life to live !

XIV.

Now from the Sensual Slumber's heavy chain,
Breaks the fair soul, which new-born pinions buoy,
And, freed by you, the ancient Slave of Pain
Springs from his travail to the breast of Joy ;
Fall the dull Animal-Barriers round him wrought,
On his clear front the HUMAN halo glows,
And forth the high Majestic Stranger—THOUGHT,
Bright from the startled brain, a Pallas, goes !
Now stands sublime THE MAN, and to the star
Lifts his unclouded brow—The Kingly One ;
And Contemplation, sweeping to the Far,
Speaks in the eyes commercing with the Sun.
Fair from his cheeks bloom happy smiles, and all
The rich varieties of soulful sound
Unfold in Song—divine emotions call
Sweet tears to feeling eyes ;—and, sister-bound,
Kindness and Mirth upon his accents dwell,
Soul, like some happy Nymph, haunting the lips' pure well !

XV.

Yea, what though buried in the mire and clay
Grovels the fleshly instinct of the worm ;
What though the lusts and ruder passions sway
And clasp him round—the intellectual germ
Yon, Sons of Art, in that dark breast behold,
Warm from its sleep and into bloom unfold :—
Love's spiritual blossom opened to the day,
First—when Man heard the first young Shepherd's lay.

Ennobled by the dignity of Thought,
 Passion that blushed the soft desire to own,
 Caught chaster language from the Minstrel's tone ;
 And Song, the delicate Preacher, while it taught
 A love outlasting what the senses sought,
 Beyond Possession placed the ethereal goal,
 And to the Heart proclaimed and linked the Soul !

XVI.

The wisdom of the wise, the gentleness
 The gentle know—the strength that nerves the strong—
 The grace that gathers round the noble—yes,
 Ye blend them all to limn the Beautiful,
 Each ray on Nature's brows commixed and grown
 Into one pomp—a halo for your own !
 Though from the Unknown Divinity, the awe
 Of Man shrinks back—to what he knows no dull,
 Yet with what love his young religion saw
 The shadow of the godhead downward thrown ;¹
 Gentle the type—though fearful the Unknown.
 The breasts of heroes nobly burned to vie
 With the bright gods that ruled in Homer's sky ;
 Ye did the Ideal from the Natural call—
 Ye bade Man learn how on the Earth is given
 The immemorial prototype of all
 Glory and Beauty, dreamed of for the Heaven !

XVII.

The wild tumultuous passions of the soul,
 The playful gladness of unfettered joy,
 The duty and the instinct—your control
 Grasps at its will—can as its slaves employ
 To guide the courses, and appoint the goal ;
 All that in restless Nature's mighty space
 Wander divided—world on world afar—
 Ye seize—ye gather, fix them into place,
 And show them bright and living as they are,
 Linked into order stately and serene,
 Limned in the song, or mirrored on the scene !
 Here, secret Murder, pale and shuddering, sees
 Sweep o'er the stage the stern Eumenides ;²
 Owns, where Law fails, what powers to Art belong,
 And, screened from Justice, finds its doom in Song !
 Long ere the wise their slow decrees revolved,
 A fiery Iliad Fate's dark riddles solved ;
 And Art, the Prophetess, Heaven's mystic plan
 Of doom and destiny revealed to Man,
 When the rude goat-song spelled the early Age,
 And Providence,³ spoke low from Thespis' wandering stage.

¹ i. e., Man shrinks in awe from the notion of a Diviner Power, thoroughly unknown ; but the Greek Mythology familiarized Man to the providence of the gods, and elevated him by the contemplation of attributes in which he recognized whatever he most admired. Art taught Man to see in the Nature round him the prototype—the ideal—of Diviner Beauty.

² The Poet here seems to allude to the Story of Ibycus, which at a subsequent period furnished the theme of one of his happiest narratives.

³ In the Drama the essentials are Providence and Design.

XVIII.

Nay, where in this world, Reason paused perplex,
 Ye tracked God onward, and divined the next,
 Full early wont to comprehend and meet¹
 Harmonious systems never incomplete,
 What though the vain impatient eye might fail
 To pierce the dark Fate through the solemn veil—
 Though the brave heart seemed prematurely stilled,
 And life's fair circle halted unfulfilled,
 Yet here, ev'n here, your own unaided might
 Flung its light Arch across the waves of Night;
 Led the untrembling Spirit on to go
 Where dark Avernus, wailing, winds below;
 Bade Hope survive the Un and Charnel, brave
 In the great faith of Life beyond the grave;
 Showed there—how Love the loved once more could win—
 How Dorian Castor gained his starry Twin—
 The Shadow in the Moon's pale glimmer seen,
 Ere yet she fills her horns, and rounds her orb serene

XIX.

High, and more high, the aspiring Genius goes,
 And still creation from creation flows;
 What in the natural world but charms the eyes,
 In Art's—to forms which awe the soul must rise!
 The Maiden's majesty, at Art's commands,
 Inspires the marble, and—Athené stands!
 The strength that nerves the Wrestler on the sod
 Swells the vast beauty which invests a god,
 And throned in Elis—wonder of his time—
 With brows that sentence worlds—sits Phidian Jove sublime!

XX.

Without—the World by diligent toil transformed,
 Within—by new-born passions roused the heart,
 (Strengthened by each successive strife that stormed)
 Wider and wider grows your realm of Art.
 Still in each step that Man ascends to light
 He bears the Art that first inspired the flight;
 And still the teeming Nature to his gaze,
 The wealth he gives her with new worlds repays.
 Thus the light Victories exercise the mind,
 By guess to reach what knowledge fails to find,
 Practised—throughout the Universe to trace
 An Artist-whole of beauty and of grace,

¹ "Doch in den grossen Weltenlauf
 Ward euer Ebenmaass zu früh getragen."

These lines are extremely obscure. Unless we may construe "zu früh," "very early," or "with bold prematurity." In which case, referring to the conclusion of the preceding stanza, the sense would be—That the Poet did not confine the operations of a recompensing Providence to the limited exhibitions of the Thespian wain; but, even in the infancy of society, and with a boldness which might be considered premature, ventured to transfer them to the greater stage of the actual world, and to claim compensation beyond the grave for heroic lives inevitably cut short before they had fulfilled their career. The Poet's necessary love of symmetry and system (of which justice is a part) compels him to carry on the life which fails of result and completion here, to fulfilment in a life hereafter.

He set the Columns Nature's boundary knows,
 Tracks her dark course, speeds with her where she goes ;
 Weighs with the balance her own hands extend ;
 Meets with the gauge her own perfections lend,
 Till all her beauty renders to his gaze
 The charm that robes it and the law that sways.
 In self-delighted Joy the Artist hears
 His own rich harmony enchant the spheres,
 And in the Universal Scheme beholds
 The symmetry that reigns in all he moulds.

XXI.

Yes, in all round him can his ear divine
 The voice that tells of method and design ;
 He sees the life 'mid which his lot is thrown,
 Clasped round with beauty as a golden zone ;
 In all his works, before his emulous eyes,
 To lead to victory, fair Perfection flies :
 Where'er he hears, or gay Delight rejoice,
 Or Care to stillness breathe its whispered voice,
 Where starry Contemplation lingers slow,
 Or stream from heavy eyes the tears of Woe,
 Or Terror in her thousand shapes appal ;—
 Still one harmonious Sweetness glides through all,
 Soft to his ear, and freshening to his look,
 And winding on through earth—one haunting music brook !
 In the refined and still emotion, glide
 With chastened mirth the Graces to his side ;
 Round him the bright Companions weave their dance ;
 And as the curving lines of Beauty flow,
 Each winding into each, as o'er his glance
 The lovely apparitions gleam and go
 In delicate outline—so the dreaming day
 Of Life, enchanted, breathes itself away.

His soul is mingled with the Harmonious Sea
 That flows around his sense delightedly ;
 And Thought where'er with those sweet waves it glide,
 Bears the all-present Venus on the tide !
 At peace with Fate serenely goes his race—
 Here guides the Muse, and there supports the Grace ;
 The stern Necessity, to others dim
 With Night and Terror, wears no frown for him :
 Calm and serene, he fronts the threatened dart,
 Invites the gentle bow, and bares the fearless heart.

XXII.

Darlings of Harmony divine,—all blest
 Companions of our Beings !—whatsoe'er
 Is of this life, the dearest, noblest, best,
 Took life from you ! If Man his fetters bear
 With a glad heart that chafes not at the chain,
 But clings to duty with the thoughts of love ;
 If now no more he wander in the reign
 Of iron Chance, but with the Power above
 Link his harmonious being—what can be
 Your bright reward ?—your Immortality,

And your own heart's high recompense ! If round
 The chalice-fountain, whence, to Mortals, streams
 The Ideal Freedom, evermore are found
 The godlike Joys and pleasure-weaving Dreams ;—
 For this—for these—be yours the grateful shrine,
 Deep in the Human Heart ye hallow and refine.

XXIII.

Ye are the Imitators, ye the great
 Disciples of the Mighty Artist—who
 Zoned with sweet grace the iron form of Fate—
 Gave Heaven its starry lights and tender blue—
 Whose terror more ennobles than alarms
 (Its awe exalts us, and its grandeur charms)—
 Who, ev'n destroying, while he scathes, illumines,
 And clothes with pomp the anger that consumes.

As o'er some brook that glides its lucid way
 The dancing shores in various shadow play ;
 As the smooth wave a faithful mirror yields
 To Eve's soft blush, and flower-enamelled fields ;
 So, on life's stream, that niggard steals along,
 Shimmers the lively Shadow-World of Song.

Ye, to the Dread Unknown—the dismal goal
 Where the stern Fates await the trembling soul—
 Ye lead us on, by paths for ever gay,
 And robed with joy as for a marriage-day ;
 And as in graceful urns your genius decks
 Our very bones, and beautifies the wrecks :
 So with appearances divinely fair,
 Ye veil the trouble and adorn the care.
 Search where I will the ages that have rolled,
 The unmeasured Past, Earth's immemorial lore,
 How smiled Humanity, where ye consoled,
 How smileless mourned Humanity before !

XXIV.

All strong and mighty on the wing, and young
 And fresh from your creative hands, It¹ sprung ;
 And when the Time, that conquers all, prevailed ;
 When on its wrinkled cheek the roses failed ;
 When from its limbs the vigour passed away,
 And its sad age crept on in dull decay,
 And tottered on its crutch ;—within your arms
 It sought its shelter and regained its charms :
 Out from your fresh and sparkling well, ye poured
 The living stream that dying strength restored ;
 Twice into spring has Time's stern winter glowed,
 Twice Nature blossomed from the seeds Art sowed.

XXV.

Ye snatched—when chased Barbarian Hosts before—
 From sacred hearths the last yet living brand ;
 From the dishallowed Orient Altar bore,
 And brought it glimmering to the Western Land.
 As from the East the lovely Exile goes,
 Fair on the West a young Aurora glows ;

¹ *i.e.*, Humanity.

And all the flowers Ionian shores could yield
 Blush forth, re-blooming in the Hesperian Field.
 Fair Nature glassed its image on the Soul,
 From the long Night the mists began to roll ;
 And o'er the world of Mind, adorned again,
 Light's holy goddess reassumed her reign.
 Loosed from the Millions fell the fetters then—
 Slaves heard the Voice that told their rights as Men.
 And the Young Race in peace to vigour grew,
 In that mild brotherhood they learned from you !

And you, averse the loud applause to win,
 Still in the joy that overflowed within,
 Sought the mild shade, contented to survey
 The World ye brightened, basking in the ray.

XXVI.

If on the course of Thought, now barrier-free,
 Sweeps the glad search of bold Philosophy ;
 And with self-pæans, and a vain renown,
 Would claim the praise and arrogate the crown,
 Holding, but as a Soldier in her band,
 The nobler Art that did in truth command ;
 And grants, beneath her visionary throne,
 To Art her Queen—the slave's first rank alone ;—
 Pardon the vaunt !—For you Perfection all
 Her star-gems weaves in one bright coronal !
 With you, the first blooms of the Spring, began
 Awakening Nature in the Soul of Man !
 With you fulfilled, when Nature seeks repose,
 Autumn's exulting harvests ripely close.

XXVII.

If Art rose plastic from the stone and clay,
 To Mind from Matter ever sweeps its sway ;
 Silent, but conquering in its silence, lo,
 How o'er the Spiritual World its triumphs go !
 What in the Land of Knowledge, wide and far,
 Keen Science teaches—for you discovered are :
 First in your arms the wise their wisdom learn—
 They dig the mine you teach them to discern ;
 And when that wisdom ripens to the flower
 And crowning time of Beauty—to the Power
 From whence it rose, new stores it must impart,
 The toils of Science swell the Wealth of Art.
 When to one height the Sage ascends with you,
 And spreads the Vale of Matter round his view
 In the mild twilight of serene repose ;
 The more the Artist charms, the more the Thinker knows.
 The more the shapes—in intellectual joy,
 Linked by the Genii which your spells employ,
 The more the thought with the emotion blends—
 The more up-buoyed by both the Soul ascend ;
 To loftier Harmonies, and heavenlier things ;—
 And tracks the stream of Beauty to its springs.
 The lovely members of the mighty whole,
 Till then confused and shapeless to his soul—

Distinct and glorious grow upon his sight,
 The fair enigmas brighten from the Night ;
 More rich the Universe his thoughts enclose—
 More wide the Ocean with whose wave he flows ;
 The wrath of Fate grows feebler to his fears,
 As from God's Scheme Chance wanes and disappears ;
 And as each straining impulse soars above—
 How his pride lessens—how augments his love !
 So scattering blooms—the still Guide—Poetry
 Leads him through paths, though hid, that mount on high—
 Through forms and tones more pure and more sublime—
 Alp upon Alp of Beauty—till the time
 When what we long as Poetry have nurst,
 Shall as a god's swift inspiration burst,
 And flash in glory, on that youngest day—
 One with the Truth to which it wings the way !

XXVIII.

She, the soft Venus of the Earth, by Men
 Worshipped but as the Beautiful till then,
 Shall reassume her blazing coronal,
 Let the meek veil that shrouds her splendour fall,
 And to her ripened Son¹ divinely rise
 In her true shape—the Urania of the skies !
 Proportioned to the Beauty which Man's soul
 Took from her culture while in her control,
 Shall he, with toilless, lightly-wooing ease,
 Truth in the Beautiful embrace and seize.
 Thus sweet, thus heavenly, was thy glad surprise,
 Son of Ulysses, when before thine eyes,
 Bright from the Mentor whom thy youth had known,
 Jove's radiant child—Imperial Pallas—shone !

XXIX.

O Sons of Art ! into your hands consigned
 (O heed the trust, O heed it and revere !)
 The liberal dignity of human kind !
 With you to sink, with you to reappear.
 The hallowed melody of Magian Song
 Does to Creation as a link belong,
 Blending its music with God's harmony,
 As rivers melt into the mighty sea.

XXX.

Truth, when the Age she would reform, expels ;
 Flies for safe refuge to the Muse's cells.
 More fearful for the veil of charms she takes,
 From Song the fulness of her splendour breaks,
 And o'er the Foe that persecutes and quails
 Her vengeance thunders, as the Bard prevails !

XXXI.

Rise, ye free Sons of the Free Mother, rise,
 Still on the Light of Beauty, sun your eyes,

¹ Mündigen,—her Son, who has attained his majority.

Still to the heights that shine afar, aspire,
 Nor meaner needs than those she gives, desire.
 If here the Sister Art forsake awhile,
 Elude the clasp, and vanish from the toil,
 Go seek and find her at the Mother's heart—
 Go search for Nature—and arrive at Art !
 Ever the Perfect dwells in whatsoe'er
 Fair souls conceive and recognize as fair !
 Borne on your daring pinions soar sublime
 Above the shoal and eddy of the Time.
 Far-glimmering on your wizard mirror, see
 The silent shadow of the Age to be.
 Through all Life's thousand-fold entangled maze,
 One godlike bourne your gifted sight surveys—
 Through countless means one solemn end, foreshown,
 The labyrinth closes at a single Throne.
 As in seven tints of variegated light
 Breaks the lone shimmer of the lucid white ;
 As the seven tints that paint the Iris bow
 Into the lucid white dissolving flow—
 So Truth in many-coloured splendour plays,—
 Now on the eye enchanted with the rays—
 Now in one lustre gathers every beam,
 And floods the World with light—a single Stream !¹

THE CELEBRATED WOMAN.

AN EPISTLE BY A MARRIED MAN—TO A FELLOW-SUFFERER.

[In spite of Mr. Carlyle's assertion of Schiller's "total deficiency in Humour,"² we think that the following poem suffices to show that he *possessed* the gift in no ordinary degree, and that if the aims of a genius so essentially earnest had allowed him to *indulge* it, he would have justified the opinion of the experienced Island as to his capacities for original comedy.]

CAN I, my friend, with thee condole ?—
 Can I conceive the woes that try men,
 When late Repentance racks the soul
 Ensnared into the toils of Hymen ?
 Can I take part in such distress ?—
 Poor Martyr,—most devoutly, "Yes !"
 Thou weep'st because thy Spouse has flown
 To arms preferred before thine own ;—
 A faithless wife,—I grant the curse,—
 And yet, my friend, it might be worse !
 Just hear Another's tale of sorrow,
 And, in comparing, comfort borrow !
 What ! dost thou think thyself undone,
 Because thy rights are shared with one !
 O, Happy Man—be more resigned,
 My wife belongs to all Mankind !
 My wife—she's found abroad—at home ;
 But cross the Alps and she's at Rome ;
 Sail to the Baltic—there you'll find her ;
 Lounge on the Boulevards—kind and kinder :

¹ There is exquisite skill in concluding the poem (after insisting so eloquently upon the maxim, that whatever Science discovers, only adds to the stores, or serves the purpose of Art) with an image borrowed from Science.

² Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. iii. p. 47.

In short, you've only just to drop
Where'er they sell the last new tale,
And, bound and lettered in the shop,
You'll find my Lady up for sale !

She must her fair proportions render
To all whose praise can glory lend her ;—
Within the coach, on board the boat,
Let every pedant "take a note ;"
Endure, for public approbation,
Each critic's "close investigation,"
And brave—nay, court it as a flattery—
Each spectacled Philistine's battery.
Just as it suits some scurvy carcase
In which she hails an Aristarchus,
Ready to fly with kindred souls,
O'er blooming flowers or burning coals,
To fame or shame, to shrine or gallows,
Let him but lead—sublimely callous !
A Leipsic man—(confound the wretch !)
Has made her Topographic sketch,
A kind of Map, as of a Town,
Each point minutely dotted down ;
Scarce to myself I dare to hint
What this d—d fellow wants to print !
Thy wife—howe'er she slight the vows—
Respects, at least, the name of spouse ;
But mine to regions far too high
For that terrestrial Name is carried ;
My wife's "THE FAMOUS NINON !"—I
"The Gentleman that Ninon married !"

It galls you that you scarce are able
To stake a florin at the table—
Confront the Pit, or join the Walk,
But straight all tongues begin to talk !
O that such luck could me befall,
Just to be talked about at all !
Behold me dwindling in my nook,
Edged at her left,—and not a look !
A sort of rushlight of a life,
Put out by that great Orb—my Wife !

Scarce is the Morning gray—before
Postman and Porter crowd the door ;
No Premier has so dear a levée—
She finds the Mail-bag half its trade ;
My God—the parcels are so heavy !
And not a parcel carriage-paid !
But then—the truth must be confessed—
They're all so charmingly addressed :
Whate'er they cost, they well requite her—
"To Madame Blank, The Famous Writer !"
Poor thing, she sleeps so soft ! and yet
"Twere worth my life to spare her slumber ;
"Madame—from Jena—the Gazette—
The Berlin Journal—the last number !"

Sudden she wakes ; those eyes of blue
 (Sweet eyes !) fall straight—on the Review !
 I by her side—all undetected,
 While those cursed columns are inspected ;
 Loud squall the children overhead,
 Still she reads on, till all is read :
 At last she lays that darling by,
 And asks—" What makes the Baby cry ?"

Already now the Toilet's care
 Claims from her couch the restless fair ;
 The Toilet's care !—the glass has won
 Just half a glance, and all is done !
 A snappish—pettish word or so
 Warns the poor Maid 'tis time to go :—
 Not at her toilet wait the Graces,
 Uncombed Erynnys takes their places ;
 So great a mind expands its scope
 Far from the mean details of—soap !

Now roll the coach-wheels to the muster—
 Now round my Muse her votaries cluster ;
 Spruce Abbé Millefleurs—Baron Herman—
 The English lord, who don't know German,—
 But all uncommonly well read
 From matchless A to deathless Z !
 Sneaks in the corner, shy and small,
 A thing which Men the Husband call !
 While every fop with flattery fires her,
 Swears with what passion he admires her.—
 " ' Passion ! ' ' admire ! ' and still you're dumb ? "
 Lord bless your soul, the worst's to come :—
 I'm forced to bow, as I'm a sinner,—
 And hope—the rogue will stay to dinner !
 But oh, at dinner !—there's the sting ;
 I see my cellar on the wing !
 You know if Burgundy is dear ?—
 Mine once emerged three times a year ;—
 And now, to wash these learned throttles,
 In dozens disappear the bottles ;
 They well must drink who well do eat,
 (I've sunk a capital on meat).
 Her immortality, I fear, a
 Death-blow will prove to my Madeira ;
 'T has given, alas ! a mortal shock
 To that old friend—my Steinberg Hock !¹

If Faust had really any hand
 In printing, I can understand
 The fate which legends more than hint ;—
 The devil take all hands that print !

And what my thanks for all ?—a pout—
 Sour looks—deep sighs ; but what about ?
 About ! O, that I well divine—
 That such a pearl should fall to swine—

¹ Literally, "Nierensteiner,"—a wine not much known in England, and scarcely—according to our experience—worth the regrets of its respectable owner.

THE CELEBRATED WOMAN.

177

That such a literary ruby
Should grace the finger of a booby !
Spring comes ;—behold, sweet mead and lea
Nature's green splendour tapestries o'er ;
Fresh blooms the flower, and buds the tree ;
Larks sing—the Woodland wakes once more.
The Woodland wakes—but not for her !
From Nature's self the charm has flown ;
No more the Spring of Earth can stir
The fond remembrance of our own !
The sweetest bird upon the bough
Has not one note of music now ;
And, oh ! how dull the Grove's soft shade,
Where once—(as lovers then)—we strayed !
The Nightingales have got no learning—
Dull creatures—how can they inspire her ?
The Lilies are so undiscerning,
They never say—"how they admire her !"
In all this Jubilee of being,
Some subject for a point she's seeing—
Some epigram—(to be impartial,
Well turned)—there may be worse in Martial !
But hark ! the goddess stoops to reason :—
"The country now is quite in season,
I'll go !"—"What ! to our Country Seat ?"
"No !—Travelling will be such a treat ;
Pyrmont's extremely full, I hear ;
But Carlsbad's quite the rage this year !"
Oh yes, she loves the rural Graces ;
Nature is gay—in Watering-places !
Those pleasant Spas—our reigning passion—
Where learned Dons meet folks of fashion ;
Where—each with each illustrious soul
Familiar as in Charon's boat,
All sorts of Fame sit cheek-by-jowl,
Pearls in that string—the Table d'Hôte !
Where dames whom Man has injured—fly,
To heal their wounds or to efface them ;
While others, with the waters, try
A course of flirting,—just to brace them !
Well, there (O Man, how light thy woes
Compared with mine—thou need'st must see !)
My wife, undaunted, greatly goes—
And leaves the orphans (seven ! ! !) to me !
O, wherefore art thou flown so soon,
Thou first fair year—Love's Honeymoon !
Ah, Dream too exquisite for life !
Home's goddess—in the name of Wife !
Reared by each Grace—yet but to be
Man's Household Anadyomené !
With mind from which the sunbeams fall,
Rejoicing while pervading all ;
Frank in the temper pleased to please—
Soft in the feeling waked with ease.

So broke, as Native of the skies,
 The Heart-enthraller on my eyes;
 So saw I, like a Morn of May,
 The Playmate given to glad my way;
 With eyes that more than lips bespoke,
 Eyes whence—sweet words—"I love thee!" broke!
 So—Ah, what transports then were mine!
 I led the bride before the shrine!
 And saw the future years revealed,
 Glassed on my Hope—one blooming field!
 More wide, and widening more, were given
 The Angel-gates disclosing Heaven;
 Round us the lovely, mirthful troop
 Of children came—yet still to me
 The loveliest—merriest of the group
 The happy Mother seemed to be!
 Mine, by the bonds that bind us more
 Than all the oaths the Priest before;
 Mine, by the concord of content,
 When Heart with Heart is music-blent;
 When, as sweet sounds in unison,
 Two lives harmonious melt in one!
 When—sudden (O the villain!)—came
 Upon the scene a Mind Profound!—
 A *Bel Esprit*, who whispered "Fame,"
 And shook my card-house to the ground.

What have I now instead of all
 The Eden lost of hearth and hall?
 What comforts for the Heaven bereft?
 What of the younger Angel's left?
 A sort of intellectual Mule,
 Man's stubborn mind in Woman's shape,
 Too hard to love, too frail to rule—
 A sage engrafted on an ape!
 To what she calls the Realm of Mind,
 She leaves that throne, her sex, to crawl,
 The cestus and the charm resigned—
 A public gaping-show to all!
 She blots from Beauty's Golden Book¹
 A Name 'mid Nature's choicest Few,
 To gain the glory of a nook
 In Doctor Dunderhead's Review.

TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

(WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.)

[These verses were addressed to Charlotte Von Lengefeld, whom Schiller afterwards married, and were intended to dissuade her from a Court life.]

I.

As some gay child, around whose steps play all
 The laughing Graces, plays the World round thee!
 Yet not as on thy soul's clear mirror fall
 The flattered shadows, deem this world to be!

¹ The Golden Book.—So was entitled in some Italian States (Venice especially) the Catalogue in which the Noble Families were enrolled.

FAREWELL TO THE READER.

179

The silent homages thy heart compels
By its own inborn dignity,—the spells
That thou thyself around thyself art weaving,
The charms with which thy being is so rife,—
'Tis these thou countest as the charms of life,
In Human Nature, as thine own—believing !
Alas ! this Beauty but exists, in sooth,
In thine own talisman of holy youth,
[Who can resist it ?]—mightiest while deceiving ?¹

II.

Enjoy the lavish flowers that glad thy way,
The happy ones whose happiness thou art :
The souls thou winnest—in these bounds survey
Thy world !—to this world why shouldst thou depart ?
Nay, let yon flowers admonish thee and save !
Lo, how they bloom while guarded by the fence !
So plant Earth's pleasures—not too near the sense !
Nature to see, but not to pluck them, gave :
Alas ! they charm thee—leave them on the stem ;
Approached by thee, the glory fades from them—
And, in thy touch, their sweetness has a grave !

Here conclude the poems classed under the Second Period of Schiller's career ; we have excepted only his translations from Virgil. [Placed by Lord Lytton after the Third Period, they serve for transition from the Poems to the Earlier Plays.]

FAREWELL TO THE READER.

(TRANSFERRED FROM THE THIRD PERIOD.)

THE Muse is silent ; with a virgin cheek,
Dowd with the blush of shame, she ventures near—
She waits the judgment that thy lips may speak,
And feels the deference, but disowns the fear.
Such praise as Virtue gives, 'tis hers to seek—
Bright Truth, not tinsel Folly to revere ;
He only for her wreath the flowers should cull
Whose heart, with hers, beats for the Beautiful.
Nor longer yet these lays of mine would live,
Than to one genial heart, not idly stealing,
There some sweet dreams and fancies fair to give,
Some hallowing whispers of a loftier feeling.
Not for the far posterity they strive,
Doomed with the time, its impulse but revealing,
Born to record the Moment's smile or sigh,
And with the light dance of the Hours to fly.

¹ The sense of the original is very shadowy and impalpable, and the difficulty of embodying it in an intelligible translation is great. It may be rendered thus :—"The silent homage which thy nobility of heart compels,—the miracles which thou thyself hast wrought,—the charms with which thy existence has invested life,—these thou lookest on as the substantial attractions of life itself, and as constituting the very staple of human nature. But in this thou art mistaken. What appears to thee to be the grace and beauty of life, is but the reflection of the witchery of thine own undesecrated youth, and the talisman of thine own innocence and virtue, though these certainly are powers which no man can resist. Enjoy the flowers of life, then ; but do not take them for more than they are worth. Theirs is but a surface-beauty ; let the glance, therefore, which thou bestowest on them be superficial too. Gaze on them from a distance, and never expect that the core of life will wear the same attractive hues as those which ornament its exterior." Schiller has repeated this thought in the poem of the "Actual and Ideal."

Spring wakes—and life, in all its youngest hues,
Shoots through the mellowing meads delightedly ;
Air the fresh herbage scents with nectar-dews ;
Livelier the choral music fills the sky ;
Youth grows more young, and age its youth renews,
In that field-banquet of the ear and eye ;
Spring flies—and with it all the train it leads,
And flowers in fading leave us but their seeds.

Plays.

THE ROBBERS.

TRANSLATED BY CHRISTOPHER WHARTON MANN.

"Quæ medicamenta non sanant ferrum sanat, quæ
ferrum non sanat ignis sanat."—HIPPOCRATES.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

| | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|---|
| MAXIMILIAN, Count Von Moor. | RAZMAN, | |
| CHARLES, | SCHUFTERLE, | } <i>Libertines, afterwards</i> <i>Banditti.</i> |
| FRANCIS, | ROLLER, | |
| AMELIA VON EDELREICH. | KOSINSKY, | |
| HERMAN, the natural Son of a Nobleman. | SCHWARZ, | |
| SPIEGELBERG, | DANIEL, Servant of Count Von Moor | |
| SCHWEITZER, | MOSES. | |
| GRIMM, | ROBBERS. | |

The Scene is in Germany.—The period of action during about two years.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Castle of Count Von Moor.*

FRANCIS and OLD MOOR.

FRAN. But are you quite well, father? You look so pale.

OLD M. Quite well, my son—what have you to tell me?

FRAN. The post is come in—a letter from our correspondent at
Leipsic—

OLD M. [*anxiously.*] Any news of my son Charles?

FRAN. Hum—there is. But I fear—I know not—if I—your health.—
Are you really quite well, my father?

OLD M. As a fish in the water! Does he write of my son? What
means all this care? you have asked me twice.

FRAN. If you are ill—only have the least fear of being ill—leave me;
I will speak to you at a more convenient time. [*Half aside.*] These tidings
are not fit for a frail body.

OLD M. God! God! what shall I hear?

FRAN. Let me first go aside and shed a tear of pity for my lost brother.
I should be silent for ever—for he is your son. I should hide his shame
for ever—for he is my brother. But to obey you is my first, sad duty;
therefore, forgive me.

OLD M. Oh Charles! Charles! didst thou but know how thy rebellion
doth rack thy father's heart! How a single word of glad tidings from thee
would add ten years to my life!—as now each word, alas! hurries me a
step nearer to the grave!

FRAN. If it be so, old man, farewell—we shall all to-day tear our hair
over your coffin.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

OLD M. Stay! There is yet but a short step to go—let him have his will!—[*while he sits down.*]—The sins of the father shall be visited upon the third and fourth generation—let him complete it.

FRAN. You know our correspondent! Look! The finger of my right hand would I give, could I say he is a liar, a black, poisonous liar—Collect yourself! You will pardon me if I do not let you read the letter yourself; you may not hear all yet.

OLD M. All, all, my son.

FRAN. [*reads.*] "Leipsic, May 1.—Were I not bound by an inviolable promise, not to hide from you the least thing that I could learn of the fate of your brother, never, my dearest friend, should my guiltless pen have become a tyrant to you. I can gather from a hundred of your letters, how tidings of this kind must pierce through your brotherly heart: it seems to me as though I saw thee, for the sake of this worthless, this horrible"—[*Old Moor hides his face.*] See, father? I only read you the most gentle—"this horrible man, shedding a thousand tears."—Ah! they flow, they run in streams down these compassionate cheeks.—"It seems to me as though I saw already your old pious father deadly pale"—Jesu Maria! are you so, ere you know the least?

OLD M. Go on! go on!

FRAN. "—deadly pale, falling back in his seat, and cursing the day when he was first called father! I have not been able to discover all, and of what I know, you shall only learn a part. Your brother seems to have filled up the measure of his shame; I, at least, know nothing beyond that which he has actually done, unless his genius soars above mine in these things. Yesterday, about midnight, he resolved, with seven others whom he had drawn into his vicious habits, to fly from the arm of justice, with forty thou-and ducats"—pretty pocket-money, father—"after he had dishonoured the daughter of a rich banker here, and mortally wounded her lover, a brave young man of rank, in a duel."—Father! for God's sake, father, how is it with you?

OLD M. It is enough. Leave off, my son!

FRAN. I spare you,—"They have sent bills after him; the injured cry loudly for satisfaction,—a price is set upon his head,—the name Moor"—no! my poor lips shall never murder a father! [*tears the letter*]—believe it no!, father! believe not a syllable of it.

OLD M. [*weeping bitterly*] My name! my noble name!

FRAN. [*Jults on his neck.*] Shameful, most shameful Charles! Did not my mind misgive me, when he was yet a boy, as with street-boys and a miserable rabble he coursed about the meadows and hills, shunning the hour of church, as a culprit would the prison, and the pence that he had worried out of you, threw into the hat of the first and best beggar, while we at home edified ourselves with pious prayers and holy sermon books? Did not my mind misgive me, when he would always rather read the adventures of Julius Cæsar, and Alexander the Great, than the story of the penitent Tobias? A hundred times have I foretold it to you,—for my love to him was always within the bounds of childlike duty,—the youth will bring us all to misery and shame. Oh that he bore not the name of Moor! that my heart beat not so warmly for him! The guilty love, that I cannot overthrow, will one day accuse me before the judgment-seat of God!

OLD M. Oh, my prospects! my golden dreams!

FRAN. That I knew well. That is just what I said. The fiery spirit that glowed in the boy, you always said, that made him so capable of every charm of greatness and beauty; this openness, that mirrored his soul in his eye; this softness of feeling, that melted him into a weeping—

THE ROBBERS.

sympathy with every sorrow; this manly courage, that drove him to the top of the old oak-tree, and urged him over ditches, and palisades, and foaming streams; this childish ambition, this invincible self-will, and all these beautiful shining virtues, which germed in the father's little son, would afterwards make him a warm friend, an excellent citizen, a hero, a great, *great* man. Look you now, father. The fiery spirit hath developed itself, hath spread, and noble fruit hath it borne! See this openness, how prettily it hath changed to shamelessness! See this softness, how gently it coos to coquettes; how susceptible it makes him to the charms of a Phryne! See this fiery genius, how in six years it hath burnt away the oil of his life; that he goes about with a living skeleton, and men shamelessly enterprising head, how it devises and carries out plans before which the deeds of a Cartouche and a Howard vanish. And, if this first splendid germ grow to its full ripeness, what may we not expect from the perfection of so fine an old age? Perhaps, father, you may yet live to the joy of seeing him at the front of an army, that shall live in the holy stillness of the forests, and lighten the weary traveller in his journey of half his load! Perhaps you may yet, ere you go to the grave, make a pilgrimage to the monument that he shall erect for himself, between heaven and earth! Perhaps,—oh, father, father, father!—look for another name, or the shop-men and the street-boys will point the finger at you, who have seen the portrait of your son in the Leipsic market-place.

OLD M. And thou also, my Francis, thou also? Oh, my children, how ye aim at my heart!

FRAN. You see, I also can be witty, but my wit is as the scorpion's sting. And then the dry, commonplace, cold, wooden-headed Francis, and all the other little titles by which you have marked the contrast between him and me, when he sat on your lap—he will one day die between his landmarks, and decay, and be forgotten, when the fame of this universal genius flies from one pole to the other. Ha! with folded hands, O heaven! the cold, dull, wooden-headed Francis thanks thee—that he is not as this man!

OLD M. Forgive me, my child! rage not against a father who finds himself deceived in his plans. The God who sends me tears through Charles will by thee, my Francis, wipe them from my eyes.

FRAN. Yes, father, he shall wipe them from your eyes. Your Francis will lay down his life to prolong yours. Your life is the oracle that I will consult before everything, about what I shall do; the mirror through which I will view everything. No duty is so sacred to me that I am not willing to break it, if your precious life demands it. You believe me?

OLD M. Thou hast great duties upon thee, my son—God bless thee for what thou hast been, and wilt be to me.

FRAN. Now tell me once—if you might call this man not your son, would you not be a happy man?

OLD M. Hush, oh, hush! When the nurse brought him to me, I raised my hands towards heaven and cried,—Am I not a happy man?

FRAN. So you said. Now, have you found it so? You—envy the meanest of your peasants, that he is not father to this man; you have sorrow so long as you have this son. This sorrow will grow with Charles; this sorrow will undermine your life!

OLD M. Oh! he has made me an old, old man.

FRAN. Now, then—if you should disown this son?

OLD M. [*starting.*] Francis! Francis! what sayest thou?

FRAN. Is it not love to him which causes you all this grief? Without this love he no more exists for you. Without this culpable, this damnable

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

love, he is dead to you—he hath never been born to you. Not flesh and blood, but the heart makes us fathers and sons. If you love him no more, so is this degeneracy no longer your son, though he were cut out of your flesh. He hath been to thee the apple of thine eye hitherto; but now, if thine eye offend thee, saith the Scripture, pluck it out. It is better to enter heaven with one eye, than with two eyes to enter hell. It is better to go childless to heaven, than that both father and son should fall into hell. So saith the Deity!

OLD M. Wouldst thou, I should curse my son?

FRAN. Not yet! not yet!—Your son should you not curse. Whom call you your son?—him to whom you have given life, when he takes all possible trouble to shorten yours?

OLD M. Oh, that is all too true! It is a judgment upon me; the Lord hath commanded it.

FRAN. Look you, how childlike the child of your bosom behaves towards you! Through your fatherly compassion will he strangle you, murder you through your love; he hath himself struck your fatherly heart, utterly to ruin you. When you are no more, he is lord of your possessions, and king of his own propensities. The dam is away, and the stream of his lusts can flow freely along. Fancy yourself in his place! How often must he wish his father under the earth, how often the brother, who so unmercifully interrupt the course of his excesses! But is that love for love? Is that childlike thankfulness for fatherly mildness, if he sacrifices ten years of your life for the wanton humour of a moment; if he stakes on the play of a lustful minute the fame of his father, that hath kept itself unspotted for seven centuries? Call you that a son? Answer! Call you that a son?

OLD M. An ungentle child! Ah! but my child still! my child still!

FRAN. A darling, a precious child, whose constant study is to have no father! Oh that you could learn to understand it! that the scales would fall from your eyes! But your forbearance must confirm him in his debaucheries, your aid give them legality. Truly, you will take the curse from his head; on you, father, on you will the curse of damnation fall.

OLD M. Right! quite right! Mine, mine is all the guilt!

FRAN. How many thousands who have drunk deeply of the cup of guilty pleasure have been saved by affliction! And is not the bodily pain that accompanies every excess a finger-mark of the Divine will? And shall man prevent it through his fearful tenderness? Shall the father for ever bury in the ground the pledge that hath been trusted to him? Think, father, if you deliver him up to his misery for some time, must he not either change and become better, or he will ever remain a villain in the great school of misery? and then—woe to the father who by his tenderness hath brought to nothing the counsels of a higher wisdom!—Now, father.

OLD M. I will write to him, that I turn away my hand from him—

FRAN. You will do right and wisely therein—

OLD M. That he never come before my eyes—

FRAN. That will have a good effect—

OLD M. [*tenderly.*] Till he is changed.

FRAN. Right! right! But if he now should come with the cunning of a hypocrite, and by his tears move your pity, and obtain your forgiveness by flattery, and in the morning go away and mock at your weakness in the arms of his paramour! No, father; he will freely return when his conscience hath spoken clearly to him.

OLD M. I will write to him thus on the spot.

FRAN. Hold! yet one word, father! Your anger, I fear, might draw too hard words from your pen, which might break his heart; and then, do

THE ROBBERS.

you not think that he would take it for a pardon already, if you should hold him worthy of writing to him with your own hand? Therefore, will it not be better that you should leave the writing to me?

OLD M. Do so, my son. Ah! it has broken my heart. Write to him—

FRAN. [*quickly.*] So it stands then?

OLD M. Write to him, that a thousand bloody tears, a thousand sleepless nights—but bring not my son to despair!

FRAN. Will you not lie down, father? It presses hard upon you. [Exit, sadly.]

OLD M. Write to him, that the fatherly breast—I tell thee, bring not my son to despair.

FRAN. [*looking after him and laughing.*] Comfort thyself, old man! Thou shalt never press him to thy bosom; the way thereto is barred, as heaven from hell. He was torn from thy arms ere thou knewest that thou couldst will it. I must be a pitiful bungler if I could not have gone so far as to separate a son from his father's heart, though he had been bound thereto with iron bands. I have drawn round thee a magic circle of curses, that he cannot spring over. Fortune to thee, Francis! The bosom child is out of the way. I must destroy all these papers, for how easily might any one know my handwriting. [*He gathers up the pieces of the torn letter.*] And grief will soon remove the old man; and I must tear this Charles out of his heart, if half his life should hang thereby!

I have great right to be angry with nature, and, by mine honour, I will make her pay for it. Why am I not the first-born? Why am I not the only one? Why must she have laid this burden of hatefulness upon me—just on me? Why just to me this Laplander's nose? Just to me this Moor's mouth? these Hottentot's eyes? Truly, I believe she has taken the most horrible of all kinds of men, and thrown them in a heap, and made me out of them. Murder and death! Who hath given her the power to grant this to one, and deny it to me? Could any one court her ere he existed? or offend her before he himself was? Why went she so partially to work?

No! no! I do her wrong. She gave us yet feeling minds, set us naked and poor upon the banks of this great ocean, WORLD—swim who swim can, and who is heavy goes down. She gave me nothing; what I will make for myself is my own concern. Every man has a like right to the great and the small; claim is destroyed by claim, effort by effort, and power by power. Right dwells with the most powerful, and the limits of our power are our laws.

Indeed, there are certain common bounds, which men have concluded to measure the pulse of the world's circulation. Honourable name! truly a valuable coin, with which those can trade well who understand how to lay it out! Conscience—oh, yes, truly! a capital scarecrow, to frighten sparrows from the cherry-trees!—also a well-written bill of exchange, with which the bankrupt gets on a little longer in his need. In fact, very praiseworthy forms, to keep fools in respect, and the mob under the slipper, that the clever may manage them more easily. Without doubt, right merry forms! They seem to me like the fences that my peasants draw very cunningly round their fields, that no hares may get in; yes, truly, no hares! But the gracious lord gives his steed the spur, and gallops over the yielding harvest.

Poor hares! It is a sad thing that there must be hares in this world. But the gracious master wants hares. Then boldly away! He who fears nothing, is not less powerful than he who fears everything. It is now the fashion to have buckles to your trousers, that you may make them wider or narrower at your pleasure. We will have a conscience made for us after the newest fashion, that we may tighten it, or lay it aside at our

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

pleasure. So quick! boldly to the work. I will extirpate all around me that prevents my being lord. Lord I must be, that I may get that by force for which goodness fails me! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Tavern on the borders of Saxony.

CHARLES MOOR [reading]. SPIEGELBERG [drinking at a table].

MOOR [laying down his book.] I get weary of this paltry age when I read in my Plutarch of great men.

SPIE. [drinking.] You must read Josephus. MOOR. The Promethean spark is burnt out, and now they take for it the flame of a tinder—theatrical fire, that will not light a tobacco-pipe. They are like rats gnawing at the club of Hercules. A French abbé teaches that Alexander was a poltroon; a consumptive professor holds at each word a bottle of *sal volatile* to his nose, and reads to a college about *strength*; fellows who are ready to faint after the slightest excess, scribble about the tactics of Hannibal; whimpering boys fish for phrases out of the battle of Cannæ, and cry over the victory of Scipio, because they must translate it.

SPIE. That is spoken like Alexander himself.

MOOR. A fair reward for your labour in the field, that you now live in the gymnasium, and your immortality is dragged about in a satchel! A costly return for your shed blood, to be wrapped round gingerbread by a poor pedlar, or, if you are fortunate, to be screwed upon stilts by a French tragedy writer, and dragged about with wires! Ha, ha, ha!

SPIE. [drinks.] Read Josephus, I say.

MOOR. Shame, shame upon this weak and sinewless age, that is fit for nothing but to ruminate on the deeds of former times, and to flay the heroes of antiquity with commentaries, and spoil them with tragedies! They trammel up their sound natures with absurd conventions, while they have not the heart to drain a glass to their welfare. They revile the shoe-black, if he gets in their way, and abuse the poor villain that they fear not. They will defy each other for a dinner, and would poison one another for a bed that they had been outbid for at an auction. They condemn the Sadducees who do not come often enough to the church; and they count their gains at the altar,—fall on their knees that they may stretch out their laps the wider,—look at the priest to see how his wig is dressed. They fall in a swoon if they see a goose bleed, and clap their hands if their rival becomes a bankrupt. However earnestly I press their hand,—“But one day longer!”—in vain.—“To prison with the dog!”—Prayers! oaths! tears! —[Stamping on the ground]. Hell and devil!

SPIE. And for a dirty two thousand ducats, perhaps.

MOOR. No, I may not think of it. I will press my body into slays, and lace up my will in laws. The law hath degraded that to a snail's pace which should have been the eagle's flight. The law hath never yet made one great man; but freedom breeds wonders and extremes. They palisade themselves in the stomach of a tyrant, and court the humour of his maw. On that the spirit of Herman yet glimmered in his ashes! Place me at the head of an army of men like myself, and out of Germany there shall arise a republic, in comparison with which Rome and Sparta shall seem like nurseries.—[Throws his sword on the table and starts up.]

SPIE. [springing up.] Bravo! bravissimo! You bring me just upon the right chapter. I will say something in your ear, Moor, that has long been in my mind; and you are the right man for it!—Drink, brother, drink.—What, if we become Jews again? Say, is it not a clever, bold plan! We send out a manifesto to the four ends of the world, and summon to Pales-

THE ROBBERS.

tine all who eat no swine's flesh. Then I prove, by valid documents, that Herod the Tetrarch was my great-grandfather, and so on.—That will be a victory, Charles, if we build up Jerusalem again. Then, quick with the Turks out of Asia, while the iron is hot; and hew cedars out of Lebanon, and build ships, and enclose the old race in its ancient boundaries. In the mean time—

MOOR [*takes his hand, laughing.*] Comrade! it's at an end now with these fooleries.

SPIE. [*puzzled.*] Why, you would not quite play the lost son, would you? A fellow like you, who has made more marks on faces with your sword than three clerks have written in a leap-year!—Shall I tell you about the great dog-burial?—Ha!—I must recall to you your own picture, that will make fire burn in your veins, if nothing else inspirits you. Do you remember how the master of the college shot your dog's leg, and you, in revenge, proclaimed a fast in the whole town? They grumbled at your rescript. But you, not idle, bought up all meat in L——, so that in eight hours there was not a bone left to gnaw in the whole neighbourhood, and the price of fish began to rise. Magistrates and citizens vowed vengeance. We students rushed out, about seven hundred of us; and you at their head; and tailors, and pedlars, and tavern-keepers, and all kinds of trades, behind you; and swore to raise a storm against the town, if they should hurt a hair of a student's head. You assembled a whole council of doctors, and offered three ducats to him who would write a receipt for the dog. We feared they would have too much honour, and say, "No;" and we had agreed before to force them. But that was unnecessary; for in one hour twelve receipts were written; so that the beast soon died!

MOOR. Shameful fellows!

SPIE. The funeral ceremony was arranged with all splendour; songs were sung over the dog; and about a thousand of us marched out in the night, a lantern in one hand, sword in the other; and so went through the town, with ringing of bells, till the dog was buried. Then there was a feast, which lasted till the morning light. You thanked the master for his hearty condolence, and sold the meat at half-price. *Mort de ma vie!* Then we respected you, like the garrison of a rescued fortress.

MOOR. And are you not ashamed to talk big about this?

SPIE. Go, go! You are no longer Moor. Do not you know, how a thousand times, flask in hand, you have called up the old miser, and said, he should only scrape and squeeze together, that you might moisten your throat with it? Don't you know?—don't you know?—Oh, you poor pitiful braggart! That was manly spoken and nobly, but—

MOOR. Curses on thee, for reminding me of it! curses on myself, for having said so! But it was only in the fumes of wine, and my heart heard not what my tongue uttered.

SPIE. [*shaking his head.*] No! no! no! that cannot be—impossible. Brother, you cannot be in earnest. Say, is it not necessity that turns thee thus? Come, let me tell you a story of my boyish years. Then I had near my house a ditch, that was at least eight feet wide, where we boys used to contend who should jump over it. But that was in vain. Plump! you fell; and there was a hissing and laughter at you; and snowballs were thrown at you over and over again. Next my house there lay a hunter's dog, chained up; such a fierce beast, that it would snap at a girl's petticoats like lightning, if she ventured too near him. It was the joy of my soul to tease this dog, when I could; and I would half die with laughter to see how he would have run after me if he had only been able.—What happened? Another time I was provoking him, and struck him with a stone so hard upon the rib, that he with fury broke the chain, and ran after me;

and I fled away like all the tempests. There was just that cursed ditch between. What was to be done? The dog was hard at my heels, and raving; so I quickly resolved—the leap was taken—and over I am. I have to thank that spring for body and life. The beast would have torn me to bits.

MOOR. But to what end is this?

SPIE. To this—that you may see that our power increases in our necessity. Therefore, I never faint, even when it comes to extremities. Courage grows with danger; strength increases in the contest. Fortune must have intended me for a great man, since she always strokes me backwards.

MOOR [*angrily*.] I know not for what we should have had courage, and have not had it.

SPIE. So?—And you will let your gifts be wasted? Bury your talent? Think you that your pranks in Leipzig form the boundaries of human wit? Let us first go into the great world—Paris and London!—where one gets a box of the ear if he greets another as an honourable man. There is a jubilee of the soul, if you practise the profession in its greatness! You will gape! you will open your eyes! Wait; and you shall learn from Spiegelberg how we copy handwritings, turn the dice, break open locks, and turn out the contents of the coffers! The fellow shall be tied up to the next gallows who hungers with honest fingers.

MOOR [*absent*.] How? Have you indeed brought it so far?

SPIE. I believe you do not trust me. Wait; let me first get warm;—you shall see a wonder. The fruit of my labouring wit shall turn your brain round in your skull.—[*Rising, vehemently*.]—How it brightens in me! Great thoughts glimmer in my soul! Gigantic plans ferment in my creative brain! Cursed lethargy!—[*striking his forehead*!—that has hitherto enchained my powers; barred and fettered my projects! I awake! I feel who I am—what must I become!

MOOR. You are a fool: the wine rules in your brain.

SPIE. [*more vehemently*.] "Spiegelberg," they will say; "can you conjure, Spiegelberg?"—"Tis a shame that you are not a general, Spiegelberg," will the king say; "you would have driven the Austrians through a button-hole."—"Truly," I hear the doctors complain, "it is unpardonable that the man did not study medicine; he would have discovered a new specific."—"Ah! and that he had not taken the treasury for his province," will the Sullys sigh in their cabinets; "he would have conjured louis-d'ors out of the stones."—And Spiegelberg will it be in the east, and in the west; and into the mud with you, you cowards, you toads, while Spiegelberg, with outstretched wings, soars to the temple of Fame!

MOOR. Fortune to thee on the way! Rise thou on the pillars of infamy to the summit of fame. A noble pleasure lures me into the shadow of my father's groves—into the arms of my Amelia. A week ago I wrote to my father for forgiveness. I have not concealed the least circumstance; and where sincerity is, there is also compassion and aid. Let us part, Moritz. We see each other to-day for the last time. The post is come in: my father's pardon is already within the walls of this town.

Enter SCHWEITZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, SCHUFTERLE, and RAZMAN.

ROL. Do you know that we are discovered?

GRIMM. That we are every moment in danger of being captured?

MOOR. I do not wonder. It may go as it will. Have you seen Schwarz? And did he tell you of no letter that he had for me?

ROL. He has been seeking you for a long time.

MOOR. Where is he? Where? where?

[*Going hastily*.]

ROL. Stop! we have directed him here. You tremble—

THE ROBBERS.

MOOR. I tremble not. Why should I tremble? Comrades! this letter—rejoice with me! I am the happiest man under the sun. Why should I tremble?

Enter SCHWARZ.

MOOR [*flies to meet him.*] Brother! brother! The letter! the letter! Why so pale?

MOOR. My brother's hand!

SCHWARZ. What's the matter with Spiegelberg?

GRIMM. The fellow is mad. He makes gestures as if he had the St. Vitus's dance.

SCHUF. His reason goes round in a ring. I think he is making verses.

RAZ. Spiegelberg! Hollo! Spiegelberg!—The beast does not hear.

GRIMM [*shakes him.*] Old fellow! are you dreaming?

SPIE. [*who has been all the time acting in dumb show, strings up wildly.*] La bourse ou la vie! [*and seizes SCHWEITZER by the throat, who throws him carelessly against the wall.*] MOOR lets the letter fall, and rushes out. All start up.]

ROL. Moor! where are you, Moor? What are you doing?

GRIMM. What's the matter? what's the matter? He is pale as a corpse.

SCHWEIT. This must be pleasant news! Let us see!

ROL. [*takes up the letter, and reads.*] "Unhappy Brother!"—the beginning sounds merrily—"I may only tell you, shortly, that your hopes are vain. You may go, says your father, where your crimes lead you. Also he says, you may never hope to find mercy at his feet, unless you are content to be kept in the lowest vault of his tower, upon water and bread, till your hairs grow like eagles' feathers, and your nails like birds' claws. These are his own words. He bids me close the letter. Farewell! for ever. I pity you.—FRANCIS VON MOOR."

SCHWEIT. A sweet brother, in truth! Francis, they call the fellow.

SPIE. [*creeping behind him.*] Talk you about water and bread! A pleasant life. I have cared differently for you. Said I not, I must at last think for you all?

SCHWEIT. What says the sheep's-head? The ass will think for us all?

SPIE. Hares, cripples, lame dogs, are ye all, if ye have not the heart to dare something great.

ROL. Now, truly that we were; you are right—but will this that you dare do get us out of this cursed situation? Will it?

SPIE. [*laughing proudly.*] Poor beggars! Get out of this situation! Ha! ha! ha!—out of this situation!—and your thimbleful of brains thinks of nothing more? Spiegelberg must be a poor puppy if he would begin with that only. Heroes! I tell ye—freemen! princes! gods! will it make ye.

RAZ. That is much for one stroke, truly. But it will be a neck-breaking business—it will cost one his head, at the least.

SPIE. It will cost nothing but courage; the rest I take upon myself. Courage, I say, Schweitzer! Courage, Roller, Grimm, Razman, Schuf-terle! Courage!

SCHWEIT. Courage! If that's all, I have courage enough to go barefoot through hell.

SCHUF. Courage enough to wrestle with the very devil under the gallows, for a poor sinner.

SPIE. This pleases me! If you have courage, let one of you step forth, and say if there is not all to win, and nothing to lose.

SCHWARZ. Truly, there is much to lose, if I should lose what I have yet to get.

RAZ. Yes, the devil ! and much to win, if I should win what I have not got to lose.

SCHUR. If I should lose what I carry on my back on tick, in any case I should have nothing more to lose.

SPIE. Thus then—[*he stands in the midst of them*—if yet a drop of German hero's blood runs in your veins—come ! We will go down into the Bohemian forests ; there collect a robber band, and—what are you gaping at me 'or?—Is your bit of courage already damped ?

ROL. You are not the first rogue that has overlooked the gallows. And yet, what other choice have we left ?

SPIE. Choice ? What ! you have nothing to choose ! Will ye stick in prison, and buzz together till the last trumpet sounds ? Will ye labour for a bit of dry bread, with a shovel and a hoe ? Will ye squeeze out an aim by singing ballads at people's windows ? Or will ye swear to the calf-skin—and that is just the question, if one may trust your faces—and there, under the capricious humour of a corporal, suffer purgatory beforehand ? Or, with tinkling music, march after the drums ? Or, in the galliot-paradise, drag after you all Vulcan's iron magazine ? See—that have ye to choose ; and there is all that ye can choose.

ROL. Spiegelberg is not wrong. I have also laid my plans, and they meet at last in one. How would it be, thought I, if you should sit down, and cut up a pocket-book, or an annual, or something of that kind, and criticise it for a groat, as is actually the fashion ?

SCHUR. The deuce ! Your advice comes near to my project. I thought to myself, how if you should become a devotee, and weekly hold your hour of penance ?

GRIMM. Done ! And if that does not do, an atheist ! We could give the lie to the four Evangelists ; let our book be burnt by the common hangman ; and so go off with éclat.

RAZ. Or shall we take the field against the French ? I know a doctor who has built himself a house of pure quicksilver, as the epigram over the door tells.

SCHWEIT [*giving his hand.*] Moritz, you are a great man !—or a blind pig has found an acorn.

SCHWARZ. Excellent plans ! An honest profession ! How great spirits sympathize with one another !

SPIE. And what hinders you, that you should not combine everything in one person ? My plan will ever urge you to the highest ; and there you will also have fame and immortality ! See, poor wretches ! we must even look so far—to after-fame, and the sweet feeling of a lasting remembrance.

ROL. And at the top in the list of honourable people ! You are a master orator, Spiegelberg, when the matter is to turn an honourable man into a rascal.—But say somebody, where stays Moor ?—

SPIE. Honourable, say you ? Think you, that you will be less honourable then, than you are now ? What call you honourable ? To relieve rich misers of a third part of their cares, which only serve to scare golden sleep from their pillows ? to bring into circulation the stagnant money ? to establish again an equality of possessions ?—in a word, to recall the golden age ; to help just Heaven, and spare men war, pestilence, precious time, and—*doctors* ? Look you : that I call to be honourable ; that I call to be a worthy instrument in the hand of Providence ;—and so, with each meal that you eat, to have flattering thoughts ; to have gained them by your skill, your lion-like courage, your night-watchings ; to be respected by great and small—

ROL. And, at last, to journey towards heaven with a living body ; and,—in spite of storm and wind, in spite of the hungry maw of old grandfather

THE ROBBERS.

Time,—to swing under the sun and the moon, and all the stars, where the brute-birds of heaven, enticed by a noble desire, play their heavenly music, and the angels with tails hold their sacred sanhedrim! Is it not so?—and when monarchs and potentates are eaten by worms, to have the honour of receiving visits from Jupiter's royal bird?—Moritz! Moritz! Moritz! beware—beware of the three-legged beast!

SPIE. And does that frighten you? Many a genius that might have reformed the world, has run foul of this rock. And if the wanderer should see you flying hither and thither in the wind, "He must have had no water in his brain," mutters he, and sighs over the bad times.

SCHWEIT. [*claps him on the shoulder*]. Masterly, Spiegelberg! Masterly! What, the devil, do you stand there and hesitate! Cannot a

SCHWARZ. And let them call it *prostitution*—what then? Cannot a man, in any case, carry about him a little powder, that will take him quietly over Acheron? No, brother Moritz! your proposal is good. So runs my catechism.

SCHUF. Lightning! And mine not less. Spiegelberg, you have won me!

RAZ. You have, like another Orpheus, sung to sleep that howling beast, my conscience. Take me as I am.

GRIMM. "Si omnes consentiunt ego non dissentio." Well marked, without a comma. There is an unction in my heart—devotee—quack—critic—and rogue. Who bids most, has me. Take this hand, Moritz.

ROL. And you too, Schweitzer!—[*gives his right hand to SPIEGELBERG.*] —Thus, then, pledge I my soul to the devil! What matters it where the soul goes, if troops of courier furies announce our descent, so that Satan dresses in his holiday clothes, and dusts the soot of a thousand years from his eyelashes; and myriads of horned heads rise from the smoking holes of their sulphur chimneys, to see our entrance? Comrades!—[*starts up*]—Comrades! what in the world can equal this rush of ecstasy? Come, comrades!

ROL. Gently now! gently! The beast must have a head, children. SPIE. [*angrily*]. What preaches the loiterer? Stood not the head already, ere yet a limb stirred? Follow, comrades.

ROL. Softly, I say. Even freedom must have a master. Without a head Rome and Sparta came to the ground.

SPIE. [*in an insinuating tone*]. Yes—hold—Roller says right. And that must be an enlightened head. Do you understand? Yes, when I think what you were an hour ago, and what you are now,—by one lucky thought.—Yes, truly, truly, you must have a chief. And who originated this thought, say must not that be an enlightened, a politic head?

ROL. But I fear it will not do. If we could but hope—but no—SPIE. Why not? Say it boldly out, friend. As hard as it is to steer the struggling ship against the wind, so heavily as presses the weight of a crown—Say it undauntedly, Roller—Perhaps it will yet do.

ROL. The whole is a failure if he does not do it. Without the Moor we are a body without a soul.

SPIE. [*turning away*]. Stupid fellow!

Enter MOOR, in the wildest agitation.

MOOR. Men—men! false, deceitful, crocodile's brood! Your eyes are water; your hearts are iron! Kisses are on your lips; swords in your breasts! Lionesses and leopardesses suckled your young, ravens bore them company at their carrion banquet, and he, *he*—Villany I have learnt to tolerate; I can smile when my worst enemy pledges me in my own heart's blood—but when blood-love turns to a traitor; when a father's

love becomes a Megæra; then let manly forbearance turn to fire: let the gentle lamb grow wild as a tiger, and let every sinew stretch itself to rage and destruction.

ROL. Hark, Moor! What think you? A robber's life is better than water and bread in the lowest vault of the tower?

MOOR. Why hath not this spirit passed into a tiger that gnaws human flesh with his raging tooth? Is this a father's trust? Is this love for love? I would be a bear, and urge the bears of the north against this murderous race. Repentance, and no mercy?—Oh! I would poison the ocean, that they might suck death from every spring! Trust, confidence,—and no compassion!

ROL. But, Moor, hear what I tell you.

MOOR. It is incredible, it is a dream, a delusion—a prayer so moving, so vivid a picture of misery, and of repentance—the wild beasts would have melted into pity!—stones would have shed tears!—and yet,—men would take it for a vile lampoon upon the human race, if I should tell it—and yet, yet—Oh that I could blow the horn of rebellion to all nature, and lead air, earth, and sea against this hyena's brood!

GRIMM. But hear, hear! You cannot hear for raving!

MOOR. Away, away from me! Is not thy name man? Hath not a woman borne thee? Out of my sight, with thy man's face!—I loved him rutterably, as no son ever loved. I would have given a thousand lives for him. [*Rearing and stamping.*] Ha!—who now puts a sword into my hand, to give a burning wound to this otter's brood!—who tells me how I may reach the heart of their life, maim it, and annihilate it—he is my friend, my angel, my god. I will worship him!

ROL. Even these friends will we be to thee, if you will but hear!

SCHWARTZ. Come with us into the Bohemian forests. We will collect a robber-band, and you—[*Moor starts.*]

SCHWEIT. You shall be our captain! You must be our captain!

SPIE. [*throws himself on a seat.*] Slaves and cowards!

MOOR. Who put that word into your mouth? Hear, fellow! thou hast not fetched it out of thy human soul! Who put that word into your mouth? Yes, by the thousand-armed death! that will we, that must we; the thought deserves divinity. Robbers and murderers!—as my soul lives, I am your captain!

ALL [*shout.*] Long live our captain!

SPIE. [*aside*] Till I help him away!

MOOR. Look, there fall the scales from my eyes! Fool that I was to yearn for my old cage! My spirit thirsts for action, my breath for freedom. Murderers, robbers!—with this word was the law rolled under my feet. Men have hidden humanity from me when I appealed to humanity; away, then, with sympathy and manly forbearance! I have no father more; I have no love more; and blood and death shall teach me to forget that ever anything was dear to me. Come, come!—Oh, I will make a fearful scattering! Thus it is, then, I am your captain! and fortune to the master among you, who can burn the most wildly, and murder the most horribly; for I tell you he shall be royally rewarded. Let each man stand forth, and swear to me truth and obedience till death—swear it to me by this right hand.

ALL [*give him their hands.*] We swear to thee truth and obedience till death.

MOOR. And by this right hand I swear to you here truly and firmly to remain your captain till death. This arm shall quickly make him a corpse who shall either linger, or doubt, or yield. A like return I expect from each man among you, if I break my oath. Are ye satisfied?

THE ROBBERS.

ALL [*throwing up their hats.*] We are satisfied.
 MOOR. Now, then, let us go. Fear neither death nor danger, for an unbending fate rules over us. Every man reaches at last his day, be it on the soft cushion, or in the rough tumult of the fight, or on the open gallows and the wheel. One of these is your destiny.

SPIE. [*looking after him.*] Your catalogue hath a gap. You have left out poison. [*Exeunt all but SPIEGELBERG.*]

SCENE III.—*Moor's Castle. Amelia's Chamber.*

FRANCIS and AMELIA.

FRAN. You turn away, Amelia. Do I deserve less than he whom his father hath cursed?

AMEL. Away!—Ha, the loving, kind-hearted father, who gives his son a prey to wolves and monsters! He comforts himself with sweet and costly wine, and nurses his rotten limbs in cushions of cedar, while his great, noble son starves! Shame on you, ye monsters! shame on you, ye dragons' souls, ye scandals of humanity!—his only son!

FRAN. I thought he had two?

AMEL. Yes, he deserves to have sons like you. On his deathbed will he in vain stretch out his withered hand for his Charles, and shuddering draw it back, when he touches the ice-cold hand of his Francis. Oh, it is sweet, it is sweet beyond all price, to be cursed by thy father! Say, Francis, dear brotherly soul! what must one do if one would be cursed by him?

FRAN. You rave, my love; you are to be pitied.

AMEL. Oh, I pray thee, dost thou pity thy brother?—No, monster, you hate him! you hate me also!

FRAN. I love thee as myself, Amelia.

AMEL. If you love me, can you refuse me one request?

FRAN. None, none! if it is not more than my life.

AMEL. Oh, if it is so! A request that you can so easily, so willingly perform.—[*Proudly*] Hate me! I must turn red as fire for shame, if I think on Charles, and then think, thou dost not hate me. Do you promise me this?—Now go, and leave me; I would be alone.

FRAN. Dearest dreamer! how I wonder at thy soft loving heart [*touching her breast*]. Here, here Charles reigns like a god in his temple; Charles stands before thee waking; Charles rules in thy dreams; the whole creation seems to thee to melt into *the one*, to reflect *the one*, to echo *the one*.

AMEL. [*moved.*] Yes, truly; I confess it. In spite of you, barbarian, I will confess it before all the world—I love him!

FRAN. Monster, wretch! So to reward this love! To forget it!—

AMEL. [*starting.*] What, forget me?

FRAN. Had you not put a ring upon his finger?—a diamond ring, for a pledge of thy truth? Truly, now, how can a youth withstand the charms of a courtesan? Who will blame him if he had nothing else left to give away—and did she not pay him for it with usury with her endearments, her embraces?

AMEL. My ring to a courtesan?

FRAN. Fie, fie! it is shameful. But if that were all! A ring, however costly it may be, can be obtained from any Jew—perhaps the working of it did not please him; perhaps he has changed it for a more beautiful one.

AMEL. [*passionately.*] But *my* ring—I say, *my* ring?

FRAN. No other, Amelia. Ha! such a jewel, and on my finger—and from Amelia!—death itself should not have torn it hence. Is it not so,

Amelia? Not the costliness of the diamond, not the skill of the impression—love makes its worth. Dearest child, you weep! Woe to him who hath pressed these costly tears from eyes so heavenly—ah! and if thou shouldest know all, shouldest see him, see him in that form?

AMEL. Monster! how? in what form?

FRAN. Still, still, good soul; ask me not! [*half aside*]. If at least he had only a veil, to hide himself from the eyes of the world! but there, it looks horribly through his leaden eyes;—it betrays itself in the deadly-pale and shrunk countenance;—it stammers in the half, untuned voice;—it proclaims itself fearfully loud from the trembling, tottering skeleton;—it has eaten through the innermost marrow of the bones, and breaks the manly strength of youth. You have seen that wretched man, Amelia, who died in our hospital. Recall that man to thy mind, and Charles stands before thee! His kisses are pestilence and his lips poison.

AMEL. [*strikes him*] Shameless slanderer!

FRAN. Are you horrified at this Charles? Does his mere picture disgust thee? Go, stare at him thyself—thy beautiful, angelic, divine Charles! Go, suck in his balsamic breath, and let the ambrosial airs that exhale from his throat send thee to the grave. The mere breath of his mouth will blight thee. [*AMELIA turns her face away.*] What an effervescence of love! What delight in the embrace!—But is it not wrong to condemn a man for the sake of his sick body? Even in the most wretched cripple, a soul, great and worthy of love, may shine as a ruby out of the mire—[*with a malicious laugh*—love may breathe even from blistered lips. Truly, if vice also shake the fortresses of the character—if with modesty virtue also flies, as the perfume from the withered rose—if with the body the soul also is crippled—

AMEL. [*springing up with joy.*] Ha! Charles! Now I know thee again! thou art yet perfect! perfect! all was a lie! Know you not, villain, that it is impossible Charles should be thus? [*FRANCIS stands for some time in thought, then turns quickly round to go.*] Whither so quickly, flee thou from thine own shame?

FRAN. [*covering his face.*] Leave me, leave me! Let my tears have their course. Tyrannical father, thus to give up the best of thy sons to misery, to shame. Leave me, Amelia! I will fall at his feet, and on my knees will I conjure him to lay upon me, upon me, his spoken curse—to cast out me—me—my blood—my life—all—

AMEL. [*falls on his neck.*] Brother of my Charles, best, dearest Francis!

FRAN. Oh, Amelia! how I love thee for this unshaken confidence in my brother! Pardon me, that I have dared to put thy love to this hard proof. How well hast thou answered my wishes! With these tears, these sighs, this holy indignation—also for me, for me!—our souls so harmonized!

AMEL. Oh no, that they never did.

FRAN. Ah, they sounded so harmoniously together, I ever thought we must be twins! and were there not this hateful difference of exterior, by which, alas, Charles must lose, we should be confounded together. You are, I often said to myself, a perfect Charles, his echo, his image.

AMEL. [*shaking her head.*] No, no! by this chaste light of heaven! No vein of him, no spark of his feeling.

FRAN. So alike in our dispositions—the rose was his dearest blossom—what flower was to me before the rose? He loved music unutterably, and ye are witnesses, ye stars! that ye have often heard me, in the dead stillness of the night, with my lute, when all around me lay buried in shadow and slumber;—and how can you yet doubt, Amelia? Since our loves so perfectly coincide, and since the love is the same, how can its children degenerate? [*AMELIA looks at him, wondering.*] It was a still, lovely evening,

the last ere he departed for Leipsic, that he took me with him into that bower where you have so often sat together in dreams of love. We were long silent—at last he took my hand, and said lightly, and with tears: I leave Amelia, I know not—it misgives me, that it will be for ever. Leave her not, brother!—be her friend—her Charles—if Charles—never—return. [*He throws himself down before her, and kisses her hand.*] Never, never, never will he return, and I have sworn it by a sacred oath.

AMEL. [*springing back.*] Traitor, now I catch thee! Even in this bower did he conjure me to love no other—if he should die—seest thou, how godless, how horrible—go from my sight!

FRAN. You know me not, Amelia; indeed you know me not.

AMEL. Oh, I know thee, henceforth I know thee—and thou wouldst be like him? Would he have wept for me before thee? Before thee? Rather would he have written my name on the pillory! Go instantly!

FRAN. You injure me.

AMEL. Go, I say. Thou hast stolen from me a precious hour—may it be taken from thy life!

FRAN. You hate me.

AMEL. I despise thee; go!

FRAN. [*stamping with his foot.*] Wait! so shalt thou tremble before me! Prefer a beggar to me!

[*Exit, in a rage.*]

AMEL. Go, fool—now am I again with Charles. Beggar! said he? so hath the world turned round, beggars are kings, and kings are beggars! I would not change the rags that he wears for the purple of the anointed:—the look with which he begs must be a great, a royal look—a look that will annihilate the nobility, the pomp, the triumph of the great and the rich! Into the dust with ye, ye glittering trinkets! [*Tears the pearls from her neck.*] Be ye doomed to wear gold and silver and jewels, ye great and rich! Be ye doomed to carouse at luxurious tables! Be ye doomed to nurse your limbs on the soft pillows of luxury! Charles! Charles! if I were only worthy of thee!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—FRANCIS VON MOOR [*meditating in his chamber*].

It lasts so long—the life of an old man is an eternity! And now there would be a free, even path, but for this worrying, tough lump of flesh, which, like the magic dog in the ghost-story, blocks up the way to my treasures. Must, then, my designs bow themselves under the iron yoke of mechanism? Shall my high-flying spirit let itself be chained to the snail's path of matter? A light blown out, that yet glimmers with the last drop of oil—more is it not. And yet I would not willingly have done that myself for the world's sake. I would not willingly have killed him, but that he should have ceased to live. I would do it as a clever physician—not by a cross stroke have wrested nature from her way, but furthered her in her own path. And as we can actually prolong the conditions of life, why should we not also be able to shorten them? Philosophers and doctors teach me how closely the humours of the spirit harmonize with the movements of the machine. Gouty sensations are always accompanied by a discordance of the mechanical vibrations. Passions misuse the powers of life—the overlaid spirit presses its house to the ground. How now, then? Who may understand how to smooth for death this untrodden path to the castle of life? To destroy the body by the spirit—ha! an original work—who can accomplish it? A work without compare! Think yet, Moor! That were an art worthy of thee for its inventor. Have men raised the

mixing of poisons almost to the rank of a regular science, and by experiments forced nature to give up her limits, that one can now count the heart's beatings for a year before, and say to the pulse, So far, and no farther?¹ Who should not also try his wings here?—And now, how must I go to work to disturb this sweet peaceful unity of the soul with the body? What kind of feelings must I choose? Which are the most fiercely hostile to the flower of life? Rage?—this hungry wolf gorges itself full too quickly. Care?—this worm gnaws too slowly. Grief?—this viper creeps too idly for me. Fear?—hope suffers it not to clutch its victim. What! are these all the executioners of men? Is the arsenal of death so soon exhausted? [*Thinking*] How?—how?—What?—No.—Ha! [*Starting*] Horror?—what cannot horror do? What power hath reason or religion against the ice-cold embraces of this giant? And yet, if he should even stand this storm? Oh! so come thou to my aid, Misery! and thou, Remorse, hellish Eumenides, burrowing snake, that cheweth the cud of bitterness, eternal destroyer and eternal creator of thy poison! and thou, howling Self-accusation, that layest waste thine own house, and woundest thine own mother! And come ye, too, to my help, ye beneficent Graces, softly smiling Memory! and thou, with thine overflowing horn of plenty, blooming Futurity, hold before him, in your mirror, the joys of heaven, while your flying feet glide from his grasping arms! So I fall, stroke upon stroke, storm upon storm, upon this frail life, till at last the troop of sorrows is closed by—Despair. Triumph! triumph! The plan is complete—weighty and skilful as no other—sure—safe: then [*satirically*] the dissector's knife finds no trace of wound or of corrosive poison. [*Determinedly*] Well then! [*Enter HERMAN.*] Deus ex machina! Herman!

HER. At your service, gracious lord.

FRAN. [*grasps him by his hand.*] Whom you have proved to be no unthankful one.

HER. I have proofs of it.

FRAN. You shall have more soon—soon, Herman! I have something to say to thee, Herman.

HER. I hear with a thousand ears.

FRAN. I know thee—thou art a determined fellow—a soldier's heart—a hairy man. My father hath much injured thee, Herman.

HER. Devil take me, if I forget it!

FRAN. That is the tone of a man! Revenge well suits a manly breast. You please me, Herman. Take this purse, Herman. It should be heavier if I were first lord.

HER. That is my constant wish, gracious sir; I thank you.

FRAN. Truly, Herman? Dost thou wish truly that I were lord?—but my father hath the marrow of a lion, and I am the younger son.

HER. I would you were the elder son, and your father had the marrow of a consumptive girl.

FRAN. How would the elder son then reward thee! how he would raise thee into the light, from this ignoble dust that so ill suits thy spirit and nobility! Then shouldest thou, just as thou art there, be covered with gold, and rattle through the streets with four horses—truly that shouldest thou!—But I forget of what I would speak to thee—hast thou already forgotten the Lady of Edeldreich, Herman?

HER. Storms! Why do you remind me of that?

FRAN. My brother snatched her away from you.

¹ A woman at Paris, by regularly performed experiments on poisons, has gone so far, that she can, with tolerable certainty, prophesy the most remote day of death. Fie upon our physicians who are shamed by this woman in their prognostications!—*Note, in Schiller.*

THE ROBBERS.

HER. He shall pay for it.

FRAN. She refused you. I believe he threw you downstairs.

HER. I'll kick him into hell for it.

FRAN. He said it was whispered that you were a left-handed work, and that your father could never look on you without striking on his breast and sighing, God be merciful to me a sinner!

HER. [*wildly.*] Lightning, thunder, and hail! be still!

FRAN. He advised you to sell your patent of nobility by auction, and mend your stockings with its profits.

HER. All the devils! I will scratch his eyes out with my nails.

FRAN. What! are you angry? How can you be angry with him? What harm can you do him? What power hath a rat against a lion?

HER. [*stamping on the ground.*] I will grind him to dust.

FRAN. [*claps him on the shoulder.*] Fie, Herman! Thou art a cavalier. Thou must not let this dishonour rest upon thee; thou must not let the lady go; no, that must thou not do for all the world, Herman! Hail and storms! I would attempt the uttermost if I were in thy place.

HER. I will not rest till I have him, and him under the ground.

FRAN. Gently, Herman. Come nearer—you shall have Amelia.

HER. That must I, in spite of the devil! that must I.

FRAN. You shall have her, I say, and that from my hand. Come nearer I say. You know not, perhaps, that Charles is as good as disinherited?

HER. [*coming nearer.*] Impossible! The first word that I have heard of it.

FRAN. Be quiet and hear further. You shall hear more of it another time. Yes, I tell you, eleven months ago, as good as banished. But already the old man repents the hasty step, which he yet—[*laughing*—as I hope, hath not done myself. Also, Edelreich daily presses him hard with her approaches and complaints. Sooner or later, he will seek him in all the four quarters of the world, and good night, Herman, if he finds him. You may very humbly hold the coach door for him as he leads her to the wedding.

HER. I will murder him at the crucifix.

FRAN. The father will soon vacate the lordship for him, and live at rest in his castles. Now has the proud muddle-headed fellow the rein in his hand—now he laughs at his haters and enviers—and I, who would have made thee a great man—I myself, Herman, shall be bowed low before his threshold.

HER. [*holy.*] No, as my name is Herman, that shall you not! If yet a spark of reason glows in his brain, that shall you not!

FRAN. Will you hinder it? He will let you also, my dear Herman, feel his lash; he will spit in your face, if you meet him in the street, and woe to you then if you shrug your shoulder or twist your mouth! See, so stands it with your wooing for the lady, with your prospects, with your plans.

HER. Tell me, what shall I do?

FRAN. Hear then, Herman. You see that I take your fate to heart as a true friend. Go—dress yourself up—make yourself quite strange—go to the old man—say that you are come straight from Bohemia—had been present with my brother at the battle of Prague—had seen him give up the ghost on the battle-field—

HER. Will they believe me?

FRAN. Oh, leave that to me. Take this packet. Here you will find your commission fully, and documents to boot that would make doubt itself

believe. Contrive now only to get out unseen, spring through the back door into the court, thence over the garden wall—the catastrophe of this tragi-comedy leave to me.

HER. And it will be; long live the new lord, Franciscus Von Moor!

FRAN. [*claps him on the back.*] How sly you are! Then, you see, in this way we attain all our ends at once and soon. Amelia gives up her hopes of him—the old man attributes to himself the death of his son—he sickens—a tottering house needs not an earthquake to fall to ruin—he will not survive the news—then am I his only son—Amelia has lost her support—in short, all answers to our wishes—but you must keep to your word.

HER. What say you? [*Exultingly*] Rather shall the bullet turn back in its course, and bury itself in the entrails of him who sent it! Depend upon me. Adieu! [*Exit.*]

FRAN. [*calling after him.*] The harvest is thine, dear Herman!—When the ox has drawn the corn-waggon into the barn, he must be content with hay. A kitchen-maid for thee, and no Amelia! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Old Moor's Chamber.*

OLD MOOR *sleeping on a couch*; AMELIA.

AMEL. [*coming in gently.*] Softly, softly, he slumbers. [*She stands before him.*] How beautiful, how venerable!—venerable as we paint the holy—no, I cannot be angry with thee! White-locked head, I cannot be angry with thee! Slumber softly, awaken gladly—I alone will go away and suffer.

OLD M. [*dreaming.*] My son! my son! my son!

AMEL. [*takes his hand.*] Hark, hark! his son is in his dreams.

OLD M. Are you there? Are you really there? Ah! how wretched you look! Gaze not on me with that look of agony! I am wretched enough.

AMEL. [*awakens him.*] Look up, dear old man! You only dream. Collect yourself.

OLD M. [*half awake.*] Was he not there? did I not press his hand? Vile Francis! will you tear him even from my dreams?

AMEL. It is Amelia.

OLD M. [*rouses himself.*] Where is he? where? where am I? Are you there, Amelia?

AMEL. How do you feel? You have had a refreshing slumber.

OLD M. I was dreaming of my son. Why have I not dreamed on? Perhaps I might have received pardon from his mouth.

AMEL. Angels bear not anger—he pardons you. [*Takes his hand, sorrowfully.*] Father of my Charles! I pardon you.

OLD M. No, my daughter; this deathlike colour of thy face condemns the father. Poor girl! I have ruined the joys of thy youth. Oh, curse me not!

AMEL. [*kisses his hand, tenderly.*] Thee?

OLD M. Know you this picture, my daughter?

AMEL. Charles!—

OLD M. Thus he looked, as he entered his sixteenth year. Now he is different.—Oh, it maddens in my heart!—this mildness is unwilling, this smile despair—is it not so, Amelia? It was on his birthday, decked with jasmine leaves, that you painted him—oh, my daughter! your loves made me so happy.

AMEL. [*her eyes fixed on the picture.*] No, no! it is not him. By Heaven! that is not Charles. Here, here—[*pointing to her heart and her forehead*]—so perfect, so different! The dull colours cannot portray the

heavenly spirit that reigned in his fiery eye. Away with it!—it is so human! I was a dauber.

OLD M. This kind, warming look—had he been standing by my bed, I should have lived in the midst of death! Never, never should I have died!

AMEL. Never, never would you have died! It would have been a spring, as you would leap from one thought to another and a fairer. This look would have shone to thee beyond the grave! This look would have borne thee beyond the stars!

OLD M. It is hard, it is mournful! I die, and my son Charles is not here—I shall be borne to the tomb, and he will not weep upon my grave.—How sweet it is to be rocked into the sleep of death by the prayer of a son!—that is a soothing lullaby.

AMEL. [*with enthusiasm.*] Yes, sweet, heavenly sweet is it, to be rocked into the sleep of death by the song of the loved one! Perhaps one still dreams on in the grave—a long, eternal, endless dream, of Charles, till the bell of the resurrection sounds—[*starting up*!—and then to his arms for ever.

[*A pause; she takes a lute, and plays.*

Oh, Hector! wilt thou ever from me go
To where the murdering iron biddeth flow
Its purple sacrifice of blood?
Oh! who will then thy little children show
With manly, warlike skill the spear to throw,
When thou art sailing on the Xanthus flood?

OLD M. A beautiful song, my daughter! You must play it to me before I die.

AMEL. It is the parting of Andromache and Hector. Charles and I have often sung it together to the lute. [*Plays.*

My dearest wife! go fetch the deadly lance,
And let me forth to the wild warlike dance;
I bear the destiny of Troy.
Over my child our gods will guard, if I,
My country's saviour, on the field should die;
And we shall meet again in heaven with joy.

Enter DANIEL.

DAN. A man is waiting for you without. He begs to be admitted, as he brings important tidings.

OLD M. There is nothing more in the world important to me—you know it, Amelia. Is it an unfortunate who needs my help? He shall not go hence with sighs.

AMEL. If it be a beggar, let him come up at once. [*Exit DANIEL.*

OLD M. Amelia, Amelia, my beauteous one!

AMEL. [*Plays.*]

Thy warlike tread I hear not in thy hall,
And thy brave sword hangs rusting on the wall,
And Priam's blooming race shall fade.
Oh! thou wilt go to where there shines no light;
Where the Cocytus weepeth in the night,
Thy love will die in Lethe's gloomy shade.
When I shall stand on Lethe's gloomy brink,
And on all earthly things shall cease to think,
Still shall I not thy love forget.
Hark! on the walls I hear the tumult roar;
Gird on my armour! and oh, weep no more
My love o'er Lethe's waters lingers yet.

Enter FRANCIS, HERMAN disguised, DANIEL.

FRAN. Here is the man. Dreadful news, he says, await you. Can you hear them?

OLD M. I know but one. Step here, my friend, and spare me not. Give him a cup of wine.

HER. [*in a feigned voice.*] Gracious lord! let it not be reckoned against a poor man, if he against his will should pierce through your heart. I am a stranger in this land, but I know you well—you are the father of Charles Von Moor.

OLD M. How know you that?

HER. I knew your son—

AMEL. [*starting up.*] He lives! lives! You know him? Where is he? where? where? [*Rushing out.*]

OLD M. You know of my son?

HER. He studied in Leipsic. From thence he travelled, I know not how far. He wandered through the borders of Germany, and, as he told me, with an uncovered head, barefooted, and begging his bread from door to door. Five months afterwards the unhappy war broke out again between Prussia and Austria, and, as he had nothing more to hope in this world, he followed the roll of Frederic's all-conquering drums into Bohemia. Suffer me, he said to the great Schwerin, to die on the bed of heroes—I have a father no more!

OLD M. Look not on me, Amelia!

HER. They gave him a standard. He flew with it against the Austrians on the wings of victory. We chanced to lie together in the same tent. He spoke much of his old father, and of better, bygone days, and of blighted hopes—the tears stood in our eyes.

OLD M. [*hides his face.*] Hush! oh, hush!

HER. Eight days afterwards was the hot battle of Prague. I can tell you, your son behaved like a brave warrior. He did wonders before the eyes of the army. Five regiments were relieved at his side—he stood. Bullets fell right and left—your son stood. A ball shattered his right hand—your son took the standard in his left, and stood.

AMEL. [*in rapture.*] Hector, Hector! do you hear it? he stood!

HER. I met him in the evening of the battle sunk down among the whistling bullets; with his left hand he stemmed the spurting blood, the right he had buried in the earth. "Brother!" he called to me, "a murmur runs through the ranks, the general has fallen an hour ago." "He is fallen," I say, "and you"—"Now, who is a brave soldier," he cried, and threw his left hand free, "follows his general!" Soon afterwards he breathed out his great spirit as a hero.

FRAN. [*rushing wildly at HERMAN.*] May death seal thy cursed tongue! Are you come here to give the deathblow to our father?—Father! Amelia! Father!

HER. It was the last wish of my dying comrade. "Take this sword"—the words rattled in his throat—"you shall deliver it to my old father; the blood of his son cleaves to it. Tell him, his curse has driven me into the battle and to death; I have fallen in despair!" His last sigh was "Amelia!"

AMEL. [*as if awakened from a swoon.*] His last sigh, "Amelia!"

OLD M. [*screaming and tearing his hair.*] My curse has driven him to death! he has fallen in despair!

FRAN. [*walking about the room.*] Oh! what have you done, father? My Charles, my brother!

HER. Here is a sword; and here is also a portrait, which he, at the same time, took from his bosom. It is very like this lady. "This

shall my brother Francis"—he said.—I know not what he would have said.

FRAN. [*as if astonished.*] To me? Amelia's portrait to me? Charles, Amelia? To me?

AMEL. [*going furiously to HERMAN.*] Hireling! pandei! liar!

HER. That am I not, my lady. Look yourself, if it is not your picture—
perhaps you yourself gave it to him? [*Looks hard at him.*]

FRAN. By Heaven, Amelia, it is yours! It is really yours!

AMEL. [*gives him back the picture.*] Mine, mine! Oh, heaven and earth!

OLD M. [*shrieking.*] Woe, woe! My curse has driven him to death! he has fallen in despair!

FRAN. And he thought of me in the last heavy hour of departure—of me!—angelic soul!—when already the black banner of death rustled over him—of me!—

OLD M. [*muttering.*] My curse has driven him to death! my son has fallen in despair!

HER. This sorrow I cannot bear. Farewell, old Sir. [*Softly, to FRANCIS.*] Why, have you done this, too!

AMEL. [*springing after him.*] Stay, stay! What were his last words? [*Exit, quickly.*]

HER. [*calling back.*] His last sigh was, "Amelia!"

AMEL. His last sigh was, "Amelia!"—No; thou art no deceiver! It is true—true! he is dead—dead—[*she sinks down*]
FRAN. What do I see? What stands there upon the sword, written in blood?—Amelia!

AMEL. By him?

FRAN. Do I see aright, or do I dream? See there are traces of blood: "Francis, leave not my Amelia!" Look there, look there! and on the other side: "Amelia! all-powerful death hath broken thy oath."—Do you see now? do you see now? He wrote it with a stiffening hand; he wrote it with his heart's warm blood; he wrote it on the fearful brink of eternity! His flying spirit yet tarried to bind together Francis and Amelia.

AMEL. Sacred Heaven! it is his hand!—He has never loved me!

FRAN. [*stamping on the ground.*] Despair! my whole scheme is ruined by this obstinate girl!

OLD M. Woe, woe! Leave me not, my daughter! Francis, Francis, give me my son again!

FRAN. Who was it that cursed him! Who was it that drove his son into battle, and to death, and to despair?—Oh! he was an angel, a jewel of heaven! Curses on his murderer! Curses, curses on you yourself!

OLD M. [*striking his breast and forehead.*] He was an angel; he was a jewel of heaven. Curses, curses, destruction—curses on myself! I am the father that hath slain his great son. He loved me unto death! To avenge me he rushed into battle and to death! Monster, monster! To fetch him back from his grave.

FRAN. He is gone; to what end serve late complaints?—[*Laughing scornfully.*]—It is easier to murder than to make alive. You will never fetch him back from his grave.

OLD M. Never, never, never fetch him back from the grave! Gone, lost for ever!—And thou hast prated the curse from my heart; thou—thou—give me my son again!

FRAN. Rouse not my anger. I leave you in death!—

OLD M. Horror! horror! Give me my son again!

[*Starts from his seat, and seizes FRANCIS by the throat, who flings him back again.*]

FRAN. Powerless bones! you dare it—die! despair! [Exit.]

OLD M. A thousand curses thunder after thee! Thou hast torn my son from my arms. *[Tossing about on his couch.]* Woe, woe! Despairing; but not to die!—They fly—leave me in death—my good angels fly from me; all holy things shrink from the grey murderer.—Woe! woe! will no one hold my head? will no one unbind my writhing soul? No son? no daughter? no friend?—Men only—will none?—alone—forsaken! Woe, woe! Despairing; but not to die!

Enter AMELIA, weeping.

OLD M. Amelia! messenger of Heaven! Come you to set free my soul?

AMEL. *[with a soft tone.]* You have lost a noble son.

OLD M. Murdered, you would say. Laden with this witness, I step before the judgment-seat of God.

AMEL. Not so, sorrowful old man! The heavenly Father hath called him to himself. We should have been too happy in this world.—There, there—beyond the sun—we shall see him again.

OLD M. See him again! see him again! Oh, it will pierce through my soul as a sword! If I find him a holy one among the holy—in the midst of heaven will a shudder of hell pass through me! In the sight of the Eternal, the remembrance would crush me: I have murdered my son!

AMEL. Oh, he will smile away the bitter memory from your soul! Be more glad, dear father! I am quite so. Hath he not already sung the name, "Amelia," to heavenly listeners on seraphic harps? and have not the heavenly listeners hushed it lightly after him? His last sigh was, "Amelia!"—will not his first jubilee be, "Amelia?"

OLD M. Heavenly comfort flows from thy lips. He will smile on me, sayest thou? Forgive me: you must stay by me, beloved of my Charles, when I die.

AMEL. To die, is to fly into his arms. Well for you! You are to be envied. Why are these bones not dry? Why are these hairs not grey? Woe upon the powers of youth! Welcome, marrowless old age! nearer to heaven and my Charles.

Enter FRANCIS.

OLD M. Come here, my son! Forgive me if I was too hard against you. I forgive you all. I would willingly yield up my spirit in peace.

FRAN. Have you wept enough for your son? So far as I see, you have but one.

OLD M. Jacob had twelve sons; but for his Joseph he shed tears of blood.

FRAN. Hum!

OLD M. Go; take the Bible, my daughter, and read me the story of Jacob and Joseph. It has always much moved me, and then I had not been a Jacob.

AMEL. What shall I read you?

[Takes the Bible, and opens it.]

OLD M. Read me the sorrow of the forsaken, as he found him not among his children—and waited for him in vain, in the circle of his eleven—and his song of mourning, when he thought his Joseph was taken from him for ever.

AMEL. *[reads.]* "And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood. And they sent the coat of many colours, and they brought it to their father, and said, This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no."—*[Exit FRANCIS, suddenly.]*—

"And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast has devoured him: Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces."

OLD M. [*falls back on the pillow.*] "Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces!"

AMEL. [*reads.*] "And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son—"

OLD M. Leave off, leave off! I am very ill.

AMEL. [*springing up, lets the book fall.*] Help, Heaven! What is that?

OLD M. That is death!—Blackness—swims—before my—eyes.—I pray thee—call the priest—that he may give me—the sacrament.—Where is—my son Francis?

AMEL. He is gone! God have mercy on us!

OLD M. Gone—gone from the bed of death?—And that is all—all—of two children of hope! Thou hast given them—hast taken—them—thy name be—

AMEL. [*with a sudden cry.*] Dead! quite dead!

[*Exit.*]

FRANCIS comes in, rejoicing.

"Dead!" they cry "Dead!" Now am I lord. It peals through the whole castle, "Dead!"—However, perhaps he but sleeps.—Truly, ah truly! that is a sleep, truly, where there will never more be a "Good morning."—Sleep and Death are but twins. We will, for once, change the name. Good: welcome Sleep! we will call thee Death! [*He closes his eyes.*] Who will now come, and dare to challenge me, or tell me to my face, "You are a villain?" Away, then, with this wearisome guise of gentleness and virtue? Now shall ye see Francis as he is; and he shall horrify you! My father sugared his demands, gave forth his orders to a family circle, sat kindly smiling at the door, and greeted ye as brothers and children.—My eyebrows shall hang over you like a thunder-cloud; my name shall hover like a threatening comet over these hills; my brow shall be your weather-glass. He stroked and caressed the necks that stiffly rebelled against him.—To stroke and to caress, is not my way. I will dig the toothed spur into your flesh, and try the sharp scourge. Under my rule shall it come so far, that potatoes and small beer shall be a feast for a holiday; and woe to him who meets my eye with a full and ruddy cheek! The paleness of humility and slavish fear is my colour: in this livery will I dress ye!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Bohemian Forest.*

SPIEGELBERG, RAZMAN, and ROBBERS.

RAZ. Are you there?—is it really you? Then let me squeeze thee to pap, dear brother Moritz! Welcome to the Bohemian forests! You have become quite great and strong. You bring a whole troop of recruits with you, most excellent sergeant!

SPIE. Yes, brother, yes; fellows of the right sort to boot. Do you not believe that God's manifest blessing is with me? Was I not a poor hungry simpleton, had nothing but this staff, when I went over Jordan?—and now are we eight-and-seventy, chiefly ruined shopkeepers, masters, and clerks, out of the Swabian provinces; that is a body of men for you, brother! capital fellows, I tell you; that steal the buttons from each other's hose, and have plenty, and are heard of forty miles away. There is not a newspaper in which you will not see an article about the cunning Spiegelberg; they have described me from head to foot, so that

you would think you saw me. But we lead them a pitiful fool's errand. I went lately into the police-office, and said that I had seen the celebrated Spiegelberg, and dictated to a writer who sat there the exact picture of an old worm-doctor. The thing came about that the fellow was taken, examined, and, in his trouble and stupidity, he confessed—devil take me! he confessed—he was Spiegelberg. Thunder and storms! I was on the point of giving myself up to the magistrate that the black-guard might not so abuse my name.—As I said, three months after he was hung. I took a good pinch of snuff, as I walked by the gallows, and saw the pseudo-Spiegelberg parade there in his glory;—and while that Spiegelberg hangs, the true Spiegelberg creeps quite quietly out of the trap.

RAZ. [*laughing.*] You are the old man still.

SPIE. That am I, as you see, body and soul. Fool! I must tell you a joke that I played lately at the Cecilian convent. I came upon the convent in my rambles as it was getting dark; and as I had not yet fired a shot that day—you know I hate that *diem peritidi* like death—I thought the night must be ennobled by a stroke that would do for the devil's ear. We kept quiet till late at night. It was as still as a mouse. The lights went out. We thought the nuns would now be in bed. Now, I took my comrade Grimm with me, bid the others wait before the door till they should hear my whistle, secured the watchman, took his keys from him, crept in to where the maids were sleeping, stole all their clothes, and threw the bundle out of the door. We went on from cell to cell; took the clothes from one sister after another; at last also from the abbess. Now I whistled, and my fellows without began to storm and halloo as if the last day was come, and with a most beastly tumult rushed into the cells of the sisters!—ha! ha! ha!—you should have seen the hunt; how the poor wretches groped about in the dark for their clothes, and roared most piteously, when they found them gone to the devil—and we all the while like so many thunder-storms—and how, in their fear and consternation, they folded the bed-clothes round them, or crept under the stove like cats—and the pitiful wailing and lamentation—and, at last, the old abbess—you know, brother, that in all the earth there is not a creature I hate so much as a spider and an old woman; and just think of that brown, wrinkled old witch dancing before me, and conjuring me by her maiden modesty, forsooth!—I tell you I got out of the convent the value of more than a thousand thalers, and the fun besides.

RAZ. [*stamping on the ground.*] I wish I had been there!

SPIE. Do you see?—say, is not that a life?—and we keep fresh and strong, and our body is all sound, and swells every hour. I know not whether I have anything magnetic about me, that draws to me all the ragamuffins on the earth, like steel and iron.

RAZ. Magnet, indeed! But I would know what witchcraft you use?

SPIE. Witchcraft? There needs no witchcraft; head must thou have—a certain judgment, but that you do not swallow with your food; for, do you see, I always say, an honest man you can cut out of any willow stump, but for a rogue you must have grain; there is also necessary a peculiar national genius—a certain, as I may say, roguish climate.

RAZ. Brother, I have heard much of Italy.

SPIE. Yes, yes, we must deny no one his right; Italy also produces its men; and if Germany goes on as it has already started, and altogether rejects the Bible, as it has a brilliant prospect of doing, in time something good may yet come out of Germany; for, I must tell you,

climate does not so much,—genius is the great thing; and for the rest, brother, you know well that a crab will never grow to a pine-apple, even in the garden of paradise; but, as I was saying—where did I leave off?

RAZ. At the knack of the art.

SPIE. Yes; right. Your first business when you come into a town is to learn from the beadles and town-patrols and turnkeys, who most frequently come under their notice, and these notorious persons seek out; further, nestle yourself in the coffee-houses and inns, and spy out, especially, who cries out the most about the cheapness of the times, the five per cent., the increasing pest of the improved police; who abuses the government most, or is angry with the science of physiognomy, and the like, brother—that is the right sort! Honesty totters there like a hollow-tooth—you need only apply the instrument; or, a better and shorter way, you go and throw down a full purse in the open streets, hide yourself somewhere, and mark well who picks it up. Soon after, you come out, look about, call out, and ask him, in passing—"Have you, sir, seen a purse of gold anywhere?" If he says yes, then has the devil seen it; but if he denies it,—“Pardon me, sir—I cannot remember—I regret”—[springing up]—Brother! triumph, brother! Diogenes! Thou hast found thy man.

RAZ. You are a learned practitioner.

SPIE. As if I ever doubted about that. Now that you have your man in the net, you must take care that you land him. Look you, my son;—thus have I done: when I have once found the track, I stick to my candidate like a burr, drink brotherhood with him, and, *nota bene*, you must hold him scot-free—it costs a pretty sum, to be sure, but never mind that—you go on, introduce him among gamblers and loose women, entangle him in fights and knavish tricks, till he is a bankrupt in strength, and money, and conscience, and good name,—for, incidentally, I must tell you, you gain nothing unless you destroy both body and soul. Believe me, brother, that I have proved fifty times, that if an honest man is once driven out of his nest, then is the devil master—hark! what bang was that?

RAZ. It was thunder—go on.

SPIE. There is yet a shorter and better way still—plunder a man out of house and home, till he has not a shirt to his back, and then he comes to you of himself—don't teach me, brother. Ask the fellow there how I got him? I offered him forty ducats, would he bring me the impression of his master's key in wax. The stupid beast does it—brings me the key, and then, devil take me! will have the gold. “Monsieur,” I say, “do you know that I shall now take this key straight to the lieutenant of police, and hire a place of him on the gallows?” Then you should have seen the fellow lift up his eyes, and begin to shake like a wet poodle—“For Heaven's sake, sir, have pity! I will—will—” “What will you? Will you now turn up your hair, and go with me to the devil?” “Oh, with all my heart—with pleasure!” Ha! ha! ha! Poor wretch! we catch mice with bacon—laugh away, Razman. Ha! ha! ha!

RAZ. Yes, yes, I must confess. I will write the lesson in golden letters on the table of my brain. Satan must know his people, that he made you his broker.

SPIE. True, brother; and I think if I bring him ten, he will let me go free. Every publisher gives his collector the tenth copy gratis; why should the devil go so Jewishly to work? Razman, I smell powder.

RAZ. I smelt it long ago. Yes, yes, as I told you, Moritz, you will be welcome to the captain with your recruits; he has some brave fellows already.

SPIE. But mine! mine!—pshaw—

RAZ. Yes, they may have pretty fingers ; but I tell you, the same of our captain has led many noble fellows into temptation.

SPIE. You do not say so !

RAZ. Without a joke ! and they are not ashamed to serve under him. He murders not for the sake of plunder, as we do ; he seemed no longer to care for money, as soon as he could get it in plenty ; and even the third part of the booty, which is his by right, he gives away to orphan children ; but, should he find a landlord who grinds down his peasants like beasts, or a villain creeping about in gold lace, who wrests the laws, and silvers over the eye of justice, or any fellow of that kind, then is he in his element, and rages most devilishly, as if every hair upon him were a fury.

SPIE. Hum, hum !

RAZ. Lately, we learnt at an inn, that a rich count, from Katisbon, would pass through, who had just gained a lawsuit of a million through the tricks of his advocate. He happened to sit at table.—“How many of us are there?” he asked me, while he hastily rose up ; I saw him bite his under-lip, which he never does but when he is most angry. “Not more than five,” I said. “It is enough,” he said, threw the money on the table for the host, left the wine untouched, and we made for the road. But the whole time he did not speak a word, walking on one side alone, only from time to time he asked us if we heard nothing, and told us to lay our ears to the ground. At last the count came by, the carriage heavily laden ; the advocate sat with him inside, and two servants rode by the side ; then you should have seen the man, how he sprang before us to the carriage, a pistol in each hand !—and the voice with which he called out, “Stand !” The coachman, who would not stop, had to dance down from his seat ; the count fired into the air ; the horsemen fled. “Thy gold, scoundrel !” he cried in a voice of thunder ; “and art thou the villain that mak’st justice a prostitute ?” The advocate trembled so that his teeth chattered—the dagger stuck in his back like a plug in a wine-cask. “I have done my part !” he said, and turned proudly away ; “the plunder is your concern.” And he disappeared in the forest.

SPIE. Hum, hum ! Brother, what I told you just now is between ourselves ; he need not know it. Do you understand ?

RAZ. Right, right—I understand.

SPIE. You know him, he has such fancies. You understand me ?

RAZ. I understand, I understand.

Enter SCHWARZ, running.

RAZ. Who’s there ? What’s the matter there ? Passengers in the forest.

SCHWARZ. Quick, quick ! where are the others ? A thousand devils ! do you stand there and chatter ? Don’t you know, then ?—do you know nothing at all ?—and Roller—

RAZ. What then ? what then ?

SCHWARZ. Roller is hung, and four others with him !

RAZ. Roller ! When ?—where did you learn it ?

SCHWARZ. Three weeks he was in prison, and we knew nothing about it ; his trial went on for three days, and we heard nothing of it ; they examined him with the torture where the captain was—the brave fellow confessed nothing. Yesterday the trial was finished, and this morning he travelled extra-post to the devil.

RAZ. Curses ! Does the captain know it ?

SCHWARZ. Yesterday he learnt it for the first time. He foams like a boar. You know he was always especially fond of Roller ; ropes and ladders were brought to the tower ; they were of no use ; he himself crept

in to him in the dress of a capuchin, and would have changed clothes with him; Roller obstinately refused; now he swore an oath that made our blood run cold, that he would kindle for him a funeral pyre, such as had lighted no royal burial, which should burn their backs brown and blue. I fear for the town. He has for a long time had a pique against it, because it is so shamefully bigoted; and you know if he says, "I will do it," it is as much as if one of us had done it.

RAZ. That is true; I know the captain. If he had given his word to the devil to go to hell, he would not pray if half a pater-noster would save him. But ah! poor Roller! poor Roller!

SPIE. Memento mori! But that does not move me. [*Whistles a song.*]

As I pass by the gallows' stone
I wink with my right eye,
And think, you hang there well alone;
Who's fool now, you or I?

RAZ. [*starting up.*] Hark! a shot!

SPIE. Another!

RAZ. Another!—the captain!

SCHWEITZER, ROLLER [*behind the scenes.*] Hollo ho! Hollo ho!

RAZ. Roller! Roller! Ten devils take me!

SCHWEITZER, ROLLER [*behind the scenes.*] Razman! Schwarz! Spiegelberg! Razman!

RAZ. Roller! Schweitzer! Lightning, thunder, hail and storms!

[*Flies to meet him.*]

Enter ROBBER MOOR, on horseback, SCHWEITZER, ROLLER, GRIMM, SCHUFTERLE, troop of ROBBERS [covered with mud and dust].

P. MOOR [*springing from his horse.*] Freedom! Freedom! You are safe, Roller!—Take my horse, Schweitzer, and wash him with wine; [*throws himself on the ground.*] That was in time!

RAZ. [*to ROLLER.*] Now, by the forge of Pluto! are you come from the rack?

SCHWARZ. Are you his ghost? or am I a fool? or is it really you?

ROLL. [*out of breath.*] It is I; bodily; whole. Where do you think I am come from?

SCHWARZ. Ask a witch! Sentence of death was pronounced upon you.

ROLL. That it was truly, and more. I came straight from the gallows here. Let me only get my breath. Schweitzer will tell you. Give me a glass of brandy!—Are you here, too, Moritz? I thought to have met you somewhere else. Give me another glass of brandy! my bones fall asunder. Oh, my captain! where is my captain?

SCHWARZ. Presently, presently!—but talk, talk! How did you escape? how is it that we have you again? My head swims. From the gallows, say you?

ROLL. [*drinks a glass of brandy.*] Ah, that's good! Straight from the gallows, I say. You stand there and gape, and cannot believe it—I was but three steps from the ladder, up which I was to rise into Abraham's bosom—so near—so near—was already sold to the anatomist! I would have given my life for a pinch of snuff. To the captain I owe breath, freedom, and life.

SCHWEIT. It was a joke worth telling. We had the day before learnt through our spies, that if Heaven did not fall in in time, Roller would the next morning—that was to-day—go the way of all flesh. "Up!" said the captain, "what is not a friend worth?—Save him, or save him not, we

will at least kindle for him a funeral pyre, such as hath lighted no royal burial, which shall burn their backs brown and blue." The whole band was collected. We sent an express to him, who conveyed to him a little note which he threw into his porridge.

ROLL. I despaired of the result.

SCHWEIT. We waited till the passages were clear. The whole town was gone after the spectacle ; horsemen, and footmen, and carriages, jostled one another. "Now," said the captain, "burn, burn !" The fellows flew like darts, and fired the town in three-and-thirty points at once, threw fire-brands near the powder-magazine, into the churches and barns. Morbleu ! in less than a quarter of an hour the north-east wind, which must also have a spite against the town, came excellently to our help, and blew the flames up to the highest gable. We, in the meantime, went down street after street like furies—"Fire ! Fire !" through the whole town—howling—screaming—tumult—the fire-bells began to ring—bang went the powder-magazine into the air, as if the earth had burst in two, and shivered the heaven, and sunk hell ten thousand fathoms deep.

ROLL. And now my followers looked back—there lay the town like Gomorrah and Sodom ; the whole horizon was fire, brimstone, and smoke ; forty mountains echoed round the noise of the infernal game ; a panic terror struck all to the ground. Now I used the point of time, and rushed like the wind (I was unfettered, so nearly was it all over)—while my guards looking back, were stupefied like Lot's wife—rushed off, tore through the crowds, away ! Sixty paces off I cast away my clothes, threw myself into the river, and swam under the water till I believed that I was out of sight. My captain was ready prepared with horses and clothes—and here I am. Moor ! Moor ! may you soon get into trouble, that I may return like for like !

RAZ. A beastly wish, for which you deserve hanging—but it was a thundering stroke.

ROLL. It was help in need—you cannot value it. You should have been with a rope round your neck, travelling to the grave with a living body, as I was, with the sacramental forms and hangman's ceremonies ; and with each step that the timid foot went forwards, nearer, and fearfully nearer, the cursed machine, where I should be lodged, in the shining of the morning sun ; and the leering hangman's servants, and the horrid music—it grates in my ears yet—and the screeching of the hungry ravens, who were hanging upon my predecessor, and all, all—and besides, the foretaste of the blessedness that awaited me. Brother, brother, and all at once to be free !—it was a blow as if the rafters of heaven's vault were sprung. Hark, fellows ! I tell you, if one of you should jump out of a burning oven into ice-cold water, you would not feel the change so much as I did, when I reached the other bank.

SPIE. [*laughs.*] Poor wretch ! It's all over now ! [*drinks.*] Here's to a happy regeneration.

ROLL. [*throws his glass away.*] No, by all the treasures of Mammon ! I would not hear it a second time. To die is something more than a harlequin's leap ; and the fear of death is still worse.

SPIE. And the powder-magazine—do you mark now, Razman?—that made the air stink so of brimstone an hour ago, as if the whole wardrobe of Moloch was being aired under the firmament—it was a master-stroke, captain ! I envy thee.

SCHWEIT. I wish the town joy of trying to put to death my comrade. What, the devil ! shall we make a conscience of letting our comrade take leave of the town ? And, besides, our fellows have found somewhat of which to plunder the old emperor. Say, what have you taken ?

ONE OF THE BAND. I have, during the tumult, crept into the church of St. Stephen, and stolen the border of the altar-cloth.

SCHWEIT. Thou hast well done—what matters plundering a church? They bear it to the Creator, who laughs at their trumpery, and lets his creatures hunger. And you, Spangeler, where did you cast your net?

A SECOND. I and Buegel have plundered a merchant's shop, and have proofs of it with us.

A THIRD. Two gold watches have I stolen, and a dozen silver spoons!

SCHWEIT. Good, good! We have made a pretty work of it; and if they will defend themselves from the fire, they must ruin the town with water. Do you know, Schusterle, how many are dead?

SCHUF. Three-and-eighty, they say. The tower alone shivered sixty of them to dust.

R. MOOR. [*seriously.*] Roller, you have been dearly paid.

SCHUF. Pshaw! pshaw! what matters that? Indeed, if they had been men—but they were little children, and mothers taking care of them—withered old men who could not find the door—patients whining after the doctor, who, in his gravity trot, was gone after the hunt. All who had light legs were gone after the comedy, and only the dregs of the town remained behind to keep house.

R. MOOR. Oh, the poor worms! Sick men, sayest thou, old men and children?

SCHUF. Yes, the devil! and women in childbed as well—poor poets, who had not a shoe to put on, and all the rest of the pack, that are not worth the trouble of talking about. As I by chance passed the barracks, I heard a noise within; I looked in, and I saw by the light that it was a child, yet fresh and sound, that lay on the ground under the table. Poor beast, said I, you will be cold here, and threw it into the flames.

R. MOOR. Truly, Schusterle? And may those flames burn in thy bosom till eternity grows grey! Away, monster! Let me never more see thee among my band! Do you murmur? Do you consider? Who considers, when I command? Away with him, I say. There are yet more among ye, who are ripe for my wrath. I know thee, Spiegelberg. But I will come among ye presently, and hold a fearful muster.

[*They go away trembling.*]

R. MOOR [*alone, going violently up and down.*] Hear them not, Avenger in heaven! What can I do? What can I do, when thy pestilence, thy famine, thy floods, consume the righteous with the wicked? Who can command the flames, that they shall not rage through the blessed corn, if they shall destroy the hornets' nests? Oh! shame upon the murder of children! the murder of women! the murder of the sick! How doth this deed vex me! It hath poisoned my fairest work. There stands the boy, shamed and scorned before the eye of Heaven, who presumed to play with the club of Jupiter, and threw down pigmies, when he would have dashed Titans to pieces. Go, go! thou art not the man to sway the avenging sword to a higher tribunal; thou sinkest at the first grasp. Here I abjure the bold plan, and go, to creep into any cleft of the earth where the day may not look upon my shame.

[*Going hastily.*]

Enter ROBBERS, hastily.

ROBBERS. Look to yourself, captain! There is danger! Whole crowds of Bohemian horsemen are trooping in the wood—the infernal beadle must have blabbed to them.

Enter more ROBBERS.

ROBBERS. Captain, captain! They have traced us—some thousands are surrounding us in the forest.

Enter more ROBBERS.

ROBBERS. Woe, woe, woe! We are caught, tried, condemned! Many thousand hussars, dragoons, and huntsmen are upon the heights, and besiege all the outlets. *[Exit MOOR.]*

Enter SCHWEITZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, SCHWARZ, SCHUFTERLE, SPIEGELBERG, RAZMAN, ROBBERS.

SCHWEIT. Have we shaken them out of their nest? Rejoice, Roller! I have long wished to have a fight with the rascal men. Where is the captain? Is the whole troop together? Have we powder enough?

RAZ. Powder is plenty. But we are eighty in all, and scarcely one to their twenty.

SCHWEIT. So much the better, and let there be fifty against my big nail. Brother, brother! there is no difficulty. They may set their lives at ten kreuzers; fight we not for neck and freedom? We will rush upon them like a deluge, and fire upon their heads like lightning. Where the devil is the captain?

SPIE. He leaves us in this necessity. Can we, then, no more escape?

SCHWEIT. Escape?

SPIE. Oh! why did I not stay in Jerusalem!

SCHWEIT. I wish you had stuck in the drain, you faint-heart! With naked nuns you can brag enough; but if you see two soldiers, coward!—Show thyself now, or they shall sew thee in a boar-skin, and worry thee with dogs.

RAZ. The captain, the captain!

Enter R. MOOR.

R. MOOR *[aside.]* I have fully determined; now must they fight like desperadoes. *[Aloud.]* Children, now is the time! We are lost, or we must fight like wounded bears.

SCHWEIT. Lead us on, captain! We follow thee to the jaws of death.

R. MOOR. Load all the arms! There is no want of powder?

SCHWEIT. *[springing up.]* Powder enough to blow the earth up to the moon!

RAZ. Each man has five pairs of pistols loaded, and three rifles.

R. MOOR. Good, good! And now a part must climb the trees, or hide themselves in the thickets, and fire upon them from behind.

SCHWEIT. You may go there, Spiegelberg.

R. MOOR. We will fall upon them in the flank like furies!

SCHWEIT. There will I be!

R. MOOR. At the same time, every man must let his whistle ring through the forest, that our numbers may seem greater; also all the dogs must be let loose, and set upon them, that they may be separated and scattered, and rush into your fire. We three, Roller, Schweitzer, and I, fight in the attack.

SCHWEIT. Masterly, excellent!—We will thunder upon them, so that they shall not know where the blows come from. Only let us begin.

[SCHUFTERLE beckons SCHWEITZER, who takes the CAPTAIN aside, and speaks softly with him.]

R. MOOR. Hush!

SCHWEIT. I pray thee—

R. MOOR. Away! He may thank his shame, it has saved him. He shall not die, if I and my Schweitzer die, and my Roller. Let him take off the clothes, and I will say he is a traveller that I have robbed. Be quiet, Schweitzer! I swear, he shall yet be hung.

Enter MONK.

MONK [*aside.*] Is this the dragon's nest?—By your leave, sirs! I am a servant of the church, and without there stand seventeen hundred, who guard each hair of my head as I sleep.

SCHWEIT. Bravo! bravo! That was well spoken to keep one's stomach warm.

R. MOOR. Hush, comrade!—Say shortly, Sir Monk, what hast thou to do here?

MONK. I am sent by the high authority that pronounces over life and death.—Ye thieves—ye murderers—ye villains—poisonous otter's brood, who creep in darkness, and hide in secrecy—refuse of humanity—brood of hell—a precious banquet for the ravens and worms—a colony for the gallows and the wheel!—

SCHWEIT. Dog! leave off abusing, or— [*He puts his gun to his face.*

R. MOOR. Shame, Schweitzer! You spoil his ideas—he has learnt his sermon so bravely out of book. Go on, sir—"for the gallows and the wheel."

MONK. And thou, their captain!—duke of robbers—king of knaves—great Mogul of all the villains under the sun!—Like that first direful ring-leader, who fanned a thousand legions of guiltless angels into the flame of rebellion, and dragged them down with him into the pit of damnation. The mourning cry of the bereaved mother howls after thy footsteps, thou suckest up blood as water, men weigh not a breath against thy murdering sword.

R. MOOR. True, true! Go on.

MONK. What! true, true! is that thine answer?

R. MOOR. How, sir? Thou hast not yet finished. Go on; what more wilt thou say?

MONK. Horrible wretch! out of my sight! Doth not the blood of the murdered count cleave to thy cursed fingers? Hast thou not broken into the sanctuary, and with thievish hands stolen the holy vessels of the sacrament? How! hast thou not cast firebrands into our godly town? and thrown down the powder-magazine upon the heads of good Christians? [*clasping his hands.*] Fearful, fearful wickedness, that stinketh up to heaven, and armeth the last judgment, till it break rushing down! Ripe for reward, ready for the trumpet's sounding!

R. MOOR. Masterly spoken hitherto! but to the point! What message doth the worthy magistrate send me by you?

MONK. What thou art not worthy to receive.—Look round you, murderer! Wherever thine eye can see, art thou shut in by our horsemen; here is no more room for escape. Sooner shall cherries grow upon this oak; sooner shall this fir-tree bear peaches, than ye shall turn your backs upon this oak and this fir-tree uninjured.

R. MOOR. Do your hear, Schweitzer?—But go on.

MONK. Hear then, how graciously, how compassionately, justice deals with the wicked! Wilt thou kneel before the cross, and beg for mercy and forbearance? see, then will sternness itself become compassion to thee, and justice be a loving mother; she shuts her eyes to the half of thy crimes, and is satisfied—think now—is satisfied with the rack.

SCHWEIT. Have you heard, captain? Shall I go and squeeze the sheep-dog's throat, till the red juice spurts out of the pores of his skin?

ROLL. Captain! Storms! Thunder and hell! Captain!—how he bites his under-lip! Shall I throw this fellow up and down under the firmament like a nine-pin?

SCHWEIT. Me, me ! Let me kneel, fall down before thee ! Grant me the delight of grinding him to pap ! [MONK shrieks.]

R. MOOR. Away from him ! Let no one dare to touch him !—[To MONK, drawing his sword.] Look you, Sir Monk ! here stand nine-and-seventy, whose captain I am, and of whom none know how to move at the sign and the command, or to dance after cannon-music ; and without there stand seventeen hundred, grown grey under arms.—But hear now ! thus speaks Moor, the murdering captain. It is true, I have slain the count, I have burned and plundered the church, I have cast firebrands into your bigoted town, and thrown down the powder-magazine upon the heads of good Christians ; but that is not all. I have done yet more. [Stretching out his right hand] Mark you these four costly rings that I bear on each finger. Go thou away, and tell word for word to the lord of the tribunal over life and death, what thou hast seen and heard. This ruby I drew from the finger of a minister, whom I cast down, while hunting, at the feet of his prince. He had flattered himself up from the mob to a first favourite ; the fall of his neighbour was his ladder to rank—the tears of orphans raised him up.—This diamond I drew from a minister of finance, who sold offices and seats of honour to the highest bidder, and thrust the mourning patriots from his door. This agate I took from a priest, to the honour of thy sort, as he regretted in the open chancel, that the Inquisition was falling. I could tell thee more tales of my rings, if I did not already repent the few words that I have wasted upon thee.

MONK. Oh ! Pharaoh, Pharaoh !

R. MOOR. Do you hear him ? Did you mark that sigh ? Doth he not stand there as if he would pray down fire from heaven upon this troop of Korah, judge with a shrug of his shoulders and damn with a Christian "Alas !" Can a man, then, be so blind ? He hath the hundred eyes of Argus to spy out the faults of his brother ; can he be so blind towards himself ? They thunder out of their clouds about gentleness and patience, and bring to God human sacrifices, as to a fiery-armed Moloch.—They preach love to their neighbours and curse the aged blind from their doors—storm against ambition, and have for their golden clasps laid waste Peru, and yoked the heathen to their chariots like beasts of burden. They rack their brains, how it was possible that nature could have created an Iscariot, and not the worst among them would betray the triune God for ten pieces of silver. Oh ! ye Pharisees ! ye falsifiers of the truth ! Ye tremble not to kneel before the cross and the altar, flay your backs with scourges, and torment your flesh with fasts ; ye think with these pitiful jugglings to raise a blue mist before Him whom yet ye fools call Omniscient, just as we the most bitterly mock the great, when we flatter them that they hate flattery ; ye boast of nobility and exemplary conduct, and the God who sees through your hearts, would rage against the Creator, if it were not even he who had made the monster of the Nile.—Take him from my eyes.

MONK. Can a villain be so proud !

R. MOOR. Not enough. Now will I speak proudly. Go, and say to the reverend tribunal that rules over life and death—I am no thief who hath conspired with sleep and midnight, and who doth great things on the ladder. What I have done I shall, without doubt, one day read in the book of heaven, but on its pitiful ministers will I waste no more words. Tell them my work is recompense—vengeance is my business. [He turns his back on him.]

MONK. Then thou wilt not have forbearance and mercy ? Good—with thee I have done. [Turns to the band.] Hear ye, then, what justice informs you by me. Deliver up bound this condemned miscreant, and the punishment of your wickedness shall be left to the last account ; the holy church will receive you as lost sheep into her motherly lap, with renewed

love, and the road to honour shall stand open to you all. [*With a triumphant laugh.*] Now, now! How likes your majesty that? Quick, then! Bind him, and be free.

R. MOOR. Do you hear? do you hear? are ye in doubt? He offers ye freedom, and ye are really prisoners. He sends ye life, and that is no vain prattle, for ye are truly judged. He offers ye honour and place, and what can your fate be, even if ye conquer, but shame, and curses, and persecution? He tells ye of reconciliation with Heaven, and ye are truly damned; there is not a hair on one of you that goes not down to hell. Do ye still ponder? Do ye still waver? Is it so hard to choose betwixt heaven and hell? Help them, Sir Monk!

MONK [*aside.*] Is the fellow mad?—Do you fear that this is a trick to take you alive? Read yourselves: here is the general pardon signed. Can you yet doubt?

R. MOOR. Look, look! What more can ye desire?—signed with his own hand. It is mercy beyond all bounds.—Or do you fear that they will break their word, as ye have heard men keep not their word with traitors?—Oh, be without fear! Policy would constrain them to keep their word, even if they had given it to Satan. Who would in future believe them? How could they ever make a second use of it? I will swear they mean it truly. They know that it is I who have roused and embittered you, and they count you guiltless, Me alone they would have: I alone must pay the penalty. Is it not so, Sir Monk?

MONK [*aside.*] Is it the devil that speaks in him? Yes, truly, truly, it is so—the fellow makes me tremble.

R. MOOR. How, no answer yet? Think you indeed to break through them with arms? Look around you, look around you! you will think so no longer; that were now childish confidence.—Or do ye flatter yourselves to fall as heroes, because ye see that I rejoice in the tumult?—Oh, believe it not! Ye are not Moor! Ye are thieves! Wretched workmen in my great plan, contemptible as the rope in the hand of the hangman! Thieves cannot fall as heroes fall. Life is gain to a thief, for something fearful comes after. Thieves have a right to tremble before death. Hear how their horns are sounding! see how their sabres are glittering around! How! yet undetermined? are ye mad? are ye insane? It is unpardonable! I thank you not for my life. I am ashamed of your sacrifice.

MONK [*extremely astonished.*] I shall go mad. I shall run away. Has one ever heard anything like it?

R. MOOR. Or do you fear that I shall stab myself, and through self-murder destroy the compact that treats only of the living? No, children! that is a vain fear. Here I cast away my dagger, and my pistols, and this phial of poison, that yet would be welcome to me. I am so wretched that I have lost the power even over my own life. What! yet undetermined? Or do you believe that I should defend myself if ye would bind me? Look! here I bind my right hand to this bough of oak; I am quite defenceless, a child might cast me down. Who is the first to leave his captain in his necessity?

ROLL. [*in the greatest emotion.*] Not if hell girded us round ninefold! [*Waves his sword.*] Who is no dog, save the captain.

SCHWEIT. [*tears up the pardon, and throws it in the MONK's face.*] Pardon in our bullets! Away, rascal! tell the senate that sent you, you found no traitors in Moor's band. Save, save the captain!

ALL [*shouting.*] Save, save, save the captain!

R. MOOR [*joyfully.*] Now are we free,—comrades! I feel an army in my wrist. Death or freedom! At least they shall find none living.

[*They sound to the attack. Exeunt with drawn swords.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.*

AMELIA, *playing on a lute, and singing—*

Bright with an angel's brightness, pure and deep,
More beautiful than aught of earth was he ;
Mild as the sunbeam, when its soft beams sleep,
In summer, on the blue and glassy sea.

With him—beneath the shelter of his arm—
The holy night around us, and above !
Two hearts, with but one mighty feeling warm,
Borne upwards to the glorious heaven of love.

Two living fires that in one flame unite ;
Two harps in one sweet note of music blending ;
Two spirits wrapt within a cloud of light,
In high and solemn harmony ascending.

Soul to its kindred soul—they run—they fly—
They faint, they tremble with excess of bliss ;
The cold earth melts around them, and the sky ;
For what has earth to do with hours like this ?

He is away. The music is departed :
The fire is quenched ; the sunshine is grown dim ;
He is away, and to the broken-hearted,
Life is but one long weary thought of him.

Enter FRANCIS.

FRAN. Here again already, self-willed enthusiast ? You have left the banquet, and spoiled the pleasure of the guests.

AMEL. Shame on these guilty pleasures ! The death-song must yet ring in your ears that sounded as your father was carried to his grave.

FRAN. Will you, then, mourn for ever ? Let the dead sleep, and let the living be happy. I come—

AMEL. And when go you again ?

FRAN. Alas ! No such dark, proud looks. You trouble me, Amelia. I come to tell you—

AMEL. I must then hear that Francis Von Moor is become "My Lord ?"

FRAN. Right ; that is what I would talk to you about. Maximilian is gone to sleep in the tomb of his fathers. I am lord ; but I would be so entirely, Amelia. You know what you have been to our house—you have been regarded as Moor's daughter ; his love for you survived even death. This you will never forget ?

AMEL. Never, never. Who could so carelessly drown the thought of that in banqueting ?

FRAN. The love of my father you must pay to his sons ; and Charles is dead—are you astonished ? does it stagger you ? Yes, truly, the thought is so flatteringly high, that it stuns even the pride of a woman. Francis treads underfoot the hopes of the noblest ladies ; Francis comes, and offers to a poor and, but for him, helpless orphan, his heart, his hand ; and with them all his gold, and all his castles and forests. Francis—the envied, the feared—declares himself voluntarily Amelia's slave.

AMEL. Why doth not the lightning blast the lawless tongue that pours forth words of wickedness ! Thou hast murdered my beloved, and shall Amelia call thee husband !

FRAN. Not so violent, most gracious princess ! Indeed, Francis does not cringe before thee like a cooing Seladon : truly, he has not learnt, like a languishing shepherd of Arcadia, to sigh out his love-lament to the echo

of the grottoes and rocks. Francis speaks, and if no one answers, then will he command.

AMEL. Thou worm, command? command me? And if one should laugh to scorn your command?

FRAN. That will you not. I know means that can easily bow down the pride of a conceited, obstinate girl—cloisters and walls!

AMEL. Bravo! excellent! And, in cloisters and walls, for ever spared thy basilisk look, and leisure enough to think and ponder upon Charles. Welcome with thy cloisters! come, come with thy walls!

FRAN. Ha! is it so? Take care! Now hast thou taught me the art by which I may torment thee. These eternal fancies about Charles shall my gaze scourge out of thy head like a fiery-haired fury. The bugbear, Francis, shall, in the picture of thy darling, lurk in the background. I will drag thee into the chapel by the hair of thy head, and, sword in hand, I will force from thy soul the marriage oath; and thy proud shame will I with yet greater pride conquer.

AMEL. [*strikes him on the mouth.*] Take that first, for thy dowry.

FRAN. Ha! that shall be paid tenfold, and again tenfold. Not my wife—honour shalt thou not have—my mistress shalt thou be, that the honest peasants' wives may point the finger at thee, if thou darest to enter the streets! Gnash with thy teeth; spit fire and death out of thine eyes—the rage of a woman delights me—makes thee only the more beautiful and desirable. Come—this resistance will but grace my triumph. Now directly shalt thou go with me [*forcing her away*].

AMEL. [*falls on his neck.*] Pardon me, Francis! [*As he will embrace her, she steps hastily back, and draws a dagger from his side.*] Dost thou see, wretch, what I can now bring thee to? I am a woman: but a raging woman. Dare it once—this steel shall pierce through thy lascivious heart; and the spirit of my uncle will guide my hand thereto. Curses on this place. [*She drives him out.*]

AMEL. Ah! how well I am—now I can breathe freely—I felt strong as the prancing horse, fierce as the tigress spoiled of her young. In a cloister, said he? Thanks to thee for this thought. Now hath betrayed love found a home—the cloister—the cross of the Redeemer is the asylum for betrayed love. [*Going.*]

Enter HERMAN, fearfully.

HER. Lady Amelia! Lady Amelia!

AMEL. Unfortunate! Why do you disturb me?

HER. This weight must from my soul, or it will press me down to hell. [*Throws himself down before her.*] Pardon, pardon! I have much injured you, Lady Amelia!

AMEL. Stand up! Go! I will hear nothing. [*Going.*]

HER. [*holding her back.*] No! Stay! By God, by the eternal God, you shall know all!

AMEL. Not a word more—I forgive you—go in peace. [*Going.*]

HER. Hear but one word—it will give you back all your rest.

AMEL. [*looks at him, wondering.*] What, friend! Who in heaven or earth can give me back my rest again?

HER. That can a single word from my lips—hear me!

AMEL. [*takes his hand with pity.*] Good man, can a word from thy lips burst the bolts of eternity?

HER. [*stands up.*] Charles still lives!

AMEL. [*shrinking.*] Unhappy!

HER. Yet one word—your uncle—

AMEL. [*starting towards him.*] You lie—

HER. Your uncle—

AMEL. Charles still lives !

HER. And your uncle—

AMEL. Charles still lives !

HER. Also your uncle. Betray me not.

[Exit.

AMEL. [*stands for a long time as if stupefied, then turns wildly and rushes after him.*] Charles still lives !

SCENE II.—*On the Banks of the Danube.*

The ROBBERS encamped on a hillock under some trees, the horses grazing beneath.

R. MOOR. Here I must lie [*throws himself down.*] My limbs are paralyzed, my tongue is dry as a potsherd. [SCHWEITZER *goes away unnoticed.*] I would ask you to fetch me a draught of water from that spring, but you are all wearied to death.

SCHWARZ. All our wine, too, is drunken.

R. MOOR. Look how beautifully the corn stands ! The vines almost break with their burdens. The vines are full of promise.

GRIMM. It is a fruitful year.

R. MOOR. You think so ? And so would the labour of one man in this world be rewarded. One ? But the hail may fall in the night, and beat it all to the ground.

SCHWARZ. That is very possible. It may all be beaten down a few hours before the harvest.

R. MOOR. So I say. It will be all beaten down. Why should man succeed in that which he hath in common with the ants, if he fail in that which likens him to the Deity ? Or is this the end of his destination ?

SCHWARZ. I know not.

R. MOOR. Thou hast well said ; and yet better done if thou hast never desired to know. Brother ! I have seen men, their gigantic projects, and their paltry cares ; their godlike plans, and their petty actions ; their strange race after happiness ! One trusts to the speed of his horse, another to the nostril of his ass, a third to his own legs. This chequered lottery of life, wherein so many set their innocence, so many their heaven, to gain a prize ; and at last there was no prize there. It is a spectacle, brother, that brings tears into thine eyes, though it tickle thy midriff to laughter.

SCHWARZ. How beautifully the sun is setting !

R. MOOR [*gazing earnestly.*] So dies a hero !—worthy of being adored.

GRIMM. You seem much moved.

R. MOOR. When I was yet a boy, it was my darling thought so to live, and so to die. [*Bitterly.*] It was a boyish thought.

GRIMM. I hope it was.

R. MOOR [*pulls his hat over his brow.*] There was a time—leave me, comrades.

SCHWARZ. Moor ! Moor ! What, the devil ! How he changes colour !

GRIMM. All the devils ! what's the matter with him ? Is he ill ?

R. MOOR. There was a time when I could not sleep if I had forgotten my evening prayer.

GRIMM. Are you mad ? Will you let yourself be overcome by your boyish recollections ?

R. MOOR [*lays his head on GRIMM's breast.*] Brother ! brother !

GRIMM. What ! Be not a child—I pray thee—

R. MOOR. O that I were a child again !

GRIMM. Fie ! fie !

SCHWARZ. Cheer up. Look at this beautiful country—the lovely evening.

R. MOOR. Yes, friends, this world is very fair.

SCHWARZ. Now ! that was well said.

R. MOOR. This earth is beautiful.

GRIMM. Right, right—

R. MOOR. [*sinking back.*] And I, so hateful on this fair world—and I a monster on this beautiful earth !

GRIMM. Alas ! alas !

R. MOOR. Mine innocence ! mine innocence ! The whole world goeth forth to sun itself in the peaceful beams of spring—why must I alone suck hell out of the joys of heaven ? That all should be so happy, so united, through the spirit of Peace ! The whole world one family ; and one Father above—but not my Father. I alone am the outcast ; I alone am not reckoned in the ranks of the innocent—the sweet name of child is not for me—never will mine eye meet the melting gaze of the loved one—never, never shall I feel the embrace of the bosom friend. [*Starting wildly.*] Surrounded by murderers—encircled by hissing vipers—fettered to vice by bands of iron—staggering on the frail reed of sin into the grave of damnation—in the midst of the blooming and happy world, a howling Abbadona.

SCHWARZ. Strange ! I have never seen him thus.

R. MOOR [*with emotion.*] Oh that I might return to my mother's womb ! that I might be born a beggar !—No, I would no more, O Heaven ! than that I might be one of those daily labourers. Oh ! I would labour till the blood streamed from my temples—to purchase the pleasure of one short sleep—the blessedness of one tear.

GRIMM [*to the others.*] Patience, the fit will soon be over.

R. MOOR. There was a time when they flowed so freely ! Oh ! those days of peace—oh ! home of my father—ye green happy valleys—oh ! ye Elysian scenes of my childhood, will ye never return ? never with your priceless breezes cool my burning brow ?—Mourn with me, nature !—ye will never return, never with your priceless breezes cool my burning brow. Gone ! gone ! irrecoverably !

Enter SCHWEITZER, with water in his hat.

SCHWEIT. Drink, captain ; here is water enough, and cold as ice.

SCHWARZ. You bleed ; what have you been doing ?

SCHWEIT. Fool ! a joke which had nearly cost me two legs and a neck. As I stretched over the sand-bank to the river, all the dirt rolled from under me, and I fell down ten German feet.—There I lay, and as I was gathering my five senses together, I found the clearest water possible in the gravel. This is enough for one dance, thought I ; the captain will like this well.

R. MOOR [*gives back the hat, and wipes the dirt from his face.*] Otherwise we cannot see these scars that the Bohemian horsemen have marked upon your forehead.—Your water was good,—Schweitzer, these scars become you well.

SCHWEIT. Pshaw ! there's room for thirty yet.

R. MOOR. Yes, my lads—it was a hot day—and but one man lost. My Roller died a glorious death. A monument of marble would have been raised over his bones if he had not died for me. This must suffice. [*wiping his eyes.*] How many of the enemy remained on the field ?

SCHWEIT. A hundred and sixty hussars, ninety-three dragoons, and about forty huntsmen ; three hundred in all.

R. MOOR. Three hundred for one ! Each of you hath a claim on this

head ! [*uncovers his head.*] Here I raise my dagger ! As my soul liveth, I will never leave you !

SCHWEIT. Swear not ! You know not but that you may yet be happy, and repent.

R. MOOR. By the bones of my Roller, I will never leave you !

Enter KOSINSKY.

Kos. [*aside.*] They said I should meet him about here. Hollo ! what faces are those ? Can it be—If these are them—They are ! they are !—I will speak to them.

SCHWEIT. Look ! Who goes there ?

Kos. Pardon, sirs. I know not whether I am right or wrong ?

R. MOOR. And who must we be if you are right ?

Kos. Men !

SCHWEIT. We have shown that, captain ?

Kos. I seek men who can look death in the face, and let danger play around them like a tame serpent ; who value freedom more than honour and life ; whose mere name, welcome to the poor and oppressed, makes the bravest quake, and the tyrant pale.

SCHWEIT. [*to the CAPTAIN.*] The fellow pleases me. Hark, good friend ! you have found your men.

Kos. So I think ; and, I will hope, soon my brothers. Can you direct me to my right man ? for I seek your captain, the great Count Von Moor.

SCHWEIT. [*gives him his hand warmly.*] Dear youth ! we are friends.

R. MOOR. [*advancing.*] Know you then the captain ?

Kos. Thou art he ! [*Stares long at him.*] In this countenance—who could see thee, and look for another ? I have ever wished to see the man of the withering eye, as he sat on the ruins of Carthage : now I wish it no longer.

R. MOOR. What brings thee to me ?

Kos. Oh, captain, my more than dreadful fate. I have suffered shipwreck on the stormy sea of this world ; I have seen the hopes of my life sink into the ground ; and for me there is only left the racking memory of their pleasure, which would drive me mad, did I not seek to stifle it by other activity.

R. MOOR. Another murmurer against the Deity ! Go on.

Kos. I became a soldier : misfortune still pursued me. I made a voyage to the East Indies, and my ship was shivered against the rocks. Nothing but defeated plans ! At last I heard, far and wide, of your deeds—the Incendiary, as they called you—and I have journeyed here thirty miles, with the fixed determination of serving under you, if you will take my services. I beg, worthy captain, you will not refuse me.

SCHWEIT. [*springing up.*] Hurra ! hurra ! Our Roller is ten hundred times supplied : another brother for our band.

R. MOOR. What is your name ?

Kos. Kosinsky.

R. MOOR. What ! Kosinsky ! But knowest thou that thou art a careless boy, and triflest over the great step of thy life like a thoughtless maiden. Here thou wilt not throw balls and play ninepins, as thou mayest fancy.

Kos. I know what you would say. I am four-and-twenty years old ; but I have seen swords glitter, and heard bullets whiz.

R. MOOR. So young, sir ? And hast thou learnt thy fencing for this, to knock down poor travellers for a dollar, or to stab women in the back ?

Go, go ! Thou hast run away from thy nurse, because she has threatened thee with the rod.

SCHWEIT. What the deuce, captain ! what are you thinking of ? Will you send away this Hercules ? Does he not look just as if he would drive the marshal of Saxony over the Ganges with a spoon ?

R. MOOR. Because thy follies miscarry, dost thou come to be a villain and an assassin ? Murder, boy ; understandest thou that word ? Thou mayest sleep quietly if thou hast beaten down a poppy-head ; but to bear murder on the soul—

Kos. Any murder that you may bid me do, I will answer for.

R. MOOR. What ! art thou so bold ? Wilt thou undertake to catch a man with flatteries ? How knowest thou that I have not wicked dreams, or that I shall not lie pale upon my deathbed ? How much hast thou already done, for which thou hast thought to answer ?

Kos. Truly, little yet ; but this journey to you, noble count.

R. MOOR. Hath the tutor put into thy hands the story of Robin (they should chain such incautious fellows to the galleys), and infected thy childish fancy with the mad desire to become a great man ? Art thou tickled with a desire after name and honour ? But wouldest thou buy immortality with murder ? Mark thou, ambitious youth ! for the murderer there blooms no laurel ; for the bandit's victory there is no triumph ;—but curses, danger, death, and shame. Seest thou the scaffold there on the hill ?

Kos. What should he fear who fears not death ?

R. MOOR. Brave !—capital ! Thou hast worked well at school ; thou hast learnt thy Seneca by heart. But, dear friend, with sentences like those thou wilt not persuade suffering nature—never therewith wilt thou blunt the arrows of pain. Think well, my son [*taking his hand*], think : I advise thee as a father. Before thou springest, learn the depths of the abyss. If thou canst yet grasp one joy in the world, the moment may come when thou mayest—awaken ; and then—it may be too late. Thou dost step here out of the pale of humanity ; thou must either be a greater man, or thou art a devil. Yet again, my son !—if one spark of hope glimmer for thee anywhere else, leave this fearful band, where only despair enters, when undirected by a higher wisdom. One may be deceived, believe me ; one may take that for strength of spirit, which yet, at the end, is but despair. Believe me—me ! and hasten away.

Kos. No ; I go no more now. If my prayers do not move you, hear the story of my misfortune. You will then yourself force the sword into my hand ; you will—lay down on the ground and listen !

R. MOOR. I will hear thee.

Kos. Know, then, I am a Bohemian nobleman, and became, through the early death of my father, lord of considerable possessions. The place where my domains were situated was a paradise, for it contained an angel—a maiden, adorned with all the charms of blooming virtue, and chaste as the light of heaven ! But to whom am I speaking ? It passes over your ears. You have never loved—have never been loved.

SCHWEIT. Softly, softly ! The captain is as red as fire.

R. MOOR. Stop. I will hear thee at another time, in the morning, or—when I have seen blood.

Kos. Blood, blood ! Hear me further, and I will tell thee of blood that shall fill thy whole soul. She was of citizen parentage, a German, but her look melted away the prejudices of nobility. With the most timid modesty she took the pledge-ring from my hand, and the next day I was to lead to the altar my Amelia. [*MOOR starts.*] Intoxicated with the blessedness that awaited me, while I was dressing for the marriage, I was

summoned by an express to the court. I went; they showed me letters, apparently written by me, full of treasonable contents. I blushed for the villany. They took my sword from me, and cast me into prison: all my senses were gone.

SCHWEIT. And in the meantime—go on, I smell roast meat already.

Kos. Here I lay a month, and I know not what happened to me. I was tormented for my Amelia, who would suffer death each moment for my sake. At last the prime minister appeared—congratulated me on the discovery of my innocence—read me the letter of freedom, and returned me my sword. Now, to fly in triumph to my castle, to the arms of my Amelia;—she was gone! In the midnight she had been taken away, no one knew whither, and since then no one had seen her. Woe! It struck me like lightning. I flew to the town—to the court; all eyes were turned upon me; no one could give me any information. At last I saw her through a secret window of the palace—she threw me a note.

SCHWEIT. Did I not say so?

Kos. Hell! death and devils! thus it was. They had given her the choice, whether she would see me die, or be the mistress of the prince. In the struggle between honour and love she determined for the latter, and [*laughing*] I was saved.

SCHWEIT. What did you do then?

Kos. There I stood, as if struck by a thousand thunderbolts. Blood was my first thought, blood was my last. Foaming at the mouth, I run home, pick out a double-edged sword, and rush with it to the minister's house, for he, he only, had been the hellish pander. They must have marked me in the streets, for, when I entered, all the chambers were closed. I seek; I ask: He is gone to the prince, is the answer. I go there; they know nothing of him. I go back, burst open the doors, find him; there spring five or six servants from behind, and wrest my sword from me.

SCHWEIT. [*stamping.*] And he didn't fight? and you gained nothing?

Kos. I was seized, accused, tried;—mark you—I was, out of particular mercy, disgracefully banished; my goods went as a present to the minister; my Amelia remains in the clutches of the tiger, her life spent in sighing and mourning, whilst my revenge fasts, and must cringe under the yoke of despotism.

SCHWEIT. [*sharpening his sword.*] That's water for our mill, captain! That's fuel for us!

R. MOOR [*who has been walking up and down in violent agitation, springs up.* To the ROBBERS.] I must see her. Up—assemble. You remain, Kosinsky. Get together quickly.

ROBBERS. What? where?

R. MOOR. Where? who asks where? [*Hastily to SCHWEITZER.*] Traitor, wilt thou hold me back? But by the hopes of heaven—

SCHWEIT. I a traitor?—Go to hell, and I'll follow you.

R. MOOR [*falls on his neck.*] Brother! you follow me. She weeps—she weeps; she mourns out her life. Up, quick, all. To France! In eight days we must be there.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Country Place near MOOR's Castle.

R. MOOR and KOSINSKY. [*In the distance.*]

R. MOOR. Go before and announce me. You know all that you must say?

KOS. You are the Count Von Brand, come from Mecklenburg; I your servant. Care not, I will play my part. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

R. MOOR. Earth of my fatherland, I greet thee. [*Kisses the earth.*] Heaven of my fatherland! Sun of my fatherland—and flowers, and hills, and streams, and woods, I greet ye all, all, from my heart. How sweetly breathes the air from my native hills!—what delight streams from ye towards the poor fugitive!—Elysium—world of poetry! Stay, Moor, thy foot wanders in a holy temple. [*Comes nearer.*] Look there, even the swallows nest in the castle-yard, and the garden-gates, and this corner in the hedge where you used so often to hide;—and there the meadow, where you, the hero Alexander, used to lead your Macedonians to battle at Arbela; and next to it the grassy hill, from which you cast down the Persian satraps, and your conquering banners waved high! [*Laughs.*] The golden spring-time of boyhood lives again in the soul of the wretched. Thou wast so happy, so perfectly, so cloudlessly glad; and now—there lie the ruins of thy projects! Here shouldest thou have dwelt, a great, noble, and respected man; here have lived thy boyhood's life a second time in Amelia's blooming children—here, here, the idol of thy people. But the soul fiend frowned upon it. [*Startling.*] Why have I come here? That I may feel as the prisoner whom the clanking of his chain awakens from his dream of freedom? No, I go back in my wretchedness! The prisoner hath forgotten the light, but the dream of freedom gleams over him, as the lightning's flash in the night, that leaves it darker. Farewell, ye valleys of my fatherland; once saw ye the boy Charles—and the boy Charles was a happy boy. Then saw ye the man—and he was in despair. [*He goes quickly to the other side, suddenly stands still, and looks sorrowfully towards the castle.*] Not see her, not one look? and only a wall between me and Amelia. No, see her I must, I must—though it crush me. [*He turns round.*] Father! Father! thy son approaches. Away with thee, black reeking blood! Away, hollow, shuddering gaze of death! Leave me but this hour free. Amelia! Father! thy Charles approaches! [*He goes quickly to the castle.*] Torment me when the day dawns; leave me not when the night comes; torture me with fearful dreams! but poison not this my only pleasure! [*He stands at the gate.*] How is this, Moor? Be a man! Death—Dread— [*He goes in.*]

SCENE II.—*Gallery in the Castle.*

R. MOOR; AMELIA.

AMEL. And are you sure that you shall recognize his picture among these paintings?

R. MOOR. Quite sure; his picture was always living in my mind. [*Going round.*] This is not it.

AMEL. Right! This was the head of our house, and he received his nobility from Barbarossa, whom he served against the pirates.

R. MOOR. This is not his; nor this—nor that; it is not among them.

AMEL. How? Look better; I thought you knew him.

R. MOOR. I knew my father no better. There wants the gentleness of feature about the mouth, that marked him out of a thousand;—it is not him.

AMEL. I am astonished. How? Eighteen years since you saw him, and yet—

R. MOOR [*quickly*]. This is it. [*He stands as if struck by lightning.*]

AMEL. An excellent man!

R. MOOR [*gazing*]. Father, Father! forgive me!—Yes, an excellent man!—[*he wipes his eyes*]—a godlike man!

AMEL. You seem to take much interest in him.

R. MOOR. Oh, an excellent man ;—and he is gone.

AMEL. Gone ! as our best joys go. [*Taking his hand.*] Dear Sir Count, blessedness ripens not in this world.

R. MOOR. True, true ;—and hast thou already made this sad discovery ? Thou canst not yet be three-and-twenty years old.

AMEL. And have made it. All lives, that it may sadly die. We interest ourselves but for this ; we gain but for this, that we may lose all again with sorrow.

R. MOOR. Hast thou already lost anything ?

AMEL. Nothing. All. Nothing.—Shall we go on, Sir Count ?

R. MOOR. So soon ? Whose is this picture on the right hand ? It is an unhappy face.

AMEL. This picture on the left hand is the son of the count, the present lord. Come, come !

R. MOOR. But this picture on the right hand ?

AMEL. Will you not go into the garden ?

R. MOOR. But this picture on the right hand ?—You weep, Amelia ! [*Exit AMELIA, quickly.*] She loves me, she loves me. Her whole being began to rebel—the tears rolled traitorously down her cheeks. She loves me !—Wretch, deservest thou this from her ! Stand I not here like one condemned before the deadly block ? [*Gazing at his father.*] Thou, thou—Fire flames from thine eyes ;—Curses, curses, destruction ! Where am I ? Night before mine eyes,—horror ;—I, I have killed him ! [*Rushes out.*]

FRANCIS VON MOOR [*in deep thought*].

Away with this form ! away, weak coward ! why tremblest thou, and before whom ? Have I not felt, for the few hours that the count has been within these walls, as though a spy of hell were ever creeping after my feet ?—I should know him ! There is something so great in his wild sun-burnt face, that makes me fear ;—even Amelia is not indifferent towards him ! Does she not freely turn upon him the languishing looks of which she is so sparing to all the world beside ? Saw I not how she let fall a few tears into the wine, which he swallowed so hastily behind my back, as though he would have swallowed the glass with it ? Yes, that I saw ; in the mirror I saw it with these mine eyes. Hollo, Francis ! take care ! Behind thee there stands a monster pregnant with destruction ! [*He stands before the portrait of CHARLES.*] His long goose's neck—his black fiery eyes ; hem ! hem !—his black overhanging bushy eyebrows. [*Suddenly starting.*] Malicious hell ! dost thou send me this suspicion ? It is Charles ! Yes, now are all his features vividly before me again. It is he ! in spite of his disguise ! It is he—in spite of his disguise ! It is he—Death and damnation ! [*going hastily up and down.*] Have I for this wasted my nights—for this removed rocks and made smooth abysses ! Have I for this been rebellious against all the instincts of humanity, that at last this restless vagrant should topple down on my own head my most skilfully raised summit !—Softly ! now softly ! What is still wanting is but play-work. I have already waded so far in death-sins that it were madness to turn back again, for the bank lies so far behind. There is no more thought of return : grace itself would be beggared, and endless mercy would be a bankrupt, if it should pardon all my sins. Then forward like a man ! [*He rings the bell.*] Let him join the spirit of his father and come ; the dead I mock.—Daniel, Daniel !—What is it that they have already planned against me ! He seems so mysterious.

Enter DANIEL.

DAN. What are your commands, my lord ?

FRAN. Nothing. Away, fill this cup with wine ; quick ! [*Exit DANIEL.*] Wait, old man ! I will catch thee, I will look thee in the face so fixedly, that thy stricken conscience shall grow pale through thy disguise ! He shall die !—He is a bungler who only half does his work, and then goes away, and idly gapes at it, to see how it will go on.

Enter DANIEL, with wine.

FRAN. Set it here. Look me in the face ! how thy knees shake ! how thou tremblest ! Confess, old man ! what hast thou done ?

DAN. Nothing, gracious lord, as God lives, and my poor soul.

FRAN. Drink this wine. What ? you hesitate ?—out with it, quick ! What hast thou put in the wine ?

DAN. God help me ! What ? I, in the wine ?

FRAN. Thou hast put poison in the wine ! Art thou not pale as snow ? Confess, confess ! Who hath given it thee ? Was it not the count, the count who gave it thee ?

DAN. The count ? Jesus Maria ! the count has given me nothing.

FRAN. [*holds him firmly.*] I will strangle thee till thou art blue, thou grey-haired liar ! Nothing ? And what makes ye so much together then ?—he and thou, and Amelia ? And what are ye always whispering together ? Out with it ! What secrets hath he trusted to thee ?

DAN. The all-knowing God knows he has trusted no secrets to me.

FRAN. Wilt thou deny it ? What plans have ye laid together to get me out of the way ? Is it not so ? To strangle me in my sleep ?—to cut my throat as you shave me ?—to poison me in wine or chocolate ? Out with it, out with it !—or in my soup, to give me eternal sleep ? Out with it ! I know all.

DAN. So help me God, when I am in need, if I tell you anything but the plain simple truth !

FRAN. This time I will pardon thee. But tell me, does he put gold into thy purse ? Does he press thy hand harder than is usual ?—as one would press the hand of an old acquaintance ?

DAN. Never, my lord.

FRAN. Hath he told thee, for example, that he hath known thee before ?—that thou shouldst know him ? That some day the veil would fall from thine eyes—that—anything ? Hath he never said anything to thee of this ?

DAN. Not the least.

FRAN. That certain circumstances restrained him ?—that a man must often wear a mask, that he may find out his enemies ? that he would revenge himself ; most fearfully revenge himself ?

DAN. Not a word of all this.

FRAN. What ! nothing at all ? Think well. That he knew the old lord well—particularly well ?—that he loved him—loved him uncommonly—as a son would love—

DAN. Something like this I remember to have heard from him.

FRAN. [*tsk.*] Hath he, hath he really ? How, let me hear, then ! He said, he was my brother ?

DAN. [*starting.*] What ? No, that said he not. But as he went through the gallery with the lady, I wiped the dust from the frames of the pictures, and he suddenly stood still by the portrait of the deceased lord, as if struck by a thunderbolt. The gracious lady pointed to it, and said, "An excellent man !" "Yes, an excellent man !" he answered, and wiped his eyes.

FRAN. Hark, Daniel ! Thou knowest I have ever been to thee a good master : I have given thee food and clothing, and have spared thy weak old age from all labour—

DAN. The good Lord God reward you for it! And I have always served you faithfully.

FRAN. That will I say also. Thou hast never in thy life opposed me, for thou knowest too well, that thou owest me obedience in all that I command thee.

DAN. In everything, from my whole heart, if it goes not against God and my conscience.

FRAN. Stuff, stuff! Art thou not ashamed? An old man, and to believe that Christmas tale! Go, Daniel! that was a stupid thought. I am thy master. God and conscience will punish me, if indeed there be a God and a conscience.

DAN. [*clasps his hands.*] Merciful Heaven!

FRAN. By thine obedience! Understandest thou that word? By thine obedience, I command thee, in the morning, let the count no longer walk among the living.

DAN. Help, holy God! Wherefore?

FRAN. By thy blind obedience!—and on thee I will depend.

DAN. On me! What evil, then, have I, an old man, done?

FRAN. Here is no long time for thinking; thy destiny stands in my hand. Wilt thou linger out the rest of thy life in the deepest of my dungeons, where hunger shall constrain thee to gnaw thine own bones, and burning thirst to suck thine own blood? or wilt thou rather eat thy bread in peace, and have rest in thine old age?

DAN. What, my lord! Peace and rest in old age!—and a murderer!

FRAN. Answer my question!

DAN. My grey hairs, my grey hairs!

FRAN. Yes or no!

DAN. No!—God have mercy on me.

FRAN. [*going.*] Good; thou shalt need it.

[DANIEL falls down before him.]

DAN. Mercy, my lord! mercy!

FRAN. Yes or no!

DAN. My gracious lord! I am this day one-and-seventy years old, and have honoured my father and mother, and never, to my knowledge, defrauded any one of a farthing in my life, and have kept my faith true and uprightly, and have served in your house four-and-forty years, and expect now a quiet, happy end. Ah, my lord, my lord! [*clasping his knees*] and you would rob me of this last comfort in death, that the worm of conscience should bring me to my last prayer; that I should lie down to sleep, a horror before God and man. No, no, my best, my most gracious lord, that would you not, that could you not, wish from an old man one-and-seventy years old.

FRAN. Yes or no! To what end is this prating?

DAN. I will from henceforth serve you yet more zealously; I will work my dry sinews in your service, as a daily labourer; will rise earlier, will lie down later; ah! and I will include you in my morning and evening prayer; and God will not turn away the prayer of an old man.

FRAN. Obedience is better than sacrifice. Hast thou not heard that the executioner adorns himself when he shall fulfil a sentence?

DAN. Yes, indeed. But to murder an innocent man—one—

FRAN. Must I give an account to thee? May the axe say to the executioner, "Why here, and not there?" But see, how forbearing I am—I offer thee a reward for that which is thy duty.

DAN. But I hope I may remain a Christian, while I do my duty towards you.

FRAN. No answer! Look! I give thee a whole day to consider.

Ponder it well : happiness and misery. Hearest thou?—understandest thou?—the highest happiness, and the extremest misery! I will do wonders in tortures.

DAN. [*after a pause.*] I will do it; in the morning will I. [*Exit.*]

FRAN. The temptation is strong, and he was not born for a martyr to his faith. Well then, Sir Count! to all appearance this will be thy last evening meal! It all comes to this—what a man thinks of it; and he is a fool who thinks to his own prejudice. Cursed be the folly of our nurses and attendants, who poison our fancy with frightful tales, and impress horrible pictures of tribunals upon our weak brains, that involuntary shudders shakes the limbs of a man into a cold anguish, mar our boldest projects, and lay our awakening reason in the chains of superstitious darkness. Murder! How a whole hell of furies hover about the word—Nature forgot to make one man more—and the whole phantasmagoria is vanished. It was something, and is nothing. It is even as much as it was nothing, and is nothing; and about nothing not another word is said. Man was made out of dust, and he wades awhile in dust, and rots again into dust, till he at last soils the shoe of his descendant. That is the end of the body—the dusty end of human destiny; and so—a happy journey, Sir Brother! The hypochondriacal, gouty moralist may hunt wrinkled old women with a conscience, and torture old usurers on their deathbeds—with me he will never have audience.

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter R. MOOR on one side, DANIEL on the other.

R. MOOR [*hastily.*] Where is the lady?

DAN. My gracious lord, suffer a poor man to ask something of you.

R. MOOR. It is granted : what wilt thou?

DAN. Not much—and all—so little, and yet so much—let me kiss your hand.

R. MOOR. That shalt thou not, good old man [*embraces him*], whom I might call father.

DAN. Your hand! your hand, I pray you!

R. MOOR. Thou shalt not.

DAN. I must. [*He takes it, looks at it, and falls down before him*] Dear, best Charles!

R. MOOR [*starts, but recovers himself: coldly.*] Friend, what sayest thou? I understand thee not.

DAN. Yes, deny it, dissemble! You are still my best, dearest young master. Good God! that I, an old man, should yet have the pleasure—stupid blockhead that I was, that I did not immediately—oh, heavenly Father!—so you are come again, and the old lord is under the ground; and you are really here again—what a blind ass I was [*striking his head*] that I did not at the first word. Who would have dreamt it?—what I have prayed for with tears. There he stands again in the old room!

R. MOOR. What speech is this? Art thou attacked with a burning fever, or wouldst thou prove me by acting a comedy?

DAN. Oh, fie, fie! that is not well so to deride an old servant. These scars! Ha! know you yet! Great God! that you should have given me so much anxiety—you have ever been so dear to me—and that you should have given me such heart woe! You sat in my lap—know you yet?—there, in the round chamber—and the bird? Have you really forgotten that?—also the cuckoo that you so loved to hear? Think yet! The cuckoo is dead; yes, indeed—and there you sat on my knee, and called gee, ho!—

and I ran to fetch you the wooden horse. What must I, an old ass, have gone out too?—how I heard a scream in my ears, sprang in; and there ran the red blood, and lay on the ground; and had—was it not as if any one had thrown a pail of cold water over me?—but so it is, if one is not always watching children. Great God! if it had gone into his eye—but it was the right hand. “Never, as long as I live,” said I, “will I let a child carry a knife, or anything pointed, in its hand again,” said I. Fortunately, my lord and lady were out—“Yes, yes, that shall be a warning to me all the days of my life,” said I. Gemini, Gemini, I should have lost my place. I should, God forgive you, you naughty child—but, God be praised, it healed well, all but a little scar.

R. MOOR. I understand not a word of all that thou sayest.

DAN. Yes, yes! how much sweetbread, or biscuit, or macaroon, have I given you! I was always so fond of you. And know you not what you said to me down in the stable, when I put you on the old lord’s chesnut, and let you ride round the great field? “Daniel,” you said, “let me only become a great man, and you shall be my steward, and ride in the coach with me.” “Yes,” said I, and laughed; “if God send me life and health, and you are not ashamed of an old man,” said I, “I will beg you to spare me the cottage that has stood empty a long time already; and there I will lay in a butt of old wine, and keep house in my old age.”—My lord, have you quite forgotten that? They will not know an old man; they are so strange, so cold to him. Oh, you are yet my golden, young master—truly, there has been a little break—take it not ill in me—so it is in youth—but all may yet be well.

R. MOOR [*falls on his neck.*] Yes, Daniel, I will hide it no longer. I am thy Charles, thy lost Charles! How is my Amelia?

DAN. [*weeping.*] That I, an old sinner, should yet have the joy—and my lord wept in vain. Ah! my weary bones will go to the grave with joy! My lord and master lives; mine eyes have seen him.

R. MOOR. And will perform what he has promised. Take this, venerable greyhead, for the chesnut in the stable [*gives him a heavy purse*]. I have not forgotten the old man.

DAN. How! What are you doing? Too much: you have mistaken.

R. MOOR. Not mistaken, Daniel! [*DANIEL is kneeling down.*] Stand up: tell me, how is my Amelia?

DAN. God’s reward! God’s reward! Your Amelia? Oh! she will not survive it; she will die for joy!

R. MOOR. She has not forgotten me?

DAN. Forget? How you talk again! Forget you? You should have been by, you should have seen her, when the news came that you were dead, which my lord spread about—

R. MOOR. What sayest thou? My brother—

DAN. Yes, your brother; my master, your brother—I will tell you more of it another time—and how she repulsed him, when he, every day that God sent, made his proposals, and would have made her my lady. Oh, I must go, must go and tell her, bring her the news. [*Going.*]

R. MOOR. Stay, stay! she may not know it; no one may know it; not even my brother—

DAN. Your brother? No, for God’s sake, not; he may not know it! If he know not already more than he should know—oh, I tell you, there are bad men, bad brothers, bad masters—but I would not, for all the gold of my lord, be a bad servant—my lord accounts you dead.

R. MOOR. What art thou muttering?

DAN. [*softly.*] And if one truly rises up so unbidden—your brother was my late lord’s only heir—

R. MOOR. Old man ! What dost thou mutter between thy teeth, as if some monstrous secret hovered on thy tongue, that would not out, and yet should be spoken : speak more plainly.

DAN. But I would rather gnaw mine old bones for hunger ; rather suck mine own blood for thirst, than gain a life of luxury by murder. *[Exit.]*

R. MOOR *[breaking out, after a fearful pause.]* Betrayed ! betrayed ! it flashes across my soul like lightning ! Villanous tricks ! Heaven and hell ! not thou, father ! Villanous tricks ! A murderer, a robber, through villany ! Blackened before him ! falsified ! my letters suppressed—his heart full of love—oh, I was a monster of a fool—his fatherly heart full of love—oh, villany, villany ! It would have cost me once kneeling at his feet ; it would have cost me one tear—stupid, stupid fool ! I might have been happy—oh, knavery, knavery ! the fortune of my life knavishly, knavishly betrayed ! *[He runs up and down, raging.]* A murderer, a robber, through villanous tricks ! He never raged. Not a thought of a curse in his heart.—Oh, wretch ! inconceivable, grovelling, horrible wretch !

Enter KOSINSKY.

Kos. Now, captain, why do you tarry ? What is it ? will you stay here longer ?

R. MOOR. Up ! saddle the horses ! before sunset we must be over the bounds !

Kos. You joke.

R. MOOR. Quick ! quick ! Tarry no longer ; leave all there ; and let no eye see you. *[Exit KOSINSKY.]*

R. MOOR. I fly from these walls. The least delay would make me rage, and he is my father's son. Brother ! brother ! thou hast made me the most wretched on the earth ; I never injured thee ; it was not brotherly done. Reap the fruit of thy crime in peace ; my presence shall no longer embitter thy satisfaction ;—but, truly, it was not brotherly done. Darkness quench it for ever, and the dead rouse it not up !

Enter KOSINSKY.

Kos. The horses are saddled, you can mount when you will.

R. MOOR. Why so hastily ? shall I see her no more ?

Kos. I can unbridle them again if you will : you bid me hurry over head and neck.

R. MOOR. Yet once ! yet one farewell ! I must fully drain this poisoned draught of blessedness, and then—stay, Kosinsky ! Ten minutes hence—be in the castle-yard—and we start from thence !

SCENE IV.—*In the Garden.* AMELIA.

AMEL. "You weep, Amelia ?"—and that he said with a tone ! with a tone—it seemed as though nature grew young again—the past spring-time of love dawned with that tone ! The nightingale sang as of old ; the blossoms breathed as of old ; and I lay lost in delight upon his neck. Ha, false, faithless heart ! how wilt thou excuse thy perjury ? No ! no ! away from my soul, thou wicked picture—I have not broken my oath, thou only-one ! Away from my soul, ye traitorous, godless wishes ! in the heart where Charles reigns, no son of earth may dwell. But why, my soul, dost thou turn so constantly, so unwillingly, towards this stranger ? Does he not cleave to the form of my only-one ? Is he not the eternal companion of my only-one ? "You weep, Amelia ?" Ha, I will fly from him ! fly !—never shall mine eye see this stranger !

R. MOOR [*opens the garden door.*]

AMEL. [*starts.*] Hark ! hark ! did not the door creak ? [*She sees CHARLES, and springs up.*] Him ? where ? what ?—he hath rooted me here, that I cannot fly—Leave me not, God in heaven ! No, thou shalt not tear me from my Charles ! My soul hath not room for two deities, and I am a mortal maiden ! [*She takes out CHARLES'S picture.*] Thou, my Charles, be my guardian against this stranger—this love-disturber ! thee, to see thee unchanged—and away with all godless looks after this.

[*She sits with her eyes fixed on the picture.*]

R. MOOR. Thou here, gracious lady ? and mournful ? and a tear upon this painting ? [*AMELIA does not answer.*] And who is the fortunate one for whom the eye of an angel grows silvery ? May I also see this—

AMEL. No, no !

R. MOOR [*drawing back.*] Ha ! and deserves he this adoration ?—deserves he—

AMEL. If thou hadst known him !

R. MOOR. I should have envied him.

AMEL. Worshipped, shouldst thou say.

R. MOOR. Ha !

AMEL. Oh, thou wouldest have loved him so—there was so much, so much in his face—in his eye—in the tone of his voice, that was so like yours—that I so love—

R. MOOR [*looks on the earth.*]

AMEL. Here, where thou standest, stood he a thousand times—and near him one, who, near him, forgot earth and heaven ; here his eye wandered over the beautiful country—that seemed to feel his great rewarding look, and to grow more beautiful under the pleasure of its master-form ; here, with his heavenly music, he held chained the listeners of the air ; here, from this bush, he plucked a rose—and plucked the rose for me ; here, here he lay on my neck, and the flowers died willingly under the foot-tread of the loving—

R. MOOR. He is no more ?

AMEL. He sailed on the stormy seas—Amelia's love sailed with him ; he wandered through untrodden sandy deserts—Amelia's love made the burning sand under him green, and the wild bushes bloom ; the moon scorched his bare head, northern snows pinched his feet, the stormy hail rained upon his temples—and Amelia's love tended him in the storm ; seas, and mountains, and horizons were between the lovers—but the souls freed themselves from their dusty prison, and met in the paradise of love ;—you seem sad, Sir Count ?

R. MOOR. The words of love make my love also living.

AMEL. [*pale.*] What ! you love another ? Woe me, what have I said ?

R. MOOR. She believed me dead, and remained true to the dead ; she heard again that I lived, and sacrificed for me the crown of an anointed. She knew that I wandered in the desert, and in misery—and her love followed me through the desert and misery. She was called Amelia, too, like thee, gracious lady.

AMEL. How I envy thy Amelia !

R. MOOR. Oh, she is an unhappy maiden ; her love is for one who is lost, and will—never be rewarded.

AMEL. No, it will be rewarded in heaven : say they not there is a better world, where the mourners rejoice, and the loving meet again ?

R. MOOR. Yes, a world where the veil drops, and love finds itself again in horror—Eternity is its name !—my Amelia is an unhappy maiden.

AMEL. Unhappy, and love thee?

R. MOOR. Unhappy because she loves me! how, if I were a murderer? how, my lady? if thy beloved could count thee a murder for each kiss? woe to my Amelia! she is an unhappy maiden.

AMEL. [*joyfully.*] Ha! how happy a maiden am I. My only-one is the reflection of the Godhead, and the Godhead is grace and mercy! He would not see a fly suffer: his soul is as far from a thought of blood, as the south is from the north.

R. MOOR [*turns round quickly.*]

AMEL. [*plays on the lute and sings.*]

Oh, Hector! wilt thou ever from me go
To where the murdering iron buddeth slow
Its purple sacrifice of blood?
Oh! who will then thy little children show
With manly, warlike skill the spear to throw,
When thou art sailing on the Xanthus flood?

R. MOOR [*takes the lute and plays.*]

My dearest wife! go fetch the deadly lance,
And let me forth to the wild warlike dance

[*He throws the lute away, and rushes from the place.*]

SCENE V.—*A Forest. The Ruins of a Castle in the mist. Night.*
The ROBBERS encamped upon the ground.

ROBBERS sing.

In murder, plunder, and in strife,
So we pass our time away,
The gallows soon may end our life,
Let us then be glad to-day.

We lead a life that's brave and free,
Its pleasure hath no bound;
At night, we love abroad to be
With the wild wind whistling round.
We care not in the night to sleep,
But by the moonlight watch we keep.

We dine with the farmer, or with the priest,
We dine wherever we find a feast.
As to what follows, we have the good sense
To trust it all to providence.

When we quaff the goblet bright,
And our thirty throats we lave,
Rises then our spirits' might,
And our hearts are strong and brave.

The wounded father's bitter sigh,
The mother's shriek of fear,
The helpless orphan's wailing cry,
Is music for our ear.

And when at last our time is up,
Our course we will not alter;
We'll welcome, with a sparkling cup,
The scaffold and the halter.
Merrily, merrily will we sing,
And boldly take the fatal swing,
And shout huzza! as off we spring.

SCHWEIT. It is night, and the captain is not yet here.

RAZ. And he promised to meet us by eight o'clock.

SCHWEIT. If harm hath happened to him—comrades! we will burn,
and murder even the suckling.

SPIE. [*takes RAZMAN aside.*] A word with you, Razman.

SCHWEIT. [*to GRIMM.*] Shall we not send out spies?

GRIMM. Let him be. He will do something that will shame us.

SCHWEIT. Thou art right, by the devil! He went not away from us as one who designed a knavish trick. Hast thou forgotten what he said, as he led us over the heath?—"Who steals but a turnip out of a field, if I know it, leaves his head here, as true as my name is Moor."—We may not rob.

RAZ. [*to SPIEGELBERG.*] What mean you?—speak plainer.

SPIE. Hist! hist!—I know not what ideas you or I have about freedom, that we should be driven like beasts, and then declaim wonderfully about independence. It pleases me not.

SCHWEIT. [*to GRIMM.*] What has the fool got in his head?

RAZ. [*to SPIEGELBERG.*] You speak of the captain.

SPIE. Hist! hist! He hath ears among us. Captain, sayest thou? Who hath made him captain over us; or hath he not usurped the title that by right is mine? How?—shall we risk our lives for this—bear all the spleen of fortune for this—that at last we should have the good fortune to be the bondmen of a slave?—Bondmen, when we might be princes? By God, Razman, that never pleased me.

SCHWEIT. [*to the others.*] Yes, you are the right hero for me, to smash frogs with a stone: why, the sound of his nose when he sneezes, would drive you through the eye of a needle.

SPIE. [*to RAZMAN.*] Yes, and for years I have thought of it: it shall be different, Razman—if thou art what I take thee for—Razman! They miss him—they half account him lost: it seems to me, his dark hour striketh. How? Doth not thy colour once rise, as the bell of freedom soundeth to thee? Hast thou not courage enough to understand a bold hint?

RAZ. Ha, Satan! whither dost thou tempt my soul?

SPIE. Hath it caught?—Good! then follow. I have marked where he went—come! Two pistols seldom fail; and then—we are the first to strangle the suckling.

SCHWEIT. [*draws his knife.*] Ha, beast! Well dost thou remind me of the Bohemian forest. Wast not thou the coward who began to faint when they cried, "The enemy cometh!" I cursed thee then in my soul. Away, assassin. [*Stabs him.*]

ROBBERS [*in confusion.*] Murder! murder! Schweitzer—Spiegelberg—separate them.

SCHWEIT. [*throws down his knife.*] There! And so perish thou. Quiet, comrades—let the beggar lie. The beast was always rancorous against the captain, and had not a scar on his whole skin. Again, be at peace:—ha! the rascal! Is it for this that the sweat has run down our backs, that we should creep out of the world like dogs? Beast thou! Have we for this gone through fire and smoke, that we should perish at last like rats?

GRIMM. But the devil—comrade—what was there between you? The captain will be mad.

SCHWEIT. Let me care for that. And thou, guilty man [*to RAZMAN*] thou wast his abettor—thou! Out of my sight! Schusterle hath also so done; but he hangs for it now as the captain prophesied. [*A gun fires.*]

SCHWARZ. Hark! a shot! [*Another gun fires.*] Another! Hollo! The captain!

GRIMM. Patience! He must fire a third time. [*Another shot.*]

SCHWARZ. It is he! Save thyself, Schweitzer: let us answer him. [*They fire.*]

Enter R. MOOR. KOSINSKY.

SCHWEIT. [*meeting him.*] Welcome, captain. I have been a little premature since thou hast been away [*he leads him to the corpse.*] Be thou judge between me and this:—from behind he would have murdered thee.

ROBBERS [*in consternation.*] What? The captain?

R. MOOR [*gazing on him, breaks forth.*] O, incomprehensible finger of the avenging Nemesis! Was it not this man who trilled to me the syren song? Consecrate this knife to the dark avenger! That hast thou not done, Schweitzer.

SCHWEIT. I have done it, though; and, by the devil, it is not the worst thing that I have done in my life. [*Turns away morbidly.*]

R. MOOR [*thinking.*] I understand—Rulers in heaven—I understand—the leaves fall from the trees—and my autumn is come. Remove this from my sight. [*SPIEGELBERG'S corpse is carried away.*]

GRIMM. Give us orders, captain. What shall we do?

R. MOOR. Soon—soon is all fulfilled. Give me my lute. I have lost myself since I was there. My lute, I say. I must sing myself back into my strength—leave me.

ROBBERS. It is midnight, captain.

R. MOOR. My lute, here! Midnight, say ye?

SCHWARZ. Past, indeed. Sleep lies upon us like lead. For three days we have not closed our eyes.

R. MOOR. And doth the holy sleep sink down upon the eyes of villains? Wherefore doth it fly from me? I have never been a coward, or a mean fellow.—Lay you down to sleep. At daybreak we march.

ROBBERS. Good night, captain. [*They lay upon the ground, and sleep.*]

[*A deep stillness.*]

R. MOOR [*takes the lute and plays.*]

BRUTUS.

Oh! be ye welcome, fields of peace and rest;
I come from where the battle stern hath laid
Of Rome's proud sons, the bravest and the best,
Low in the dust. O Rome! thou now art made
A desolation—Cassius, where art thou?
My sight must be to death's dark gloomy door!
Beneath this load of grief my soul must bow!
There is no hope, no world, for Brutus more!

CÆSAR.

Who wanders there upon the rocky height,
With step so proud and firm, as though his head
Had never bowed before a conqueror's might?
Methinks that such should be a Roman's tread!
Whence comest thou, O son of Rome? Stands yet
The city of the seven hills? In vain,
Yet often, for the orphans have I wept,
That Cæsar cannot live for them again.

BRUTUS.

Ha! thou of many wounds, at whose command
Dost thou revisit now this world of light?
Go shuddering back into thy ghostly land,
Proud weeper; nor boast longer in thy might!
On the dread altar of Philippi now
Smokes freedom's latest offering of blood;
Rome perisheth o'er Brutus' grave—and thou
Go back with mourning to the Stygian flood.

CÆSAR.

Must, then, the fatal wound be dealt to me
By thy sword—Brutus—thine?

Oh, son, it was thy father, and to thee
 The earth had been an heritage.—Go, shine
 In pride, that thou the greatest Roman art :
 For that thy sword hath pierced thy father's heart.
 Go, and proclaim it howling o'er the land,
 That, Brutus, thou the greatest Roman art,
 For that thy sword hath pierced thy father's heart.
 Go—now thou knowest what on Lethe's strand
 My soul hath banned—
 Now, now, grim boatman, push the bark from land !

BRUTUS.

Stay, father, stay ! Within the whole bright round
 Of the sun's daily course, there is but one
 Whom like the noble Cæsar I have found,
 And this one, Cæsar, thou hast called me son.
 A Cæsar only could great Rome o'erthrow ;
 And him, a Brutus only could withstand :
 Where Brutus lives, must Cæsar die ; then go
 Thou thine own way, I'll seek another land.

[He throws down the lute, and walks up and down in deep thought.]

Who would be surety for me?—It is all so dark—a confused labyrinth—no exit—no guiding star—if this last breath were gone—gone like an empty puppet-show. But why this burning hunger after happiness—why this ideal image of an unattained perfection—this urging forth of uncompleted plans—if the paltry pressure of this paltry thing *[holding a pistol before his face]* likens the wise to the fool, the coward to the brave, the noble to the villain? There is so divine a harmony in soulless nature ; why should there be this discord in rational nature?—No, no ! it is something more, for I have not yet been happy.

Believe ye I would tremble? Spirits of my victims ! I would not tremble. *[Trembling violently.]*—Your weak death moans—your black strangled faces—your fearfully gaping wounds, are but the links in an unbreakable chain of destiny, and hang at last on my evening amusements, on the humour of my nurse and schoolmaster, on the temperament of my father, and the blood of my mother. *[Shuddering.]* Why hath my Perillus made of me a bull, that mankind should broil in my glowing belly?

[Looking at the pistol.] Time and Eternity—linked together by a single moment. Grim key, that closeth behind me the prison of life, and unbolts before me the habitation of eternal night—tell me—oh, tell me—whither—whither wilt thou lead me?—A strange, unexplored land !—See, humanity languishes under this picture ; the elasticity of the mortal relaxes, and fancy, the petulant ape of thought, tricks our credulity with vain shadows ! No ! no ! a man must not falter. Be what thou wilt, nameless futurity, if I only remain true to myself—be what thou wilt, if I only take myself with me. Outward things are but the colouring of the man—I am my heaven and my hell.

Wilt thou leave me alone in the ashes of a universe which thou hast banished from thine eye, where the lonely night and eternal wastes are my prospects? I would then people the silent deserts with my fancies, and should have eternity for leisure to unravel the confused picture of universal misery. Or wilt thou lead me through continual new births, and continual new theatres of woe, step by step, to annihilation? Can I not tear through the threads of life that are woven around me there, as easily as these? Thou canst make me to nothing: this freedom canst thou not take from me *[loads the pistol, suddenly stops]*. And shall I die through fear of a life full of torture? Shall I give wretchedness the victory over me?—No,

I will bear it. [*He throws the pistol away.*] I will lame torment with my pride! I will complete it. [*It gets darker.*]

HERMAN [*comes through the forest.*] Hark! Hark! The owls screech fearfully—it is striking twelve up in the village. Well, well—in this wild there are no listeners. [*Goes to the castle and knocks.*] Come forth, man of woe, dweller in the tower! your meal is ready.

R. MOOR [*stepping back.*] What meaneth this?

A VOICE [*out of the castle.*] Who knocks? Is it you, Herman, my raven?

HER. It is Herman, your raven. Rise up out of your prison and eat. [*The owls scream.*] Your night companions trill fearfully, old man.—Does it taste well to you?

VOICE. I am very hungry. I thank thee, sender of the ravens, for bread in the desert! And how is my dear child, Herman?

HER. Still—Hark!—A noise as of snoring! Hear you nothing?

VOICE. How? Do you hear anything?

HER. The sighing wind through the chinks of the tower—a night-music that makes one's teeth chatter, and one's nails blue. Hark! again—it is still as if I heard a snoring. You have company, old man. Oh! oh! oh!

VOICE. Do you see anything?

HER. Farewell, farewell!—Fearful is this place. Go down into thy hole—thy helper is above and thy avenger—cursed son! [*Going.*]

R. MOOR [*coming forward with horror.*] Stand!

HER. Oh me!

R. MOOR. Stand, I say!

HER. Woe! woe! woe! Now all is betrayed!

R. MOOR. Stand, speak! Who art thou? What dost thou here?

HER. Pity, oh, pity, stern sir! Hear but one word before you kill me!

R. MOOR [*drawing his sword.*] What shall I hear?

HER. Indeed you have forbidden me on my life—I could not help it—might not do otherwise—God in heaven—your father there—it grieved me for him—strike me down.

R. MOOR. Here is a secret—out with it! speak! I will know all.

VOICE [*out of the castle.*] Woe! woe! Is it you, Herman, who speak there? With whom do you speak, Herman?

R. MOOR. Some one down there—what is going on here? [*loudly at the door.*] Is it a prisoner that men have cast off? I will loose his chains. Voice! once more! where is the door?

HER. Oh, have mercy, my lord—go not further, my lord—for pity's sake, go away. [*Stands in his way.*]

R. MOOR. Away, there.—It must come out.—Now, for the first time, come to my aid, thievery!

[*He takes forcing instruments and opens the door. An old man rises out of the ground, cruciated to a skeleton.*]

OLD M. Have mercy on a miserable old man! Mercy!

R. MOOR [*starts back in horror.*] That is my father's voice!

OLD M. I thank thee, O God! the hour of my deliverance is come.

R. MOOR. Spirit of the old man, what hath disturbed thee in thy grave? Hast thou dragged a sin into that world that bars to thee the entrance through the gates of paradise? I will have masses said, to send thy wandering spirit to its home. Hast thou buried under the earth the gold of widows and orphans, that thou art driven about howling at this midnight hour? I will tear the subterranean treasure from the claws of the enchanted dragon, though he should spit upon me a thousand red flames, and set his pointed teeth against my sword. Or comest thou, my question, to unfold the riddle of eternity? Speak, speak! I am not a man of pale fear.

OLD M. I am no spirit. Touch me, I live,—Oh, a wretched, pitiable life!

R. MOOR. What! Thou hast not been buried?

OLD M. I have been buried—that is, a dead dog lies in my father's sepulchre; and I—three full months have I languished in this dark subterranean vault, where no beam shines, where no warm breezes blow, where no friends come near; where the wild ravens croak, and the midnight owls are hooting.

R. MOOR. Heaven and earth! Who hath done this?

OLD M. Curse him not! This hath my son Francis done.

R. MOOR. Francis! Francis! Oh, eternal chaos!

OLD M. If thou art a man, and hast a human heart, saviour whom I know not, oh, then hear the woes of a father, which his sons have made for him. Three months already have I groaned to the dead rock-walls, but a hollow echo hath mocked my complainings. Therefore if thou art a man, and hast a human heart—

R. MOOR. These appeals would call the wild beasts from their holes!

OLD M. I lay on a sick-bed, had scarcely begun to gather strength after a severe illness, when they brought to me a man, who said my first-born had died in battle, and who brought with him a sword painted with his blood, and his last farewell, and that my curse had driven him into the battle, and to death, and despair.

R. MOOR [*turns quickly away.*] It is plain.

OLD M. Hear further. I became senseless at the news. They must have thought me dead, for when I came to myself I lay already in the coffin, wrapped in a shroud, like a corpse. I scratched the lid; it was raised. It was dark night, and my son Francis stood before me. "What!" he cried, with a fearful voice, "wilt thou then live for ever?"—and the coffin lid flew quickly down again. The thunder of these words robbed me of my senses: when I awakened, I felt the coffin raised and carried away for some time. At last it was opened—I stood at the entrance of this vault; my son before me, and the man who had brought me the bloody sword from Charles. Ten times I embraced his knees, and begged and prayed—the prayers of his father reached not his heart. "Down with the wretch," thundered from his mouth, "he hath lived long enough;" and I was thrust down without mercy, and my son Francis shut me in.

R. MOOR. It is not possible—not possible! Thou must be wrong.

OLD M. I cannot be wrong. Hear further, but rage not yet. Thus I lay for twenty hours, and no man thought on my need; and no human foot treads these deserts, for the common saying is, that the spirits of my fathers lurk in these ruins, rattling chains, and in the midnight hour whispering their death-song. At length I heard the door open again, this man brought me bread and water, and showed me how I had been condemned to a death of hunger, and how he had put his life in danger when he came out to feed me. Thus have I been barely supported this long time; but the incessant cold—my boundless grief—my weak body—a thousand times have I prayed to God with tears for death; but the measure of my punishment must not yet be full—or there may yet be a joy in store for me, that I have been so wonderfully preserved. But I suffer justly.—My Charles! my Charles!—and he hath no grey hairs!

R. MOOR. It is enough. Up! ye clods, ye icicles, ye dull senseless sleepers! up! Will none awaken?

[*He fires a pistol over the sleeping* ROBBERS.

ROBBERS [*starting up.*] Hollo! Hollo! what's that?

R. MOOR. Hath not the tale shaken ye out of sleep? Eternal sleep would have been awakened! Look here, look here! The laws of the

world are become a sport ; the bond of nature is in two ; the old discord is loose ;—the son hath slain his father !

ROBBERS. What says the captain ?

R. MOOR. No, not slain ! the word is palliation ! The son hath a thousand times racked, impaled, tortured his father ! Words are too human for me,—at which sin becomes red,—at which the cannibals shudder—to which no devil hath attained ! The son hath his own father—Oh, see here, see here ! he hath fainted !—In this vault hath the son his own father !—Cold—nakedness—hunger—thirst ! Oh, see, see ;—it is mine own father !

ROBBERS [*surrounding the old man.*] Your father !—your father !

SCHWEIT. [*steps nearer respectfully, and falls at his feet.*] Father of my captain, I kiss your feet ! You may command my sword.

R. MOOR. Vengeance ! vengeance ! vengeance for thee ! bitterly injured, profaned old man ! Thus tear I, now and for ever, the brotherly bond ! [*Tears his dress from the top to the bottom.*] Thus I curse each drop of brotherly blood in the face of heaven ! Hear me, moon and stars ! Hear me, midnight heaven, that hath looked down upon this deed of shame ! Hear me, three times more terrible God, who ruleth above the moon, and avengeth and damnneth over the stars, and flameth over the night ! Here I kneel,—here I stretch forth my hand in the shadow of the night,—here I swear,—and may nature cast me out of her boundaries as a malignant beast, if I break this oath ! I swear no more to greet the light of day till the patricide's blood, shed on this stone, shall smoke towards heaven.

[*Rises.*

ROBBERS. It is a Belial's stroke ! Say they we are knaves ! No ! by all the dragons, so bravely have we never done before !

R. MOOR. Yes ! and by all the fearful sighs of those who have ever died by your swords,—of those who were consumed by my flames, or crushed by my falling tower,—there shall no thought of murder or robbery find place in your breasts, till all your clothes have been dyed scarlet red in the blood of the wretch ! Have ye never dreamed that ye were the arm of a higher Majesty ? The entangled thread of our fate is unloosed ! This day—this day—hath a sightless power ennobled our handiwork ! Worship Him, who hath called ye to this high destiny—who hath led ye here—who hath deemed ye worthy to be the fearful angels of his dark tribunal ! Bare your heads ! kneel down in the dust, and arise sanctified ! [*They kneel.*

SCHWEIT. Command, captain ! What shall we do ?

R. MOOR. Stand up, Schweitzer ! and touch these holy locks. [*Lends him to his father, and puts a lock of hair into his hand.*] Dost thou remember how once thou slewest a Bohemian, as he raised over me his sabre, and I, breathless, had sunk upon my knees ? At that time I promised thee a reward that should be royal ; hitherto I could never pay this debt.

SCHWEIT. It is true ! but let me for ever call you my debtor.

R. MOOR. No, now will I pay thee, Schweitzer ; no mortal hath yet been honoured as thou art.—Revenge my father ! [*SCHWEITZER rises.*

SCHWEIT. Great captain ! this day hast thou, for the first time, made me proud. Command where, how, when shall I slay him.

R. MOOR. The minutes are sacred,—thou must go quickly. Choose the best of the band, and lead them straight to the nobleman's castle ! Tear him out of his bed, if he sleep ; drag him from the meal, if he be drunken ; tear him from the crucifix, if he be praying on his knees before it ! But I tell thee,—I charge thee strictly,—deliver him not to me dead ! His flesh will I tear in pieces, and give it for food to the hungry vultures, who but scratches his skin, or hurts a hair of his head ! Whole must I have him ; and if thou bringest him whole and living, then shalt thou have a million

for thy reward. I will make thee a king, at the peril of my life, and thou shalt go free as the free air. If thou hast understood me, hasten away!

SCHWEIT. Enough, captain!—here hast thou my hand upon it. Thou shalt either see two return, or none. Schweitzer's destroying angel cometh.
[Exit with a troop.]

R. MOOR. The rest, disperse yourselves in the forest,—I stay.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Suite of Rooms. Night.*

DANIEL [*with a lantern and a bundle.*] Farewell, dear old house! I have enjoyed in thee much of good and delight, while my old lord lived. Tears on thy bones, thou that art rotting in thy grave!—That he deserves from an old servant. It was an asylum for orphans, and a refuge for the forsaken; and this son hath made it a den of murderers.—Farewell, good floor! how often has old Daniel swept thee.—Farewell, dear stove! old Daniel takes a sad leave of thee;—it has all been so trusted to thee—it will make thee sad, old Eliezer. But God, in his mercy, defend me from the deceit and cunning of the wicked! Empty came I here—empty I go away again;—but my soul is saved.

Enter FRANCIS [in a night dress].

DAN. God help me! my lord! [*Puts out the light.*]

FRAN. Betrayed! betrayed! Spirits look out of their graves. The dead, shaken from their eternal sleep, roar against me—Murderer! murderer! Who moves there?

DAN. Help, holy Mother of God! Is it you, my lord, who scream so fearfully through the passages, that all the sleepers are aroused?

FRAN. Sleepers? Who bid ye sleep? Go, get a light. [*Exit DANIEL: another servant enters.*—None shall sleep in this hour. Hearest thou? All shall be up—in arms—all the guns loaded. Sawest thou the arch shake there?

SERV. Where, my lord?

FRAN. Where, blockhead; where? So coldly, so vacantly askest thou where? It hath seized me like a giddiness! Where, fool? Where? Spirits and devils! How far is it in the night?

SERV. The watchman is now calling two.

FRAN. What? Will this night endure till the last day? Didst thou hear no tumult in the neighbourhood? no war-cry; no noise of galloping horses? Where is Cha—the count, I would say?

SERV. I know not, my lord.

FRAN. Thou knowest not? Art thou, also, in the plot? I will stamp thy heart out of thy ribs! with thy cursed "I know not." Go, call the priest.

SERV. My gracious lord!

FRAN. Dost thou grumble? Dost thou loiter? [*Exit servant hastily.* What! have beggars, too, conspired against me? Heaven, hell! all conspired against me?

DAN. [*comes with a light.*] My lord—

FRAN. No! I tremble not! It was an idle dream. The dead rise not up. Who says that I tremble and am pale? I am quite well.

DAN. You are deadly pale; your voice is weak and faltering.

FRAN. I have a fever. Say, when the priest comes, I have a fever. In the morning I will lose some blood, tell the priest.

DAN. Does it please you that I should drop some balsam of life upon sugar for you?

FRAN. Drops upon sugar for me! The priest will not be here directly. My voice is weak and faltering; give me some balsam of life upon sugar.

DAN. Give me first the key, I will fetch it from the cupboard.
FRAN. No, no! stay! or I will go with you. You see, I must not be alone! How soon I might, you see—saint—if I were alone. Let it be; let it be! It will pass away; stay.

DAN. Oh, you are seriously ill!
FRAN. Yes, truly, truly; that is all. And sickness disturbs the brain, and hatches mad and wonderful dreams. Dreams mean nothing; is it not so, Daniel? Dreams come from the stomach; and dreams mean nothing. I have had such a droll dream. *[He faints.]*

DAN. What is this? George! Conrad! Bastian! Martin! Is there not one witness among ye? *[Shakes him.]* Maria, Magdalene, and Joseph! they will say I have killed him. God have mercy on me!

FRAN. *[wandering.]* Away, away! Why dost thou shake me so, horrible skeleton? The dead rise not yet—

DAN. O, eternal goodness! He hath lost his reason.
FRAN. *[raises himself.]* Where am I?—Thou, Daniel? What have I said? Mark it not! I have told a lie, be it what it might. Come, help me up! It is but an attack of giddiness—because—because I have not slept.

DAN. If only John were here! I will call help; I will call the doctor.
FRAN. Stay! Sit down by me on this sofa!—so—thou art a sensible man, a good man. Let me tell thee!

DAN. Not now; another time! I will get you to bed; rest is better for you.

FRAN. No, I pray thee, let me tell thee; and laugh loudly at me. See, it seemed to me that I had made a royal meal, and I lay drunken upon the turf of the castle garden, and suddenly—it was the hour of noon—suddenly—but I tell thee, laugh loudly at me!—

DAN. Suddenly?
FRAN. Suddenly a tremendous thunder struck my slumbering ear; I reeled up, trembling, and look,—it seemed to me as if I saw the whole horizon flaming in a fiery heat; and mountains, and cities, and towns, and forests, melted like wax in the oven; and a howling whirlwind swept over the sea, the heaven, and the earth; then it sounded, as from iron trumpets, "Earth, give up thy dead; give up thy dead, sea!" and the naked fields began to move, and to cast up skulls, and ribs, and jawbones, and legs, which joined themselves together into human bodies, and streamed past innumerable, a living storm. Then I looked up, and, behold, I stood at the foot of the thundering Sinai, and above me, a multitude, and below me a multitude; and above, on the summit of the mountain, on three smoking seats, three men, before whose gaze the creatures fled—

DAN. That is the very counterfeits of the last day.
FRAN. Then stepped forth one, to look upon, as the starry night, who had in his hand an iron seal-ring, which he held between the east and the west, and cried, "Eternal, holy, just, unchangeable! There is but one truth; there is but one virtue! Woe, woe, woe, to the doubting worm!" Then stepped forth a second, who had in his hand a glittering mirror, which he held between the east and the west; and said, "This mirror is truth; hypocrisy and deceit shall not stand." Then I shrieked, and all the world;—for we saw the forms of snakes, and tigers, and leopards, reflected from that fearful mirror. Then stepped forth a third, who had in his hand an iron balance, which he held between the east and the west, and said, "Come hither, ye children of Adam: I weigh thoughts in the scales of mine anger; and deeds with the weight of my wrath!"—

DAN. God have mercy on me !

FRAN. White as snow stood all ; expectation beat anxiously in every breast. Then it seemed to me that I heard my name called first out of the thunders of the mountain, and my innermost marrow froze in me, and my teeth chattered loud. Quickly began the balance to ring, the rocks to thunder, and the hours passed by, one after another, to the left scale, and one after another cast a death-sin therein.

DAN. Oh, God forgive thee !

FRAN. That did he not ! The scale grew to a mountain ; but the other, full of the blood of reconciliation, kept it still high in the air. At last came an old man, bowed down with grief, his arm gnawed for raging hunger ; all eyes turned with awe towards the man. I knew the man ; he cut off a lock of his silver hair, cast it into the scale of sins, and look, it sunk—sunk suddenly—into the abyss, and the scale of reconciliation fluttered high in the air ! Then heard I a voice sounding out of the smoke of the rocks, "Mercy, mercy, to every sinner of the earth and the abyss ; thou alone art cast away !" [*A long pause.*] Now, wherefore laughest thou not ?

DAN. Can I laugh when my skin shudders ? Dreams come from God.

FRAN. Fie, fie ! say not that ! Call me a fool, an idiot, an absurd fool ! Do that, good Daniel, I beg thee ; mock me boldly !

DAN. Dreams come from God. I will pray for thee !

FRAN. Thou liest, I say. Go this moment, run, see where the priest stays ; bid him hasten, hasten ; but I tell thee, thou liest.

DAN. God have mercy on thee !

[*Exit.*]

FRAN. Base wisdom, base fear ! It is not yet known whether the past is past ; or whether there is an eye above the stars. Hem ! hem ! Who whispered that to me ? Doth one judge above the stars ? No, no ! Yes, yes ! It fearfully whispers around me, "One judgeth above the stars !" Yet these nights argue against an avenger above the stars ! No ! I say.—Wretched lurking-place, under which thy cowardice will hide itself ;—desolate, lonely, silent, is it above the stars.—If there were anything more ? No, no ; there is not ! I command, that there is not ! Yet, if there were ? Woe to thee, if there should be an after-reckoning ; if these nights should be but the earnest !—Wherefore doth it so shudder through my bones ?—To die !—Wherefore doth this word lay hold upon me thus ? Give judgment to the Avenger above the stars ; widows and orphans, the oppressed, the tormented, howl unto him ; and if he is just, wherefore have they suffered ?—Wherefore hast thou triumphed over them ?

Enter MOSER.

MOSER. Thou hast sent for me, my lord ! I am astonished. The first time in my life ! Is it in thy thoughts to mock religion, or dost thou begin to tremble before it ?

FRAN. To mock, or to tremble, according as thou shalt answer me. Hark, Moser, I will show thee that thou art a fool, or wilt hold the world for fools ; and thou shalt answer me. Dost thou hear ? On thy life shalt thou answer me.

MOSER. Thou dost summon a higher Being before thy judgment-seat. He will some time answer thee.

FRAN. Now will I know—now—this moment, that I may not commit a shameful folly, and, in the pressure of necessity, call on the idols of the multitude. I have often said to thee, with a laugh of scorn, and drunk with wine, "There is no God !" Now I speak to thee in earnest ; I say to thee : there is none ! Thou shalt oppose me with all the arms thou hast in thy power, but I blow them away with the breath of my mouth.

MOSER. Thou couldst as easily blow away the thunder, that with ten thousand hundred-weight will fall upon thy soul ! The all-knowing God, whom thou, fool and wicked one, wouldst annihilate in the world of his creation, needeth not to justify himself by the mouth of dust. He is even as great in thy tyrannies, as in the smile of virtue's sway.

FRAN. Uncommonly good, priest ; thou pleasest me.

MOSER. I stand here in the affairs of a higher Lord, and speak with one who is a worm, as I am, whom I will not please. Truly I must do wonders, if I should force a confession from thy stiff-necked wickedness. But if thy conviction is so fast, wherefore hast thou called me ? Tell me ; wherefore hast thou called me in the midnight ?

FRAN. Because I have long leisure, and have no taste for the chess-board, I will amuse myself by contending with priests. With empty terror thou wilt not unman my courage. I know well that he hopes in eternity who comes short here ; but he is most vilely deceived. I have always read that our being is nothing but a spring of the blood, and, with the last blood-drop, melts also spirit and thought. It shares all the frailties of the body, and is it not destroyed by the body's decomposition ? Doth it not evaporate with the body's decay ? Let a drop of water get into thy brain, and thy life makes a sudden pause, which borders nearly on non-existence, and whose continuance is death. Sensation is the vibration of some strings, and the broken harp sounds no more. If I pull down my seven castles, if I break this Venus, then symmetry and beauty hath been. See there !—that is thy immortal soul !

MOSER. That is the philosophy of thy despair. But thine own heart, that fearfully beateth against thy ribs at these arguments, giveth thee the lie. One word shall rend these tissues of systems :—Thou must die ! I challenge thee ; this shall be the proof :—If thou shalt stand firm in death, if thy foundations fail thee not then, so hast thou won. If, in death, only the least shudder come upon thee, woe to thee, then ! thou hast deceived thyself.

FRAN. [*abstractedly.*] If, in death, a shudder come upon me ?

MOSER. I have seen many such wretches, who thus far have made a mock at truth ! but in death the delusion fluttered away. I will stand by thy bed when thou art dying—I would willingly see a tyrant die—I will stand by, and look thee fixedly in the eye, when the physician shall take thy cold, damp hand, and can scarcely feel the lost, lagging pulse, and with that dreadful shrug saith, "Human help is in vain !" Guard thee then, oh guard thee well, that thou then lookest like Richard and Nero !

FRAN. No, no !

MOSER. And this *no* will then turn to a howling *jae* :—an inward tribunal, that thou canst no more bribe with sceptical speculations, will then awaken and hold judgment over thee. But it will be an awkening, as of one buried alive in the churchyard ; it will be an agony, as of the suicide when he hath done the deadly deed and repents ; it will be a lightning's flash, that flameth over the midnight of thy life ; it will be one look, and if thou then standest firm—thou hast won.

FRAN. [*restlessly going up and down the room.*] Priest's chattering ! Nonsense !

MOSER. Then for the first time will the sword of eternity pass through thy soul, and then, for the first time, too late. The thought of God awakens a fearful neighbour ; his name is Judge. Look, Moor, thou hast the life of thousands at the point of thy finger, and of these thou art to lose : thou made nine hundred and ninety and nine miserable. Thou wantedst but the Roman kingdom to make thee a Nero : but Peru, to make thee a Pizarro. Now, believest thou God will pardon it ; that a single man

should rage in his world as a fury, and turn the highest to the lowest? Believest thou that these nine hundred and ninety and nine were made for destruction, but to be the puppets of thy satanic play? Oh, believe it not! Every minute that thou hast robbed them of, every joy that thou hast poisoned to them, every success that thou hast marred, will be demanded of thee; and if thou shalt answer that, Moor, thou hast won.

FRAN. No more; not a word more! Wouldst thou I should be at the bidding of thy black-livered humour?

MOSER. Look, the fate of men standeth among themselves in a fearfully equal balance. The sinking scales of this life will rise high in that; the rising in this will fall to the ground in that. What here was temporal sorrow will there be eternal triumph; what here was a brief triumph will there be eternal, endless despair.

FRAN. [*rushing to him.*] Thunder make thee dumb, thou lying spirit! I will tear thy cursed tongue out of thy mouth!

MOSER. Feelest thou so soon the weight of truth? I have yet said nothing of proofs. Let me—

FRAN. Silence! Go to hell with thy proofs! The soul is annihilated, I tell thee; and thou shalt not answer me!

MOSER. The spirits of the abyss groan also for that; but He in heaven shaketh his head. Thinkest thou to avoid the arm of the avenger in the dread kingdom of nothingness? And goest thou towards heaven?—so is he there! Make thy bed in hell;—he is again there! Sayest thou to the night, Cover me! and to the darkness, Hide me!—so must the darkness shine around thee, and around the damned—midnight turn to day. But thy immortal spirit opposeth itself to a word, and conquereth over blind thoughts.

FRAN. But I will not be immortal—I will force him to destroy me. I will rouse him to rage, that in his rage he may destroy me. Tell me, what is the greatest sin, and what the most fearfully can anger him?

MOSER. I know only two; but they are not committed by men; also men punish them not.

FRAN. These two!

MOSER [*expressively.*] Patricide is one; fratricide is the other.—Why art thou so pale?

FRAN. Art thou in league with heaven, or with hell? Who hath told thee that?

MOSER. Woe to him who hath them both on his heart! It were better for him that he had never been born! But be at peace; thou hast neither father nor brother more.

FRAN. Ha! Knowest thou none besides? Think well. Death, heaven, eternity, damnation, hang upon the words of thy mouth.—Not one other?

MOSER. Not one other.

FRAN. [*falls on a seat.*] Annihilation! annihilation!

MOSER. Rejoice; yet rejoice! Think thyself yet happy! With all thy crimes, thou art yet holy by a patricide. The curse that falleth upon thee is a song of love compared with that which lighteth upon him—the reward—

FRAN. Go into a thousand pits, thou owl; who bid thee come here? Go, I say, or I will run thee through and through.

MOSER. Can priestly chattering so move a philosopher? Blow it away with the breath of thy mouth.

[*Exit. A deep pause.*]

Enter a SERVANT, hastily.

SERV. The Lady Amelia has fled; the count has suddenly disappeared.

THE ROBBERS.

Enter DANIEL.

DAN. My lord, a troop of furious horsemen are riding about, crying, Murder, murder!—the whole village is in alarm.

FRAN. Go, let all the bells be sounded—let all go to the churches—fall on their knees—pray for me! All the prisoners shall go free—I will restore to the poor twice and threefold; I will—but go—call the confessor, that he may absolve my sins. Art thou not gone?

DAN. God forgive me my heavy sin! How shall I understand that? You have always turned out of the house all the good prayers, have thrown the sermon-books and bibles at my head, when you have caught me praying—

FRAN. No more of this. To die! See'st thou? To die! It will be too late. [*SCHWEITZER is heard outside.*] Pray! pray!

DAN. I always told you—you despised prayers so; but take heed, take heed! when trouble comes upon a man, when the waters overflow his soul, then he would give all the treasures of the world for a Christian prayer.—Do you see? You reviled me! Now it is so!—Do you see?

FRAN. [*embraces him.*] Pardon, dear, best Daniel, pardon. I will clothe thee from head to foot—but pray. I will make thee a bridegroom—but pray—I conjure thee—on my knees I conjure thee—in the dead's name—but pray!

SCHWEIT. [*outside.*] Storm! strike dead! break in! I see a light! he must be there.

FRAN. [*on his knees.*] Hear me pray, God in heaven! It is the first time—shall never happen again! Hear me, God in heaven!

DAN. What dost thou? That is godlessly prayed.

A concourse of People.

PEOPLE. Thieves! Murder! Who brawls so terribly in this midnight hour?

SCHWEIT. [*outside.*] Beat them back, comrades. It is the devil come to fetch your master. Where is Schwarz, with his party? Post yourselves round the castle, Grimm; raise a storm against the walls!

GRIMM. Fetch the firebrands; I will throw fire into his halls.

FRAN. [*prays.*] I have been no common murderer, my Lord God; I have never had to do with small things, my Lord God!

DAN. God have mercy upon us! Even his prayers are turned to sins. [*Stones and firebrands fly about; the windows are broken; the castle burns.*]

FRAN. I cannot pray. Here, here! [*Beating his breast.*] All is so drear, so hardened. [*Stands up.*] No, I will not pray; this victory shall heaven not have over me; hell shall not mock me with this.

DAN. Help—help! the whole castle is in flames!

FRAN. Here, take this sword—quick—drive it into my body, that these wretches may not come and mock me. [*The fire burns more.*]

DAN. Take care! take care! I would send no man too soon to heaven; much less too soon—

FRAN. [*after a pause.*] To hell, thou wouldst say. Truly, I smell something. [*Wildly.*] Is that your merry song? Do I hear ye hiss, ye vipers of the abyss? They press round—besiege the doors! Why do I tremble thus before this piercing point? The door cracks—breaks—no escape! Ha! Then have mercy upon me!

[*He tears off his golden hatband and strangles himself.*]

Enter SCHWEITZER, with ROBBERS.

SCHWEIT. Murdering wretch, where art thou? Saw you how they fled
Has he so few friends? Where has the beast crept to?

GRIMM [*stumbles over the body.*] Halt! What lies here in the way?
Lights here!

SCHWARZ. He has been beforehand with us. Put your sword up; here
he lies, as dead as a cat.

SCHWEIT. Dead? what? dead? dead without me? Laid down, I say.
Take heed; will he not quickly spring on his legs? [*Shakes him.*] Hollo!
There is a father to murder.

GRIMM. Give yourself no trouble; he is quite dead.

SCHWEIT. [*turns away.*] Yes! he rejoices not. He is quite dead. Go
back and tell my captain he is dead. Me he shall never see again.
[*Shoots himself.*]

SCENE II.—*The same as the last Scene of the fourth Act.*

OLD MOOR, *sitting on a stone.* ROBBER MOOR *opposite him.* ROBBERS
scattered around.

R. MOOR. He comes not! [*Strikes sparks with his dagger on the stone.*]

OLD M. Pardon be his punishment; my revenge, redoubled love.

R. MOOR. No, by my enraged soul! that shall not be. I will not have
it. The great deed of shame shall he drag with him into eternity.

OLD M. [*bursting into tears.*] Oh, my child!

R. MOOR. What! Weepst thou for him—at this tower?

OLD M. Mercy! oh, mercy! [*Wringing his hands.*] Now—now is my
child avenged!

R. MOOR [*starting.*] Which?

OLD M. Ha! What question is that?

R. MOOR. Nothing! Nothing!

OLD M. Art thou come to laugh my woes to scorn?

R. MOOR. Betraying conscience! Mark not my speech!

OLD M. Yes, I have tortured a son, and a son must torture me. It is
the finger of God! Oh, my Charles! my Charles! If thou dost hover
round me in the garb of peace—forgive me! Oh, forgive me!

R. MOOR [*quickly.*] He forgives thee! [*Stopping himself.*] If he is
worthy to be thy son—he must forgive thee.

OLD M. Ha! He was too noble for me; but I will meet him with my
tears, my sleepless nights, my racking dreams. I will embrace his knees
—call—loudly call: I have sinned against Heaven and before thee. I am
not worthy that thou shouldst call me father.

R. MOOR [*much moved.*] He was dear to thee; thy other son?

OLD M. Thou knowest it, O Heaven. Why did I let myself be fooled
by the intrigues of a wicked son? I walked a proud father among the
fathers of men. My children bloomed around me full of hope. But oh!
the evil hour!—the wicked spirit entered the heart of my second son; I
trusted the serpent—lost both my children. [*Covers his face.*]

R. MOOR [*turns away.*] Lost for ever!

OLD M. Oh, I feel it deeply, what Amelia said to me: the spirit of
vengeance spoke from her mouth. In vain wilt thou stretch out thy dying
hands after a son; in vain think to grasp the warm hand of thy Charles,
who will never more stand by thy bed—

R. MOOR [*Reaches his hand to him, with his face turned away.*]

OLD M. If this were the hand of my Charles! But he lieth far away, in
a narrow house; sleepeth already the iron sleep; never heareth the voice of

THE ROBBERS.

my sorrow. Woe me! To die in the arms of a stranger—no son more—no son more, who may close mine eyes!

R. MOOR [*in the most violent agitation.*] Now must it be—now—leave me. [*To the ROBBERS.*] And yet; can I give him his son again? I can give him his son no more. No! I will not do it.

OLD M. Friend, what dost thou murmur?

R. MOOR. Thy son—yes, old man [*faltering*], thy son—is—lost for ever.

OLD M. For ever?

R. MOOR [*looking up to heaven.*] Oh, but this once—let not my soul be faint—only this time support me!

OLD M. For ever! sayest thou?

R. MOOR. Ask no more. I said, for ever!

OLD M. Stranger, stranger! Wherefore hast thou dragged me from the tower?

R. MOOR. And how? If I snatched away his blessing—snatched it as a thief; and crept away with the godly prize? A father's blessing, they say, is never lost.

OLD M. My Francis also lost?

R. MOOR [*falls down before him.*] I broke the bolts of thy tower. Give me thy blessing.

OLD M. [*bitterly.*] Saviour of the father, that thou mightest destroy the son! Look, the Deity tires not in mercy, and we poor worms go to sleep with our anger. [*Lays his hand on the ROBBER's head.*] Be thou blessed, as thou art merciful.

R. MOOR [*rises sorrowfully.*] Oh! where is my manhood? My sinews are lax; the sword falls from my hands.

OLD M. How precious is it when brethren dwell together in unity—as the dew that falleth from Hermon on the hill of Zion. Learn to deserve this delight, young man, and the angels of heaven will sun themselves in thy glory. May thy wisdom be the wisdom of grey hairs; but thy heart—thy heart—be the heart of guiltless childhood.

R. MOOR. Oh for a foretaste of this pleasure! Kiss me, good old man!

OLD M. [*kisses him.*] Think it is a father's kiss; so will I think I kiss my son. Canst thou also weep?

R. MOOR. I thought it was a father's kiss! Woe me, if they have now brought him!

SCHWEITZER's companions enter in mourning, and with their faces covered.

R. MOOR. Heaven!

[*Steps back in terror, and seeks to hide himself; they draw up before him; he looks away.*]

GRIMM [*in a low voice.*] My captain!

[*He answers not, and steps farther back.*]

SCHWARZ. Dear captain!

R. MOOR [*without looking at them.*] Who are ye?

GRIMM. You look not on us. Thy true servants.

R. MOOR. Woe unto ye, if ye were true to me!

GRIMM. The last farewell of thy servant Schweitzer. He returns no more, thy servant Schweitzer.

R. MOOR [*starting.*] Then have ye not found him?

SCHWARZ. We found him dead.

R. MOOR. I thank thee, Ruler of all things. Embrace me, my children. Mercy be henceforth the watchword. Now, were but this overcome—all overcome.

Enter more ROBBERS, and AMELIA.

ROBBERS. Hurra! hurra! A prize! a superb prize!

AMEL. The dead, they cry, are risen at his voice. My uncle lives—in this forest—where is he? Charles! Uncle!—Ha! [*Rushes to OLD MOOR.*]

R. MOOR [*springing back.*] Who bringeth this form before mine eyes?

AMEL. [*springing from the OLD MAN to the ROBBER, and clinging to him.*] I have him, oh, ye stars! I have him!

R. MOOR [*tearing himself away. To the ROBBERS*] Break up, ye! The arch fiend hath betrayed me!

AMEL. Bridegroom, bridegroom, thou ravest! Ha! For ecstasy! Why am I so feelless? in this tumult of delight, so cold?

OLD MOOR [*raising himself.*] Bridegroom? Daughter! daughter! A bridegroom?

AMEL. Eternally his! Eternally, eternally, eternally mine! O ye powers of heaven! take from me this deadly delight, that I sink not under its burden!

R. MOOR. Tear her from my neck! Kill her! kill him! me! all! The whole world go to ruin! [*Going.*]

AMEL. Whither? What? Eternal love! endless delight! And thou fleest?

R. MOOR. Away, away! most wretched of brides! Look thyself! Ask thyself—hear! Most wretched of fathers! Let me go for ever!

AMEL. Hold me! For God's sake, hold me! It is night before mine eyes—he flies!

R. MOOR. Too late! In vain! Thy curse, father!—ask me no more!—I am, I have—thy curse—thy intended curse! Who hath enticed me here? [*Going to the ROBBERS with his drawn sword.*] Who among ye hath enticed me here, ye creatures of the abyss? Thus perish, then, Amelia! Die, father! Die through me, for the third time! These, thy deliverers, are robbers and murderers! Thy Charles is their captain.

[*OLD MOOR dies; AMELIA stands like a statue; the whole band in fearful silence*]

R. MOOR. The souls of those that I have strangled in the intoxication of love—of those that I have slain in holy sleep—of those—ha, ha! hear ye the powder-magazine crash over their creaking couches? See ye the flames feeding on the cradles of sucklings? That is the bridal torch; that is the marriage music. Oh! he forgetteth not; he knoweth how to avenge: therefore, not for me the pleasures of love; therefore, for me the rack of love! That is retribution!

AMEL. It is true, Ruler in heaven! It is true! What have I done; I, a guiltless lamb? I have loved this man!

R. MOOR. That is more than a man may bear. Have I heard death spit at me from more than a thousand mouths, and yielded not a footstep; and should I now first learn to tremble as a woman?—to tremble before a woman? No; a woman shaketh not my manhood—blood, blood, blood, must I drink! It will pass over. [*Going.*]

AMEL. [*falls in his arms.*] Murderer! Devil! I cannot leave thee, angel!

R. MOOR [*flings her from him.*] Away, false snake; thou wouldst mock a madman: but my heart beats for a tyrant's destiny. What! thou weepest? Oh, ye evil stars! she seems as though she wept—as though a soul wept for me? [*AMELIA falls on his neck.*] Ha! what is that? She doth not thrust me away—Amelia! hast thou forgotten? Knowest thou whom thou embracest, Amelia?

AMEL. My only-one!

R. MOOR [*in delight.*] She forgiveth me; she loveth me! I am pure as the air of heaven—she loveth me. Weeping thanks to thee, Thou that hast mercy in heaven! [*Falls on his knees, weeping.*] Peace hath come

THE ROBBERS.

again to my soul; the torment is past, hell is no more. See, oh see the children of light weep on the neck of a weeping devil! [*Standing up. To the ROBBERS*] Weep ye, also! Weep, weep, ye are so happy. Oh, Amelia! Amelia! Amelia!

A ROBBER [*coming forward, angrily.*] Hold, traitor! Let this arm go, or I will tell thee a word that shall make thine ears ring, and thy teeth chatter for horror. [*Puts his sword between them.*]

AN OLD ROBBER. Think on the Bohemian forests! Hearest thou? tremblest thou? Faithless! where are thine oaths? Doth one so soon forget wounds? how have we risked our fortune, honour, and life for thee? how have we stood like walls, and, like shields, received the strokes that were aimed at thy life? Didst thou not bind thine hand with an iron oath—swear never to leave us, as we have not left thee? Faithless! And thou wilt fall off, because a girl cries?

A THIRD ROBBER. Shame upon perjury! The spirit of the sacrificed Roller, which thou wilt force from the kingdom of the dead for a witness, will blush at thy cowardice, and rise armed out of his grave to punish thee.

ROBBERS [*tearing their clothes.*] Look here; look! Knowest thou these scars? Thou art ours: with our heart's blood have we bought thee for our own. Ours art thou, though the archangel Michael, with Moloch, should come into the contest! March with us. Sacrifice for sacrifice! Amelia for the band!

R. MOOR [*lets fall her hand.*] It is past! I would return and go to my father, but He in heaven said, it shall not be. [*Coldly.*] Fool! wherefore should I have wished it? Can a great sinner yet return? A great sinner cannot return; that should I have long known. Be still; I beg thee, be still. It is right—I would not, when he sought me; now that I seek him, will he not. Roll not thine eyes so—he needs me not. Hath he not creatures enough? One he can so easily spare; and that one am I. Come, comrades!

AMEL. [*holds him back.*] Stay, stay! A blow! a death's blow! Again forsaken! Draw thy sword, and pity me!

R. MOOR. Pity is gone to bears. I kill thee not!
AMEL. [*embracing his knees.*] Oh! for God's sake! for mercy's sake! I will love no more. I know well that our stars above fly from one another as enemies. Death is my only prayer. Forsaken! forsaken! Take it all in its horrible fulness—forsaken! I cannot bear it. Thou seest, that can no woman bear. Death is my only prayer! Look! my hand trembles. I have not the heart to strike. I shrink from the glittering blade—to thee it is so easy, so easy—thou art a master in murder. Draw thy sword, and I am happy!

R. MOOR. Wilt thou alone be happy? Go: I kill no women!

AMEL. Ha, destroyer! Thou canst only kill the happy! thou passest by those who are weary of life! [*Kneels to the ROBBERS*] Have mercy upon me, ye scholars of the devil! There is a bloodthirsty pity in your look, that is a comfort to the wretched. Your master is a vain, cowardly braggart.

R. MOOR. Woman, what sayest thou?

AMEL. No friend? among all these, not one friend? [*Rises.*] Then Dido, teach me to die! [*Going. A ROBBER takes aim. He kills her.*]

R. MOOR. Hold! dare it!—Moor's beloved shall die only by Moor!

ROBBERS. Captain, captain! what hast thou done? Art thou mad?
R. MOOR [*gazing on the body.*] It is done! This pang yet, and then it will all be over. Now, look! Have ye yet more to demand? Ye sacri-

ficed for me a life—a life that was already no more yours—a life full of horror and shame;—I have for ye slain an angel. Look well here! Are ye now at peace?

GRIMM. Thou hast paid thy debt with interest: thou hast done what no man would do for his honour.

R. MOOR. Sayest thou that? Is it not true,—the life of a holy one for the life of a villain, is an unfair exchange? Oh! I tell ye, if every one among ye went to the scaffold, and tore one another's flesh with burning irons; that the martyrdom lasted seven summer's days,—it would not balance these tears. [*With bitter laughter.*] The scars! the Bohemian forests! Yes, yes! this must truly be paid.

SCHWARZ. Be still captain! Come with us: this sight is not for thee. Lead us on.

R. MOOR. Stay! Yet a word before we go. Mark, ye malicious servants of my barbarous nod!—henceforth, I cease to be your captain. With shame and disgust, I lay down here the staff, under which ye thought ye were justified in wickedness, and in defiling with deeds of darkness this heavenly light. Go hence, to the right and to the left. We will no longer have common cause.

ROBBERS. Ha! coward! Where are thy high-flying plans! Were they soap-bubbles, that the breath of a woman hath broken?

R. MOOR. I thought to beautify the world through horror, and to hold up the law by lawlessness! I called it vengeance and right.—I presumed, O Providence! to sharpen the edge of the sword, and to make good thy partiality. But—oh vain childishness!—here I stand on the border of a dreadful life, and learn, with teeth-gnashing and howling, that two men such as I am would throw to the ground the whole fabric of the moral world. Mercy—mercy to the child who would have anticipated *thee*! *Thine* alone is vengeance. Thou needest not the hand of man. Truly, it stands now no more in my power to recall the past: what is destroyed, remains destroyed—what I have thrown down will never more rise up. But there yet remains to me one way by which I may conciliate the injured laws, and heal again the misused ordinances. They need a sacrifice—one sacrifice, that may unfold to all mankind their inviolable majesty. This sacrifice am I myself. I myself must die the death for them.

ROBBERS. Take his sword away—he will kill himself.

R. MOOR. Ye fools! damned to eternal blindness! Think ye a death-sin would be an equivalent for death-sins; think ye the harmony of the world would be gained by this godless discord? [*Throws away his weapons with contempt.*] They shall have me alive. I go to deliver myself into the hands of justice.

ROBBERS. Chain him! He is raving.

R. MOOR. Not that I doubt they would find me soon enough, if the powers above so willed it. But they might surprise me in sleep, or overtake me in flight, or surround me with violence and the sword; and then I should not have this only merit—that I willingly died for them. Why should I, like a thief, live longer a life of secrecy, that is already taken from me in the councils of heaven?

ROBBERS. Let him go! It is the great man's disease. He will give his life for vain admiration.

R. MOOR. They might admire me for it. [*Thinking.*] I remember to have spoken to a poor man, as I came here, who laboured for his daily bread, and had eleven children. They have offered a thousand louis-d'ors to him who shall deliver up alive the great robber. That man may be relieved.

[*Exit.*]

FIESCO: OR, THE GENOESE CONSPIRACY.

TRANSLATED BY G. H. NOEHDEN AND J. STODDART [1796].

PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR.

THE chief sources from which I have drawn the history of this conspiracy are, Cardinal de Retz's "*Conjuration du Comte Jean Louis de Fiesque*," the "*Histoire des Gènes*," and the third volume of Robertson's "*History of Charles the Fifth*."

The liberties which I have taken with the historical facts will be excused, if I have succeeded in my attempt; and if not, it is better that my failure should appear in the effusions of fancy than in the delineation of truth. Some deviation from the real catastrophe of the conspiracy (according to which, the Count accidentally perished¹ when his schemes were nearly ripe for execution) was rendered necessary by the nature of the drama, which does not allow the interposition either of chance or of a particular providence. It would be matter of surprise to me that this subject has never been adopted by any tragic writer, did not the circumstances of its conclusion, so unfit for dramatic representation, afford a sufficient reason for such a neglect. Beings of a superior nature may discriminate the finest links of that chain which connects an individual action with the system of the universe, and may perhaps behold them extended to the utmost limits of time, past and future; but man seldom sees more than the simple facts, divested of their various relations of cause and effect. The writer, therefore, must adapt his performance to the short-sightedness of human nature, which he would enlighten; and not to the penetration of Omniscience, from which all intelligence is derived.

In my tragedy of "*The Robbers*" it was my object to delineate the victim of an extravagant sensibility; here I endeavour to paint the reverse, a victim of art and cabal. But, however strongly marked in the page of history the unfortunate project of Fiesco may appear, on the stage it may perhaps prove less interesting. If it be true that sensibility alone awakes sensibility, we may from thence conclude that the political hero is so much the less calculated for dramatic representation, the more necessary it is to lay aside the feelings of a man, in order to become a political hero.

It was, therefore, impossible for me to breathe into my fable that glowing life which animates the pure productions of poetical inspiration; but in order to render the cold and sterile actions of the politician capable of affecting the human heart, I was obliged to seek a clue to those actions in the human heart itself. I was obliged to blend together the man and the politician, and to draw from the refined intrigues of state situations interesting to humanity. The relations which I bear to society are such as

¹ Fiesco, after having succeeded in the chief objects of his undertaking, happened to fall into the sea, whilst hastening to quell some disturbances on board of a vessel in the harbour; the weight of his armour rendered his struggles ineffectual, and he perished. The deviation from history in the tragedy might have been carried farther, and would perhaps have rendered it more suitable to dramatic representation.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

unfold to me more of the heart than of the cabinet: and perhaps this very political defect may have become a poetical excellence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- ANDREAS DORIA, Duke of Genoa, a venerable old man, of eighty years of age, retaining the traces of a high spirit: the chief features in his character are dignity, and a rigid brevity in command.
- GIANETTINO DORIA, Nephew of the former, and pretender to the Ducal power, twenty-six years of age, rough and forbidding in his address, deportment and manners, with a vulgar pride and disgusting features.
- N.B.—Both the DORIAS wear scarlet.
- FIESCO, Count of Lavagna, chief of the conspiracy, a tall, handsome young man of twenty-three years of age; his character is that of dignified pride and majestic affability, with courtly complaisance and deceitfulness.
- N.B.—All the Nobles wear black, and the dress is entirely in the old German style.
- VERRINA, a determined Republican, sixty years of age; grave, austere, and inflexible: a marked character.
- BOURGOGNINO, a conspirator, a youth of twenty; frank and high-spirited; proud, hasty and undisguised.
- CALCAGNO, a conspirator, a worn-out debauchee of thirty; insinuating and enterprising.
- SACCO, a conspirator, forty-five years of age, with no distinguishing trait of character.
- LOVELLINO, in the confidence of the pretender, a haggard courtier.
- ZENTURIONE, } Malcontents.
ZIBO, }
ASSERATO, }
- ROMANO, a painter, frank and simple, with the pride of genius.
- MULEY HASSAN, a Moor of Tunis, an abandoned character, with a physiognomy displaying an original mixture of rascality and humour.
- A GERMAN of the Ducal bodyguard, of an honest simplicity and steady bravery.
- THREE SEDITIOUS CITIZENS.
- LEONORA, the wife of FIESCO, eighteen years of age, of great sensibility; her appearance pale and slender, engaging, but not dazzling; her countenance marked with melancholy; her dress black.
- JULIA, Countess dowager IMPERIALI, sister of the younger DORIA, aged twenty-five; a proud coquet, in person tall and full, her beauty spoiled by affectation, with a sarcastic maliciousness in her countenance; her dress black.
- BERTHA, daughter of VERRINA, an innocent girl.
- ROSA, } Maids of LEONORA.
ARABELLA, }
- Several Nobles, Citizens, Germans, Soldiers, Thieves

SCENE, GENOA—TIME, THE YEAR 1547.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Saloon in FIESCO'S House.

The distant sound of dancing and music is heard.

LEONORA, masked, and attended by ROSA and ARABELLA, enters hastily.

LEON. [tears off her mask.] Say no more—not a word more. It is as clear as day. [She throws herself into a chair.] This quite overcomes me.

ARA. My lady!

LEON. [rising.] What, before my eyes! with a known coquet! and in the sight of the whole nobility of Genoa. [Much affected.] Rosa—Arabella—before my weeping eyes!

ROSA. Consider it only as a piece of gallantry. It was no more.

LEON. Gallantry! What! Their busy interchange of looks—the anxious watching of each other's glances—the kiss eagerly and long imprinted on her naked arm, its fervour marked by a deep spot of glowing crimson. Ah, and the transport that enwrapped his soul, when with fixed eyes he sat like painted ecstasy; as if the world around him were blown away, and nought remained in the eternal void but him and Julia. Gallantry! Poor thing! Thou hast never loved. Think not that thou canst teach me to distinguish gallantry from love.

ROSA. No matter, Madam—to lose a husband is to gain ten lovers.

LEON. To lose!—Is this slight shock of sensibility a proof that I have

FIESCO.

lost Fiesco? Go, hateful slanderer! Never again appear before me!
'Twas an innocent frolic—perhaps a piece of gallantry—Say, my dear Arabella, was it not so?

ARA. Doubtless it was, Madam.

LEON. [*in a reverie.*] Is it so? Does she then know herself the mistress of his heart? Does her name lurk in his inmost thoughts, meet him in every movement of his mind?—What ideas are these? Whither will they lead me? Can it be, that this beauteous majestic world is to him nothing but the precious diamond, whereon her image—her image only is engraved? Love her! Love Julia! Oh! Your arm—support me, Arabella!

[*A pause, music is again heard.*]
LEON. [*starting.*] Hark! Was not that Fiesco's voice, which from the tumult penetrated even hither? Can he laugh, while his Leonora weeps in solitude? Oh, no, my child, it was the coarse loud voice of Gianettino.

ARA. It was, Signora—but, come into another apartment.

LEON. You change colour, Arabella—you are false. In your eyes, in the looks of all the inhabitants of Genoa, I read a something—a something which—[*hiding her face*] oh, certainly they know more than a wife's ear should be acquainted with!

ROSA. Ah, how does jealousy magnify every trifle!

LEON. [*with a melancholy enthusiasm.*] When he was still Fiesco, when in the orange-grove, where we damsels walked, I saw him—a blooming Apollo matured into the manly beauty of Antinous!—Such was his noble and sublime deportment, as if the illustrious state of Genoa rested alone upon his youthful shoulders. Our eyes stole trembling glances at him, and shrunk back, as if with conscious guilt, whenever they encountered the lightning of his looks. Ah, Arabella, how we devoured those looks! with what anxious envy did every one count those that were directed to her companions! they fell among us like the golden apple of discord—tender eyes burned more fiercely—soft bosoms beat more wildly—jealousy burst asunder all our bonds of friendship.

ARA. I remember it well. All the females of Genoa were in a tumult of contention for a prize so beauteous.

LEON. [*enraptured.*] And now to call him mine! giddy, wondrous fortune!—to call the boast of Genoa mine! [*with pleasure*] who from the chisel of the exhaustless artist, Nature, sprang forth all-perfect, combining every greatness of his sex in the most lovely union. Hear me, damsels! I can no longer conceal it—hear me! I confide to you something [*with a look of secrecy*]—a thought—when I stood at the altar with Fiesco, his hand laid in mine, a thought, too daring for woman, rushed across me. “This Fiesco, whose hand now lies in thine, thy Fiesco”—but hush! lest any one should hear us thus boasting of my husband—“This, thy Fiesco”—ah, why can you not share my feelings!—“will free Genoa from its tyrants.”

ARA. [*astonished.*] And this thought came to a female mind amid the nuptial ceremonies?

LEON. Yes, my Arabella—well mayst thou be astonished—to the bride it came, even in the joy of the bridal day. [*More animated*] I am a woman, but I feel the nobleness of my blood. I cannot bear to see these proud Dorias thus overtop our family. The good old Andreas—it is a pleasure to esteem him—may indeed, unenvied, bear the ducal dignity; but Gianettino is his nephew—his heir. And Gianettino has a proud and wicked heart. Genoa trembles before him, and Fiesco [*much affected*], Fiesco—weep with me, damsels!—loves his sister.

ARA. Alas, my wretched mistress!

LEON. Go now, and see this demigod of Genoa, amid the shameless

circles of debauchery and lust! hear the vile jests and wanton ribaldry with which he entertains his base companions! that is Fiesco—ah, damsels, not only Genoa has lost its hero, but I have lost my husband.

ROSA. Speak lower! somebody is coming through the gallery.

LEON. [*with sudden alarm.*] 'Tis Fiesco—let us hasten away—the sight of me might for a moment interrupt his happiness.

[*She hastens into a side-apartment. The maids follow her.*]

SCENE II.—GIANETTINO DORIA *masked in a green cloak, and*
THE MOOR, *enter in conversation.*

GIAN. Thou hast understood what I have been saying?

MOOR. Well—

GIAN. The white mask—

MOOR. Well—

GIAN. I say, the white mask—

MOOR. Well—well—well—

GIAN. Dost thou mark me? Direct it here. [*Pointing to his breast.*]

MOOR. Give yourself no concern.

GIAN. And let the blow be hard.

MOOR. He shall be satisfied.

GIAN. [*maliciously.*] That the poor Count may not have long to suffer.

MOOR. With your leave, Sir, a word—at what weight do you estimate his head?

GIAN. At the weight of a hundred sequins—

MOOR [*blowing through his fingers.*] Poh! as light as a feather.

GIAN. What art thou muttering there?

MOOR. I was saying, it is light work.

GIAN. That is thy concern.—He is a loadstone that attracts around it all the seditious fellows in the state—Mark me, Sirrah!—let thy blow be sure.

MOOR. But, Sir, I must to Venice, immediately after the deed.

GIAN. Then take my thanks beforehand. [*He throws him a bank-note.*]
In three days, at farthest, he must be cold. [*Exit.*]

MOOR [*picking up the note.*] Well, this is surely dealing upon credit, to trust the simple word of such a rogue as I am. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III —CALCAGNO, *behind him* SACCO, *both in black cloaks.*

CAL. I perceive thou watchest all my steps.

SACCO. And I observe thou wishest to conceal them from me. Attend, Calcagno! for some weeks past I have remarked the workings of thy countenance. They bespeak a different secret than that which concerns the interests of our country. Brother, I should think that we might mutually exchange our confidence without a loss on either side. What sayst thou? wilt thou be sincere?

CAL. So truly, that thou shalt not need to dive into the inmost recesses of my soul: my heart shall fly half-way to meet thee on my tongue—I love the Countess of Fiesco.

SACCO [*sets back with astonishment.*] That, at least, I should not have discovered, had I made all possibilities pass in review before me. Thy choice itself my mind is tortured to account for; but its success would overwhelm me with astonishment.

CAL. They say, she is a pattern of the strictest virtue.

SACCO. They lie! She is the whole volume on the text of absurdity.

Calcagno, thou must choose one or the other—either to give up thy heart, or thy profession.

CAL. The Count is faithless to her; and of all the arts that may seduce a woman, the subtlest is jealousy. A plot against the Dorias will at the same time occupy the Count, and give me easy access to his house. Thus, while the shepherd guards against the wolf, the fox shall unobserved make havoc of the poultry.

SACCO. Incomparable brother! receive my thanks! a blush is now superfluous, and I can tell thee openly what just now I was half ashamed to think. I am a beggar if the government be not soon overturned.

CAL. What, are thy debts so great?

SACCO. So immense, that even one-tenth of them would more than swallow up ten times my income. A convulsion of the state will give me breath, and if it do not cancel all my debts, at least 'twill stop the mouths of bawling creditors.

CAL. I understand thee; and if, amidst this bustle, Genoa should chance to become free, Sacco will be hailed his country's saviour. Let no one trick out to me the threadbare tale of honesty, when I see the fate of empires hang upon the bankruptcy of a prodigal and the lust of a debauchee. By Heaven, Sacco, this looks like Providence, to heal the corruptions in the heart of the state by the vile ulcers on its limbs. Is thy design unfolded to Verrina?

SACCO. As far as it can be unfolded to a patriot. Thou knowest his iron integrity, which ever tends to that one point, his country. His hawk-like eye is now fixed on Fiesco, and he has half conceived a hope of thee to join the bold conspiracy.

CAL. Oh, he's sagacious! Come, let's seek for him, and blow up the flame of liberty within his breast by our accordant spirit. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—JULIA, *agitated with anger*, and FIESCO, *in a white mask, following her*.

JUL. My servants!—footmen!—

FIES. Countess, whither are you going?—What do you intend?

JUL. Nothing—nothing at all—*[enter servants]*.—Let my carriage draw up—

FIES. Pardon me, it must not—You are offended—

JUL. Oh, by no means—Away—you tear my dress to pieces.—Offended! Who is here that can offend me? Go, pray go—

FIES. *[upon one knee.]* Not till you tell me, what impertinent—

JUL. *[stands still in a haughty attitude.]* Fine!—This is very fine.—It should be beheld.—Oh, that the Countess of Lavagna might be called to view this charming scene! How, Count! is this like a husband? This posture would suit well the chamber of your wife, when she turns over the journal of your caresses, and finds a break in the accounts. Rise, Sir, and seek those to whom your services may prove more acceptable.—Rise, unless you think your gallantries will excuse your wife's impertinence.

FIES. *[jumping up.]* Impertinence! To you?

JUL. To break up! To push away her chair! To turn her back upon the table—on that table, Count, where I was sitting—

FIES. 'Tis inexcusable.

JUL. And is that all? O admirably played! Am I, then, to blame, because the Count sees with discerning eyes?

FIES. If they are dazzled, Madam, 'tis only by your beauty.

JUL. Away with compliment where honour is concerned—Count, I insist on satisfaction—Where shall I find it, in you, or in my uncle's vengeance?

FIES. Find it in the arms of love—Of love, that would repair the offence of jealousy.

JUL. Jealousy! Poor thing! What would she wish for? [*admiring herself in the glass.*] Is it not compliment enough, when I declare her taste my own? [*Haughtily*] Doria and Fiesco!—If Doria's niece approve the Countess of Lavagna's choice, it is sufficient honour. [*In a friendly tone, offering the COUNT her hand to kiss*] Count, suppose I should approve it?

FIES. [*with animation.*] Cruel Countess! thus to torment me. I know, divine Julia, that respect is all I ought to feel for you. My reason bids me bend a subject's knee before the race of Doria; but my heart adores the beauteous Julia—My love is criminal, but 'tis heroic, for it overleaps the boundaries of rank, and soars toward the sun of majesty.

JUL. O ill-contrived excuse! Whilst his tongue defies me, his heart beats beneath the picture of another.

FIES. Rather say, it beats indignantly against it, and would shake off the odious burthen. [*Taking the picture of LEONORA which is suspend'd by a sky-blue ribbon from his breast, and delivering it to JULIA.*] Place your own image on that altar, and you will instantly annihilate this idol.

JUL. [*pleased, puts by the picture hastily.*] This sacrifice indeed deserves my thanks—So, my slave, henceforth bear the badge of your service.

[*Hangs her own picture about his neck—and exit.*]

FIES. [*with transport.*] Julia loves me—Julia—I would not envy even a god. [*Exulting*] Let this night outdo the pleasures of the gods. Joy shall attain its summit. Ho! within there! [*Servants come running in.*] See that the floor drink Cyprian nectar—Let the strains of music rouse midnight from her leaden slumber—Let a thousand burning lamps mock out the morning sun—Let pleasure reign supreme—and let the Bacchanal dance so wildly beat the ground, that the dark kingdom of the shades below may tremble at the uproar!

[*Exit hastily—A noisy allegro, during which the back scene opens, and discovers a grand illuminated saloon, many Masks dancing—At the side, drinking and playing tables, surrounded with company.*]

SCENE V.—GIANETTINO, almost intoxicated, LOMELLINO, ZIBO, ZENTURIONE, VERRINA, CALCAGNO, all masked—Several other Nobles and Ladies.

GIAN. [*in a noisy manner.*] Bravo! Bravo! These wines glide down charmingly.—The dancers perform à merveille.—Go one of you, and publish it throughout Genoa, that I am in good-humour, and that every one may enjoy himself. By my birth, this day shall be marked in the calendar as fortunate, and under it shall be written—"To day the prince was merry."

[*The guests lift their glasses to their mouths—A general toast of "The Republic."—Sound of trumpets.*]

GIAN. The Republic! [*throwing his glass violently on the ground.*] There lie its fragments.

[*Three black Masks suddenly rise and collect about GIANETTINO.*]

LOM. [*supporting GIANETTINO on his arm.*] My lord, you lately spoke of a young girl, whom you saw in the church of St. Lorenzo.

GIAN. I did, my lad! and I must know her further.

LOM. That I can manage for your Grace.

GIAN. [*with vehemence.*] Can you? Can you?—Lomellino, you were a candidate for the procuratorship.—You shall have it.

LOM. Gracious prince, it is the second dignity in the state, more than

threescore noblemen seek it, and all of them more wealthy and honourable than your Grace's humble servant.

GIAN. [*indignantly.*] By the name of Doria, you shall be procurator—[*the three Masks come forward*].—What talk you of nobility in Genoa? Let them all throw their ancestry and honours into the scale, one hair from the white beard of my old uncle will make it kick the beam.—It is my will—You *shall* be procurator. That's sufficient to bear down the votes of the whole senate.

LOM. [*in a low voice.*] The damsel is the only daughter of one Verrina.

GIAN. The girl is pretty, and in spite of all the devils in hell, I must possess her.

LOM. What, my lord! the only child of the most obstinate of the republican party?

GIAN. What care I for your republicans? Shall I have my passion thwarted by the anger of a vassal? 'Tis as vain as to expect the tower should fall, when boys pelt it with mussel-shells. [*The three black Masks step nearer with great emotion.*] What! Has the Duke Andreas gained his scars in battle for their wives and children, only that his nephew should court the favour of these vile citizens? By the name of Doria they shall swallow this fancy of mine, or I will plant a gallows over the bones of my uncle, on which the liberty of Genoa shall breathe its last.

[*The three Masks step back in disgust.*]

LOM. The damsel is at this moment alone. Her father is here, and one of those three masks.

GIAN. Excellent! Bring me instantly to her.

LOM. You expect perhaps to meet a girl of light deportment, but you will see a woman of sensibility.

GIAN. Force is the best rhetoric—Lead me to her—Would I could see that republican dog that durst attack the bear Doria—[*going, meets FIESCO at the door.*] Where is the Countess?

SCENE VI.—FIESCO, and the former.

FIES. I have handed her to her carriage—[*takes GIANETTINO's hand, and presses it to his breast.*] Prince, I am now doubly your slave. To you I bow as sovereign of Genoa—to your lovely sister, as mistress of my heart.

LOM. Fiesco is become a mere votary of pleasure. The great world has lost much in you.

FIES. But in giving up the world, I have lost nothing. To live is to dream, and to dream pleasantly is to be wise. Can this be done more certainly amid the thunders of a throne, where the wheels of government creak incessantly upon the tortured ear, than on the heaving bosom of an enamoured woman?—Let Gianettino rule over Genoa; Fiesco shall devote himself to love.

GIAN. Let us depart, Lomellino. It is near midnight. The time draws near—Lavagna, we thank thee for thy entertainment—I have been satisfied.

FIES. That, prince, is all that I can wish.

GIAN. Then good night! To-morrow we have a party at the palace, and Fiesco is invited—Come, procurator!

FIES. Ho! Lights there!—Music!

GIAN. [*haughtily, rushing through the three Masks.*] Make way there for Doria!

ONE OF THE THREE MASKS. [*murmuring indignantly.*] Make way?—In hell—never in Genoa.

THE GUESTS. [*in motion.*] The prince is going—Good night, Lavagna! [*They depart.*]

SCENE VII.—THE THREE BLACK MASKS *and* FIESCO.[*A pause.*]

FIES. I perceive some guests here who do not share the pleasure of the feast.

MASKS [*murmuring to each other with indignation.*] No. Not one of us.

FIES. [*in an obliging manner.*] Is it possible that my attention should have been wanting to any one of my guests? Quick, servants! Let the music be renewed, and fill the goblets high! I would not that any one of my friends should find the time hang heavy. Will you permit me to amuse you with fireworks? Would you choose to see the frolics of my harlequin? Perhaps you would be pleased to join the females. Or shall we sit down to *faro*, and pass the time in play?

A MASK. We are accustomed to spend it in action.

FIES. A manly answer! Such as bespeaks Verrina.

VER. [*unmasking.*] Fiesco can more easily discover his friends beneath their masks than they can find out him beneath his disguise.

FIES. I understand you not.—But what means that crape of mourning around your arm? Can death have robbed Verrina of a friend, and Fiesco know not the loss?

VER. Mournful tales ill suit Fiesco's joyful feasts.

FIES. But if a friend—[*pressing his hand warmly*].—Friend of my soul! For whom must we both mourn?

VER. Both?—Both?—Oh, 'tis too true we both have suffered—and yet not all sons lament their mother.

FIES. 'Tis long since your mother was mingled with the dust.

VER. [*with an earnest look.*] Did not Fiesco call me brother, because we both were sons of the same country?

FIES. [*jocosely.*] Oh, is it only that? You meant then but to jest? The mourning dress is worn for Genoa! True, she lies indeed in her last agonies. The thought is new and singular. Our cousin begins to be a wit.

VER. Fiesco! I spoke most seriously.

FIES. Certainly—certainly—that is the reason that you spoke with so grave an air. A jest loses its point when he who makes it is the first to laugh.—But you! You looked like a mute at a funeral. Who could have thought that the austere Verrina should in his old age become such a wag?

SACCO. Come, Verrina.—He never will be ours.

FIES. Let us enjoy ourselves—Let us act the part of the cunning heir who walks in the funeral procession with loud lamentations, laughing to himself the while, under the cover of his handkerchief. 'Tis true, we may be troubled with a harsh stepmother.—Be it so—we let her scold, and follow our own pleasures.

VER. [*with great emotion.*] Heaven and earth! Shall we then do nothing? What is become of you, Fiesco! Where am I to seek that determined enemy of tyrants? There was a time when but to see a crown would have been torture to you.—O degraded son of the republic! By Heaven, I would spurn immortality, if time could so wear out my soul.

FIES. O rigid censor!—Let Doria put Genoa in his pocket, or sell it to the robbers of Tunis. Why should it trouble us? We will revel in floods of Cyprian wine, and taste the sweet caresses of our fair ones.

VER. [*looking at him with earnestness.*] Are these your serious thoughts?

FIES. Why should they not, my friend? Think you 'tis a pleasure to be the foot of that many-legged monster, a republic? No—thanks be to him

who gives it wings, and deprives the feet of their functions. Let Gianettino be the duke, affairs of state shall never lie heavy on our heads.

VER. Fiesco! Is that your real meaning?

FIES. Andreas adopts his nephew as a son, and heir of his estates, what madman then will dispute with him the inheritance of his power?

VER. [*with great indignation.*] Away, then, Genoese!

[*Leaves FIESCO hastily, the rest follow.*]

FIES. Verrina! Verrina! Oh, this republican is as hard as steel!

SCENE VIII.—FIESCO. A MASK.

MASK. Have you a minute or two to spare, Lavagna?

FIES. [*in an obliging manner.*] An hour, if you request it.

MASK. Then condescend to walk into the fields with me.

FIES. It wants but ten minutes of midnight.

MASK. Walk with me, Count, I pray—

FIES. I will order my carriage—

MASK. That is useless—I shall send one horse, we want no more, for only one of us, I hope, will return.

FIES. [*with surprise.*] What say you?

MASK. A bloody answer will be demanded of you, touching a certain tear.

FIES. What tear?

MASK. A tear shed by the Countess of Lavagna—I am acquainted with that lady, and demand to know how she has merited to be sacrificed to a worthless woman?

FIES. I understand you now; but let me ask, who 'tis that offers such a challenge?

MASK. It is the same that once adored the lady Zibo, and yielded her to Fiesco.

FIES. Scipio Bourgognino!

BOUR. [*unmasking.*] And who now stands here to vindicate his honour that yielded to a rival base enough to tyrannize over innocence.

FIES. [*embraces him with ardour.*] Noble youth! thanks to the sufferings of my consort, which have drawn forth the manly feelings of your soul; I admire your generous indignation—but I refuse your challenge.

BOUR. [*stepping back with astonishment.*] Does Fiesco tremble to encounter the first efforts of my sword?

FIES. No, Bourgognino! against a nation's power combined, I would boldly venture, but not against you. The fire of your valour is endeared to me by a still dearer object—The will deserves a laurel; but the deed would be childish.

BOUR. [*with emotion.*] Childish, Count! women can only weep at injuries. 'Tis manly to revenge them.

FIES. Well said—but fight I will not.

BOUR. [*turning from him contemptuously.*] Count, I shall despise you.

FIES. [*with animation.*] By Heaven, youth, that thou shalt never do—not even if virtue fall in value shall I become a bankrupt. [*Taking him by the hand, with a look of earnestness.*] Did you ever feel for me—what shall I say—respect?

BOUR. Had I not thought you were the first of men, I should not have yielded to you.

FIES. Then, my friend, be not so forward to despise a man who once could merit your respect: It is not always that the eye of the youthful artist can comprehend the master's vast design. Retire, Bourgognino, and

take time to weigh the motives of Fiesco's conduct ! [*Exit BOURGOGNINO in silence.*] Go ! noble youth ! if spirits such as thine break out in flames against the government, let the Dorias see that they stand fast.

SCENE IX.—FIESCO. *THE MOOR entering with an appearance of timidity, and looking round cautiously.*

FIES. [*fixing on him a piercing look.*] What wouldst thou have ? who art thou ?

MOOR [*as above.*] A slave of the republic.

FIES. Slavery is a wretched state [*keeping his eyes attentively upon him*]. What dost thou want ?

MOOR. Sir, I am an honest man.

FIES. Well mayst thou assume this veil, it may not be superfluous—but, what wouldst thou have ?

MOOR [*approaching him—FIESCO draws back.*] Sir, I am no villain.

FIES. 'Tis well that thou sayst that—and yet, 'tis not well either—[*impatiently*] What dost thou seek ?

MOOR. [*still approaching.*] Are you the Count Lavagna !

FIES. [*haughtily.*] The blind in Genoa know my steps—what wouldst thou with the Count ?

MOOR. Be on your guard, Lavagna ! [*close to him*].

FIES. [*passing hastily to the other side.*] That, indeed, I am.

MOOR [*again approaching.*] Evil designs are formed against you, Count.

FIES. [*retreating.*] That I perceive.

MOOR. Beware of Doria !

FIES. [*approaching him with an air of confidence.*] Perhaps my suspicions have wronged thee, my friend—Doria is indeed the name I dread.

MOOR. Avoid the man, then—can you read ?

FIES. A pleasant question ! Thou hast known, it seems, many of our nobles—what writing hast thou ?

MOOR. Your name inscribed in the fatal list of those who are doomed to die. [*Presents a paper and draws close to FIESCO, who is standing before a looking-glass, and glancing over the paper—THE MOOR steals round him, draws a dagger, and is going to stab.*]

FIES. [*turning round dexterously and seizing THE MOOR's arm.*] Stop, scoundrel ! [*wrests the dagger from him*].

MOOR [*stamps in a frantic manner.*] Damnation !—Pardon !

FIES. [*seizing him, calls with a loud voice.*] Stephano ! Drullo ! Antonio ! [*holding THE MOOR by the throat.*] Stay, my friend !—what hellish villany ! [*servants enter.*] Stay, and answer—thou hast performed thy task but badly. Who pays thy wages ?

MOOR [*resolutely, after several fruitless attempts to escape.*] You cannot hang me higher than the gallows are—

FIES. No—be comforted—not on the horns of the moon, but higher than ever yet were gallows—but hold ! Thy scheme was too politic to be of thine own contrivance : speak, fellow ! who hired thee ?

MOOR. Think me a rascal, Sir, but not a fool.

FIES. What, is the scoundrel proud ? Speak, sirrah !—Who hired thee ?

MOOR [*to himself.*] Shall I alone be called a fool ? Who hired me ?—'Twas but a hundred miserable sequins—Who hired me, did you ask ?—Prince Gianettino.

FIES. [*walking about in a passion.*] A hundred sequins ! And is that

the value set upon Fiesco's head? Shame on the Prince of Genoa! Here, fellow—*[taking money from a scrutoire]*—are a thousand for thee. Tell thy master he is a mean assassin *[MOOR looks at him with astonishment.*

FIES. What dost thou gaze at?

[MOOR takes up the money, lays it down, takes it again, and looks at FIESCO with increased astonishment.

FIES. What dost thou mean?

MOOR *[throwing the money resolutely upon the table.]* Sir, that money I have not worked for—I deserve it not.

FIES. Blockhead, thou hast deserved the gallows; but the offended elephant tramples on men, not worms. Thy life hangs on a word of mine—were it of more importance, thou shouldst die.

MOOR *[bowing with an air of pleasure at his escape.]* Sir, you are too good—

FIES. What, toward thee! God forbid! No, I am amused to think a nod of mine can preserve or annihilate such petty villains. That 'tis which saves thee. Mark my words—I take thy failure as an omen of my future success—'tis this thought that renders me indulgent, and preserves thy life.

MOOR *[in a tone of confidence.]* Count, your hand! you sha'll find me not ungrateful. If any man in this country has a throat too much—command me, and I'll cut it gratis.

FIES. Obliging scoundrel! He would show his gratitude by cutting throats!

MOOR. Men, like me, Sir, receive no favour without acknowledgment. We know what honour is.

FIES. The honour of cut-throats!

MOOR. Is perhaps more to be relied on than that which men of character pretend to. You break your oaths made in the name of God. We keep ours made to the devil.

FIES. Thy villany amuses me.

MOOR. I am happy to meet your approbation. Try me—you will find in me a man who is a thorough master of his profession. Examine me—I am versed in every branch of villany through all its different degrees.

FIES. So—*[seating himself.]* So—there are laws and system then even among thieves. What canst thou tell me of the lowest class?

MOOR. O Sir, they are petty villains, mere pickpockets. They are a miserable set. Their trade never produces a man of genius—'tis confined to the whip and workhouse—and at most can lead but to the gallows.

FIES. A noble object! I should like to hear something of a superior class.

MOOR. The next are spies and informers—tools of importance to the great, who lend their ears to them, and from their secret information derive their own supposed omniscience. These villains insinuate themselves into the souls of men like leeches, to suck out their secrets—they draw poison from the heart, and spit it forth against the very source from whence it came.

FIES. I understand thee—go on.

MOOR. Then come the conspirators, villains that deal in poison, and bravoës that rush upon their victims from some secret covert. Cowards they often are, but yet they sell their souls to the devil; and even here they are treated scurvily. The hand of justice binds their limbs to the rack, or plants their cunning heads on spikes—this is the third class.

FIES. But speak! When comes thy own?

MOOR. Patience, my lord—that is the very point I'm coming to—

already have I passed through all the stages that I mentioned : my genius soon soared beyond their limits. 'Twas but last night I made my trial in the third ; this evening I attempted the fourth—and was a bungler.

FIES. And how do you describe that class ?

MOOR [*with energy.*] They are men who press right onward to their object, cutting their way through danger. They strike at once, and, by their first salute, save him whom they approach the trouble of returning thanks for a second. Briefly, they are called the swiftest messengers of hell : and when Beelzebub is hungry, at the first hint they send his victims to him smoking in their blood.

FIES. Thou art a hardened villain—such a tool I want. Give me thy hand—thou shalt serve me

MOOR. Do you speak in earnest or in jest ?

FIES. Most seriously—and I'll pay thee yearly a thousand sequins.

MOOR. Done, Lavagna !—I am yours. Away with common business—employ me in whatever you will—I'll be your setter, or your bloodhound—your fox, your viper, your pimp, or executioner. I'm prepared for all commissions—except honest ones : in those I am as stupid as a block.

FIES. Fear not—I would not set the wolf to guard the lamb. Go thou through Genoa to-morrow and sound the temper of the people. Narrowly inquire what they think of the government, and of the house of Doria—what of me, my debaucheries, and romantic passion. Charge their heads with wine, until their secret sentiments flow out. Here's money—lavish it among the manufacturers.

MOOR. Sir !

FIES. Be not afraid—no honesty is in the case. Go, collect what help thou canst. To-morrow I will hear thy report. [*Exit.*]

MOOR [*following.*] Rely on me—it is now four o'clock in the morning, by eight to-morrow you shall hear as much news as twice seventy spies can furnish. [*Exit.*]

SCENE X.—*An Apartment in the House of VERRINA.*

BERTHA *on a couch, supporting her head on her hand.* VERRINA *enters with a look of dejection.*

BER. [*starts up frightened.*] Heavens ! He is here !

VER. [*stops, looking at her with surprise*] My daughter affrighted at her father !

BER. Fly ! fly ! or let me fly ! Father, your sight is dreadful to me.

VER. Dreadful to my child !—my only child !

BER. No—[*with heaviness*] you must seek another—I am no more your daughter.

VER. What, does my tenderness distress you ?

BER. It weighs me down to the earth.

VER. How, my daughter ! do you receive me thus ? Formerly, when I came home, my heart overburdened with the weight of sorrows, my Bertha meeting me smiled them away. Come, embrace me, my daughter ! Reclined upon thy glowing bosom, my heart, when chilled by the sufferings of my country, shall grow warm again. Oh, my child, this day I have bidden farewell to all the pleasures of nature, and thou alone [*sighing heavily*] remainest to me.

BER. [*casting a long and earnest look at him.*] Wretched father !

VER. [*eagerly embracing her.*] Bertha ! my only child ! Bertha ! my last remaining hope ! The liberty of Genoa is lost—Fiesco is lost—and thou [*pressing her more strongly, with a look of despair*] mayst become a prey to dishonour.

BER. *[tearing herself from him.]* Great God ! You know, then—

VER. *(trembling.)* What ?

BER. My virgin honour—

VER. *[raging.]* What ?

BER. Last night—

VER. *[furiously.]* Speak ! What !

BER. Force !—*[sinks down by the side of the sofa].*

VER. *[after a long pause—with a hollow voice.]* One word more, my daughter, though it be thy last—Who was it ?

BER. Alas, what an angry death-like paleness ! Great God, support me ! How his words falter ! How his whole frame trembles !

VER. I cannot comprehend it—Tell me, my daughter—Who ?

BER. Compose yourself, my best, my dearest father !

VER. For God's sake—Who ? *[ready to faint].*

BER. A mask—

VER. *[steps back, thoughtfully.]* No ! That cannot be—the thought is idle—*[smiling to himself.]* What a fool am I, to think that all the poison of my life can flow but from one source ! *[firmly—addressing himself to BERTHA]* What was his stature, less than mine, or taller ?

BER. Taller.

VER. *[eagerly.]* His hair ? Was it black and curled ?

BER. As black as jet, and curled.

VER. *[retiring from her in great emotion.]* O God ! my brain ! my brain !—His voice ?

BER. Was deep and harsh.

VER. *[impetuously.]* What colour was—no, I'll hear no more—His cloak !—What colour ?

BER. I think his cloak was green.

VER. *[covering his face with his hands, falls on the couch.]* No more—This can be nothing but a dream. *[His hands sink down, a deadly paleness overspreads his face.]*

BER. *[wringing her hands.]* Merciful Heaven ! This is no more my father.

VER. *[after a pause, with a forced smile.]* Right—it serves thee right—coward Verrina ! The villain broke into the sanctuary of the laws—This did not rouse thee. Then he violated the sanctuary of thy honour—*[starting up]*—Quick ! Nicolo ! Bring me hither balls and powder—but stay, my sword were better. *[To BERTHA]* Say thy prayers !—Ah ! what am I going to do ?

BER. Father, you make me tremble.

VER. Come, sit by me, Bertha ! *[In a solemn manner]* Tell me, Bertha, what did that grey-haired Roman, when his daughter—like you—how can I speak it !—sell a prey to ignominy ? Tell me, Bertha, what said Virginius to his dishonoured daughter ?

BER. *[shuddering.]* I know not what he said.

VER. Foolish girl ! Nothing did he say—but *[rising hastily, and snatching up a sword]* he seized an instrument of death—

BER. *[terrified, rushes into his arms.]* Great God !—What would you do, my father !

VER. *[throwing away the sword.]* No—there is still justice left in Genoa.

SCENE XI.—SACCO, CALCAGNO—the former.

CAL. Verrina, quick ! prepare ! To-day begins the election. Let us to the Senate-house to choose the new senators. The streets are full of

people, you will undoubtedly accompany us [*ironically*] to see the triumph of our liberty.

SACCO [*to CALCAGNO.*] Dost thou see that sword? Verrina has wildness in his looks—and Bertha is in tears.

CAL. By heavens, I see it. Sacco, some strange event has happened here.

VER. [*placing two chairs.*] Be seated.

SACCO. Friend! Your looks fill us with apprehension.

CAL. I never saw you thus before, my friend; your grief, I should have thought, presaged the ruin of our country—but Bertha also is in tears.

VER. Ruin!—Pray sit down—[*they both seat themselves*].

CAL. My friend, I conjure you—

VER. Listen to me.

CAL. [*to SACCO.*] What are we to expect, Sacco?

VER. Genoese, you both know the antiquity of my family. Your ancestors were vassals to my own. My forefathers fought the battles of the state, their wives were patterns of virtue to their sex. Honour was our sole inheritance, descending unspotted from the father to the son. Can any one deny it?

SACCO. No.

CAL. No one, by the God of heaven!

VER. I am the last of my race. My wife has long been dead. This daughter is all she left me. You are witnesses, my friends, how I have brought her up. Can any one accuse me of neglecting my Bertha?

CAL. No. Your daughter is a bright example to our females.

VER. I am old, my friends. On this my daughter all my hopes were placed. Should I lose her, my race becomes extinct. [*After a pause, with a solemn voice*] I have lost her—my family is dishonoured.

SACCO and CAL. Forbid it, Heaven!

[*BERTHA, on the couch, appears much affected.*]

VER. No—despair not, daughter! These men are just and brave—If they feel thy wrongs, they will expiate them with blood. Be not astonished, friends. He who tramples upon Genoa, may easily overcome a helpless female.

SACCO and CAL. [*starting up with great emotion.*] Gianettino Doria!

BER. [*with a shriek, seeing BOURGOGNINO enter.*] Cover me, walls, beneath your ruins!—My Scipio!

SCENE XII.—BOURGOGNINO—the former.

BOUR. [*with ardour.*] Rejoice, my love! I bring good tidings. Noble Verrina, I come to lay my dearest hopes at your disposal. I have long loved your daughter, but never dared to ask her hand, because my whole fortune was entrusted to the treacherous sea. My ships have just now reached the harbour laden with valuable cargoes. Now I am rich—bestow your Bertha on me—I'll make her happy.

VER. What, youth! Wouldst thou mix thy heart's pure tide with a polluted stream?

BOUR. [*claps his hand to his sword, but suddenly draws it back.*] 'Twas her father that said it.

VER. No—every rascal in Italy will say it. Are you contented with the leavings of other men's repasts?

BOUR. Old man, do not make me desperate!

CAL. Bourgognino! He speaks the truth.

BOUR. [*enraged, rushing towards BERTHA.*] The truth! Has the girl then mocked me?

CAL. Restrain your passion. The girl is spotless as an angel.

BOUR. [*astonished.*] By my soul's happiness! The girl is spotless, yet dishonoured? I comprehend it not. They look in silence on each other. Some horrid crime hangs on their trembling tongues. I conjure you, friends, mock not my reason. Is she pure? Is she truly so? Who answers for her?

VER. My child is guiltless.

BOUR. What!—Violence!—[*snatches the sword from the ground.*] Be all the sins of earth upon my head, if I avenge her not!—Where is the spoiler?

VER. Seek him in the plunderer of Genoa.

[BOURGOGNINO struck with astonishment—VERRINA walks up and down the room in deep thought, then stops.]

VER. If rightly I can trace thy counsels, O eternal Providence! it is thy will to make my daughter the instrument of Genoa's deliverance. [*Approaching her slowly, takes the mourning crape from his arm and proceeds in a solemn manner.*] Before the heart's blood of Doria shall wash away this foul stain from thy honour, no beam of daylight shall shine upon these cheeks. 'Till then [*throwing the crape over her*] be blind? [*A pause—the rest look upon him with silent astonishment, he continues solemnly, his hand upon BERTHA'S head.*] Cursed be the air that shall breathe on thee! Cursed the sleep that shall refresh thee! Cursed every human step that shall come to soothe thy misery!—Down, into the lowest vault beneath my house! There whine, and cry aloud! [*pausing with inward horror.*] Be thy life painful as the tortures of the writhing worm—agonizing as the stubborn conflict between existence and annihilation. This curse lie on thee till Gianettino shall have heaved forth his dying breath. If he escape his punishment, then mayst thou drag thy load of misery throughout the endless circle of eternity!

[*A deep silence—horror is marked on the countenances of all present.*

VERRINA casts a scrutinizing look at each of them.]

BOUR. Inhuman father! What is it thou hast done? Why pour forth this horrible and monstrous curse against thy guiltless daughter?

VER. Youth, thou sayst true—it is most horrible. Now which of you will stand forth and speak of patience and delay? My daughter's fate is linked with that of Genoa. I am no more a father, but a citizen. But who among us is so much a coward, to hesitate in the salvation of his country, when this poor guiltless being must pay for his timidity with endless sufferings? By heavens, 'twas not a madman's speech. I've sworn an oath, and till Doria feel the agonies of death, I cannot pity my own child. No—not if, like an executioner, I should invent unheard-of torments for her, or with my own hands tear her innocent frame to pieces on the barbarous rack. You shudder—you stare me in the face, as pale as ghosts. Once more, Scipio—I keep her as an hostage for the tyrant's death. Upon this precious thread do I suspend thy duty, my own, and yours. [*To SACCO and CALCAGNO*] The tyrant of Genoa must fall, or Bertha must despair—I do not retract.

BOUR. [*throwing himself at BERTHA'S feet.*] He shall fall—fall a victim for Genoa. I will as surely plunge this sword into Doria's heart, as upon thy lips I will imprint the bridal kiss [*rises.*]

VER. Ye couple, the first that ever owed their union to the furies, join hands.—Wilt thou plunge thy sword into Doria's heart? Take her—she is thine.

CAL. [*kneeling.*] Here another citizen of Genoa kneels down, and lays his faithful sword before the feet of innocence. As surely may Calcagno find the way to heaven, as this steel shall find its way to Gianettino's bosom [*rises.*]

SACCO [*kneeling.*] Last, but not least determined, Raffaele Sacco kneels. If this bright steel help not to unlock the prison doors of Bertha, mayst thou, my Saviour, shut thy ear to my dying prayers! [*rises.*]

VER. [*with a calm look.*] Through me Genoa thanks you. Now go, my daughter—rejoice to be the mighty sacrifice for thy country!

BOUR. [*embracing her as she is departing.*] Go! confide in God—and Bourgognino. The same day shall give freedom to Bertha and to Genoa.

[*BERTHA retires.*]

SCENE XIII.—*The former—without BERTHA.*

CAL. Genoese, before we take another step, one word.

VER. I guess what thou wouldst say.

CAL. Will four patriots alone be sufficient to destroy this mighty hydra? Shall we not stir up the people to rebellion, or draw the nobles in to join our party?

VER. I understand thee. Now hear my advice—I have engaged a painter, who has been long exerting all his skill to paint the fall of Appius Claudius. That art Fiesco loves to enthusiasm, and often delights to elevate his mind by viewing its sublime productions. We will send this picture to his house, and will be present when he contemplates it. Perhaps the sight may rouse his spirit. Perhaps—

BOUR. Speak not of him. Let us increase the danger and not the means of help. So valour bids. I have long felt an impulse at my heart stronger than I knew how to satisfy. Now—now I know what presses on me—a tyrant.

[*The scene closes.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Anti-chamber in the Palace of FIESCO.*

LEONORA and ARABELLA.

ARA. No, certainly. You were mistaken: your eyes were blinded by jealousy.

LEON. It was the living image of Julia. Do not endeavour to persuade me otherwise. My picture used to be suspended by a sky-blue ribbon: this was flame-coloured, and wavy. My fate is decided.

SCENE II.—*The former, and JULIA.*

JUL. [*entering in an affected manner.*] The Count offered me his palace to see the procession to the Senate-house. The time will be tedious. You will entertain me, Madam, while the chocolate is preparing.

[*ARABELLA goes out, and returns soon afterwards.*]

LEON. Do you wish that I should invite company to meet you?

JUL. Ridiculous! As if I should come hither in search of company. You will endeavour to amuse me, Madam [*walking up and down, admiring herself*]. If you can do that, Madam, I shall have lost nothing.

ARA. [*sarcastically.*] Your splendid dress alone will be the loser. Only think how cruel 'tis to deprive the eager eyes of our young beaux of such a treat! Ah! And the glitter of your sparkling pearls, on which it almost wounds the sight to look. Good heavens! You seem to have plundered the whole ocean.

JUL. [*before a glass.*] You are surprised at that, Madam! But hark ye, Madam, pray has your mistress also hired your tongue? Countess, 'tis fine, indeed, to permit your servants thus to address your guests.

LEON. 'Tis my misfortune, Signora, that my want of spirits prevents me from enjoying the pleasure of your company.

JUL. That's an ugly fault, to be dull and spiritless; be active, sprightly, witty! Yours is not the way to attach your husband to you.

LEON. I know but one way, Countess. Yours, perhaps, may be more efficacious in exciting sympathy.

JUL. [*pretending not to mind her.*] How you dress, Madam! For shame! Pay more attention to your appearance! Have recourse to art, where nature is unkind. Put colour on those cheeks which look so pale with spleen. Poor creature! Your countenance will never find an admirer.

LEON. [*to ARABELLA in a lively manner.*] Congratulate me, girl. It is impossible I can have lost Fiesco; or if I have, the loss must sure be trifling. [*The chocolate is brought, ARABELLA pours it out.*]

JUL. Do you talk of losing Fiesco? Good God! How could you ever conceive the vain idea of possessing him? Why, my child, aspire to such a height?—a height, where you cannot but be seen, and must be compared with others. Indeed, my dear, he was a scoundrel or a blockhead who joined you with Fiesco [*taking her hand with a look of compassion.*]. Poor soul! The man who mixes with the assemblies of fashionable life, could never be your match. [*She takes a dish of chocolate.*]

LEON. [*smiling at ARABELLA.*] If he were, he would not wish to mix with such assemblies.

JUL. The Count is handsome, fashionable, elegant. He was so fortunate as to form connections with people of rank. The Count is lively, and high-spirited. Suppose he comes home warm from the midst of a fashionable circle, what does he meet? His wife receives him with a vulgar tenderness: damps his fire with a chilling kiss, and measures out her attentions to him with a niggardly economy. Poor husband! Here, a blooming beauty smiles upon him—there, he is disgusted by a peevish sensibility. Signora, Signora, for God's sake, consider, if he have not lost his understanding, what will he choose?

LEON. [*offering her a cup of chocolate.*] You, Madam—if he have lost it.

JUL. Good! This sting shall return into your own bosom. Tremble for your mockery! but before you tremble—blush!

LEON. Do you then know what it is to blush, Signora? But, why not? 'Tis a toilet-trick.

JUL. Oh, see! This poor creature must be provoked, if one would draw from her a spark of wit. Well—let it pass, this time. Madam, I only spoke in jest. Give me your hand in token of reconciliation.

LEON. [*offering her hand with a significant look.*] Countess, my anger ne'er shall trouble you.

JUL. That's generous indeed. I would endeavour to imitate your conduct. Countess [*maliciously*], do you not think I must love that person, whose image I bear constantly about me?

LEON. [*blushing, confused.*] What do you say? At least it seems a doubtful proof.

JUL. I think so too. The heart needs not the assistance of the senses; and real sentiment seeks not to strengthen itself by outward ornament.

LEON. Heavens! Where did you learn such a truth!

JUL. 'Twas in mere compassion that I spoke it; for observe, Madam, the reverse is no less certain. Such is Fiesco's love for you—*[gives her the picture, laughing maliciously.]* My picture! Given to you!

LEON. [*with extreme indignation.*] My picture!—Cruel Fiesco! [*throws herself into a chair, much affected.*]

JUL. Have I retaliated? Have I? Now, Madam, have you any other sting to wound me with? *[goes to the side-scene.]* My carriage!—my busi-

ness is done. [*Addressing LEONORA with affected kindness*] Be comforted, my child ; he gave me the picture in a fit of madness.

[*Exeunt* JULIA and ARABELLA.

SCENE III.—LEONORA and CALCAGNO.

CAL. Did not the Countess Imperiali depart in anger, Madam?

LEON. [*violently agitated.*] No—This is unheard of cruelty.

CAL. Heaven and earth !—Do I behold you in tears !

LEON. Thou art a friend of my inhuman— Away—Leave my sight.

CAL. Whom do you call inhuman ? You affright me.

LEON. My husband—Is he not so ?

CAL. What do I hear !

LEON. 'Tis but a piece of villany common enough among your sex.

CAL. [*grasping her hand with vehemence.*] Lady, I have a heart for weeping virtue.

LEON. You are a man—your heart is not for me.

CAL. For you alone—yours only ; would that you knew how much, how truly yours—

LEON. Man, thou art untrue—thy words would be refuted by thy actions.

CAL. I swear to you—

LEON. A false oath—Cease ! The perjuries of men are so innumerable 'twould tire the pen of the recording angel to write them down. If their violated oaths were turned into as many devils, they might storm heaven itself, and lead away the angels of light as captives.

CAL. Nay, Madam, your anger makes you unjust. Is the whole sex to answer for the crime of one ?

LEON. I tell thee, in that one was centred all my affection for the sex. In him I will detest them all.

CAL. Countess, you once bestowed your hand amiss. Would you again make trial, I know one who would deserve it better.

LEON. The limits of creation cannot bound your falsehoods. I'll hear thee no more.

CAL. Oh, that you would retract this cruel sentence in my arms !

LEON. [*with astonishment.*] Speak out—In thy arms !

CAL. In my arms, which open themselves to receive a forsaken woman, and to console her for the love she has lost.

LEON. [*fixing her eyes on him.*] Love !

CAL. [*kneeling before her, with ardour.*] Yes, I have said it—Love, Madam—life and death lie on your tongue. To call my passion criminal would be to break down the boundaries of vice and virtue, and to confound together heaven and hell in one general condemnation.

LEON. [*steps back indignantly, with a look of noble disdain.*] Hypocrite ! Was that the object of thy false compassion ? This attitude at once proclaims thee traitor to friendship, and to love. Begone for ever from my eyes !—Detested sex ! Till now I thought the only victim of your snares was woman ; nor ever suspected that to each other you were so false and faithless

CAL. [*rising, confounded.*] Countess !

LEON. Was it not enough to break the sacred seal of confidence ! but even on the unsullied mirror of virtue this hypocrite breathes pestilence, and would seduce my innocence to perjury.

CAL. [*hastily.*] Perjury, Madam, you cannot be guilty of.

LEON. I understand thee—thou thoughtest my wounded pride would plead in thy behalf. [*With dignity.*] Thou didst not know that she who

loves Fiesco, feels even the pang that rends her heart, ennobling. Begone !
 Fiesco's perfidy will not make Calcagno rise in my esteem—but, will
 debase humanity.
 CAL. *[stands as if thunder-struck—looks after her—strikes his forehead.]*
 Fool, that I am !
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—THE MOOR and FIESCO.

FIES. Who was it that just now departed ?
 MOOR. The Marquis Calcagno.

FIES. This handkerchief was left upon the sofa. My wife has been
 here.
 MOOR. I met her this moment in great agitation.

FIES. This handkerchief is moist—Calcagno here ? And Leonora
 agitated ? *[After some meditation]* This evening thou must learn what has
 happened here.

MOOR. Miss Bella likes to hear that she is fair. She will inform me.
 FIES. Well—thirty hours are past ; hast thou executed my commission ?
 MOOR. Thoroughly, my lord.

FIES. *[seating himself.]* Then tell me how they talk of Doria, and of the
 government.

MOOR. Oh, most vilely. The very name of Doria shakes them like an
 ague-fit—Gianettino is as hateful to them as death itself—there's nought
 but murmuring. They say the French have been the rats of Genoa, the cat
 Doria has eaten them, and now is going to feast upon the mice.

FIES. That may perhaps be true. But do they not know of any dog
 against that cat ?
 MOOR. *[with an affected carelessness.]* The town was murmuring much of
 a certain—poh—I have forgot the name.

FIES. *[rising]* Blockhead ! That name is as easy to be remembered as
 'twould be difficult to obtain it. Has Genoa more such names than one ?
 MOOR. No : it cannot have two Counts of Lavagna.

FIES. *[seating himself.]* That is something. And what do they whisper
 about my present way of living ?
 MOOR. *[fixing his eyes upon him.]* Hear me, Count of Lavagna !
 Genoa must think highly of you. They cannot imagine why a descendant
 of the first family—with such talents and genius—full of spirit and popu-
 larity—master of four millions—his veins enriched with princely blood : a
 nobleman like Fiesco, whom, at the first call, all hearts would fly to meet—

FIES. *[turns away contemptuously.]* To hear such things from such a
 scoundrel !

MOOR. Many lamented that the chief of Genoa should slumber over the
 ruin of his country. And many sneered. Most men condemned you. All
 bewailed the state which thus had lost you. A Jesuit pretended to have
 smelt out the fox that lay concealed beneath the garb of quietness.

FIES. One fox smells out another. What say they to my passion for the
 Countess Imperiali ?

MOOR. What I would rather be excused from repeating.

FIES. Out with it—the bolder the more welcome.

MOOR. 'Tis not a murmur. At all the coffee-houses, billiard-tables,
 hotels, and public walks—in the market-place, at the Exchange, they pro-
 claim aloud—

FIES. What ?—I command thee.

MOOR. *[retreating.]* That you are a fool.

FIES. Well, take this sequin for these tidings. Now have I put on the
 fool's cap. How did the manufacturers receive my presents ?

MOOR [*humorously.*] Why, Mr. Fool, they looked like poor knaves.

FIES. Fool, fellow? Are you mad?

MOOR. Pardon! I had a mind for a few more sequins.

FIES. [*laughing, gives him another sequin.*] Well—"Like poor knaves."

MOOR. Who receive pardon at the very block. They are yours, both soul and body.

FIES. I'm glad of it. They turn the scale among the populace of Genoa.

MOOR. What a scene it was! Zounds! I almost acquired a relish for benevolence. They caught me round the neck like madmen—the very girls seemed in love with my black visage, that's as ill-omened as the moon in an eclipse. Gold, thought I, is omnipotent: it makes even a Moor look fair.

FIES. Thy thought was better than the soil that gave it birth. These words are favourable, but do they bespeak actions of equal import?

MOOR. Yes; as the murmuring of the distant thunder foretells the approaching storm. The people lay their heads together—they collect in parties—break off their talk whenever a stranger passes by; throughout Genoa reigns a gloomy silence. This discontent hangs, like a threatening tempest, over the republic; it only wants a wind, then hail and lightning will burst forth.

FIES. Hush—hark! What is that confused noise?

MOOR [*going to the window.*] It is the tumult of the crowd returning from the Senate-house.

FIES. To-day is the election of a procurator—order my carriage! It is impossible the sitting can be over. I'll go thither—it is impossible it should be over, if things went right. Bring me my sword and cloak—where is my golden chain?

MOOR. Sir, I have stolen and pawned it.

FIES. That I am glad to hear.

MOOR. But, how! Are there no more sequins for me?

FIES. No—you forgot the cloak.

MOOR. Ah! I was wrong in pointing out the thief.

FIES. The tumult comes nearer. Hark! 'Tis not the sound of approbation. Quick! Unlock the gates—I guess the matter. Doria has been rash. The state already trembles on an unsteady balance. There has surely been some disturbance at the Senate-house.

MOOR [*at the window.*] What's here! They're coming down the street of Balbi—A crowd of many thousands—the halberds glitter—Ah, swords too!—Halloo!—Senators! They come thus way.

FIES. Sedition is on foot. Hasten amongst them—mention my name—persuade them to come hither [*Exit MOOR hastily.*] What reason, labouring like a careful ant, with difficulty scrapes together, the wind of accident collects in one short moment.

SCENE V.—FIESCO, ZENTURIONE, ZIBO, and ASSERATO, *rushing in.*

ZIBO. Count, impute it to our anger that we enter thus unannounced.

ZENT. I have been affronted, mortally affronted, by the nephew of the Duke, and in the face of the whole Senate.

FIES. Doria, then, has soiled the golden book of which each noble Genoese is a leaf.

ZENT. Therefore come we hither—the whole nobility is insulted in me—the whole nobility must share in my revenge—in the defence of my own honour I should not need assistance.

ZIBO. The whole nobility is in him provoked—the whole nobility must spit forth flames.

ASSER. The rights of the nation are trampled under foot—the liberty of the republic has received a deadly blow.

FIES. You raise my expectation.

ZIBO. He was the twenty-ninth among the electing senators, and had drawn forth a golden ball to vote for the procurator; of the eight-and-twenty votes collected, fourteen were for me, and as many for Lomellino; his and Doria's were still wanting—

ZENT. Wanting! I gave my vote for Zibo. Doria—think of the wound inflicted on my honour—Doria—

ASSER. [*interrupting him.*] Such a thing was never heard of, since the sea washed the walls of Genoa.

ZENT. [*continues with great heat.*] Doria drew a sword which he had concealed under a scarlet cloak—stuck it through my vote—called to the assembly—

ZIBO. "Senators, 'tis good for nothing, 'tis pierced through—Lomellino is procurator."

ZENT. "Lomellino is procurator. ' And threw his sword upon the table.

ASSER. And called out, " 'Tis good for nothing," and threw his sword upon the table.

FIES. [*after a pause.*] On what are you resolved?

ZENT. The republic is wounded to its very heart—On what are we resolved?

FIES. Zenturione, rushes may be broken by a breath, the oak requires a storm. I ask on what are you resolved?

ZIBO. Methinks the question should be, On what does Genoa resolve?

FIES. Genoa! Genoa! name it not—'tis brittle, and will crack where'er you touch it. Do you reckon on the nobles? Perhaps, because they put on grave faces—look mysterious when state affairs are mentioned. Talk not of them! their heroism is stifled among the bales of their Levantine merchandise. Their souls hover anxiously about their India fleet.

ZENT. Learn to esteem our nobles more justly. Scarcely was Doria's haughty action done, when hundreds of them rushed into the street, tearing their garments: the Senate was dispersed—

FIES. [*sarcastically.*] Like frightened pigeons when the vulture darts upon the dovecote.

ZENT. No—like powder-barrels when a match falls on them.

ZIBO. The people are enraged. What may we not expect from the fury of the wounded boar!

FIES. [*laughing.*] The blind, unwieldy monster, which at first rattles its heavy bones, threatening with gaping jaws to devour the high and low, the near and distant, at last—stumbles at a thread, Genoese! No more! the epoch of the masters of the sea is past. Genoa is sunk beneath the splendour of its name. Its state is such as Rome experienced, when, like a tennis-ball, she leapt into the racket of young Octavius. Genoa can be free no longer. Genoa must be fostered by a monarch. Genoa wants a sovereign. Therefore do homage to the mad-brained Gianettino—

ZENT. [*vehemently.*] Yes—when the contending elements are reconciled, and when the north pole meets the south—Come, friends!

FIES. Stay, stay—upon what project are you brooding, Zibo?

ZIBO. On nothing, or at the most a farce.

FIES. [*leading them to a statue.*] Look at this figure.

ZENT. It is the Florentine Venus. Why point to her?

FIES. At least she pleases you.

ZIBO. Undoubtedly, or we should be but poor Italians. But why this question now?

FIES. Travel through all the countries of the globe, and seek among the living models for that which is most happily executed, in which the charms of this imagined Venus are all united—

ZIBO. Then we, perhaps, may take her for our reward?

FIES. Then your search will have convicted Fancy of deceit—

ZENT. [*impatiently.*] And what shall we have gained?

FIES. Gained? The long-protracted contest between Art and Nature.

ZENT. [*eagerly.*] And what then?

FIES. Then? Then? [*laughing.*] Then you will have forgotten to observe the fall of Genoa's liberty.

SCENE VI.—FIESCO, *solus.*

[*The noise without increases.*]

FIES. 'Tis well—'tis well—the straw of the republic has caught fire. The flames have seized already on palaces and towers. Let it go on! Let the blaze be general! Let the tempestuous wind spread wide the conflagration!

SCENE VII.—FIESCO—MOOR, *entering in haste.*

MOOR. Crowds upon crowds!

FIES. Throw open wide the gates. Let all, that choose it, enter.

MOOR. Republicans! Republicans indeed! They drag their liberty along, panting like beasts of burthen beneath the yoke of their magnificent nobility.

FIES. Fools! who believe Fiesco of Lavagna will carry on what Fiesco of Lavagna did not begin. The tumult comes opportunely; but the conspiracy must be my own. They are rushing hither.

MOOR. [*going out.*] Halloo! You beat the walls down, there.

[*The people rush in—the doors broken down.*]

SCENE VIII.—FIESCO, TWELVE ARTISANS.

ALL ARTISANS. Vengeance on Doria! Vengeance on Gianettino!

FIES. Peace, my countrymen! Your waiting thus upon me bespeaks the warmth of your affection; but forbear these harsh expressions.

ALL [*with impetuosity.*] Down with the Dorias! Down with them, both the uncle and the nephew!

FIES. [*counting them, with a smile.*] Twelve is a mighty force!

SOME OF THEM. These Dorias must away—the state must be reformed.

1ST ARTISAN. To throw our magistrates downstairs!—the magistrates!

2ND ARTISAN. Think, Count Lavagna—downstairs, when they opposed him in the election.

ALL. It must not be endured—it shall not be endured.

3RD ARTISAN. To take a sword into the senate!

1ST ARTISAN. A sword—the sign of war—into the chamber of peace.

2ND ARTISAN. To come into the senate dressed in scarlet! Not like the other senators, in black.

1ST ARTISAN. To drive through our capital with eight horses!

ALL. A tyrant! A traitor to the country and the government!

2ND ARTISAN. To hire two hundred Germans from the emperor for his bodyguard!

1ST ARTISAN. To bring foreigners in arms against the natives—Germans against Italians—soldiers beside the laws!

ALL. 'Tis treason—'tis a plot against the liberty of Genoa.

1ST ARTISAN. To have the arms of the republic painted on his coach!

2ND ARTISAN. The statue of Andreas placed in the centre of the Senate-house.

ALL. Dash them to pieces—both the figure and the man.

FIES. Citizens of Genoa, why this to me?

1ST ARTISAN. You shall not suffer it. You shall keep him down.

2ND ARTISAN. You are a wise man, and shall not suffer it. You shall direct us by your counsel.

1ST ARTISAN. You are a better nobleman. You shall chastise them, and curb their insolence.

FIES. Your confidence is flattering. Can I merit it by deed?

ALL [*clamorously*.] Strike! Down with the tyrant! Make us free!

FIES. But—will you hear me?

SOME. Speak, Count!

FIES. [*seating himself*.] Genoese, the empire of the animals was once thrown into confusion—Parties struggled with parties—till at last a bulldog seized the throne. He, accustomed to drive the cattle to the knife of the butcher, ranged in a savage manner through the state. He barked—he bit—and gnawed his subjects' bones. The nation murmured: the boldest joined together, and killed the princely monster. Now a general assembly was held to decide upon the important question, which form of government was best. There were three different opinions. Genoese, what would be your decision?

1ST ARTISAN. For the people.

ALL. For the people.

FIES. The people gained the question. The government was democratical: each citizen had a vote, and everything was submitted to a majority. But a few weeks past, ere men declared war against the new republic. The state assembled—horse, lion, tiger, bear, elephant and rhinoceros, stepped forth and roared aloud—to arms! The rest were called upon to vote. The lamb, the hare, the stag, the ass, the tribe of insects, with the birds and timid fishes, cried for peace. See, Genoese! The cowards were more numerous than the brave: the foolish than the wise. Numbers prevailed—the beasts laid down their arms, and man exacted contributions from them. The democratic system was abandoned. Genoese, what would you next have chosen?

1ST and 2ND ARTISAN. A select government.

FIES. That was adopted. The business of the state was all arranged in separate departments. Wolves were the financiers—foxes their secretaries. Pigeons presided in the criminal courts, and tigers in the courts of equity. The laws of chastity were regulated by the he-goats—hares were the soldiers—lions and elephants stayed by the baggage. The ass was the ambassador of the empire, and the mole inspector-general of the whole administration. Genoese, what think you of this wise distribution? Those whom the wolf did not devour, the fox pillaged. Whoever escaped from him was knocked down by the ass. The tiger murdered innocent, whilst robbers and assassins were pardoned by the pigeon. And at the last, when each laid down his office, the mole declared that all were well discharged. The animals rebelled—"Let us," they cried unanimously, "choose a monarch, endowed with strength and skill, and who has only one stomach to appease." And to one chief they all did homage. Genoese—to one—but—[*rising and advancing majestically*] that one was—the lion.

ALL [*shouting, and throwing up their hats*.] Bravo! Bravo! Well managed, Count Lavagna!

1ST ARTISAN. And Genoa shall follow that example—Genoa also has its lion.

FIES. Tell me not of that lion—but go home, and think upon him. [*The ARTISANS depart tumultuously*.] It is as I would have it. The people and the senate are alike enraged against Doria: the people and the

senate alike approve Fiesco. Hassan! Hassan! I must take advantage of this favourable gale. Hoi! Hassan! Hassan! I must augment their hatred—improve my influence. Hassan! come hither! Whoreson of hell, come hither!

SCENE IX.—FIESCO—MOOR, *entering hastily*.

MOOR. My feet are quite on fire with running—what is the matter now?

FIES. Hear my commands!

MOOR [*submissively*.] Where shall I run first? Where last?

FIES. I will excuse thy running this time. Thou shalt be dragged. Prepare thyself—I intend to publish thy attempted assassination, and deliver thee up in chains to the criminal tribunal.

MOOR. [*taking several steps backward*.] Sir? That's contrary to agreement.

FIES. Be not alarmed. 'Tis but a farce. At this moment 'tis of the utmost consequence that Gianettino's attempt against my life should be made public. Thou shalt be tried before the criminal tribunal.

MOOR. Must I confess it, or deny?

FIES. Deny. They will put thee to the torture. Thou must hold out against the first degree—this, by-the-by, will serve to expiate thy real crime. At the second thou mayst confess.

MOOR [*shaking his head with a look of apprehension*.] The devil may play me a trick—their worships will perhaps desire my company a little longer than I should wish, and to conclude the farce, I shall be broken on the wheel.

FIES. Thou shalt escape unhurt, I give thee my honour as a nobleman. I shall request to have thy punishment left to my own discretion, and then pardon thee, before the whole republic.

MOOR. Well—I agree to it. They will draw out my joints a little—but that will only make them the more flexible.

FIES. Then scratch this arm with thy dagger, till the blood follows. I will pretend that I have just now seized thee in the fact. 'Tis well—[*hallooing violently*].—Murder! Murder! Guard the passages! Make fast the gates!

[*He drags the MOOR out by the throat, servants run across the stage hastily.*]

SCENE X.—LEONORA and ROSA *enter hastily, alarmed*.

LEON. Murder, thy cried—murder. The noise came this way.

ROSA. Surely, 'twas but a common tumult, such as happens every day in Genoa.

LEON. They cried murder!—and I distinctly heard Fiesco's name. In vain you would deceive me—my heart discovers what is concealed from my eyes. Quick! Hasten after them. See! Tell me where they carry him.

ROSA. Collect your spirits, Madam. Arabella is gone.

LEON. Arabella will catch his dying look. The happy Arabella! Wretch that I am, 'twas I that murdered him. If I could have engaged his heart, he would not have plunged into the world, nor rushed upon the daggers of the envious. Ah—she comes—away—O Arabella, speak not to me!

SCENE XI.—*The former*—ARABELLA.

ARA. The Count is living and unhurt. I saw him gallop through the city. Never did he appear more handsome. The steed that bore him

pranced haughtily along, and with its proud hoof kept the thronging multitude at distance from its princely rider. He saw me as he passed, and with a gracious smile thrice kissed his hand to me. [*Archly.*] What can I do with those kisses, Madam?

LEON. [*Highly pleased.*] Idle prattler! Return them to him.

ROSA. See now, how soon your colour has returned!

LEON. His heart he throws away upon these girls, whilst I am anxious to obtain a look! Oh, wives! wives!

SCENE XII.—*In the Palace of ANDREAS.*

GIANETTINO and LOMELLINO enter hastily.

GIAN. Let them roar for their liberty as a lioness for her young—I am resolved.

LOM. But—most gracious prince!

GIAN. Away to hell with thy *but*s, thou three-hours procurator! I will not yield a hair's-breadth. Let Genoa's towers shake their heads, and the hoarse sea rebellow No to it—I value not the opposing multitude.

LOM. The people are indeed the fuel; but the nobility blow up the flame. The whole republic is in a ferment, people and patricians.

GIAN. Then will I stand upon the mount like Nero, and entertain myself with looking at the flames.

LOM. Till the whole mass of sedition falls into the hands of some enterprising leader, who will take advantage of the general devastation.

GIAN. Poh! Poh! I know but one who can be dangerous, and he is taken care of.

LOM. His Highness comes.

Enter ANDREAS—both bow respectfully.

ANDR. Signor Lomellino, my niece wishes to take the air.

LOM. I shall have the honour of attending her. [*Exit LOMELLINO.*]

SCENE XIII.—ANDREAS and GIANETTINO.

ANDR. Nephew, attend—I am much displeased with you.

GIAN. Grant me a hearing, most gracious uncle!

ANDR. That I would grant to the meanest beggar in Genoa, if he deserved it. Never to a villain, though he should be my nephew. It is sufficient favour, that I address thee as an uncle, not as a sovereign.

GIAN. One word only, gracious Sir!

ANDR. Hear first what thou hast done, then answer me. Thou hast pulled down an edifice, which I had laboured for fifty years to raise—that which should have been thy uncle's mausoleum, his only pyramid—the affections of his countrymen. This rashness Andreas pardons thee—

GIAN. My uncle, and my sovereign!

ANDR. Interrupt me not: thou hast injured that most glorious work of mine, the Constitution, which I brought down from heaven for Genoa, which cost me so many sleepless nights, so many dangers, and so much blood. Before all Genoa thou hast cast a stain upon my honour in violating my institutions. Who will hold them sacred, if my own family despise them? This folly thy uncle pardons thee.

GIAN. [*Offended.*] Sir, you educated me to be the Duke of Genoa.

ANDR. Be silent! Thou art a traitor to the state, and hast attacked its vital principle. Mark me, boy! That principle is subordination. Because the shepherd retired in the evening from his labour, thoughtest thou the flock deserted? Because Andreas' head is white with age, thoughtest thou, like a villain, to trample on the laws?

GIAN. [*insolently.*] Peace, Duke! In my veins also boils the blood of that Andreas before whom France has trembled.

ANDR. Be silent, I command thee. When I speak, the sea itself is wont to pay attention. Thou hast insulted the majesty of justice in its very sanctuary.—Rebel! Dost thou know what punishment that crime demands? Now answer!

[GIANETTINO *appears struck, and fixes his eyes on the ground without speaking.*

ANDR. Wretched Andreas! In thy own heart thou hast bred the worm that gnaws thy merit. I built up a fabric for Genoa which should mock the lapse of ages, and am myself the first to cast a firebrand into it. Thank my grey head which wishes to be laid in the grave by a relation's hand—thank my unjust love, that I do not on the scaffold pour out thy rebellious blood to satisfy the violated laws. [Exit.]

SCENE XIV.—GIANETTINO—LOMELLINO, *entering out of breath and frightened.*

[GIANETTINO, *looking after the DUKE, speechless with anger.*]

LOM. What have I seen! What have I heard! Fly, prince! Fly quickly! All is lost—

GIAN. [*with an inward rage.*] What was there to lose?

LOM. Genoa, prince—I come from the market-place. The people were crowding round a Moor, who was dragged along bound with cords. The Count of Lavagna, with above three hundred nobles, followed to the criminal court. The Moor had been employed to assassinate Fiesco, and in the attempt was seized.

GIAN. [*stamping violently on the ground.*] What, are all the devils of hell let loose at once?

LOM. They questioned him most strictly concerning his employer. The Moor confessed nothing. They tried the first degree of torture. He confessed nothing. They put him to the second. Then he spoke—he spoke. My gracious lord, how could you trust your honour to such a villain?

GIAN. [*fiercely.*] Ask me no questions!

LOM. Hear the rest! Scarcely was the word Doria uttered—I would sooner have seen my name inscribed in the infernal register than have heard yours thus mentioned—scarcely was it uttered, when Fiesco showed himself to the people. You know the man—with the voice of persuasion, he commands, and plays the usurer with the hearts of the multitude. The whole assembly hung upon his looks, breathless with indignation. He spoke little; but bared his bleeding arm. The crowd contended for the falling drops as if for relics. The Moor was given up to his disposal—and Fiesco—a mortal blow for us!—Fiesco pardoned him. Now the confined anger of the people burst forth in one tumultuous clamour. Each breath annihilated a Doria, and Fiesco was borne home amidst a thousand joyful acclamations.

GIAN. [*with a ferocious laugh.*] Let the flood of tumult swell up to my very throat—The Emperor Charles!—that sound alone shall strike them to earth, so that not a murmur shall be heard in Genoa.

LOM. Bohemia is far from hence: if the Emperor hasten, he may perhaps be present at your funeral.

GIAN. [*drawing forth a letter with a great zeal.*] 'Tis fortunate, that he is here already. Art thou surprised at this? And didst thou think me mad enough to brave the fury of enraged republicans, had I not known they were betrayed and sold?

LOM. [*with astonishment.*] I know not what to think.

GIAN. But I have thought of something which thou couldst not know. My plan is formed. Ere two days are past, twelve senators must fall. Doria becomes sovereign, and Emperor Charles protects him. You seem astonished—

LOM. Twelve senators! My bosom trembles to encounter, twelve times, a deed so horrible as murder.

GIAN. Fool that thou art! Upon these victims shall I build my throne. I consulted with the ministers of Charles, on the strong party which France still has in Genoa, and by which she might a second time seize on it, unless they should be rooted out. This worked upon the emperor—he approved my projects—and thou shalt write what I will dictate to thee.

LOM. I know not yet what 'tis your purpose.

GIAN. Sit down, and write—

LOM. But what am I to write? [*seats himself.*]
GIAN. The names of the twelve candidates for death—Francis Zenturione.

LOM. [*writes.*] In gratitude for his vote, he leads the funeral procession.

GIAN. Cornelio Calva.

LOM. Calva.

GIAN. Michael Zibo.

LOM. To cool him after his disappointment in the procuratorship.

GIAN. Thomas Asserato, and his three brothers.

GIAN. [*forcibly.*] And his three brothers—

LOM. [*writes.*] Go on—

GIAN. Fiesco of Lavagna.

LOM. Beware of that black stone. If you stumble over it, it will be fatal to you.

GIAN. Scipio Bourgognino.

LOM. He may celebrate elsewhere his wedding—

GIAN. Ay—where I shall be director of the nuptials. Raphael Sacco.

LOM. I should intercede for his life, until he shall have paid my five thousand crowns. [*Writes.*] Death strikes the balance.

GIAN. Vincent Calcagno.

LOM. Calcagno—the twelfth I write at my own risk, unless our mortal enemy be overlooked.

GIAN. The end crowns all—Joseph Verrina.

LOM. He is the very head of the viper that threatens us. [*Rises and presents the paper to GIANETTINO.*] Two days hence death makes a splendid feast, at which twelve of the chief of Genoa's nobles will be present.

GIAN. [*signs the paper.*] 'Tis done: two days hence will be the ducal election. When the senate shall be assembled for that purpose, these twelve shall on a sudden signal be laid low. My two hundred Germans will have surrounded the Senate-house; at that moment, I enter and claim homage as the Duke.

LOM. And what of Andreas?

GIAN. [*contemptuously.*] He is an old man. [*Enter servant.*] If the Duke should ask for me, say I am gone to mass. [*Exit servant.*] I must conceal the devil that's within beneath a saintly garb.

LOM. But, my lord, the paper?

GIAN. Take thou, and circulate it among our party. This letter must be despatched by express to Levanto. 'Tis to inform Spinola of our intended plan, and to direct him to reach the capital early in the morning.

[*Going.*]

LOM. Stop, prince—there is an error in our calculation—Fiesco does not attend the senate.

GIAN. [*looking back.*] Genoa will easily supply one more assassin—I'll see to that. [*Exeunt different ways.*]

SCENE XV.—*An Anti-chamber in FIESCO's Palace.*

FIESCO, *with papers before him*—and MOOR.

FIES. Four galleys have entered the harbour, dost thou say?

MOOR. Yes, they're at anchor in the port.

FIES. That's well. Whence are these expresses?

MOOR. From Rome, Placentia, and France.

FIES. [*opens the letters, and runs over them.*] Welcome! welcome news! [*In high spirits.*] Let the messengers be treated in a princely manner.

MOOR. Hem!

[*Going.*]

FIES. Stop, stop, here's work for thee in plenty.

MOOR. Command me. I am ready to act the setter or the blood-hound.

FIES. I only want at present the voice of the decoy-bird. To-morrow early, two thousand men will enter the city in disguise, to engage in my service. Distribute thy assistants at the gates, and let them keep a watchful eye upon the strangers that arrive. Some will be dressed like pilgrims on their journey—others like mendicant friars, or Savoyards, or actors; some as pedlars and musicians—most as disbanded soldiers come to seek a livelihood in Genoa. Let every one be asked where he takes up his lodging. If he answer, at the Golden Snake, let him be treated as a friend, and shown my habitation. Fellow, I rely upon thy prudence.

MOOR. Sir, you may rely on that, as much as on my knavery. If a single head escape me, pluck out my eyes, and shoot at sparrows with them. [*Going.*]

FIES. Stop—I've another piece of business for thee. The arrival of the galleys will excite suspicion in the city. If any one inquire of thee about them, say thou hast heard it whispered that thy master intends to cruize against the Turks. Dost thou understand me?

MOOR. Yes, yes, the basket has a specious cover; what is within heaven knows. [*Going.*]

FIES. Stop once more—Gianettino has new reasons to hate me, and lay snares against my life. Go—see among the fellows of thy trade, if thou canst not find out some plot on foot against me. Visit the brothels—Doria often frequents them. The secrets of the cabinet are sometimes lodged within the folds of the petticoat. Promise these ladies golden customers. Promise them thy master—let nothing be too sacred to be used in fathoming this my pool till thou canst find the bottom.

MOOR. Ha! luckily I am acquainted with one Diana Buononi, whom I have served above a year as procurer. The other day I saw the Signor Lomellino coming out of her house.

FIES. That suits my purpose well. This very Lomellino is the key to all Doria's projects. To-morrow thou shalt go thither. Perhaps he is to-night the Endymion of this chaste Diana.

MOOR. One more question, my lord. Suppose the people ask me—and that they will, I'll pawn my soul upon it—suppose they ask, "What does Fiesco think of Genoa?" Would you still wear the mask?—or, how shall I answer them?

FIES. Answer?—Hum!—The fruit is ripe. The pains of labour announce the approaching birth. Answer that Genoa lies upon the block, and that thy master's name is—John Louis Fiesco.

MOOR [*with an air of satisfaction.*] That business shall be managed neatly for you, I'll pledge the credit of my profession on it. Now be alert, friend Hassan! First to a tavern—my feet have work enough cut out for them. I must coax my stomach to intercede with my legs. [*Hastening away—returns.*] Oh, apropos! My chattering made me almost forget one circumstance. You wished to know what passed between Calcagno and your wife. A refusal, Sir—that's all. [*Runs off.*]

SCENE XVI.—FIESCO, *solus.*

I pity thee, Calcagno. Didst thou think I should upon so delicate a point have been thus careless, had I not relied on my wife's virtue, and my own superior merits? I approve this new relationship. Thou art a good soldier. This shall unite thy arm with mine, to the destruction of Doria. [*Walking up and down.*] Now, Doria, let us come to the contest! all the machines are ready for the grand attempt—the instruments are tuned for the tremendous concert; nought is wanting but to throw off the mask, and show Fiesco to the patriots of Genoa. [*Some persons are heard approaching.*] Ha! visitors! Who can be coming to disturb me?

SCENE XVII.—FIESCO, VERRINA, ROMANO *with a picture*, SACCO, BOURGOGNINO, CALCAGNO.

FIES. [*receiving them with great affability.*] Welcome, my worthy friends! What important business brings you all hither? Are you too come, my dear brother, Verrina? I should almost have forgotten you, had you not more frequently been present to my thoughts than to my sight. I think I have not seen you since my last entertainment.

VER. Do not count the hours, Fiesco! heavy burthens have in that interval weighed down my aged head. But enough of this—

FIES. Not enough to satisfy the anxiety of friendship. You must inform me further when we are alone. [*Addressing BOURGOGNINO*] Welcome, brave youth! Our acquaintance is yet green; but my affection for thee is already ripe. Has your esteem for me improved?

BOUR. 'Tis on the increase.

FIES. Verrina, it is reported that this brave young man is to be your son-in-law. Receive my warmest approbation of your choice. I have conversed with him but once; and yet I should be proud to call him my relation.

VER. That opinion might, on my daughter's account, make me vain.

FIES. [*to the others.*] Sacco, Calcagno, all unfrequent visitors—I should fear your absence were a proof that I had been deficient in politeness. And here I greet a fifth guest, unknown to me indeed, but sufficiently recommended by this worthy circle.

ROM. He, my lord, is but a painter, named Romano, who lives on what he steals from Nature. His pencil is his only coat-of-arms. And he now comes hither to catch some features for a head of Brutus.

FIES. Give me your hand, Romano! I admire the mistress whom you serve. Art is the right hand of Nature. The latter gave us being, but 'twas the former made us men. What are the subjects of your labour?

ROM. Scenes from the heroic ages of antiquity. At Florence is my dying Hercules; at Venice, my Cleopatra; the Ajax furious, at Rome, where, in the Vatican, the heroes of past times rise again to light.

FIES. And what just now employs your pencil?

ROM. Alas! my lord, I've thrown away my pencil. The animation of my genius seemed not to keep pace with the progress of my life. The crown of popular applause shines but awhile—this is my last production.

FIES. [*in a lively manner.*] It could not come more opportunely. I feel to-day a more than usual cheerfulness—a sentiment of tranquil pleasure pervades my being, and fits it to receive the impression of Nature's beauties. Let us view your picture—I shall feast upon the sight. Come, friends, we will devote ourselves entirely to the artist. Place your picture.

VER. [*apart to the others.*] Now, Genoese, observe!

ROM. [*placing the picture.*] The light must fall upon it thus—draw up that curtain—let fall the other—right—[*standing on one side*]. It is the story of Virginia and Appius Claudius.

[*A long pause—all contemplate the picture.*]

VER. [*with enthusiasm.*] Strike, aged father! Dost thou tremble, tyrant? How pale you stand there, senseless Romans! Follow him, senseless Romans! The sword yet glitters. Follow me, senseless Genoese! Down with Doria! Down with him!

[*Striking at the picture.*]

FIES. [*to the painter, smiling.*] Do you require more applause? Your art transforms this old man into a beardless dreamer.

VER. [*exhausted.*] Where am I! What is become of me! They vanished away like bubbles. Thou here, Fiesco! and the tyrant living!

FIES. My friend, amidst this admiration you have overlooked the parts most truly beautiful. Does this Roman's head thus strike you? Look there! Observe this damsel—what soft expression! What a feminine delicacy! How sweetly touched are those pale lips! How exquisite that dying look! Inimitable! Divine Romano! And that white dazzling breast, that heaves with the last pulse of life. Draw more such beauties, Romano, and I will give up Nature to worship thy creative fancy.

BOUR. Is it thus, Verrina, your hopes are answered?

VER. Take courage, son! The Almighty has rejected the arm of Fiesco. We will be his instruments.

FIES. [*to ROMANO.*] Well 'tis your last work, Romano—your powers are exhausted—throw away the pencil. Yet, whilst I am admiring the artist, I forget to devour the work. I could stand gazing on it, and disregard an earthquake. Take away your picture—the wealth of Genoa would be too little to pay for this Virginia—take it away.

ROM. Honour sufficiently rewards the artist—I present it to you.

[*Offers to go away.*]

FIES. Stay, Romano! [*He walks majestically up and down the room, seeming to reflect on something of importance—sometimes he casts a quick and penetrating glance at the others—at last he takes ROMANO by the hand, and leads him to the picture.*] Come hither, painter—[*with dignified pride.*] So self-contented standest thou there, because thou animatest the dead canvas with unreal life, and, at no hazard, canst immortalize heroic actions? Thy boast is nothing but the glow of fiction, the idle play of fancy: it wants a heart, a spring of daring action. Thou overthrowest tyrants on thy tablet, and art thyself a miserable slave. Thou freest nations with thy pencil, but thine own chains thou canst not break asunder. [*In a loud and commanding tone.*] Go! Thy work is trifling. Let appearance give way to action! [*with haughtiness overturning the picture.*] I have done, what thou—hast only painted.

[*All struck with astonishment—ROMANO carries away the picture, in confusion.*]

SCENE XVIII.—*The former, except ROMANO.*

FIES. [*after a pause.*] Did you suppose the lion slept, because he ceased to roar? Did your vain thoughts persuade you, that none but you could feel the chains of Genoa?—that none but you durst break them? Before

you knew their weight, Fiesco had already broken them. [*He opens a scrutoire, takes out a parcel of letters, and throws them on the table.*] These bring soldiers from Parma—these, French money—these, four galleys from the Pope: what now is wanting to hurl the tyrant from his throne? Tell me, what think you wanting? [*All stand silent with astonishment—FIESCO steps forward, with a look of conscious dignity.*] Republicans, you waste your time in curses, when you should overturn the tyrant.

[*All but VERRINA throw themselves at FIESCO's feet.*]

VER. Fiesco—my spirit bends to thine—but my knee cannot. Thy soul is great—but—Rise, Genoese! [*They rise.*]

FIES. All Genoa was indignant at the effeminate Fiesco: all Genoa cursed the profligate Fiesco. Genoese, Genoese, my amours have blinded the cunning despot. My wild excesses served to guard my plans from the danger of an imprudent confidence. Concealed beneath the cloak of luxury, the infant plot grew up. Enough—I'm known sufficiently to Genoa, in being known to you. I have attained my utmost wish.

BOUR. [*throwing himself indignantly into a chair.*] Am I, then, nothing?

FIES. But let us turn from thought to action. All the engines are prepared—I can storm the city by sea and land—Rome, France, and Parma cover me—the nobles are disaffected—the hearts of the populace are mine—I have lulled to sleep the tyrants—the state is ripe for revolution. We are no longer in the hands of Fortune. Nothing is wanting.—But Verrina is lost in thought—

BOUR. Patience!—I have a word to say which will more quickly rouse him than the trumpet of the last day—[*going to VERRINA, calls out to him emphatically.*] Father! awake! Thy Bertha will despair.

VER. Who spoke those words!—Genoese, to arms!

FIES. Think on the means of forwarding our plan. Night has advanced upon our discourse: Genoa is wrapt in sleep: the tyrant, wearied by the sins of the day, sinks down to rest. Watch for the tyrant! For your country!

BOUR. Let us, before we part, consecrate our heroic union by an embrace! [*They form a circle, with joined arms.*] Here unite five of the bravest hearts in Genoa, to decide their country's fate. [*All embrace eagerly.*] When the universe shall fall asunder, and the eternal sentence shall cut in twain the bonds of consanguinity and love—then may this fivefold band of heroes remain entire! [*They separate.*]

VER. When shall we next assemble?

FIES. At noon, to-morrow, I'll hear your sentiments.

VER. Well—at noon to-morrow. Good night, Fiesco! Come, Bourgoignino, you will hear something wonderful.

[*Exeunt VERRINA and BOURGOIGNINO.*]

FIES. [*to the others.*] Depart by the back gates, that Doria's spies may not suspect us. [*Exeunt SACCO and CALCAGNO.*]

SCENE XIX.—FIESCO, *solus.*

[*Walking up and down, in meditation.*] What a tumult is in my breast! What a concourse of dark, uncertain images! Like guilty wretches stealing out in secret to do some horrid deed, with trembling steps, and blushing faces bent towards the ground, these flattering phantoms glide athwart my soul. Stay—stay—let me examine you more closely—A virtuous thought strengthens the heart of man, and boldly meets the day—Ha! I know you, robed in the livery of Satan—Avaunt!—[*a pause—he continues with energy*]

Fiesco the patriot?—the Duke Fiesco?—Peace! On this steep precipice the boundaries of virtue terminate: heaven and hell are separated. Here have heroes stumbled, here have they fallen, and left behind a name loaded with curses; here, too, have heroes paused, here checked their course, and risen to immortality. [*More vehemently.*] To know the hearts of Genoa mine! To govern with a master's hand this formidable state!—O artifice of sin, that marks each devil with an angel's face! Fatal ambition! Everlasting tempter! Won by thy charms, angels abandoned heaven, and Death sprung from thy embraces. [*Shuddering.*] Thy syren voice draws angels from their celestial mansions; man thou ensnarest with beauty, riches, power. [*After a pause—in a firm tone.*] To gain a diadem is great—to reject it is divine. [*Resolutely.*] Perish the tyrant! Let Genoa be free—and I [*much affected*] will be its happiest citizen.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Midnight. A dreary Wilderness.*

VERRINA and BOURGOGNINO entering.

BOUR. [*stands still.*]—But whither are you leading me, father. The heavy grief that hung upon your mind when first you bade me follow you, still seems to labour in your panting breast. Break this dreadful silence! Speak! I will go no farther.

VER. This is the place.

BOUR. You could not choose a spot more awful. Father, if the deed you purpose be like the place—father, my hair will stand upright with horror.

VER. Yet it is bright and cheerful to the gloom that enwraps my soul. Follow me to yon churchyard, where Corruption preys on the mouldering carcasses, and Death holds his abhorred feast—where shrieks of tormented souls delight the listening devils, and sorrow sheds her fruitless tears into the never-filling urn. There, my son, where the condition of this world is changed, and God's indulgence ceases—there will I speak to thee in agony, and thou shalt hear me with despair.

BOUR. Hear! what! I conjure you, father.

VER. Youth!—I fear—Youth, thy blood is warm and rosy, thy flesh is soft and tender—such natures are alive to human kindness—this warmth of feeling melts my obdurate wisdom. If the frost of age, or sorrow's leaden pressure had checked the sprightly vigour of thy spirits—if black congealed blood had closed the avenues of thy heart against the approaches of humanity—then would thy mind be suited to the language of my grief, and thou wouldst look with admiration on my project.

BOUR. I will hear it, and embrace it as my own.

VER. Not so, my son—Verrina will not wound thy heart with it. O Scipio, heavy burdens lie on this breast—A thought more dark and horrible than night, too vast to be contained within the breast of man! Mark me—my hand alone shall execute the deed; but my mind alone cannot support the weighty secret. If I were proud, Scipio, I might say, greatness unshared is torture. It was a burden to the Deity himself, and he created angels to partake his counsels. Hear, Scipio!

BOUR. My soul devours thy words.

VER. Hear! But answer nothing—nothing, young man!—observe me—not a word—Fiesco must die—

BOUR. [*struck with astonishment.*] Die! Fiesco!

VER. Die. I thank thee, God, the word is spoken—Fiesco must die. My son—die by my hand. Now go! There are deeds too high for human

judgment. They appeal alone to Heaven's tribunal. Such an one is this. Go! I neither want thy blame nor approbation. I know my inward struggles, that is sufficient. But hear! These thoughts might weary out thy mind even to madness. Hear! Didst thou observe yesterday with what pride he viewed his greatness reflected from our wondering countenances? The man whose smiles deceived all Italy, will he endure in Genoa his equals? Go! 'Tis certain that Fiesco will overthrow the tyrant. 'Tis as certain he will become a tyrant still more dangerous.

[Exit hastily. BOURGOGNINO looks after him with surprise, and speechless, then follows slowly.]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in FIESCO'S House. In the middle of the back scene a glass door, through which is seen a View of the Sea and Genoa. Daybreak.*

FIES. *[at the window.]* The moon is down—the morning rises fiery from the sea—wild fancies have dispelled my sleep, and drawn together all my faculties round one idea. Let me breathe the pure fresh-blown air—*[he opens the glass door: the town and sea appear red with the tint of morning.]* FIESCO *walking up and down the room: with energy.*—I, the greatest man in Genoa! And should not little souls bend down before the great? But is not this to trample upon virtue? *[stands still]*—Virtue? The elevated being feels not the vulgar impulse—shall he share the vulgar virtues? Can the armour, which encases the pigmy's feeble body, be suited to the giant? *[The sun rises over Genoa.]* This majestic city mine!—*[spreading out his arms as if to embrace it]*—to flame above it like the god of day! To spread over it the strong protection of a kingly arm! To plunge my ardent wishes into this unfathomable ocean!—Surely, whate'er the guilt of the attempt, 'twill be ennobled by a prize so splendid! The petty thief meets only with contempt. The plunderer of thousands is thought audacious. But he who seizes on a crown, gains deathless honour. As guilt extends its sphere, the infamy decreases. *[A pause, then with energy.]* To obey, or to command! I stand upon the giddy precipice of a chasm, which can be filled by nothing human. In vain the conqueror would bring his trophies—the artist his sublime productions—the epicure his pleasures. To obey, or to command! To exist, or be annihilated!—The space between them is as wide as from the lowest creath to the Almighty. *[In an elevated tone.]* From that awful height to look securely down upon the busy scene, which fortune with capricious sway directs! To quass the deepest draughts from the rich cup of pleasure! To hold the law itself in chains, a frowning captive, and see it struggle with fruitless efforts against the power of majesty! To curb the stubborn passions of the people, and guide them like foaming steeds, indignantly submitting to the bit! With a breath to quell the rising pride of vassals, whilst the prince can, with the motion of his sceptre, call to life even the dreams of his disordered fancy! Ah! What thoughts are these! which urge the astonished mind beyond the boundaries of nature. Prince—on one moment hang thy fairest hopes! 'Tis the exalted station that gives to life its value. The murmurs, which compose the thunder's sound, might singly lull to sleep an infant; their united clash can rend the eternal vault of heaven.—I am determined!

[Walking up and down majestically.]

SCENE III.—FIESCO—LEONORA, *entering with a look of anxiety.*

LEON. Pardon me, Count. I fear, I interrupt your morning rest.

FIES. *[steps back with astonishment.]* Indeed, Madam, you surprise me very unexpectedly.

LEON. That cannot happen among those that love.

FIES. Charming Countess, you expose your beauty to the rude breath of morning.

LEON. I know not why I should preserve its small remains for grief to feed on.

FIES. Grief, my love! I thought that to be free from cares of state was happiness.

LEON. It may be so—but my weak female heart, even amidst this happiness is breaking. I come, Sir, to trouble you with a trifling request, if you can spare a moment's time to hear me. These seven months passed I have indulged the idle dream of being Countess of Lavagna. It now has passed away, and left a painful weight upon my mind. Amid the pleasures of my innocent childhood, I must seek relief to my disordered spirits. Permit me, therefore, to return into the arms of my good mother—

FIES. [*much struck.*] Countess!

LEON. My heart is a poor trembling thing, which you should pity. Even the least remembrance of my visionary joy might wound my sickly fancy. I therefore restore the last memorials of your kindness to their just owner. [*She lays some trinkets on the table.*] This too, that like a dagger struck my heart [*presenting a letter*] This too!—[*going to rush out of the door in tears*]. And I will retain nothing, but the wound.

FIES. [*agitated, hastens after her, and detains her.*] For God's sake, stay!

LEON. [*falls into his arms, exhausted.*] To be your wife was more than I deserved. But she who was your wife deserved at least respect. How will the wives and maidens of Genoa look down upon me! "See," they will say, "how fades the haughty female whose vanity aspired to Fiesco!"—Cruel punishment of my pride! I triumphed over my whole sex, when my Fiesco led me to the altar—

FIES. Madam!

LEON. 'Tis well—he changes colour—I revive.

FIES. Wait only two days, Countess—then judge my conduct—

LEON. To be sacrificed. Let me not speak it in thy chaste presence, O thou Virgin Day! To be sacrificed to a shameless wanton! Look on me, my husband!—Ah, surely those eyes that make all Genoa tremble, must hide themselves before a weeping woman—

FIES. [*extremely confused.*] No more, Signora!—No more—

LEON. [*with a melancholy look of reproach.*] To rend the heart of a poor helpless female! Oh, it is worthy of that manly sex. Into these arms I threw myself, and on their strength reposed my feminine weakness. To him, I trusted the heaven of my hopes. The generous man bestowed it on—

FIES. [*interrupting her, with vehemence.*] No—my Leonora!

LEON. My Leonora!—Heaven, I thank thee!—These were the sounds of love yet unalloyed. I ought to hate thee, faithless man! And yet I fondly grasp the shadow of thy tenderness.—Hate! said I?—hate Fiesco? Oh, believe it not! Thy perfidy may bid me die, but cannot bid me hate thee—I did not know my heart—

[THE MOOR is heard approaching.]

FIES. Leonora!—Grant me one trifling favour—

LEON. Everything, Fiesco—but indifference—

FIES. Well, well. [*significantly*] Till Genoa be two days older, do not ask—do not condemn me. [*Leads her politely to another apartment.*]

SCENE IV.—FIESCO—THE MOOR, *entering hastily.*

FIES. Whence come you, thus out of breath?

MOOR. Quick, my lord!

FIES. Has anything run into the net?

MOOR. Read this letter. Am I really here? Methinks Genoa is become shorter by twelve streets, or else my legs are so much longer. You change colour. Yes, yes—they play at cards for lives, and yours is the chief stake.

How do you like it?

FIES. *[throws the letter on the table with horror.]* Thou woolly-pated rascal! How camest thou by that letter?

MOOR. Much in the same way that your Grace will gain the state. An express was sent with it toward Levanto. I smelt out the business: way-laid the fellow in a narrow pass: despatched the fox, and brought the poultry hither.

FIES. His blood be on thee!—As for the letter, 'tis not to be paid with gold.

MOOR. Yet I will be content with silver for it. *[Seriously, and with a look of importance.]*—Count of Lavagna! 'Twas but the other day I sought your life. To day *[pointing to the letter]* I have preserved it. Now I think his lordship and the scoundrel are even. My further service is an act of friendship—*[presents another paper]*—Number two!

FIES. *[receives it with astonishment.]*—Art thou mad?

MOOR. Number two—*[with an air of consequence]*—The lion has not acted foolishly in pardoning the mouse. Ah! 'Twas a deed of policy. Who else could e'er have gnawed the net with which he was surrounded?

FIES. Fellow, how many devils hast thou in pay?

MOOR. But one, Sir, at your service, and he is in your Grace's keeping. FIES. What!—Doria's signature! Whence dost thou bring this paper?

MOOR. Fresh from the hands of my Diana. I went to her last night, tempted her with your charming words, and still more charming sequins. The last prevailed—she bade me call early in the morning. The Count had been there as you foretold, and paid for his forbidden joys with this deposit.

FIES. Oh, these vile women's slaves! They would govern kingdoms, and cannot keep a secret from a harlot. By these papers I learn that Doria and his party have formed a plot to murder me, with eleven senators, and to place Gianettino on the throne.

MOOR. Even so. And that upon the morning of the ducal election—the third of this month. FIES. *[vehemently.]* The night of our enterpriso shall smother that morning in its very birth. Speed thee, Hassan! My affairs are ripe. Collect thy fellows. We will prevent our adversaries in this bloody business. Be active, Hassan!

MOOR. I have a budget full of news beside. Two thousand soldiers are smuggled luckily into the city. I've lodged them with the Capuchins, where not even a prying sunbeam can espy them. They burn with eagerness to see their leader. They are fine fellows!

FIES. Each head of them shall yield to thee a ducat. Is there no talk about my galleys?

MOOR. Oh, I've a pleasant story of them, my lord—above four hundred adventurers whom the peace 'twixt France and Spain has left without employ, besought my people to recommend them to your Grace, to fight against the infidels. I have appointed them to meet this evening in the palace-court.

FIES. *[pleased.]* I could almost embrace thee, rascal. A masterly stroke! Four hundred, saidst thou? Genoa is in my power—four hundred crowns are thine.

MOOR [*with an air of confidence.*] Ah, Fiesco! We two will pull the state in pieces, and sweep away the laws as with a besom. You know not how many hearty fellows I have among the garrison—lads that I can reckon on as surely as on a trip to hell. Now I've so laid my plans, that at each gate we have among the guard at least six of our creatures, who will be enough to overcome the others by persuasion, or by wine. If you wish to risk a blow to-night you'll find the sentinels all drenched with liquor.

FIES. Peace, fellow! Hitherto I have moved the vast machine myself. Shall I now beg assistance from so vile a slave as thee? Give me thy hand—whate'er the Count remains indebted to thee, the Duke shall pay.

MOOR. And here, too, is a note from the Countess Imperiali. She beckoned to me from her window, when I went up, received me graciously—asked me ironically if the Countess of Lavagna had not been lately troubled with the spleen. Does your Grace, said I, inquire but for one person?

FIES. [*having read the note, throws it aside.*] Well—what answer made she?

MOOR. She answered that she still lamented the fate of the poor widow—that she was willing to give her satisfaction, and meant to forbid your Grace's attentions.

FIES. [*with a sneer.*] Which, of themselves, may possibly be ended before the day of judgment. Is that all thy business, Hassan?

MOOR [*ironically.*] My lord, the affairs of the ladies are next to those of state.

FIES. Without a doubt, and these especially. But for what purpose are these papers?

MOOR. To remove one plague by another—these powders the Signora gave me, to mix one every day with your wife's chocolate.

FIES. [*starting.*] Gave thee!

MOOR. Donna Julia, Countess Imperiali—

FIES. [*snatching them from him eagerly.*] If thou liest, rascal, I'll hang thee up alive in irons at the weathercock of the Lorenzo tower, where the wind shall whirl thee nine times round with every blast—The powders?

MOOR [*impatiently*] I am to give your wife, mixed with her chocolate—so Donna Julia Imperiali ordered me.

FIES. [*enraged.*] Monster! monster!—this lovely creature!—is there room for so much hell within a female bosom?—And I forgot to thank thee, heavenly Providence, that hast frustrated it through such a devil. Wondrous are thy ways! [*To the MOOR.*] Swear to me to obey, and keep this secret.

MOOR. Very well. That I can easily do—she paid me ready money.

FIES. This note invites me to her. I'll be with you, Madam, and bring you hither. Well, now haste thee, and call together the conspirators.

MOOR. This order I anticipated, and therefore at my own risk appointed every one to come at ten o'clock precisely.

FIES. I hear the sound of footsteps—they are here. Fellow, thy villany deserves a gallows of its own, on which no son of Adam was ever yet suspended. Wait in the anti-chamber, till I call for thee.

MOOR. The Moor has done his work—the Moor may go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—FIESCO, VERRINA, BOURGOGNINO, CALCAGNO, SACCO.

FIES. [*meeting them.*] The tempest is approaching; the clouds rush together. Advance with caution. Let all the doors be locked.

VER. Eight chambers have I made fast behind me. Suspicion cannot come within a hundred steps of us.

BOUR. Here is no traitor, unless our fear become one.
FIES. Fear cannot pass my threshold. Welcome he, whose mind remains the same as yesterday. Be seated.

BOUR. [*walking up and down.*] I do not like to sit in cold deliberation, when action calls upon me.

FIES. Genoese, this hour is eventful.

VER. Thou hast challenged us to propose a plan for the dethroning of the tyrant. Demand of us—we are here to answer thee.

FIES. First, then, a question, which as it comes so late you may think strange—who is to fall? [*a pause.*]

BOUR. [*leaning over FIESCO's chair with an expressive look.*] The tyrants.

FIES. Well spoken. The tyrants. I entreat you weigh well the importance of the word—he who but pretends to trample on the liberties of Genoa—who has it in his power—who else should be the tyrant?

VER. The first I hate—I fear the latter. Let Andreas Dona fall.

CAL. [*with emotion.*] Andreas! The old Andreas!—who perhaps to-morrow may pay the debt of nature.

SACCO. Andreas!—That mild old man!

FIES. Formidable is that old man's mildness, O my friend—the brutality of Gianettino only deserves contempt. “Let Andreas fall.” There spoke thy wisdom, Verrina.

BOUR. The chain of iron, and the cord of silk, alike are bonds. Let Andreas perish.

FIES. [*going to the table.*] The sentence then is passed upon the uncle and the nephew. Sign it—[*they all sign.*] The question who, is settled. [*They seat themselves again.*] How, must be next determined. Speak first, Calcagno.

CAL. We must execute it, either as soldiers or assassins. The first is dangerous, because we must have many confidants. 'Tis also doubtful, because the people's hearts are not all for us. To act the second we have five good daggers. Two days hence, high mass will be performed in the Lorenzo church—both the Dorias will be present. In the house of God, even a tyrant's cares are lulled to sleep.—I have done.

FIES. [*turning away.*] Calcagno, your plan is politic, but 'tis detestable. Raphael Sacco, yours?

SACCO. Calcagno's reasons please me, but the means he chooses, my mind revolts at. It were better, Fiesco, that you should invite the uncle and the nephew to a feast, where encircled by republicans they might receive their death either upon the dagger's point, or from a draught of Cyprian wine. This method is at least convenient.

FIES. [*with horror.*] Ah, Sacco! What if the wine their dying tongues shall taste become for us torments of burning pitch in hell?—Away with this advice! Speak thou, Verrina.

VER. An open heart scorns a dissembling countenance. Assassination degrades us to banditti. The hero advances sword in hand. I propose to give aloud the signal of revolt, and boldly rouse the patriots of Genoa to vengeance.

BOUR. [*embracing him.*] And with armed hand wrest Fortune's favours from her. This is the voice of honour, and my own.

FIES. And mine. Shame on you, Genoese! [*To SACCO and CALCAGNO*] Fortune has already done too much for us, let something be our own.

[*VERRINA and BOURGOGNINO astonished, the others terrified.*]
CAL. What! To-night! The tyrants are yet too powerful, our force too small.

SACCO. To-night ! And nought prepared. The day declines.

FIES. Your doubts are reasonable, but read these papers [*he gives them GIANETTINO'S papers, and walks up and down with a look of satisfaction whilst they read them eagerly*]. Now, farewell thou proud and haughty star of Genoa, that didst seem to fill the whole horizon with thy brightness. Knewest thou not that the majestic sun himself must quit the heavens, and yield his sceptre to the radiant moon. Farewell, thou star, Doria !

BOUR. [*after reading the papers.*] This is horrible.

CAL. Twelve victims at a blow !

VER. To-morrow in the Senate-house !

BOUR. Give me these papers, and I will ride with them through Genoa, holding them up to view. The very stones will rise in mutiny, and even the dogs will howl against the tyrant.

ALL. Revenge ! revenge ! revenge !—This very night !

FIES. Now you have reached the point. At sunset I will invite hither the principal malcontents. All those that stand upon the bloody list of Gianettino. Besides, the Sauli, the Gentili, Vivaldi, Vesodimari, all mortal enemies of the house of Doria ; but whom the tyrant forgot to fear. They, doubtless, will embrace my plan with eagerness.

BOUR. I doubt it not.

FIES. Above all things, we must render ourselves masters of the sea. Galleys and seamen I have ready. The twenty vessels of the Dorias are dismantled, and may be easily surprised. The entrance of the inner harbour must be blocked up, all hope of flight cut off. If we secure this point, all Genoa is in our power.

VER. Doubtless.

FIES. Then we must seize the strongest posts in the city, especially the gate of St. Thomas, which, leading to the harbour, connects our land and naval forces. Both the Dorias must be surprised within their palaces, and killed. The bells must toll—the citizens be called upon to side with us, and vindicate the liberties of Genoa. If Fortune favour us, you shall hear the rest in the senate.

VER. The plan is good. Now for the distribution of our parts.

FIES. [*significantly.*] Genoese, you choose me, of your own accord, as chief of the conspiracy. Will you obey my further orders ?

VER. As certainly as they shall be the best.

FIES. Verrina, dost thou know the principle of all warlike enterprise ? Instruct him, Genoese. It is subordination. If your will be not subjected to my own—observe me well—if I be not the head of the association, I am no more a member.

VER. A life of freedom is well worth some hours of slavery. We obey.

FIES. Then leave me now. Let one of you reconnoitre the city, and inform me of the strength or weakness of the several posts. Let another find out the watchword. A third must see the galleys are prepared. A fourth conduct the two thousand soldiers into my palace-court. I myself will make all preparations here for the evening, and pass the interval perhaps in play. At nine precisely let all be at my palace to hear my final orders [*rings the bell*].

VER. I take the harbour.

BOUR. I the soldiers.

CAL. I'll learn the watchword.

SACCO. I'll reconnoitre Genoa.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—FIESCO, MOOR.

FIES. [*seated at desk, and writing.*] Did they not struggle against the

word subordination, as the insect against the needle which transfixes it?
But 'tis too late, republicans.

MOOR *[entering.]* My lord—

FIES. *[rising, gives him a paper.]* Invite all those whose names are written here, to see a play this evening at my palace.

MOOR. Perhaps to act a part—and pay the admittance with their throats.

FIES. *[in a haughty and contemptuous manner.]* When that is over, I'll no longer detain thee here in Genoa. *[Going, throws him a purse.]* This is thy last employment. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.—MOOR, *solus.*

[Taking up the purse slowly, and looking after FIESCO with surprise.] Are we then on these terms?—"I will detain thee in Genoa no longer."—that is to say, translated from the Christian language into my heathen tongue, "When I am Duke I shall hang up my friend the Moor upon a Genoese gallows."—Hum!—He fears, because I know his tricks, my talk may bring his honour into danger when he is Duke.—When he is Duke? Hold, master Count! That event remains to be considered. Ah! old Doria, thy life is in my hands—thou art lost unless I warn thee of thy danger. Now if I go and discover the plot, I save the Duke of Genoa no less than his existence and his dukedom, and gain at least this hat full of gold for my reward—*[going, stops suddenly]*—but stay, friend Hasan, thou art going on a foolish errand. Suppose this scene of riot is prevented, and nothing but good is the result—Psha! what a cursed trick my avance would then have played me! Come, Devil, help me to make out what promises the greatest mischief—to cheat Fiesco, or to give up Doria to the dagger. If Fiesco succeeds, then Genoa may prosper—Away!—that must not be. If this Doria escape, then all remains as 'twas before, and Genoa is quiet—that's still worse. Ay, but to see these rebels' heads upon the block!—Hum!—On the other hand, 'twould be amusing to behold the illustrious Dorias in this evening's massacre the victims of a rascally Moor. No—this doubtful question a Christian might perhaps resolve, but 'tis too deep a riddle for my Moorish head. I'll go, *[Exit.]*

SCENE VIII.—*An Apartment in the House of the Countess IMPERIALI.*

JULIA, *in a dishabille*—GIANETTINO *enters, agitated.*

GIAN. Good evening, sister.

JUL. *[rising.]* It must be something extraordinary which brings the Prince of Genoa to his sister.

GIAN. Sister, you are continually surrounded by butterflies, and I by wasps. How is it possible that we should meet. Let us sit down.

JUL. You almost excite my curiosity.

GIAN. Sister, when did Fiesco visit you last?

JUL. A strange question!—as if I burthened my memory with such trifles.

GIAN. However, you must tell me.

JUL. Well—he was here yesterday.

GIAN. And behaved without reserve?

JUL. As usual.

GIAN. As much a coxcomb as ever?

JUL. *[offended.]* Brother!

GIAN. *[more vehemently.]* I say—as much a coxcomb—

JUL. *[rises, with indignation.]*—Sir!—what do you take me for?

GIAN. [*keeps his seat—sarcastically.*]—For a mere woman, wrapt up in her nobility. This in confidence. No one is by to hear us.

JUL. [*enraged.*] "In confidence!"—Impertinent! You presume upon the credit of your uncle. "No one by to hear us!"

GIAN. Don't be angry, my dear. I'm pleased to hear that Fiesco is still a coxcomb. That's what I wished to know. Your servant. [*Going.*]

SCENE IX.—*The former—LOMELLINO, entering.*

LOM. [*to JULIA, respectfully.*] Pardon my boldness, gracious lady. [*To GIANETTINO.*] Certain affairs which cannot be delayed.

[*GIANETTINO takes him aside. JULIA sits down angrily at the pianoforte, and plays an allegro.*]

GIAN. [*to LOMELLINO*] Is everything prepared for to-morrow?

LOM. Everything, prince—but the courier who was despatched this morning to Levanto, is not yet returned, nor is Spinola arrived. Should he be intercepted—I'm much alarmed—

GIAN. Fear nothing. You have that list at hand?

LOM. [*embarrassed.*] My lord—the list?—I do not know—I think 'tis left at home.

GIAN. Well—would that Spinola were but here. Fiesco will be found dead in his bed. I have taken measures for it.

LOM. But it will cause a great confusion.

GIAN. In that lies our security. Common crimes but move the blood, and stir it to revenge: atrocious deeds freeze it with terror, and annihilate the faculties of man. You know the fabled power of Medusa's head—they who but looked on it were turned to stone. To animate this stone requires no common effort.

LOM. Have you informed the Countess of it?

GIAN. Peace! We must treat more tenderly her attachment to Fiesco. When the fruit is gone, the flavour will be soon forgotten. Come—I expect this evening troops from Milan, and must give orders at the gates for their reception. [*To JULIA.*] Well, sister, has the music charmed away your anger?

JUL. Go! You're a rude, unmannered creature.

[*GIANETTINO going, meets FIESCO.*]

SCENE X.—*FIESCO enters.*

GIAN. [*stepping back.*] Ha!

FIES. [*with politeness.*] Prince, you spare me a visit which I just now proposed to pay.

GIAN. And I too, Count, am pleased to meet you here.

FIES. [*approaching JULIA respectfully.*] Your charms, Signora, always surpass expectation.

JUL. Pshaw! that's a doubtful compliment—But—I'm in dishabille—Excuse me, Count. [*Going.*]

FIES. Stay, beauteous lady. An undress best becomes the female form. Permit me to unloose these tresses.

JUL. You men are always apt to cause confusion.

FIES. [*with a smile to GIANETTINO.*] In dress, as in the state, is it not so? [*To JULIA*] This ribbon too is awkwardly put on. Your Laura's skill may strike the eye, but cannot reach the heart. Let me arrange it.

[*She sits down, he regulates her dress.*]

GIAN. [*aside to LOMELLINO.*] Poor fellow!

FIES. [*engaged about her dress.*] Surely, Countess, this will be a pattern

to all the ladies in Genoa [*leading her to a glass*]. May I have the honour, Signora, of attending you abroad?

JUL. Dissembling flatterer! But I've a headache, and will stay at home.

FIES. Pardon me, Countess. You may be so cruel, but certainly you will not. To-day a company of Florentine comedians arrived at my palace. Most of the Genoese ladies will be present this evening at their performance, and I should be uncertain whom to place in the chief box, without offending others. There is but one expedient—[*making a low bow*—if you would condescend, Signora—

JUL. [*confused, retiring to a side apartment.*] Laura!

GIAN. [*approaching FIESCO.*] Count, you remember an unpleasant circumstance—

FIES. [*interrupting him.*] Prince, I hope we've both forgot it. The actions of us men are regulated by our knowledge of each other. It is my fault that you knew me so imperfectly.

GIAN. At least, I shall never think of it without begging your pardon from my inmost soul.

FIES. Nor I without forgiving you from my inmost soul.

GIAN. Count, I just now recollect that you are going to cruize against the Turks. [JULIA returns, her dress a little altered.]

FIES. This evening we weigh anchor. On that account I had some apprehensions from which my friend Doria's kindness may deliver me.

GIAN. [*obsequiously.*] Most willingly. Command my utmost influence.

FIES. The circumstance might cause a concourse toward the harbour, and about my palace, which the Duke your uncle might misinterpret.

GIAN. [*in a friendly manner.*] I'll manage that for you. Continue your preparations, and may success attend your enterprise!

FIES. [*with a smile.*] I'm much obliged to you.

SCENE XI.—*The former—A GERMAN of the Bodyguard.*

GIAN. What's the matter?

GER. Passing by the gate of St. Thomas, I observed a number of armed soldiers hastening towards the harbour. The galleys of the Count Fiesco were preparing to put to sea.

GIAN. Is that all? Trouble yourself no more about it.

GER. Very well. From the convent of the Capuchins came also some suspicious people. They stole cautiously across the market-place. From their appearance I should suppose them soldiers.

GIAN. [*angrily.*] How officious is this blockhead! [*To LOMELLINO, aside.*] These are undoubtedly my Milanese.

GER. Does your Grace command that they shall be arrested?

GIAN. [*aloud to LOMELLINO.*] Look to them, Lomellino. [*Vehemently to the GERMAN.*] Begone!—'Tis all well. [*Aside to LOMELLINO.*] Bid that German beast be silent.

FIES. [*in another part of the room with JULIA—looks toward GIANETINO.*] Our friend Doria seems displeased. May I know the reason?

GIAN. It's no wonder—so troubled as I am with these eternal messages.

FIES. The play awaits us too, Signora. May I offer you my hand?

JUL. Stay, let me take my cloak. I hope 'tis not a tragical performance. They always haunt me in my dreams.

FIES. [*sarcastically.*] Oh!—'twill excite immoderate laughter.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Night. The Court of FIESCO'S Palace. The-lamps lighted. Persons carrying in arms. A wing of the Palace illuminated. A heap of arms on one side of the stage.*

BOURGOGNINO, *leading a Band of Soldiers.*
 BOUR. Halt ! Let four sentinels be stationed at the great gate. Two at every door of the palace. [*The SENTINELS take their posts.*] Let every one that chooses enter, but none depart. If any one attempt to force his way, run him through !
 [*Goes with the rest into the palace. The SENTINELS walk up and down. A pause.*]

SCENE II.—ZENTURIONE, *entering.*

SEN. AT THE GATE. [*calls out.*] Who goes there ?
 ZENT. A friend of Lavagna.
 [*Goes across the court to the door of the palace on the right.*]

SEN. THERE. Back !
 [*ZENTURIONE starts, and goes to the door on the left.*]

SEN. ON THE LEFT. Back !

ZENT. [*stands still with surprise. A pause. Then to the SENTINEL on the left.*] My friend, which is the way to the theatre ?
 SEN. I don't know

ZENT. [*walks up and down with increasing surprise—then to the SENTINEL on the right.*] My friend, when does the play begin ?
 SEN. I don't know.

ZENT. [*astonished, walks up and down: perceives the weapons, alarmed.*] Friend, what mean these ?
 SEN. I don't know.

ZENT. [*wraps himself up in his cloak, frightened.*] Strange !
 SEN. AT THE GATE. [*calling out.*] Who goes there ?

SCENE III.—*The former—ZIBO.*

ZIBO. [*entering*] A friend of Lavagna.

ZENT. Zibo, where are we ?

ZIBO. What mean you ?

ZENT. Look round you, Zibo !

ZIBO. Where ?—What ?

ZENT. All the doors are guarded !

ZIBO. Here are arms—

ZENT. No one that will answer—

ZIBO. 'Tis strange !

ZENT. What is it o'clock ?

ZIBO. Past eight.

ZENT. How cold it is !

ZIBO. Eight was the hour appointed.

ZENT. [*shaking his head.*] Things don't go right here.

ZIBO. Fiesco means to jest with us—

ZENT. To-morrow will be the ducal election. Zibo, things don't go right here.

ZIBO. Hush ! hush !

ZENT. The right wing of the palace is full of lights.

ZIBO. Do you hear nothing ?

ZENT. A confused murmuring within—and—

ZIBO. The sound of clattering arms—

ZENT. Horrible ! Horrible !

ZIBO. A carriage—it stops at the gate.

SENS. AT THE GATE. [*calling out.*] Who goes there ?

SCENE IV.—*The former—Four of the ASSERATO family.*

ASSER. [*entering.*] A friend of Fiesco.

ZIBO. They are the four Asserati.

ZENT. Good evening, friends !

ASSER. We are going to the play.

ZIBO. A good journey to you !

ASSER. Don't you go with us ?

ZENT. Walk on. We'll only take the air awhile here.

ASSER. 'Twill soon begin. Come !

[*Going.*]

SEN. Back !

ASSER. What does this tend to ?

ZENT. [*laughing.*] To keep you from the palace.

ASSER. Here's some mistake—

ZIBO. That's plain enough. [*Music is heard in the right wing.*]

ASSER. Do you hear the symphony ? The comedy is going to begin.

ZENT. I think it has begun, and we are here to act the fools.

ZIBO. I'm not too warm here—I'll go home.

ASSER. Arms here ?

ZIBO. Poh !—Mere playhouse articles.

ZENT. Shall we stand here waiting, like ghosts upon the banks of Acheron ? Come, let us to a tavern. [*All six go toward the gate.*]

SEN. [*calling out loudly.*] Back !—Back !

ZENT. 'Sdeath ! We are caught.

ZIBO. My sword shall open a passage—

ASSER. Put it up—The Count's a man of honour.

ZIBO. We are betrayed. The comedy was a bait to catch us, and we're entrapped.

ASSER. Heaven forbid ! I tremble for the event.

SCENE V.—*The former—VERRINA, SACCO, and NOBLES.*

SENS. Who goes there ?

VER. Friends of the house. [*Seven NOBLES enter with him.*]

ZIBO. These are his confidants. Now all will be explained.

SACCO [*in conversation with VERRINA.*] 'Tis as I told you. Lascaro is on guard at the St. Thomas Gate, the best officer of Doria, and blindly devoted to him.

VER. I'm glad of it.

ZIBO [*to VERRINA.*] Verrina, you come opportunely to clear up the mystery.

VER. How so ? What mean you ?

ZENT. We are invited to a comedy.

VER. Then we are going the same way.

ZENT. [*impatiently.*] Yes—the way of all flesh. You see the doors are guarded. Why guard the doors ?

ZIBO. Why these sentinels ?

ZENT. We stand here like criminals beneath the gallows.

VER. The Count will come himself.

ZENT. 'Twere best that he made haste. My patience begins to fail.

[*All the NOBLES walk up and down in the background.*]

BOUR. [*coming out of the palace, to VERRINA.*] How goes it in the harbour ?

VER. They're all got safe on board.

BOUR. The palace is full of soldiers.

VER. 'Tis almost nine.

BOUR. The Count is long in coming.

VER. And yet too quick to gain his wishes. Bourgognino! there is a thought which freezes me.

BOUR. Father, be not too hasty.

VER. It is impossible to be too hasty, where delay is fatal. I must commit my second murder, to justify the first.

BOUR. But—when must Fiesco fall?

VER. When Genoa is free.

SEN. Who goes there?

SCENE VI.—*The former*—FIESCO.

FIES. [*entering.*] A friend. [*The NOBLES bow—the SENTINELS present their arms.*] Welcome, my worthy guests! You must have been displeased at my long absence—Pardon me—[*In a low voice to VERRINA*] Ready?

VER. [*in the same manner.*] As you would wish.

FIES. [*to BOURGOGNINO.*] And you?

BOUR. Quite prepared.

FIES. [*to SACCO.*] And you?

SACCO. All's right.

FIES. And Calcagno?

BOUR. Is not yet arrived.

FIES. [*aloud to the SENTINELS.*] Make fast the gates!

[*He takes off his hat, and steps forward with dignity toward the assembly.*]

My friends—I have invited you hither to a play—not as spectators, but to act in it a most important part. Long enough have we borne the insolence of Gianettino Doria, and the usurpation of Andreas. My friends, would we deliver Genoa, no time is to be lost. For what purpose think you are those twenty galleys which beset our harbour? For what purpose the alliances which the Dorias have of late concluded? For what purpose the foreign force which they have drawn together, even in the heart of Genoa? Murmurs and execrations avail no longer. To save all we must hazard everything. A desperate disease requires a desperate remedy. Is there one base enough in this assembly, to own an equal for his master? [*Murmurs.*] There is not one whose ancestors did not stand round the cradle of infant Genoa. What—by all that's sacred! What have these two citizens to boast of, that they should urge their daring flight so far above our heads? [*Increasing murmurs.*] Every one of you is loudly called upon to fight the cause of Genoa against its tyrants. No one can yield a hair's-breadth of his rights, without betraying the soul of the whole state. [*Interrupted by violent commotions, he proceeds.*] You feel your wrongs, then everything is gained. I have already paved your way to glory—Genoese, will you follow? I am prepared to lead you. Those signs of war which you just now beheld with horror, must awaken your heroism. Your anxious shuddering must warm into a glorious zeal, that you may unite your efforts with this patriotic band to overthrow the tyrant. Success will crown the enterprise, for all our preparations are well arranged. The cause is just, for Genoa suffers. The attempt will render us immortal, for it is vast and glorious.

ZENT. [*vehemently agitated.*] Enough—Genoa shall be free! Be this our shout of onset against hell itself.

ZIBO. And may he who is not roused by it, pant at the slavish oar, till the last trumpet break his chains.

FIES. Spoken like men : now you deserve to know the danger that hung over yourselves and Genoa. [*Gives them the papers of the MOOR.*] Lights, soldiers ! [*The NOBLES crowd about the lights and read—FIESCO aside to VERRINA.*] Friend, it went as I could wish.

VER. Be not too certain. Upon the left I saw countenances that grew pale, and knees that tottered.

ZENT. [*enraged.*] Twelve senators !—Infernal villany ! Seize each a sword. [*All, except two, eagerly take up the weapons that lie in readiness.*]

ZIBO. Thy name too, Bourgognino, is written there.

BOUR. Ay, and if Heaven permit, it shall be written to-day upon the throat of Gianettino.

ZENT. Two swords remain—

ZIBO. Ah ! What sayst thou ?

ZENT. Two amongst us have not taken swords.

ASSER. My brothers cannot bear the sight of blood—pray spare them.

ZENT. [*vehemently.*] What ! Not a tyrant's blood ! Tear them to pieces—Cowards ! Let the bastards be driven from the republic.

[*Some of the assembly attack the two ASSERATI.*]

FIES. [*restraining them.*] Cease ! Shall Genoa owe its liberty to slaves ? Shall our pure gold be debased by this alloy ? [*he disengages them.*] Gentlemen, you must be content to take up your abode within my palace until our business be decided. [*To the SENTINELS.*] These are your prisoners : you answer for their safety. Guard them with loaded arms.

[*They are led off—a knocking heard at the gate.*]

SEN. Who is without ?

CAL. [*without, eagerly.*] Open the gate ! A friend—for God's sake open !

BOUR. It is Calcagno—Heavens ! What can this mean !

FIES. Open the gate, soldiers.

SCENE VII.—*The former—CALCAGNO, out of breath.*

CAL. All's lost ! All's lost ! Fly every one that can !

BOUR. What's lost ? Have they flesh of brass, and are our swords made of rushes ?

FIES. Consider, Calcagno—an error now is fatal.

CAL. We are betrayed—your Moor, Lavagna, is the rascal. I come from the Senate-house. He had an audience of the Duke.

VER. [*with a resolute tone to the SENTINELS.*] Soldiers, let me rush upon your halberds. I will not perish by the hangman's hands.

[*The assembly show marks of confusion.*]

FIES. [*firmly.*] What are you about ? 'Sdeath, Calcagno !—Friends, 'tis a false alarm. [*To CALCAGNO.*] Woman that thou art, to tell these boys this tale. Thou, too, Verrina—and thou, Bourgognino ! Whither wouldst thou go ?

BOUR. Home—to kill my Bertha—and then return to fall with thee.

FIES. [*bursting into a loud laugh.*] Stay ! stay ! is this the valour that must punish tyrants ? Well didst thou play thy part, Calcagno. Did you not perceive that this alarm was my contrivance ? Speak, Calcagno—was it not my order that you should put these Romans to this trial ?

VER. Well, if you can laugh, I'll believe you—or you must be more than mortal.

FIES. Shame on you, men, to fail in such a boyish trial ! Resume your arms—you must fight most bravely to atone for this disgrace. [*In a low tone to CALCAGNO.*] Were you there yourself ?

CAL. I made my way among the guards, to hear, as was my business,

the watchword from the Duke. As I was returning the Moor was brought—

FIES. [*aloud.*] So the old man is gone to bed—we'll drum him out of his feathers. [*Low.*] Did he talk long with the Duke?

CAL. [*low.*] My sudden fright, and your impending danger, drove me away in haste.

FIES. [*aloud.*] See, how our countrymen still tremble!

CAL. [*aloud.*] You should have carried on the jest. [*Low.*] For God's sake, friend, what will this artifice avail us?

FIES. 'Twill gain us time, and dissipate the first panic. [*Aloud.*] Ho! bring wine here! [*Low.*] Did the Duke turn pale? [*Aloud.*] Well, brothers, let us drink success to this night's entertainment! [*Low.*] Did the Duke turn pale?

CAL. The Moor's first word must have been conspiracy; for the old man stepped back as pale as ashes.

FIES. [*confused*] Hum! the devil is an artful counsellor: the Moor was cunning, he betrayed nothing till the knife was at their throat. Now he's indeed their saviour. [*Wine is brought, he drinks to the assembly*—Comrades, success!
[*A knocking is heard.*]

SEN. Who is without?

A VOICE. A guard of the Duke's. [*The NOBLES disperse about the court.*]

FIES. [*stepping forward.*] No, my friends. Be not alarmed—I am here—quick, remove these arms. Be men, I intreat you; this visit makes me hope that Andreas still doubts our plot. Retire into the palace: recall your spirits. Soldiers, throw open the gate!

[*They retire, the gate is opened.*]

SCENE VIII.—FIESCO [*as if coming from the Palace*]. Three GERMAN SOLDIERS bringing THE MOOR, bound.

FIES. Who called for me?

GER. Bring us to the Count.

FIES. The Count is here, who wants me?

GER. [*presenting his arms.*] Greeting from the Duke—he delivers up to your Grace this Moor in chains, who hath basely slandered you: the rest this note will tell.

FIES. [*takes it with an air of indifference.*] Have I not threatened thee already with the galleys? [*To the GERMAN.*] Very well, my friend, my respects to the Duke.

MOOR. [*hallooing after them.*] Mine too—and tell him, the Duke, I mean, had he not made an ass his messenger, he would have learnt that two thousand soldiers are concealed within these palace walls.

[*Exeunt GERMANs, the NOBLES return.*]

SCENE IX.—FIESCO, the CONSPIRATORS, MOOR [*looking at them unconcerned*].

THE CONS. [*shuddering at the sight of the MOOR.*] Ha! what means this?

FIES. [*after reading the note, with suppressed anger.*] Genoese, the danger is past—but the conspiracy is likewise ended.

VER. What! [*astonished.*] Are the Dorias dead?

FIES. [*violently agitated.*] By heavens! I was prepared to encounter the whole force of the republic, but not this blow. This old nerveless man, with his pen, annihilates three thousand soldiers. [*His hands sink down.*] Doria overcomes Fiesco!

BOUR. Speak, Count, we are amazed !
 FIES. [*standing.*] "Lavagna, your fate resembles mine: benevolence is rewarded with ingratitudes. The Moor informs me of a plot; I send him back to you in chains, and shall sleep to-night without a guard." [*He drops the paper—the rest look at each other.*]

VER. Well, Fiesco?

FIES. [*with dignity.*] Shall Doria surpass me in magnanimity? Shall the race of Fiesco want this one virtue? No, by my life—disperse—I'll go, and own the whole—

VER. [*stopping him.*] Art thou mad? Was then our enterprise some thievish act of villany? Stay! Was it not our country's cause? Stay! Was Andreas the object of thy hatred, and not the tyrant? Stay! I arrest thee as a traitor to thy country.

CONS. Bind him, throw him down—

FIES. [*snatching up a sword, and making way through them.*] Peace! Who will be the first to throw the cord around the tiger?—See, Genoese, I stand here at liberty, and might depart unhurt; but I will not depart. My resolution's changed.

BOUR. Have you consulted the voice of duty?
 FIES. [*haughtily.*] Boy, thou mayst learn from my example not to dictate to me—Peace, Genoese! our plan remains unaltered. [*To the Moor, whose cords he cuts with a sword.*] Thou hast had the merit of creating a noble act—Fly!

CAL. [*enraged.*] What! shall that scoundrel live, who has betrayed us all!

FIES. Live—though he has frightened all of you. Away, my lad! See that thou turn thy back on Genoa: they might wish to exercise their Lavery upon thee.

MOOR. So, then, the devil does not forsake his friends. Your servant, gentlemen. I see that Italy does not produce my halter; I must go seek elsewhere for it.

SCENE X.—FIESCO, CONSPIRATORS—*Enter SERVANT.*

SERV. The Countess Imperiali has already asked three times for your Grace.

FIES. Ha! then the comedy must indeed begin. Tell her I come directly. Desire my wife to hasten to the concert-room, and there remain concealed behind the tapestry. [*Exit SERVANT.*] In these papers your several stations are appointed: let each but act his part, the plan is perfect. Verrina will lead the forces to the harbour, and when the ships are seized, will fire a shot, as signal for the general attack. I now leave you, upon important business: when you shall hear a bell, come all together to my concert-room. Meanwhile enjoy my Cyprian wine within.

[*They depart into the palace.*]

SCENE XI.—*The Concert-room*—LEONORA, ARABELLA, and ROSA.

LEON. Fiesco promised to meet me here, and comes not. 'Tis past eleven. The sound of arms and men rings through the palace, and no Fiesco comes.

ROSA. You must conceal yourself behind the tapestry. What can the Count intend?

LEON. He directs me, and I obey. Why should I fear? And yet I tremble, Arabella, and my heart beats with apprehension. Damsels, for Heaven's sake, do not leave me.

ARA. Fear nothing: we are too timid to abandon you.

LEON. Where'er I turn my eyes, strange shapes appear with hollow and distracted countenances. On whomsoever I call they tremble like criminals, and withdraw from sight, into the thickest gloom, a fit retreat for guilty consciences. Whate'er they answer falls from the trembling tongue in doubtful accents. Oh, Fiesco! what horrid business dost thou meditate! Ye heavenly powers! watch over my Fiesco!

ROSA. Oh, heavens! what noise is that without?

ARA. It is the soldier who stands there as sentinel.

[*The SENTINEL without calls "Who goes there?"*]

LEON. Some one approaches. Quick! behind the curtain.

[*They conceal themselves.*]

SCENE XII.—JULIA and FIESCO, in conversation.

JUL. Cease, Count! Your passion no longer meets with an indifferent ear, but fires the raging blood. Where am I? Nought but seducing night is here. Whither has your artful conversation led me?

FIES. To this spot, where timid love grows bold, and where emotions mingle unrestrained.

JUL. Hold, Fiesco! for Heaven's sake say no more! 'Tis the thick veil of night alone, which hides the glowing crimson of my cheeks, else wouldst thou pity me.

FIES. Rather, Julia, thy blushes would inflame my feelings, and urge them to their utmost height. [*Kisses her hand eagerly.*]

JUL. Thy countenance is glowing as thy words. Ah! and my own, too, burns with guilty fire. Hence, I intreat thee, let us seek the light. The tempting darkness might lead astray the senses, and in the absence of the modest day, might stir them to rebellion. Haste, I conjure thee, leave this solitude!

FIES. [*more pressing.*] Why so alarmed, my love? you know your empire over me.

JUL. O man, eternal paradox! then are you truly conquerors, when you bow as captives before our self-conceit. Shall I confess, Fiesco? It was my vice alone that could protect my virtue: it was my pride that saved my honour. Thus far my principles prevailed: your arts were foiled until you roused my blood—then vanished principle.

FIES. [*with levity.*] And what loss was that?

JUL. [*with emotion.*] What loss! no less than all, if I yield up my honour a slave to thy caprice.

FIES. And yet, my Julia, where couldst thou bestow more worthily this treasure, than on my endless passion?

JUL. Most worthily! most unprofitably—How long, Fiesco, will this endless passion last? But I've advanced too far to hesitate. In my charms I trusted to captivate thee. To preserve thy love, I fear they'll prove too weak. Alas! what am I saying! [*Hides her face with her hands.*]

FIES. You have urged two groundless charges, at once accusing your charms, and my fidelity. Which is the greatest crime?

JUL. [*tenderly.*] Deceit is base. Fiesco needs it not to gain his Julia. [*After a pause, energetically.*] Hear, Fiesco! one word more. When we know our virtue is in safety, we are heroines; in its defence, no more than children; [*wildly.*] furies when we avenge it. Hear me! Shouldst thou strike me to the heart with coldness—

FIES. [*assuming an angry tone.*] Coldness, coldness! Heavens! what does the insatiable vanity of woman look for, if she even doubt the man that prostrate in the dust adores her?—Ha! my spirit is awakened: my eyes at

length are opened. [*With an air of coldness.*] What was this mighty sacrifice? *man* dearly purchases a woman's highest favours by the slightest degradation. [*Bowing ceremoniously.*] Take courage, Madam: you are safe.

JUL. [*with astonishment.*] Count! what mean you?

FIES. [*with great indifference.*] True, Madam—you judge most rightly: we both have risked our honour. [*Bowing politely.*] I will await your presence with my guests.

JUL. [*stops him.*] Stay, art thou mad? Must I then declare a passion, which the whole race of man, upon their knees, in tears, should not extort from my determined pride? Alas! in vain the darkness strives to hide the blushes which betray my guilt—Fiesco, I wound the pride of all my sex—my sex will all detest me—Fiesco—I adore thee—

FIES. [*stepping back, and laughing with exultation.*] That I am sorry for, Signora—[*rings the bell—draws the tapestry, and discovers LEONORA.*] Here is my wife—a lovely woman!

JUL. [*with a shriek.*] Unheard-of treachery!

SCENE XIII.—*The CONSPIRATORS, entering in a body—LADIES, on the other side—FIESCO, JULIA, and LEONORA.*

LEON. Oh, my husband, that was too cruel!

FIES. A wicked heart deserved no less. I owed this satisfaction to your tears. [*To the company.*] No, my friends, I am not wont to kindle with the flames of irritation. The follies of mankind amuse me long ere they excite my anger; but this woman merits my whole resentment. Behold the poison which she had mingled for my Leonora.

JUL. [*biting her lips with rage.*] Good! good! Very good, sir! [*Going.*]

FIES. [*leads her back by the arm.*] You must have patience, Madam; something else remains.—My friends, perhaps, would gladly learn why I debased my reason with the farce of love for this unworthy woman.

JUL. [*starting up.*] It is not to be borne—But tremble! Doria rules in Genoa—and I am his sister—

FIES. Poor, indeed, if that be the only sting. Know that Fiesco of Lavagna has changed the diadem of your illustrious brother for a halter, and means this night to hang the thief of the republic. [*She is struck with terror—he continues with a sarcastic laugh.*] Ha! that was unexpected.

JUL. [*pointing to LEONORA*] I cast away this precious jewel, and by the shining bait ensnared my prey. I thank you for your complaisance, Signora [*to JULIA*], and return the trappings of my assumed character.

LEON. [*to FIESCO, in a supplicating manner.*] She weeps, my Lodovico. May your Leonora, trembling, intreat you?

JUL. [*enraged, to LEONORA.*] Silence, detested woman! mind to see my prison-chamber. See that none approach to incommode her. The night is cold abroad: the storm which is about to split the stem of the Dorias may, perhaps, too rudely blow against her.

JUL. Curse on thee, black, detested hypocrite! [*Enraged, to LEONORA*] Rejoice not thou, in this thy triumph! He will destroy thee also, and himself. Despair!

FIES. [*to the GUESTS.*] You were witnesses: let your report in Genoa preserve my honour. [*To the CONSPIRATORS.*] Call on me as soon as the cannon gives the signal.

[*All the GUESTS retire.*]

SCENE XIV.—LEONORA and FIESCO.

LEON. [*approaching with anxiety.*] Fiesco? Fiesco? I understand but half your meaning; yet I begin to tremble.

FIES. [*significantly.*] Leonora! I once saw you yield the place of honour to another female. I saw you, in the presence of the nobles, receive the second compliment. Leonora, that sight tormented me. I resolved it ne'er should be again—nor ever shall it be. Do you hear the warlike noise which echoes through my palace? What you suspect, is true. Retire to rest, a Countess—to-morrow I will hail you Duchess of Genoa.

LEON. [*clapping her hands together, and throwing herself into a chair.*] O God! My very fears! I am undone!

FIES. [*seriously, and with dignity.*] Let me speak out, my love. Two of my ancestors wore the triple crown. The blood of the Fiescos flows not pure, unless beneath the purple. Shall your husband only reflect a borrowed splendour! [*In a more lively manner.*] What! shall he owe his rank to capricious chance alone, which, from the monuments of mouldering greatness, has patched up this Fiesco? No, Leonora, I am too proud to accept from others what my own merits may lay claim to. This night, the hereditary titles of my ancestors shall return to deck their tombs—Lavagna's Counts exist no longer—a race of princes shall begin.

LEON. [*moanfully, and giving way to imagination.*] I see my husband fall, transfixed by deadly wounds—[*in a hollow voice.*] I see them bear towards me, my husband's mangled corpse—[*starting up.*] The first—the only ball has struck Fiesco—

FIES. [*tenderly seizing her hand.*] Be calm, my love—no ball will strike me—

LEON. [*looking steadfastly at him.*] Does Fiesco so confidently challenge Heaven! If in the scope of countless possibilities, one lot alone were adverse to thee, that lot might happen, and I should lose my husband! Think that thou ventur'st Heaven, Fiesco; and though a million chances were against thy loss, wouldst thou yet tempt the Almighty, by risking on a die thy hopes of everlasting happiness? No, my husband—when thy whole being is at stake, each throw is blasphemy.

FIES. Be not alarmed. Fortune is more my friend.

LEON. Thinkest thou so, Fiesco? Behold the eager circle intent upon the agitating play, which they call pastime. Observe this sly deceiver, Fortune, how she allures her votary with gradual favours, till heated with success he turns to rashness, and ventures all upon a single stake. Then, in the important moment, she forsakes him, a prey to wretchedness. Husband, thou goest not to show thyself to Genoa, and be adored—'tis no light task to rouse the slumbering multitude, and turn them loose, like the unbridled steed, before unconscious of his hoofs. Trust not these rebels. The wise among them, even while they instigate thy valour, fear it; the vulgar worship thee, with senseless but unsteady adoration. Where'er I look, Fiesco is undone.

FIES. [*pacing the room, in great emotion.*] To be irresolute, is the most certain danger. He that aspires to greatness, must be daring.

LEON. Greatness, Fiesco! Alas! thy towering spirit ill accords with the fond wishes of my heart. Should fortune favour thy attempt—shouldst thou obtain dominion—alas! I then shall be but the more wretched. Condemned to misery if thou fail—if thou succeed, to misery still greater. Here is no choice but evil. Unless he gain the ducal power, Fiesco perishes—if I embrace the Duke, I lose my husband.

FIES. I understand you not.

LEON. Ah! my Fiesco, in the stormy atmosphere that surrounds a

throne, the tender plant of love must perish. The heart of man, even of Fiesco, is not vast enough for two all-powerful idols—idols, so hostile to each other. Love has tears, and feels the tears of others. Ambition has eyes of stone, from which no drops of tenderness can e'er distil. Love views creation with neglect, except one favoured object: ambition with insatiable hunger rages amid the spoil of nature. Ambition changes the immense world itself, into one dark and horrid prison-house; love paints in every desert a visionary paradise. Whenever thou wouldst recline upon my bosom, the cares of empire, the rebellion of vassals, would fright away repose. If I should throw myself into thy arms, thy despot fears would hear a murderer rushing forth to strike thee, and urge thy trembling flight through all the palace. Nay, dark-eyed suspicion would at last o'erwhelm even domestic concord—if thy Leonora's tenderness should offer thee a refreshing draught, thou wouldst with horror push away the goblet and call it poison.

FIES. [*starting.*] Leonora, cease! These thoughts are dreadful.

LEON. And yet the picture is not finished. Let love be sacrificed to greatness; let peace of mind be sacrificed, if but Fiesco remain unchanged. O God! that thought is torture. An unspotted mind seldom ascends the throne—but far more seldom does it wield the sceptre uncorrupted. Can he know pity, who is raised above the common fears of man? Will he speak the accents of compassion, whose words are followed by the thunder-bolt of law? [*She stops, then timidly advances, and takes his hand with a look of tender reproach.*] Prince Fiesco! Those rash projects that spurn the laws of nature, always fall as far below the dignity they aspire to as they have towered above humanity.

FIES. [*walking about, much agitated.*] Leonora, cease! Reflection is too late—the bridge is raised behind me.

LEON. [*with a look of tenderness.*] And why, my husband? The past alone is hopeless. Thou once didst swear [*more reproachfully*] that all thy projects vanished before my beauty. Hypocrite! thou hast forsworn thyself—or else my charms have early withered. Ask thy own heart, where lies the blame? [*More ardently, and throwing her arms round him.*] Return, Fiesco! Recall thy wandering mind! Yield to my intreaties! Love shall reward thee. If my heart cannot appease thy insatiate passions, O Fiesco, the diadem will be still poorer. Come, I'll learn the inmost wishes of thy heart—we'll melt together all the charms of nature, into one kiss of love, to retain for ever, in these heavenly bonds, the illustrious captive. As thy heart is infinite, so shall be my passion. To be the source of happiness to a being who places all its heaven in thee, Fiesco!—

FIES. [*with great emotion.*] Leonora—what hast thou done? [*he falls about her neck.*] I shall never more dare to meet the eyes of Genoa's citizens.

LEON. [*with lively expression.*] Let us fly, Fiesco! Let us with scorn reject these gaudy nothings, and pass our happy days only in the retreats of love! [*She presses him to her breast with rapture.*] Our souls serene as the unclouded sky, shall never more be blackened by the poisonous breath of sorrow; our life shall flow harmoniously as the music of the murmuring brook.

[*A cannon-shot is heard—FIESCO disengages himself—all the CONSPIRATORS enter.*]

SCENE XIV.

CONS. The moment is arrived.

FIES. [*to LEONORA firmly.*] Farewell, for ever, unless Genoa to-morrow be laid subject at thy feet.

[*Going to rush out.*]

BOUR. [*cries out.*] The Countess faints !

[LEONORA in a swoon—all run to support her.

FIES. [*kneeling before her, in a tone of despair.*] Leonora ! Save her !
For Heaven's sake, save her ! [ROSA and ARABELLA run to her assistance.]
She lives—she lives—[*jumps up resolutely.*] Now let us seek Doria !

[CONSPIRATORS rush out.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*After midnight. The great Street of Genoa. A few lamps, almost extinguished. In the background is seen the gate of St. Thomas, which is shut. Men pass over the stage with lanterns. The patrol go their round. Afterwards, everything is quiet, except the waves of the sea, which are heard at a distance, rather tempestuous.*

FIESCO [*entering armed, and stopping before the Doria Palace*]
and ANDREAS.

FIES. The old man has kept his word. The lights are all extinguished in the palace—the guards dismissed—I'll ring. [*Rings at the gate.*] Ho ! Halloo ! Awake, Doria ! Thou art betrayed. Awake ! Halloo ! Halloo !

ANDR. [*appearing on the balcony.*] Who rings there ?

FIES. [*in a feigned voice.*] Ask not, but follow me ! Duke, thy star has set ; Genoa is in arms against thee. The executioners are near, and canst thou sleep, Andreas ?

ANDR. [*with dignity.*] I remember when the sea contended with my gallant vessel—when her keel cracked, and the wind split her topmast. Andreas then slept soundly. Who sends these executioners ?

FIES. A man more dreadful than the raging sea, of whom thou speakest—John Louis Fiesco.

ANDR. [*laughs.*] You jest, my friend. Come in the daytime to play your tricks. Midnight suits them badly.

FIES. Do you mock your preserver ?

ANDR. I thank him, and retire to rest. Fiesco, wearied with his rioting, sleeps regardless of Doria.

FIES. Wretched old man ! Trust not the artful serpent. Its back is decked with beauteous colours ; but when you would approach to view it, you are suddenly entwined within its deadly folds. You laughed at the perfidious Moor. Do not despise the counsels of a friend. A horse stands ready saddled for you—fly, while you have time.

ANDR. Fiesco has a noble mind. I never injured him, and he will never betray me.

FIES. Fiesco has a noble mind, yet he betrays thee.

ANDR. There is a guard, which would defy Fiesco's power, unless he led against them legions of spirits.

FIES. [*contemptuously.*] That guard will quickly visit the regions of eternity.

ANDR. [*in an elevated manner.*] Vain babbler ! Knowest thou not that Andreas has seen his eightieth year, and that Genoa beneath his rule is happy ?

[*Leaves the balcony.*

FIES. [*looks after him with astonishment.*] Must I then destroy this man, before I have learnt how difficult it is to equal him ? [*He walks up and down some time in meditation.*] Hum !—'Tis past, Andreas. I have repaid the debt of greatness. Destruction, take thy course !

[*He hastens into a remote street. Drums are heard on all sides. A hot engagement at the St. Thomas Gate. The gate is forced, and opens a prospect into the harbour, in which lie several ships with lights on board.*

SCENE II.—GIANETTINO [*in a scarlet mantle*].—LOMELLINO—[SERVANTS *going before them with torches.*]
 GIAN. [*stops.*] Who was it that commanded the alarm to be beat?
 LOM. A cannon was fired on board one of the galleys.
 GIAN. The slaves will break their chains.

LOM. Hark!—A shot!
 GIAN. The gate is open. The guards are in confusion? [*To the*
 SERVANTS.]—Quick, scoundrels! Light us to the harbour.
 [*Firing heard at the Gate of St. Thomas.*
Going hastily toward the gate.]

SCENE III.—*The former.* BOURGOGNINO with some CONSPIRATORS
coming from the Gate of St. Thomas.

BOUR. Sebastian Lascaro was a brave soldier; he defended himself like
 a bear, till he fell.
 GIAN. [*steps back frightened*] What do I hear?—[*To his SERVANTS.*]
 Stop!

BOUR. Who are those yonder, with torches!
 LOM. [*to GIANETTINO.*] Prince, they are enemies. Turn to the left.
 BOUR. [*calls to them eagerly.*] Who goes there with the torches?
 ZENT. Stand! Your watchword!
 GIAN. [*draws his sword fiercely.*] Submission, and Doria—
 BOUR. [*foaming with rage.*] Violator of the republic, and of my bride!
 [*To the CONSPIRATORS, rushing upon GIANETTINO.*] Brothers, this shortens
 our labour. His devils themselves deliver him into our hands.
 [*Runs him through with his sword.*]

GIAN. [*falling.*] Murder! Revenge me, Lomellino!
 LOM. and SERVS. [*flying.*] Help! Murder! Murder!
 ZENT. [*hallooing with vehemence.*] Doria's struck. Stop the Count
 Lomellino!
 LOM. [*kneeling.*] Spare but my life, I'll join your party.
 BOUR. [*looking at GIANETTINO.*] Is this monster yet alive? Let the
 coward fly. [*LOMELLINO is taken.*]
 ZENT. St. Thomas's Gate our own—Gianettino slain.—Haste some of
 you, and tell Fiesco. [*LOMELLINO escapes.*]
 GIAN. [*heaving himself from the ground in agony.*] Fiesco! Damna-
 tion!
 BOUR. [*pulling the sword out of GIANETTINO's body.*] Freedom to
 Genoa, and to my Bertha! Your sword, Zenturione. Take to my bride
 this bloody weapon—her dungeon is thrown open. I'll follow thee, and
 give her the bridal kiss. [*They separate through different streets.*]

SCENE IV.—ANDREAS DORIA—GERMANS.

A GER. The storm drove that way. Mount your horse, Duke.
 ANDR. Let me cast a parting look at Genoa's towers. No—it is not a
 dream. Andreas is betrayed.
 GER. The enemy is all around us.—Away!—Fly!—Beyond the
 boundaries.
 ANDR. [*throwing himself upon the dead body of his nephew.*] Here will I
 die. Let no one talk of flight. Here lies the strength of my old age—my
 career is ended.
 CALCAGNO appears at a distance, with CONSPIRATORS.
 GER. Danger is near, Fly, prince!

[*Drums beat.*]

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

ANDR. Hark, Germans, hark! These are the Genoese whose chains I broke. [*Hiding his face.*] Do your countrymen thus recompense their benefactors?

GER. Away! Away! Away! While we stay here and find employment for their swords.

CALCAGNO comes nearer.

ANDR. Save yourselves! Leave me—and go, declare the horrid story to the shuddering nations, that Genoa slew its father.

GER. Slew! 'sdeath, that shall not be. Comrades, stand firm: surround the Duke. [*They draw their swords.*] Teach these Italian dogs to reverence his grey head.

CAL. [*calls out*] Who goes there? What have you?

GER. German blows!

[*Retreat fighting, and carry off the body of GIANETTINO.*]

SCENE V.—LEONORA—ARABELLA following—[*they walk along timidly.*]

ARA. Come, my lady, pray let us hasten onward.

LEON. That way the tumult rages—Hark! was not that a dying groan? Ah, they surround him!! At Fiesco's breast they point their fatal muskets—at my breast they point them. Hold! hold! It is my husband.

ARA. For Heaven's sake, my lady!

LEON. [*with wild enthusiasm, calling on all sides.*] Fiesco! my Fiesco! my Fiesco! His firmest friends desert him. The faith of rebels is unsteady—[*shuddering.*] Rebels! Heaven! Is my Fiesco then a chief of rebels?

ARA. No, Signora. He is the great deliverer of Genoa.

LEON. [*emphatically.*] Ha! that would indeed be glorious. And shall Leonora tremble? Shall the bravest citizen be wedded to the most timid female? Go, Arabella! When men contend for empires, even a woman's soul may kindle into valour. [*Drums again heard.*] I'll rush among the combatants.

ARA. [*clasping her hands together.*] All-gracious Heaven!

LEON. Peace! What is that my foot strikes against? Here is a hot. And here a mantle—a sword too! [*she lifts it up*] a heavy sword, my Arabella; but I may drag it with me, and the sword never can disgrace its bearer.

ARA. Hark! Hark! How terrible it sounds from the tower of the Dominicans! God have mercy on us!

LEON. [*enthusiastically.*] Rather say, how delightful! In the majestic sound of this alarm-bell my Fiesco speaks to Genoa. [*Drums are heard louder.*] Ha! Never did flutes so sweetly strike my ear. Even these drums are animated by Fiesco. My heart beats higher. All Genoa is roused: the very mercenaries follow his name with transport—and shall his wife be fearful? [*Alarm-bells sound from three other towers.*] No—my hero shall embrace a heroine. My Brutus shall embrace a Roman wife. I'll be his Portia.

ARA. My gracious lady, how wildly do you rave!

LEON. Cold-blooded wretch! that dost not rave thyself amidst these scenes. Go—I'll pursue my way alone.

ARA. Great God! You will not act thus madly?

LEON. [*with heroic haughtiness.*] Weak girl! I will. [*With great animation.*] Where the tumult most wildly rages—where Fiesco himself

leads on the combat—I hear them ask, "Is that Lavagna, the unconquered hero, who with his sword decides the lot of Genoa? Is that Lavagna?" Yes, I will say, yes, Genoese, that is Lavagna: and that Lavagna is my husband.

SACCO *[entering with CONSPIRATORS, calls out.]* Who goes there?—Doria, or Fiesco?

LEON. *[boldly.]* Fiesco and liberty!

[Retires into another street—a tumult, ARABELLA lost in the crowd.]

SCENE VI.—SACCO, with a number of followers. CALCAGNO, meeting him with others.

CAL. Andreas has escaped.

SACCO. Unwelcome tidings to Fiesco.

CAL. Those Germans fight like furies. They fixed themselves around the old man like rocks: I could not get a sight of him. Nine of our men are done for: I myself was slightly wounded. Zounds! If they thus serve a foreign tyrant, how will they guard the princes of their country!

SACCO. Numbers have flocked already to our standard, and all the gates are ours.

CAL. They fight, I hear, still sharply at the citadel.

SACCO. Bourgognino is amongst them. Where is Verrina?

CAL. He guards the passage between Genoa and the sea.

SACCO. I'll rouse the suburbs.

CAL. I'll march across the square of Sarzano—Drummer, strike up!

[They march off, drums beating.]

SCENE VIII.—MOOR—A TROOP OF THIEVES, with lighted matches.

MOOR. Now, you rascals, I'll be even with you. 'Twas I that cooked this soup up for you, and you have driven me from the mess. Well—I care not—we'll set about burning and plundering. Let those fellows squabble for a dukedom, we'll make a bonfire of the churches, to warm the silver beards of the apostles.

[They disperse themselves among the neighbouring houses.]

SCENE VIII.—BOURGOGNINO—BERTHA, disguised as a boy.

BOUR. Rest here, dear youth: thou art in safety. Dost thou bleed?

BER. *[in a feigned voice.]* No—not at all.

BOUR. *[with energy.]* Rise then, I'll lead thee where thou mayst gain wounds for Genoa—wounds beautiful like this.

BER. *[starting.]* Heavens!

BOUR. Art thou frightened, youth? Too early didst thou put on the man. How old art thou?

BER. Fifteen years.

BOUR. That is unfortunate. For this night's business thou art five years too young. Who is thy father?

BER. The truest citizen in Genoa.

BOUR. Peace, boy! That name belongs alone to the father of my betrothed bride. Dost thou know the house of Verrina?

BER. I think so.

BOUR. *[eagerly.]* And knowest thou his lovely daughter?

BER. Her name is Bertha.

BOUR. Go, quickly! Carry her this ring. Say it shall be our wedding-ring: and tell her, the blue crest fights bravely. Now, farewell! I must hasten yonder—the danger is not over.

BER. *[in a soft voice.]* Scipio!

[Some houses are seen on fire.]

BOUR. [*struck with astonishment.*] By my sword, I know that voice.

BER. [*falling about his neck.*] Am I so well known, then?

BOUR. Bertha!

[*Alarm-bells sound in the suburbs—a tumult—BOURGOGNINO and BERTHA embrace, and are lost in the crowd.*]

SCENE IX.—FIESCO and ZIBO from different sides.—ATTENDANTS.

FIES. [*in great anger.*] Who set fire to those houses?

ZIBO. The citadel is taken.

FIES. Who set those houses on fire?

ZIBO [*to the ATTENDANTS.*] Despatch a guard to apprehend the villains.
[*Some SOLDIERS go.*]

FIES. Will they make me an incendiary? Hasten with engines!
[*ATTENDANTS go.*] But Gianettino is surely killed?

ZIBO. So they say.

FIES. [*wildly*] They say! Who say? Declare upon your honour, has he escaped?

ZIBO [*doubtfully.*] If I may trust my eyes against the assertion of a nobleman, Gianettino lives.

FIES. [*starting.*] Zibo, your words distract me—

ZIBO. 'Tis but eight minutes since I saw him in the crowd, dressed in his scarlet cloak, and yellow crest.

FIES. [*wildly.*] Heaven and hell! Zibo! Bourgognino shall answer for it with his head. Hasten, Zibo! make fast the barriers. Let all the vessels be locked together, to hinder his escape by sea. This diamond, Zibo—the richest in Genoa—this diamond shall reward the man who brings me tidings of Gianettino's death. [*ZIBO hastens away.*] Fly, Zibo!

SCENE X.—FIESCO, SACCO. THE MOOR. SOLDIERS.

SACCO. We found this Moor throwing a lighted match into the convent of the Jesuits.

FIES. Thy treachery was overlooked when it concerned myself alone: the halter awaits the incendiary. Take him away, and hang him at the church-door.

MOOR. Plague on it—that's an awkward piece of business—can't one persuade you out of it?

FIES. No.

MOOR. Send me for a trial to the galleys—

FIES. [*beckoning to the ATTENDANTS.*] To the gibbet.

MOOR [*impudently.*] Then I'll turn Christian.

FIES. The church refuses the dregs of infidelity.

MOOR [*in an insinuating manner.*] At least send me drunk into eternity—

FIES. Sober.

MOOR. Don't hang me up, however, beside a Christian church.

FIES. A man of honour keeps his word. I promised thee a gallows of thy own.

SACCO. Let us not lose time with this blackguard, we've business of more consequence.

MOOR. But—stay—perhaps the rope may break—

FIES. [*to SACCO.*] Let it be double.

MOOR. Well—if it must be so—the devil may make ready for my reception.
[*SOLDIERS lead him to execution.*]

SCENE XI.—FIESCO—LEONORA appearing at a distance in the scarlet cloak of GIANETTINO.

FIES. [*perceiving her, rushes forward, then stops.*] Do I not know that

crest and mantle? [*Rushes on furiously.*] Yes, I know them. [*Runs her through with his sword.*] If thou hast three lives, then rise again.
 [LEONORA falls with a hollow groan. The march of victory is heard, with drums, horns, and hautboys.]

SCENE XII.—FIESCO, CALCAGNO, SACCO, ZENTURIONE, ZIBO.
 SOLDIERS with drums and colours.

FIES. [*advancing toward them in triumph.*] Genoese, the die is cast, Here lies the viper of my soul, the abhorred food of my resentment. Lift high your swords—Gianettino is no more.

CAL. And I come to inform you, that two-thirds of Genoa have declared for our party, and swear obedience to Fiesco's standard.

ZIBO. By me Verrina sends his greeting to you from the admiral's galley, with the dominion of the sea.

ZENT. By me the governor of the city sends his keys, and staff of office.

SACCO. And in me [*kneeling*], the less and greater senate of the republic kneel down before their master, and supplicate for favour and protection.

CAL. Let me be the first to welcome the illustrious conqueror within his walls—bow your colours. Hail, Duke of Genoa!

ALL [*taking off their hats.*] Hail! hail, Duke of Genoa!
 [*March of triumph—Fiesco stands the whole time with his head sunk upon his breast, in a meditating posture.*]

CAL. The people and the senate wait to see their gracious sovereign triumph to the Senate-house.

FIES. First allow me to listen to the dictates of my heart. I was obliged to leave a most dear person in anxious apprehension—a person who will share with me the glory of this night. [*To the company.*] Will you, my friends, attend me to your amiable Duchess.

CAL. Shall this murderous villain lie here, and hide his infamy in obscurity?

ZIBO. Let his mangled carcase sweep the streets.

CAL. [*terrified, and in a low voice.*] Look, Genoese! By heavens, this is not the face of Gianettino!

FIES. [*fixes his eyes upon it with an eager look, which he withdraws slowly—then with a convulsive wildness exclaims.*] No, ye devils!—that is not the face of Gianettino—Malicious devils! [*rolling his eyes.*] Genoa mine, say you? Mine? [*rushing forward with a dreadful shriek.*] Mockery of hell! It is my wife.

[*He sinks to the ground in agony—The CONSPIRATORS stand around in groups, shuddering—A dead silence.*]

FIES. [*raising himself exhausted—in a faint voice.*] Have I slain my wife, Genoese? I conjure you, look not so ghastly upon this illusion! Heaven be praised, man has not to fear such evils, because he is but man. Infernal tortures cannot be his lot, who is incapable of godlike pleasures. Genoese, can this be aught but a disordered fancy? [*With a forced calmness.*] Thank Heaven, it is no more.

SCENE XIII.—The former—ARABELLA enters, weeping

ARA. Let them kill me! What have I more to lose? Have pity on me, Genocse—'twas here I left my dearest mistress, and nowhere can I find her.

FIES. [*approaching her, with a low and trembling voice.*] Was Leonora thy mistress?

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

ARA. *[with pleasure.]* Are you there, my good lord? Be not displeased with us. We could not restrain her.

FIES. Restrain her! Wretch! From what?

ARA. From following—
FIES. From following what?

ARA. The tumult—
FIES. What was her dress?

ARA. A scarlet mantle.
FIES. *[in a transport of rage.]* Get thee to the abyss of hell?—The mantle?

ARA. Lay here upon the ground.
SOME OF THE CONS. *[talking apart.]* 'Twas here that Gianettino

was killed.

FIES. *[ready to faint—to ARABELLA.]* Thy mistress is found *[ARABELLA advances anxiously—FIESCO casts his eyes round the whole circle—then with a faltering voice.]* 'Tis true—'tis true—and I am the instrument of this horrid crime. *[Madly.]* Away with ye, countenances of men! *[To the others that stand around trembling.]* See how they stand there, a miserable race! meanly rejoicing, that they are not like me. I alone feel the blow. *[Wildly.]* I!—why I?—Why not these together with me? Why is not my sorrow lightened by being shared with others?

CAL. *[timidly.]* Most gracious Duke!

FIES. *[advances toward him with a look of horrid joy.]* Ha! Welcome! Here, Heaven be thanked, is one whom the same thunderbolt has struck—*[pressing CALCAGNO furiously in his arms.]* Brother of my sorrows! Come, and share their keenest pang. She's dead—Didst not thou also love her? *[Forcing him toward the dead body.]* Despair! She's dead—*[Fixing his eyes earnestly on one part of the stage.]* Oh, that I could stand upon the brink of the infernal gulf and view below all hell's variety of torments! Could hear the horrid shrieks of howling fiends!—Let my own torture be placed before me in a visible form, and I perhaps may bear it. *[Approaching to the body, trembling.]* Here lies my murdered wife—Nay—nay—the wife that I myself have murdered—Ha! Hell itself will shudder at this deed. I was allured up to the topmost pinnacle of joy—to the very entrance of heaven. Then—in an instant down: then, pestilence upon it!—then, I murdered my beloved wife. Fool that I was to trust two erring eyes! O fiends, this is your masterpiece of torture!

[All the CONSPIRATORS lean upon their swords, much afflicted—A pause.]

FIES. *[exhausted, and looking mournfully round the circle.]* Yes, by heavens! They who dared to lift their swords against their prince, shed tears. *[With dejection.]* Speak! Do you weep over this havoc caused by treacherous death, or over the fall of your commander's spirit? *[Turning toward the dead body, in an affecting posture.]* The iron-hearted warriors were melted into tears; but Fiesco uttered the execrations of despair. *[Kneels down, weeping by her side.]* Pardon me, Leonora! The decrees of Heaven are unchangeable: they yield not to mortal anger. *[With a melancholy tenderness.]* O Leonora, years ago my fancy painted that triumphant hour, when I should present thee to Genoa as her Duchess. Methought I saw the lovely blush that tinged thy modest cheek—the timid heaving of thy beauteous bosom beneath the snowy gauze—I heard the gentle murmurs of thy voice which died away in rapture. *[More lively.]* Ah, how intoxicating to my soul were the proud acclamations of the people! How did my love rejoice to see its triumph marked in the sinking envy of its rivals! Leonora! The hour which should confirm these hopes is come. Thy Fiesco is Duke of Genoa. And yet the meanest beggar would not exchange his poverty for my greatness, and my sufferings.

[*More affected.*] He has a wife to share his troubles. With whom can I share my splendour?

[*He weeps bitterly, and hides his face against the dead body. Compassion marked upon the countenances of all.*]

CAL. She was a lady of most virtuous excellence.

ZIBO. This event must be concealed from the people. 'Twould damp the ardour of our party, and elevate the enemy with hope.

FIES. [*rises, collected and firm.*] Now, hear me, Genoese! Providence, if rightly I interpret its designs, has struck me with this wound, to try my heart for my approaching greatness. The blow was terrible. Since I have felt it, I fear neither torture nor pleasure. Come! Genoa, you say, awaits me. I will give to Genoa a prince more truly great than Europe ever saw. Away! For this unhappy princess I will prepare a funeral so splendid, that life shall lose its charms and cold corruption shall glitter like a bride. Follow your Duke! [*Exeunt, with music and colours.*]

SCENE XIV.—ANDREAS, LOMELLINO.

ANDR. Yonder they go, with shouts of exultation.

LOM. They are intoxicated with success. The gates are deserted, and all are hastening toward the Senate-house.

ANDR. It was my nephew only that could check that unruly animal, the populace. My nephew is no more. Hear, Lomellino!

LOM. What, Duke, do you still cherish hopes?

ANDR. [*earnestly.*] Villain, thou mockst me with the name of Duke, when all my hopes are past.

LOM. My gracious lord, a rebellious nation lies in Fiesco's scale; but what in yours?

ANDR. [*with dignity and animation.*] Heaven.

LOM. [*shrugging up his shoulders.*] The times are past, my lord, when armies fought under the guidance of celestial leaders.

ANDR. Wretch, that thou art! Wouldst thou bereave an aged head of its support, its God! [*In an earnest and commanding tone.*] Go! Make it known through Genoa that Andreas Doria is still alive. Say that Andreas intreats the citizens, his children, not to drive him out, in his old age, to dwell with foreigners, who ne'er would pardon the exalted state to which he raised his country. Say this—and further say, Andreas begs but so much ground within his country as may contain his bones.

LOM. I obey; but I despair of success. [*Going.*]

ANDR. Stay! Take with thee this snowy lock, and say, it was the last upon my head. Say that I tore it from me on that night when ungrateful Genoa tore itself from my heart. For fourscore years it hung upon my temples, and now has left my bald head chilled with the winter of age. The lock is brittle, but 'twill suffice to fasten the purple on that young usurper.

[*Exit.* LOMELLINO hastens into another street. Shouts are heard, with trumpets and drums.

SCENE XV.—VERRINA [*coming from the harbour*], BERTHA, and BOURGOGNINO.

VER. What mean those shouts?

BOUR. They proclaim Fiesco Duke.

BER. [*timidly to BOURGOGNINO.*] Scipio! My father's looks are dreadful.

VER. Leave me alone, my children. O Genoa! Genoa!

BOUR. The populace adores him, and with transports hailed him their Duke. The nobles looked on with horror, but dared not oppose it.

VER. My son, I have sold all my property and sent the gold on board thy vessel. Take thy wife with thee, and set sail immediately. Perhaps I soon shall follow ; perhaps— But no more. Hasten to Marseilles, and— [*embracing them mournfully and with energy*—may the Almighty guide you !] [*Exit hastily.*]

BER. For Heaven's sake, on what dreadful project does my father brood ?

BOUR. Didst thou understand thy father ?

BER. He bade us fly. Great God ! Fly on the day of marriage !

BOUR. He spoke it, and we must obey. [*Exeunt toward the harbour.*]

SCENE XVI.—VERRINA and FIESCO [*in the ducal habit*] meeting.

FIES. Welcome, Verrina ! I was anxious to meet thee.

VER. I also sought Fiesco.

FIES. Does Verrina perceive no alteration in his friend ?

VER. [*with reserve.*] I wish for none.

FIES. But do you see none ?

VER. [*without looking at him.*] I should hope no

FIES. I ask, do you perceive none ?

VER. [*after a slight glance.*] None.

FIES. See, then, how idle is the observation that power makes a tyrant. Since we parted, I am become the Duke of Genoa, and yet Verrina [*pressing him to his bosom*] finds my embrace still glowing as before.

VER. I grieve that I must return it coldly. The sight of majesty falls like a keen-edged weapon, cutting off all affection, between the Duke and me. To John Louis Fiesco belonged the territory of my heart. Now he has conquered Genoa, I resume that poor possession.

FIES. [*with astonishment.*] Forbid it, Heaven ! That price is too enormous even for a dukedom.

VER. [*muttering.*] Hum ! The worth of liberty is surely little known, when the whole state is thus easily yielded up to an usurper !

FIES. [*bites his lips.*] Verrina, say this to no one but to Fiesco.

VER. O wondrous ! Great indeed is that mind which can hear the voice of truth without being offended. Alas ! The cunning gamester has failed in one single card. He calculated all the chances of envious opposition, but overlooked one antagonist—the patriot—[*very significantly*]. And yet perhaps, to crown the game, one glorious turn remains, and the oppressor of liberty may show his skill in overwhelming Roman virtue. I swear it by the living God, posterity shall sooner collect my mouldering bones from off the wheel than from a sepulchre within that country which is governed by a Duke.

FIES. [*taking him tenderly by the hand.*] Not even when thy brother is the Duke ? Not if he should make his principality the treasury of that benevolence which was restrained by his domestic poverty ?

VER. No—not even then. We pardon not the robber because he gave away his plunder ; nor is it such generosity that suits Verrina. I might receive a benefit from my fellow-citizen, for I should hope that to my fellow-citizen I might at some time make an adequate return. That which a prince confers is bounty ; but mere unpurchased bounty I would receive from God alone.

FIES. It were as easy to tear Italy from the bosom of the ocean as to shake this stubborn fellow from his prejudices.

VER. Well mayst thou talk of tearing ; thou hast torn the republic from Doria, as a lamb from the jaws of the wolf, only that thou mightest devour

it thyself. But enough of this. Tell me, Duke, what crime the poor wretch committed, that you ordered to be hung up at the Church of the Jesuits?

FIES. The scoundrel set fire to the city.

VER. Yet the scoundrel left the laws untouched.

FIES. Verrina intrudes upon my friendship.

VER. Away with friendship! I tell thee I no longer love thee. I swear to thee that I hate thee—hate thee like the serpent of Paradise that first disturbed the happiness of creation, and brought upon mankind unbounded sorrow. Hear me, Fiesco! I speak to thee, not as a subject to his master, not as a friend to his friend; but as man to man—[*with sharpness and vehemence*]. Thou hast committed a crime against the majesty of the eternal God, in permitting virtue to lead thy hands to wickedness, and in suffering the patriots of Genoa to violate their country. Fiesco, had thy villany deceived me also—Fiesco, by all the horrors of eternity! with my own hands I would have strangled myself, and on thy head the venom of my departing soul should have been sprinkled. A princely crime may crush the scales of human justice; but thou hast insulted Heaven, and the last judgment will decide the cause.

[FIESCO remains speechless, looking at him with astonishment.]

VER. Do not attempt to answer me. Now we have done. [*After walking several times up and down.*] Duke of Genoa, in the vessels of the yesterday's tyrant, I have seen a miserable race, who, at every stroke of their oars, ruminate upon their former guilt, and weep their tears into the ocean, which, like a rich man, is too proud to count them. A good prince begins his reign with acts of pity. Wilt thou release the galley-slaves?

FIES. [*sharply.*] Let them be the first-fruits of my tyranny. Go, and announce to them their deliverance.

VER. You will enjoy but half the pleasure, unless you see their happiness. Go thither. The great are seldom witnesses of the evils which they cause. Shall they do good by stealth and in obscurity? Methinks the Duke is not too great to sympathize with a beggar.

FIES. Man, thou art dreadful; yet, I know not why, I must follow thee.

[*Both go toward the sea.*]

VER. [*stops, much affected.*] But once more embrace me, Fiesco. Here is no one by, to see Verrina weep, or to behold a prince give way to feeling—[*he embraces him eagerly.*] Surely never beat two greater hearts together [*weeping much on FIESCO'S neck.*] Fiesco! Fiesco! You make a void in my heart, which not mankind thrice numbered could fill up.

FIES. [*much affected.*] Be still my friend.

VER. Throw off this hateful purple, and I will be so. The first prince was a murderer, and assumed the purple to hide the bloody stains of some detested deed. Hear me, Fiesco! I am a warrior, little used to weeping—Fiesco, these are my first tears. Throw off this purple!

FIES. Peace!

VER. [*more vehemently.*] Fiesco, place on the one side all the honours of this globe, and on the other all its tortures: they should not make me kneel before a mortal. Fiesco [*falling on his knee*], this is the first bending of my knee—throw off this purple!

FIES. Rise, and no longer irritate me!

VER. [*in a determined tone.*] I rise, and will no longer irritate thee.

[*They stand near a board leading to a galley.*]

VER. The Prince goes first.

FIES. Why do you pull my cloak? It falls—

VER. [*with violent sarcasm.*] If the purple falls, the Duke must after it.
[*He throws him into the sea.*]

FIES. [*calls out of the waves.*] Help, Genoa ! Help ! Help thy Duke !
[*Sinks.*]

SCENE XVII.—CALCAGNO, SACCO, ZIBO, ZENTURIONE—CONSPIRATORS.
People [entering in haste, alarmed.]

CAL. [*crying out.*] Fiesco ! Fiesco ! Andreas is returned. Half Genoa joins Andreas. Where is Fiesco ?

VER. [*in a firm tone.*] Drowned.

ZENT. Does hell or madness prompt thy answer ?

VER. Dead—if that sound better. I go to join Andreas.

[*The CONSPIRATORS stand in groups, astonished. The curtain falls.*]

CABAL AND LOVE.
TRANSLATED AS "THE MINISTER" BY MATTHEW GREGORY
LEWIS, AUTHOR OF "THE MONK" [1797].

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages contain a translation of Schiller's "Cabale und Liebe." A play calling itself a version of that admired tragedy has already appeared in England, but so extremely ill executed, and in so mutilated a condition, as to leave scarce a shadow of resemblance between the original and the copy. The author has taken the liberty of omitting whole characters and scenes, and in several places has thought proper to substitute his own sentiments for Schiller's; an alteration by which the piece is very far from gaining. Lest the present translation should be mistaken for the former, I have thought it right to change the names both of the characters and of the play itself; in every other respect I have endeavoured to keep strictly to the original; and, when I offer my translation to the public, it gives me some confidence to reflect that, although this second attempt may be as bad as the first, it is utterly impossible for it to be worse.

M. G. LEWIS.

[The only reason for altering them having long ceased to exist, Schiller's names are restored; but no other change has been made in Lewis's version of the play.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| PRESIDENT VON WALTER, <i>at the Court of a German Prince.</i> | MILLER, <i>Town Musician.</i> |
| MAJOR FERDINAND VON WALTER, <i>his Son.</i> | WALTER. |
| MARSHAL VON KALB. | LADY MILFORD, <i>the Prince's Favourite.</i> |
| WURM, <i>Private Secretary to the President.</i> | ELIZABETH MILLER. |
| | LOUISE, <i>her Daughter.</i> |
| | SOPHIE, <i>maid to Lady Milford.</i> |
| | <i>Servants, Officers of Justice, &c.</i> |

The Scene lies in Brunswick. The Action is supposed to pass about the year 1580.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—MILLER'S House.

MILLER and his wife ELIZABETH. MILLER paces the apartment with a disordered air; ELIZABETH sits at work near a table.

MILL. Wife, wife, this shall go on no longer. The business becomes serious. My daughter's intimacy with Ferdinand will be noised abroad; my reputation will be ruined, and then— In short, Ferdinand shall enter these doors no more.

ELIZ. In the name of Heaven, why should his visits ruin your reputation? What have you to do with the business? You enticed him not to your house; you threw not your daughter in his way.

MILL. I enticed him not to my house? I threw not my daughter in his way? If I say so, who will believe me? I should have been more wary of my daughter's conduct; I should have kept Ferdinand at a greater distance, or have instantly discovered the whole to his Excellency. I am conscious that Ferdinand will bring shame upon the damsel, and then the whole blame must fall upon me.

ELIZ. Absurd! What blame can fall upon you? Who can reproach you? What have you done, but followed your profession quietly and industriously? You received scholars, when they were to be found; and if Major von Walter offered himself, it was not for you to reject him.

MILL. But only answer me, what advantages can arise from this connection? Marry the girl he cannot: in truth, marriage is the thing least thought of in this affair; and if he means otherwise, God protect my Louise from his designs! I grant you, when such a butterfly flutters round sweet water, the glutton is ready enough to sip; but take heed—take heed! Though every hair on your head were an eye, though every blood-drop in your veins were a sentinel, yet would he find means to deceive your vigilance, to ruin the maiden, and forsake her when weary of his conquest. Then for the remainder of her days must my child be condemned to shame; must pine away, consumed by remorse and the perfidy of her seducer; or, accustoming herself to the trade he taught her, become familiar with prostitution, debauchery, and shame. Christ Jesus! grant me patience!

[Striking his forehead.]

ELIZ. God protect us! What passion!

MILL. We have need of his protection. What can be the end of your designs? The President cannot fail to verify my predictions, nor can I blame him if he does. He is young and impetuous—the damsel is lovely and attractive; and a man is but a man. This I know, and this I ought to guard against.

ELIZ. If you would but read the letters which my lord sends your daughter! My God! they show, clear as the noonday sun, that he prizes her most for the excellence of her heart, and, though he cannot but dote upon her person, respects her innocence, her virtue, and her fame.

MILL. Right, right! There lies the true path of seduction! Lust after the flesh, but ever make the good simple heart your cloak, your go-between! Proceed so far in honour, that the feelings of the soul become dull and intoxicated, the body will soon follow the example. The sensual appetites are awakened, over-boiling passions destroy all sense of virtue, the platonic vision melts into nothing, and the silver moon's lustre becomes a mere bawd.

ELIZ. To be convinced of your injustice you need only read the books which Ferdinand has put into Louise's hands—the noblest sentiments, the purest morals—

MILL. Books, do you say? Books? Oh! excellent seducer! Your appetite is grown too pampered for the plain sins of nature: now they must be daintily dressed in the pestilential broth of sophistry; nor can the body's shame suffice without the perdition of the soul. Away with the trash! Thence are instilled into my child's mind fantastic visions, wanton thoughts, and enthusiasm false, seductive, and corrupting: these run like cantharides through her blood, and destroy that fair edifice of religion which it cost her old father so much time, so much trouble, to erect. Flames consume them! After all her wandering in the paradise of fools, in vain will the girl endeavour to regain her proper station; she will no longer remember, or only remember with blushes, that her father is a poor unknown musician; she will look with contempt on the blessings within her reach; she will sigh after rank and splendour; and when I shall propose to her a husband,

worthy of her favour and in possession of mine, she will reject the offer with aversion and contempt. Yet thus it shall not be, by Heaven! I will instantly to Ferdinand; I will speak to him with all the openness of indignant honesty; I will throw myself at his feet; I will gall him with reproaches; I will soften him with my tears; and, if his heart be not more impenetrable than marble, he must yield to the remonstrances of an anxious, a dotting father.

ELIZ. Be not so hasty, Miller! Prithee reflect on the advantages derived from this connection. Are not Ferdinand's presents, the trinkets, the books, the jewels—

MILL. *[returning, and seizing her by the arm.]* Are they not the price of my daughter's honour? Shame on thee, bawd!—infamous bawd! Eternal shame confound thee! Sooner will I bear my liarp on my old arms, and, plying from door to door, strike the once-admired chords at the table of villagers, my reward the coarse remnants of their unsavoury meal; sooner will I wander through the world, infirm, helpless, and alone, exposing my grey locks to all the inclemencies of humid mist and scorching sunbeams, than be nourished for one moment with the produce of that gold which buys from my only child her happiness in this world, her salvation in that to come. Fie, fie, Elizabeth! Relinquish your perfumed chocolate, your luxurions feeding, your rich and glittering attire. Then shall you not find it needful to expose your daughter's honour to sale. For sixty good years has my establishment been reputable, my clothes plain but decent, my table plentiful though not expensive: during that period have I never thought it necessary to welcome a libertine to my doors.

ELIZ. What violence of temper! In a moment it bursts out in fire and flames! You misunderstand me, Miller; I meant that we must be cautious not to offend Ferdinand: remember that he is the Minister's son.

MILL. Woman! woman! That is the exact reason why this affair must finish instantly; why he must separate from my daughter this very day. The Minister will thank me, if his sentiments are those of an honest man, of an affectionate father. Give me my cloak; I hasten this moment to his Excellency. I will tell him plainly and openly, "Your son loves my daughter. She is not worthy to be your son's wife, but she is too good to be his strumpet. That is sufficient. My name is Miller. Let your son cross my threshold no more."

SCENE II.—MILLER, ELIZABETH, WURM.

ELIZ. Is it you, Master Secretary? What pleasure it gives me to see you in this house again!

WURM. Pardon me, Madam: they who bask in a nobleman's favour can derive but little satisfaction from the attention of an inferior.

ELIZ. You are mistaken, my good Secretary, if you suppose your friendship indifferent to us: 'tis true the protection of Ferdinand makes us somewhat choice in our acquaintance, but we neglect not those with whom we have ever been upon terms of intimacy.

MILL. *[impatiently.]* Elizabeth, give a chair. Will you not be seated, Secretary?

WURM *[throwing off his cloak, and sitting down, while ELIZABETH surveys him with a scornful air.]* And how does my intended wife? For, in spit of what has happened, I still flatter myself with the hopes of one day calling her mine. May I not see her?

ELIZ. I am sorry that she cannot have that honour; she is not yet returned from mass,

WURM [*with an air of disbelief.*] Is she so early in her devotions? Well, well, I am glad to hear it; they will teach her to be in love and charity with all men, and whenever she gives me her hand I shall have a truly pious Christian consort.

ELIZ. That you will, Master Secretary, that you will! But to say the truth—

MILL. [*angrily.*] Elizabeth!

ELIZ. If our family can furnish you with anything else than a wife, name your wish, and it shall be granted; but—

WURM [*ironically.*] Anything else? You are too kind, Madam.

ELIZ. But—as you must yourself be conscious—

MILL. [*still more angrily.*] Elizabeth!

ELIZ. Though I formerly approved of a good match, since a better presents itself, it is not for a mother to oppose the prosperity of her only child. You do not attend to me, Master Secretary.

WURM [*uneasy.*] Not attend to you? Oh! pardon me! I am very anxious—I beg you will proceed.

ELIZ. Why then I will only say, that, since fortune has been pleased to decree that Louise shall be the bride of a nobleman—

WURM [*rising hastily.*] How? What said you?

MILL. Keep your seat, sir, keep your seat: heed not that prating woman! [*To ELIZABETH.*] She the bride of a nobleman? What can you mean by this absurdity?

ELIZ. You are at liberty to believe what you please. I know what has passed between them, and what have been the promises of Ferdinand.

MILL. [*highly incensed.*] Silence, serpent! What canst thou know? What can he have promised? Pay no attention to her, Master Secretary; she knows not what she says. [*To ELIZABETH.*] Go to your chamber, go! What will Master Secretary think of me? He will believe that I encourage you in these ridiculous fancies.

WURM. That you should encourage her in them have I not deserved from you, Miller. Till now you have ever shown yourself a man of your word. My pretensions to your daughter were at one time on the point of being ratified in the most solemn manner: I have an employment adequate to support her reputably: the Minister views me with an eye of favour, nor shall I want friends to hasten my preferment should a proper opportunity present itself. You are conscious that my addresses to Louise are both honourable and advantageous, and you should not sacrifice them to castles in the air, founded upon the promises of an illustrious libertine.

ELIZ. If you cannot speak with more respect, sir—

MILL. Silence, I say! Good Wurm, be contented. What I told you some months since I now repeat to you, and I protest to you that everything remains in the same position. I will not force the inclinations of my daughter. Offer yourself to her: if she accepts you, I wish her happy with you: if you do not please her, put up with the affront, and part from us in charity. It is the girl who must live with you, not I: it is her favour, therefore, which you must gain, not mine. Why should I from a spirit of obstinacy force her into the arms of a husband whom she finds it impossible for her to love? Should I commit so tyrannous an act, the demons of darkness would mark me for their prey, the wine which I drink would taste of Louise's tears, and every breeze that plays upon my hoary locks would whisper, "Thou hast destroyed the happiness of thy child!"

ELIZ. In short, Master Secretary, to end the business at once, I must observe, that (though I own it was partly given) you never had my positive consent. I once thought rather advantageously of your offers, but I am

now convinced that my daughter is destined to fill a more lofty station. I must therefore beg you to discontinue your addresses, since, should my husband agree to favour them, I should oppose them to the utmost of my power.

MILL. Can nothing keep thee quiet? Oh! serpent, serpent! WURM [*without minding* ELIZABETH.] A father's counsels must ever have weight. I trust, Miller, that you will strive to bias your daughter's decision, and that you are not unconscious of the value of my alliance.

MILL. Death of my life, sir! 'Tis the girl should be conscious of its value, not I. What my old wits may find acceptable in you may but ill suit the taste of a young romantic maiden. I will tell you at once whether you are a good musician; but whether you are capable of gaining a woman's affections is a question much too difficult for me to resolve. In short, Master Secretary, I am a plain-spoken downright man. To my counsels you would think yourself but little obliged. I will never advise my daughter to promise love and obedience to one who— Softly, softly, good tongue! I would say, that I cannot advise her to accept your offers. I think not too favourably of a lover who calls to his aid the authority of a parent. Is he worthy of her?—then he will scorn to gain his mistress by so antiquated a mode. Is he afraid of failing?—then he wants courage, and Louise shall wed no coward. No, no; the real lover must gain her affections by his own merit alone: he must make himself so necessary that she cannot live without him; that she would rather endure every sorrow, every inconvenience, than be banished from his sight; and that at length she throws herself at her father's feet, and entreats either for death or the well-beloved of her bosom. Such is real love—such must be the husband of Louise; and he who cannot make her feel these sensations must perforce content himself without her.

WURM [*in a threatening voice, while he hastily throws his cloak over his shoulders.*] I understand you, Miller, and quit your house. Perhaps you shall hear of me again. [Exit.]

MILL. So, so—he is gone in anger! Well, let him go. It is poison to me to look that villain in the face. Surely some demon introduced him by stealth into the Almighty God's creation! His little hypocritical eyes—his firebrand hair—his sneering lips, fraught with bitterness and swelling with spite and malice. No, no! Ere I throw away my daughter on such a wretch—

ELIZ. The low-bred impertinent! But there are those shall make him pay dearly for his threats.

MILL. And you too must bring me into fresh embarrassments by mentioning this infernal Ferdinand! What need was there to say that Louise would be the bride of a nobleman? What had von Walter's promises to do with our conversation? Now will your secret be noised throughout the city: the Minister will be informed of the whole affair, and the tempest of his wrath will burst over and destroy us. Tremble, woman! tremble at your imprudence!

SCENE III.—MILLER, ELIZABETH, LOUISE.

[LOUISE enters slowly with a book in her hand: her air is wild and melancholy, and she seems buried in her own ideas. As soon as she perceives her father, she lays down her book, advances towards him, kneels, and kisses his hand.]

LOU. Bless me, father! Bless me, and pray for me!

MILL. How can I bestow on thee a blessing, when thyself art the only one I possess? Yet will I pray, that God may give thee happiness equal

to thy deserts; to give thee more lies not even in his omnipotence. God bless thee, my lovely, my angel child! [*She rises.*] Dost thou come from mass? I rejoice that my Louise's first thoughts are offered to her Creator. Continue to pray to him, and his arm shall be thy support.

LOU. Oh! I am a poor sinful girl! Was he not here, mother?

ELIZ. Who, my child?

LOU. Ah! I forgot that there are others in the world besides him!—my brain wanders so! And he was not here? My Ferdinand was not here?

MILL. [*with a melancholy voice.*] I hoped that Louise's devotion would erase that name from her remembrance.

LOU. [*after a moment's silence.*] I understand you, father. I feel the knife which wounds my conscience, but your counsels come too late. I have no longer any piety, father: it is gone, quite gone! Heaven and Ferdinand struggle for my bleeding soul; and oh! I fear me—I fear me—[*pausing.*] Yet not so, my good father. The painter is best praised when the artist is forgotten in admiration of the picture. When, in contemplating his masterpiece, my wonder, my delight, my ecstasy makes me forget the creator, father, is not that adoration of God?

MILL. [*throwing himself into a seat in despondency.*] Lessons of virtue, how have ye abandoned the heart of my child!

LOU. [*moving eagerly to the window, and leaning upon the frame with a melancholy air.*] Where is he now? About what is he now occupied? Happy, happy ladies! who now listen to his voice!—who now gaze upon his features even to dotage! I—I am a miserable forsaken maid! [*Starts at the word, and returns hastily to MILLER.*] Yet no, no, no! Father, forgive me! I quarrel not with that fortune which made me your daughter. I will only think on him a little: that can do no harm, can it, my kind father? Now what say you? Were it not excellent, could I breathe out the few suspirations of life allotted to me, in a gentle flattering breeze that might cool the cheeks of my lover? The short-lived flower of my youth—would it were a violet upon which he might tread, and then I might expire beneath his feet! Father, would not that be transport? Surely when insects bask in its lustre, that gives no offence to the proud glorious day-star?

MILL. [*leaning upon the arm of his chair, and covering his face, while he speaks interrupted by sobbing.*] Louise! Louise! Her senses are disordered! Oh! I shall lose my darling!—my child! my child! Lovely unfortunate enthusiast! With joy would I sacrifice the remnant of my days, could I make you forget that you ever beheld Ferdinand von Walter!

LOU. [*terrified.*] How—how? Did you say—No, no! that could not be my father's meaning. He knows not that Ferdinand is mine! He knows not that the good God created him for me, and for my delight alone! [*After a pause of recollection.*] The first moment that I beheld him—and the blood rushed rapidly into my glowing cheeks—more lively beat every pulse: every throb told me, every breath whispered, "'Tis he!" And my heart, recognizing him, of whose absence it had so long felt the void, repeated yet more audibly, "'Tis he!" Methought the melodious sound rang through the world, and methought that world seemed to share in my delight! That moment—oh! that moment was the first dawning of my soul! A thousand new sentiments arose in my bosom, as flowers on the earth when spring approaches. I forgot that there was a world, yet never had I felt that world so dear to me! I forgot that there was a God, yet never had I felt so grateful for his bounties!

MILL. [*starting from his seat, hastening to LOUISE, and clasping her to his bosom.*] Louise! my beloved, my admirable child! Do what thou wilt.

Take everything—my life—Ferdinand! But God is my witness, that I never can give him to thee! *[Exit.]*

LOU. Best of fathers! now would I not have thee give him me. This despicable breath of life—this dewdrop in the ocean of eternity—how voluptuously is it consumed in dreaming of Ferdinand! While this endurable existence lasts, I wish not his possession; but oh! in that to come! Then, mother—then when the bounds of separation are thrown down—when the hated distinctions of rank no longer part us from each other—when again become no more than men and equals—then will I boldly advance before the tribunal of my God! I shall bring nothing with me save my innocence! Yet often has my father told me, that at the Almighty's coming riches and titles will be worthless; and that hearts alone, honourable honest hearts, will be reckoned beyond all price. Oh! then shall I be rich! There tears will be thought valuable for triumphs, and glorious thoughts be preferred to an illustrious ancestry. Then, then, mother, shall I indeed be noble!—then shall I indeed become the bride of Ferdinand! Hasten ELIZ. *[rising hastily from her seat.]* Louise, I hear Ferdinand! Hasten to receive him.

LOU. Oh! do not leave me, mother! Why tremble you so, poor heart, at hearing the footsteps of your master? *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—LOUISE, FERDINAND VON WALTER.

[He flies towards her: she advances a few steps to meet him, but falls back into her chair, pale and trembling. FERDINAND kneels before her, presses her hand to his bosom, and looks upon her for some moments in silence. A pause.]

FER. So pale, Louise?

LOU. *[rising, and embracing him.]* Fear not—it is nothing—nothing in truth. You are here; I embrace you, and am well.

FER. And am I still beloved, Louise? My heart is yesterday's; is thine the same? I hastened hither; I wished only to know that thou art happy, that I might return and be so too. I find thee pale, fainting, ill!

LOU. Not so, my beloved, not so.

FER. Why deceive me, Louise? You are not happy. I see through your soul, as through the clear lustre of these brilliants *[pointing to his ring.]* No speck can harbour here, unmarked by my vigilance; no thought can pass over your countenance, and escape the observation of your lover. What grieves you? Answer me. Ah! were I but certain that this mirror is unsullied, no cloud should I see through the wide expanse of atmosphere!

LOU. *[looking at him with anxiety for a few moments.]* Ferdinand, couldst thou know how much above herself this discourse exalts the tradesman's daughter—

FER. What sayst thou? Tell me, girl, where found ye that? Thou art my Louise: who told thee thou couldst be aught else? See, false one, see, for what coldness I must chide thee! Were indeed thy whole existence love for me, never hadst thou found time to draw comparisons between our ranks. When I am with thee, my prudence is lost in one look from thine eyes; when I am absent, in a dream of thee! But thou—thou canst harbour prudence in the same breast with love! Fie on thee, Louise! Every moment bestowed on this sorrow was a robbery from affection and from me.

LOU. *[pressing his hand, and shaking her head with a melancholy air.]* Ferdinand, you would lull my apprehensions to sleep; you would divert my eyes from the precipice into which I am falling. I can see into futurity,

and I tremble at the sight! The voice of honour, your own reproaches, your father's anger; my poverty, my insignificance, my nothing— [*Shudders, and hastily drops his hand.*] Ferdinand! a dagger hangs over us! We are separated, separated for ever!

FER. Separated, Louise? Whence these apprehensions? Who can separate two hearts, or the tones of one accord? True, I am a nobleman: but are my letters of nobility more valid than Heaven's handwriting in my Louise's eyes? Are the distinctions of rank more to be respected than promises to whose faith I have so often made God my witness? I am son to the Prime Minister; even therefore should I seek happiness on the bosom of my mistress. What but love can sweeten the curses which my father's extortions will draw down on me from every groaning peasant?

LOU. Oh! how I fear that father!

FER. I fear nothing—nothing, but that your affection should know bounds. Let obstacles rise between us, huge as mountains, I will consider them but as stairs, and ascend by them to the arms of Louise. The tempest of opposing fate shall but fan the flame of my affection: dangers will only serve to make Louise yet more charming. Then speak no more of terrors, oh! thou, my beloved! I will protect thee; I will watch over thee, carefully as the enchanter's dragon watches over buried gold. I will be thy guardian; thou shalt need no other angel. I will throw myself between thee and fate: every blow aimed by her at thy breast shall be received in mine. For thee will I collect every drop that flows from the cask of pleasure; to thee will I bring it in the bowl of love. [*Embracing her affectionately.*] This arm shall support my Louise through life. Fairer than it dismissed thee, shall Heaven receive thee back; and angels shall confess with delight and wonder that nothing but love can give perfection to the soul.

LOU. [*disengaging herself from him in confusion.*] Speak no more, I beseech thee!—oh, Ferdinand, speak no more! Couldst thou know—Oh! leave me, leave me! Little dost thou feel how these hopes rend my heart in pieces like fiends!

FER. [*detaining her.*] Stay, Louise, stay! Why this agitation? Why those hurried looks?

LOU. I had forgotten these visions, and was happy. Now—now—from this day is the tranquillity of my heart no more. Wild impetuous wishes, unsatisfied desires, stings of delight exquisite and tormenting, must swell in my bosom, must torture me, must drive me mad! Go, cruel youth! Leave me, oh! leave me! Ferdinand! Ferdinand! God forgive thee! Thou hast hurled that firebrand into my young peaceful heart, which nothing can extinguish but the chillness of the grave!

[*She breaks from him, and rushes from the apartment, followed by FERDINAND.*]

SCENE V.—*The President's House.* THE PRESIDENT, WURM.

PRES. Ferdinand's a serious attachment, say you? No, no, Wurm; I never can believe it.

WURM. If your Excellency will allow me to bring proofs of my assertions—

PRES. That he is pleased with the girl, talks bombast nonsense to her, and strives to ensnare her affections by pretending to sentiment and delicacy—all this is very possible, and in my opinion very excusable; but as for marriage—the daughter of a musician, I think, you said?

WURM. Of Miller, the music-master.

PRES. Handsome? But that question answers itself.

WURM [*with warmth.*] The most lovely creature that ever the world

behold ! Elegant in her manners, captivating in her discourse, and perfect in her person.

PRES. [*smiling.*] Softly, softly, Wurm ! You betray your own secret. It requires no great penetration to discover that you are not insensible to the charms of this lovely creature, as you call her. But to return to our subject. You must not suppose, my good friend, that I am displeased with Ferdinand's gallantry. To be favoured by women is one of the most certain yet easiest methods of rising at court, and the conquest of this one damsel will ensure him success with twenty others of more consequence. You say that she is handsome ? I am glad of it ; it proves that Ferdinand has taste. Does he pretend honourable designs ? With all my heart ! It convinces me that he can dissemble at proper times, and that he has wit enough not to sacrifice his interests to a romantic adoration of veracity. (As the world runs at present, you will allow, friend Wurm, that this is a qualification by no means unnecessary.) Is he successful in his enterprise ? So much the better ! It shows that fortune is willing to favour him. And, to end the farce, should a grandson make his appearance, I shall congratulate myself on the addition to my family, and remove the mother and the brat to some decent retirement.

WURM. Beware, my lord, beware ! That mother may remove President Von Walter to a retirement not quite so reputable as that intended for his son's mistress. Ferdinand in possession of a secret upon which your life—

PRES. [*angrily and sternly.*] Hold, Wurm ! Not a syllable more on that head. Remember, that I am dreadful when once alarmed, obstinate when once convinced, frantic when once aware of an intended injury. As to the other subject, I am willing to take the whole in good part. That you would fain remove your rival, I make no sort of doubt—that to save yourself the trouble of breaking off my son's connection with this Louise, you would willingly make me the instrument of separating them, I can also readily conceive. As to your natural propensity to deceit, I cannot object to it ; it has frequently been of use to me, and, as I am forewarned, I have nothing to apprehend from its consequences to myself ; but that you should attempt to exercise your hypocrisy upon me, to persuade me to your purpose by remembering me of circumstances which I must needs wish forgotten, or should strive to make me coincide with your views by threatening a disclosure of those circumstances, is a mode of conduct which I never will permit.

WURM. Pardon me, my lord ! I meant not to offend ; neither in my representations had hypocrisy any share. I cannot deny my affection for the damsel ; but if jealousy has in any degree assisted me in this affair, it has been with her eyes to discover Ferdinand's connection, not with her tongue to publish it to your Excellency.

PRES. Jealousy ! Absurd ! What hast thou to do with jealousy ? What needest thou care, whether the ducats are received from the mint, or pass through the hands of a banker ? Observe the alliances of the great. Whether it be publicly known or not, in my rank of life a marriage is seldom solemnized where at least a dozen of the guests cannot measure the bridegroom's paradise by geometrical proportions.

WURM [*bowing.*] Upon this head, my lord, I confess myself a plebeian. PRES. To prove to you the truth of my assertions, I will now confide a secret to your keeping. You have heard, no doubt, that a treaty of marriage has been proposed between the Duke and a Princess of the house of Austria. To facilitate this union, it is resolved, that the Lady Milford shall pretend to have lost our sovereign's heart, and, to make her disgrace yet more credible, shall contract some ostensible engagement. You are conscious, Wurm, how fondly the Prince dotes upon his mistress ; he loads

her with favours, and the title of Lady lately bestowed upon her is one of the most insignificant. With her influence over him is mine unable to cope, and my power would soon fall to the ground should it jar against her interests. The Duke now seeks a husband for her. An enemy of mine may offer himself, conclude the bargain, secure the Duke's confidence, as well as his strumpet, and easily establish himself in the place which I now possess. In order therefore to retain the Prince in the shackles of my family, within a week shall the lady become the wife of my son. Do you understand me?

WURM. Perfectly, my lord. But the statesman seems so totally to overcome the parent in this business, that I fear Ferdinand will prove dutiful to you in the same proportion that you are affectionate to him. In that case your whole edifice will be levelled with the ground.

PRES. Fortunately, he has never dared to dispute my will, when once I had pronounced, "Thus shall it be!" But now, Wurm, I return to our former subject. I will propose Lady Milford to my son this very day: the reception which he gives my offer shall either confirm your assertions or annihilate the very idea of them from my mind. Will this content you?

WURM. Permit me to represent that his refusal may as well be placed to the account of the bride you offer to him as of her from whom you wish him to be separated. Put him then to a trial more severe. Propose to him the most unexceptionable woman that can be found in Brunswick. If he accepts her for his bride, if he consents to marry any other than Louise Miller, I will subject myself willingly to any punishment which yourself or Ferdinand may think proper to inflict.

PRES. [*biting his lips.*] Marry her? Confusion!

WURM. That certainly is his intention. This very morning Miller's wife betrayed the secret to me.

PRES. I take your advice, Wurm; Ferdinand shall immediately be put to the proof.

WURM. Yet let me entreat your Excellency not to forget that Ferdinand is the Minister's son: should he discover that I informed you—

PRES. Take you no heed; I will not betray you.

WURM. Permit me also to mention that my services in ridding you of a daughter-in-law ill suited to your inclinations—

PRES. Deserve the recompense of a wife well suited to yours? That also shall be remembered.

WURM [*bowing.*] Eternally your lordship's slave. [*Going.*]

PRES. [*in a threatening voice.*] As to what I have confided to you, should you dare but to whisper one syllable—

WURM. While your Excellency possesses the proofs of my forgery, upon that head you may rest secure. [*Exit.*]

PRES. He is right: I have nothing to dread from him, while I hold him confined in the fetters of his own knavery.

SCENE VI.—PRESIDENT VON WALTER—*a* SERVANT.

SER. Marshal Von Kalb to wait upon your lordship.

PRES. The very man I wished to see. Introduce him. [*Exit* SERVANT.

SCENE VII.—THE PRESIDENT, MARSHAL VON KALB.

VON K. [*in an affected tone of voice.*] How delighted I am to see you, my dear President! It seems an ago since I had last that honour! And how have you done these hundred years? Will you forgive my not having

paid my respects to you at an earlier hour? I swear to you, nothing but the most pressing business—the Duke's bill of fare, long neglected visits to be returned, invitations to the next gala ball—not to mention a million of other affairs to the full as important. Besides, it was necessary for me to be at the levee, and inform his Highness of the state of the weather.

PRES. True, von Kalb. So weighty a concern was not to be neglected.

VON K. Then a rascally shoemaker kept me waiting near three-quarters of an hour.

PRES. And yet ready so soon?

VON K. Nor is that all—as misfortunes never come single. Only hear my adventures of to-day, my dear President!

PRES. I am all attention. [*Aside.*] Can it be possible? Can a son of mine—

VON K. Now only listen! Scarce had I quitted my carriage at the palace door, when the horses became restive, and, beginning to stamp and rear, I was covered—only imagine!—I was covered with mud from head to foot! What was now to be done! Fancy yourself, my dear friend, only fancy yourself for a moment in my situation! There stood I; late was the hour; the window-curtains of his Highness were already drawn up. In this dilemma to what resource did I betake myself? I pretended to faint; my domestics hastily replaced me in my carriage; my coachman, fancying me at the point of death, galloped home like a madman. The moment I arrive there I fly to my chamber, change my dress, hasten back to the palace, and, in spite of all these accidents—only imagine!—am still the first person in the ante-chamber! What say you to that, my best President?

PRES. The most admirable impromptu ever engendered by mortal wit. But tell me, von Kalb, did you speak to the Duke?

VON K. [*importantly.*] Full twenty minutes and a half.

PRES. Indeed? I congratulate you, von Kalb; you are become a man of consequence, and doubtless his Highness has imparted to you the secret of the day.

VON K. [*after a pause of reflection.*] I certainly did hear it rumoured that the court livery was to be changed from brown to blue—but the news wanted confirmation.

PRES. That is highly important, but still not the intelligence I mean. You have not heard, then, that Lady Milford will soon become my daughter-in-law?

VON K. Not a word of it. And seriously the match is likely to take place?

PRES. It is concluded, von Kalb, it is concluded; and when you pay your usual morning compliments to Lady Milford, you will oblige me by preparing her to receive Ferdinand's visit. You have full liberty also to mention the approaching nuptials to all those who honour me by interesting themselves in my concerns.

VON K. My dear friend, you confer upon me the greatest favour in the world! Nothing can give me more satisfaction than such an employment. I fly to Lady Milford this moment. Adieu, my best President! [*embracing him.*] Depend upon my diligence. In three-quarters of an hour not a soul in the town shall be ignorant of the whole affair. [*Exit.*]

PRES. [*smiling contemptuously.*] They say this creatures is of no use in the world; but a man of sense can make use of everything. Now Ferdinand must either accept the proposal, or give the whole town the lie. Who waits? [*WURM enters.*] Send Ferdinand hither.

[*WURM retires. The PRESIDENT walks backwards and forwards full of thought.*]

SCENE VIII.—THE PRESIDENT, FERDINAND.

FER. I was informed, my lord—

PRES. Ay, Ferdinand, I sent for you. What mean you by this conduct, my son? I have watched you for these last three months, and find no longer that warm, open vivacity of youth which formerly was so amiable and enchanting. A strange sorrow broods upon your features: you shun your father; you shun the society in which you once delighted. For shame, Ferdinand! At your age a thousand irregularities are easier forgiven than one instant of ill-humour. Away then with this melancholy, my son! Indulge yourself in every pleasure; enjoy the present moments, without heeding those to come. Leave the care of your future happiness to my direction, and only prepare yourself, when necessary, to co-operate with my designs. Promise me this, my Ferdinand, and embrace me in token of compliance.

FER. Your kindness to-day, noble father, exceeds my utmost expectations.

PRES. "To-day," say you? and that with such an air of wonder and suspicion? [*Seriously.*] Ferdinand! For whose sake have I ventured upon that dangerous path which leads to the affections of princes? For whose sake am I at variance with Heaven and my conscience, at variance never to be reconciled? Hear me, Ferdinand! Remember, 'tis to my son I speak. For whom have I made room by the removal of my predecessor?—a deed which the more deeply wounds my inward feelings the more carefully I conceal the dagger from the world! Tell me, Ferdinand, for whose sake have I done all this?

FER. [*recoiling with horror.*] Yet not for mine, father, not for mine! Yet not on me shall fall the bloody reflection of this murder! By my Almighty Maker, it were better never to have been born than have been the unconscious cause of such a crime!

PRES. Sayest thou? How? But I will pardon these romantic visions, Ferdinand—I will preserve my temper. Ungrateful boy! Thus dost thou repay me for my sleepless nights? Thus for my unslumbering anxiety for thy good? Thus for the never-dying scorpion of my conscience? Upon me must fall the burthen of exculpation; upon me the curse, the thunder-bolt of the Judge. Thou receivest thy happiness from another's hands: enjoy it, and remember that the crime is not attached to the inheritance.

FER. [*extending his right hand towards Heaven.*] An inheritance which I now solemnly abjure, since it serves but to remind me of a parent's guilt!

PRES. Hear me, youth! Do not incense me. Spiritless worm were you left to your own direction, you would crawl for ever in the dust.

FER. Oh! Better, father, far, far better to crawl a worm in the dust than a serpent on a throne!

PRES. [*repressing his anger.*] So! Then compulsion must make you sensible of your happiness. To that point, which with all striving a thousand others fail to reach, have you been exalted in the very sleep of infancy. At twelve you received a commission; at eighteen, a command. I have laboured to establish you in the Duke's good graces: I have succeeded. He bids you lay aside your uniform, and share with me his favour and his confidence. He spoke of titles, of embassies, of honours bestowed but upon few. A glorious prospect presents itself before you. The direct path to the place next to the throne lies open to you—nay, to the throne itself, if the power of ruling is not less valuable than the name. Does not that idea awaken your ambition? Does not that incite your soul to daring deeds?

FER. It does not; for my ideas of great and happy differ widely from my father's. Your happiness can be but seldom known, except by the misery of others. Envy, terror, abhorrence are the melancholy mirrors in

which princes admire their greatness; tears, curses, desperation, the unsavoury beverage of those so falsely esteemed happy. Intoxicated with this, they sink sleeping into eternity, and at the day of judgment throng staggering before the throne of God. My ideas of happiness rather make me look for its fountains in myself. I seek no honours; I shrink from ambition; I feel that every wish of mine lies buried in my heart.

PRES. Excellent! Excellent! Talents for romance cannot be higher carried! But not to let them rust unemployed, I will place one by your side who may participate in this unbounded folly. Hear me, youth! This very day resolve to take a bride of my choosing.

FER. [*starting back amazed.*] Father!

PRES. Answer me not. I will hear nothing in reply. I have made proposals in your name to Lady Milford. You will instantly determine to accommodate yourself to my wishes, and from this moment consider yourself as her bridegroom.

FER. Lady Milford!

PRES. If she is not unknown to you—

FER. [*passionately.*] To what brothel is she unknown through the dukedom? [*Calmer.*] But pardon me, dearest father! It was ridiculous to imagine that your proposal could be serious. Would you call yourself father of that rascal son who doomed himself for lucre to the bride-bed of a licensed prostitute?

PRES. Nay, yet further, Ferdinand! Were not my age an objection, I would myself become her husband: would not you call yourself that rascal father's son?

FER. As there is a God above us! that would I not.

PRES. By Heaven! an avowal, which I pardon for its singularity.

FER. I entreat you, father, by all that is sacred, by all that is dear to you, release me from terrors which render it insupportable for me to know myself your son.

PRES. Are you distracted, boy? Who thirsts not after a distinction which makes him in a third place the equal of his sovereign?

FER. If I am distracted, father, 'tis you who make me so. "A distinction" do you call it?—a distinction to be equal with a prince, when he stoops to place himself upon a level with his basest subject? [*The PRESIDENT laughs insultingly.*] You may scoff at and ridicule me; I must pass it over in a father. Suppose I should consent to this union? With what countenance should I support the gaze of the meanest labourer, who at least receives an undivided person as the portion of his bride? With what countenance should I present myself before the world—before the prince—nay, before the harlot herself, who would wash out in my shame the brandmarks of her honour?

PRES. Absurd! Whence couldst thou collect such notions?

FER. I swear to you, father, by heaven and by earth, so happy by your only son's perdition can you never make yourself as you will make him miserable! If my life can be a step to your advancement, dispose of it at your pleasure: my life was your present, and to sacrifice it to your welfare will I never hesitate a moment. My honour, father—if you deprive me of this, the giving me life was a mere trick of knavish cruelty, and I must equally curse the parent and the pander.

PRES. [*embracing him.*] Speak ever thus, my brave, my noble boy! How proud I feel of these sentiments! I have put you to the proof; I have found you answering my most sanguine wishes, and the fairest maid in Brunswick is a reward scarcely adequate to your deserts. Be happy, then, my dearest son! Lay aside your apprehensions, and give your hand this evening to the Countess of Ostheim.'

FER. [*in new disorder.*] Has Fate then pitched upon this hour to hurl me from precipice to precipice?

PRES. [*regarding him with an eye of suspicion.*] By this union I imagine that your honour can have nothing to lose?

FER. Nothing, father, nothing! Frederica of Ostheim would make any other the happiest of men. [*Aside.*] His kindness rends totally in pieces that remnant of my heart which his cruelty left unwounded.

PRES. [*his eye still fixed upon him.*] I expected, Ferdinand, that your gratitude—

FER. [*throwing himself at his feet, and kissing his hand.*] Father, your goodness awakens every spark of sentiment in my bosom! Father, receive my warmest thanks for your paternal tenderness! Your choice is unexceptionable. But—I cannot—I dare not. Pity me, father, I never can love the Countess!

PRES. [*drawing back.*] Hold, young sir! You have fallen into the snare. So these were your plots? Thou artful hypocrite! It was not then honour which made thee refuse Lady Milford? Ferdinand! Ferdinand! It was not the woman, but the nuptials, which alarmed thee. [FERDINAND stands petrified for a moment; then recovers himself, and prepares to quit the chamber hastily.] And whither now? Stay, sir! Is this the respect due to thy father? [FERDINAND returns slowly.] Hear me, youth! Lady Milford expects thee: the Duke has my promise: both court and city are persuaded that the marriage will take place. If thou makest me appear a liar, boy—if before the Duke, the lady, the court and city, thou makest me appear a liar!—tremble, boy, tremble at my vengeance! Should certain circumstances have reached my knowledge— How now? Why does the fire of thy cheeks at once grow pale?

FER. [*pale and trembling.*] How? What? There is no cause for my emotion, father—none, in truth!

PRES. [*casting upon him a dreadful look.*] And if there is any—if I should discover the source from whence this obstinacy proceeds! Boy! boy! the very thought drives me distracted! Leave me this moment, and obey me. 'Tis now the hour of the parade. As soon as the word is given, go thou to Lady Milford; once there, my pleasure is known to thee. Do thou fulfil it. When I step forth a dukedom trembles; let me see if a disobedient madman dare contradict my will! [*Going, returns.*] Remember, sir! Go thou to Lady Milford. Go to her, or fly from my anger to the very extremities of the globe!—and even there my curse shall find thee! [*Exit.*]

FER. He is gone! Was that a father's voice? Yes, I will hence. I will see her. I will say such things to her—I will hold such a mirror before her eyes! Then, if she still demands my hand, in the presence of her paramour, of the collected nobles, and of God, I throw her from me, and resign her to eternal infamy. Tremble, unworthy woman! Girdle thyself round with all the pride of thy native Britain. Thou wilt need it; for a German soldier will speak to thee the language of truth. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A magnificent Saloon.* LADY MILFORD, SOPHIE.

[LADY MILFORD sits upon a sofa, and occasionally strikes the chords of her harp. She seems buried in meditation. SOPHIE comes from the balcony.]

SOPH. The parade is over; the officers are separating; but I see no Major von Walter.

LADY M. [*rises with uneasiness, and traverses the stage with a disordered air.*] I know not what torments me this morning; I never before felt these sensations! You saw him not, Sophie? Well, no matter: he has no cause for impatience. Oh, how this interview weighs down my heart like the consciousness of a crime! Go, Sophie; let the Duke's wildest courser be prepared for me: I pant for air. I must see men, and the blue sky, and chase these gloomy thoughts from my bosom.

SOPH. If you wish for amusement, why not throw open your doors, and admit the crowd of those whom a smile from you can make happy? Music, dancing, feasting, play—name but your wish, and 'twill be gratified. Were I in your place, lady—were the Duke and his whole court at my entire command, I would suffer no caprice to ruffle the tranquillity of my temper.

LADY M. [*throwing herself upon the sofa.*] Oh, let me not be troubled with the wearisome tribe of flatterers! Every hour in which I shun them is worth a diamond. Shall I line my chambers with this cringing throng? These courtiers are pitiable creatures, despicable men—the slaves of a single puppet, whose actions I govern easier than I do the strings of my lute! What should I with people whose souls are filled with nothing but fulsome compliments and insipid adulation? What pleasure can it give to question them, when I already know their answer? How can I bear to converse with wretches who dare harbour no opinion that differs from mine? Hence with the servile crowd! Prepare for me a steed, wild, spirited, and impetuous: I burn to see a creature that submits not tamely to the rein!

SOPH. Yet from those who answer your description you surely must except the Duke: no handsomer person, or tenderer heart—no manners more polished, or understanding more enlightened, can be found in his whole dominions.

LADY M. Ay, Sophie, there lies the attraction! They are his dominions: thence comes your praise, and my apology. Nothing but sovereignty could excuse my weakness. Thou sayest, the generality of women envy me. Oh! blindness! blindness! I am far more worthy their compassion. Among those who rest upon the bosom of Majesty the mistress maintains her station by the most disgraceful means: since she purchases favour with the loss of her virtue and her fame. 'Tis true, by the talisman of his power the Duke can satisfy every wish of my caprice, swift as the building of fairy palaces. He places the wealth of India upon my toilette: he changes deserts into gardens fair as Paradise; bids the rivers of his dukedom spring in proud curves to heaven; or, exhausting the marrow of his subjects in shows and fireworks, squanders away the produce of villages upon a single entertainment. But against a great and fiery heart can he make his heart beat great and fiery? Upon his indigent brain can there be impressed one single generous feeling? In the riot of my senses my heart still is conscious of a void; and little does it boot me to possess a thousand nobler sentiments, when I have the power alone to gratify the cravings of voluptuousness and lust.

SOPH. [*looking at her with astonishment.*] Though I have been so long your attendant—

LADY M. You understand my character to-day for the first time: is that what you would say? Sophie, you are right. I have sold my honour to the Prince; but my heart still remains at liberty: my heart, which perhaps is yet worthy the acceptance of a man of honour—my heart, over which the poisonous sirocco of courts has passed, as breath flies over mirrors. Believe me, Sophie, long since had I abandoned this despicable sovereign could my pride have borne to see another fill my place.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

SOPH. Ah, lady! how could that heart, of which you boast so highly, submit without struggling to the government of pride?

LADY M. [*hastily.*] Has it not revenged itself? Nay, does it not revenge itself at this moment? Sophie! Woman has but one choice, to obey, or to command; but the greatest pleasure of ruling is but a miserable possession, should that greater be denied, the being slave to a man whom she adores!

SOPH. A truth, lady, which I hear from your lips with astonishment.

LADY M. And why astonishment? Proves not our childish mode of governing a sceptre that we are only fit to move in leading-strings? Sawest thou not, Sophie, that the fantastic wanderings of my caprice—sawest thou not, that my ambitious enthusiasm served but to hush the yet wilder wishes of my bosom?

SOPH. Lady!

LADY M. [*passionately.*] Satisfy these! Give me the man who is now the object of my thoughts, of my adoration! Give me the man whom I must either possess or die! [*With softness.*] Let me but read in his eyes that he burns with a passion like mine; let me but hear from his lips that the brilliants in my hair are less bright than tears of love on my cheek; [*with contemptuous dignity*] and I spurn at my foot the Prince's heart and dukedom, and fly with this man to the remotest desert of the world!

SOPH. [*regarding her with surprise.*] You alarm me, lady! These transports—this emotion—

LADY M. You change colour: have I betrayed too much? Oh! then let my unreserved confession purchase your secrecy. Hear yet more—

hear everything!

SOPH. [*drawing back with anxiety.*] Spare me, lady, spare me in pity! I dare not listen!

LADY M. Stay, I command you! Stay, and know—my union with Ferdinand von Walter—you and the world suppose it to be some court intrigue. Tremble not, Sophie—tremble not for me! It is the work of love.

SOPH. Just Heavens! My suspicions, then, were true!

LADY M. They suffer me to over-reach them, Sophie. The doting Prince—the politic President—the insignificant von Kalb—each would swear that this union is the surest way to preserve me for the Duke, and to rivet the chains of our connection. Fools! 'tis the way to separate us for ever, and free me from their shameful fetters, which never shall be resumed. Blush, ye deceived deceivers! Blush to be outplotted by the cunning of a woman! Yourselves now place me in the arms of my beloved: this was my whole aim. Let him but be mine—let him but once be mine! Oh! then for ever, detested sovereignty, farewell!

SCENE II.—LADY MILFORD, SOPHIE. WALTER, with a casket.

WAL. His Highness, lady, recommends himself by me to your remembrance, and begs you to accept these jewels as a nuptial gift. They are newly arrived from Venice.

LADY M. [*opens the casket, and starts back with astonishment.*] Man, what price did the Duke give for these brilliants?

WAL. [*with a gloomy look.*] They cost him not a ducat.

LADY M. How? Have you your senses? They cost him nothing?—[*moving hastily from him*]—and he darts upon me a look as he would pierce through my very soul! Answer me instantly: what paid your Duke for these inestimable gems?

WAL. Yesterday seven thousand children of the land departed for America: their produce paid the whole.

LADY M. [*throws the casket upon the table with looks of horror, and paces the apartment with unequal steps. After a pause she returns to WALTER.*] How now? You weep! Wherefore those tears?

WAL. [*casts upon her a piercing and expressive glance: then speaks in a solemn voice, while he wipes his eyes, and points to the casket.*] Jewels, precious as those yonder, once had I—two fair sons—[*his voice fails him, and he is unable to repress his tears*—they completed the seven thousand!

LADY M. [*turning away her face, while she grasps his hand.*] But went not compelled, old man? But went not compelled?

WAL. [*with a convulsive laugh.*] Compelled? O God! No, no; they went from pure free will!—'Tis true some daring youths stepped forward and asked the Prince how dear he sold his subjects by the head. But their insolence was justly punished. Our beneficent master ordered a regiment to be instantly drawn out on the parade, and the offenders were soon stretched upon the earth. We heard the report of the muskets—we saw their brains scattered upon the stones, and the whole army shouted, "Hence to America!"

LADY M. [*throws herself upon the sofa, trembling with agitation.*] God! God! And I heard nothing—and I observed nothing!

WAL. Ay, noble lady, why were you absent? Why would you with the Duke to hunt the bear, when the signal was given for departure? Oh! you should not have missed the glorious sight, when the bellowing trumpets told us it was time to part—when orphans followed with shrieks their fathers, though living, dead to them—when brides were severed from their bridegrooms' arms by interposing sabres—when, in distraction, mothers hurled their infants upon the points of bayonets—when grey-headed elders rent their locks in despair, and at length threw their crutches towards America, whither went the dearer props of their old age! Oh! and then the beating of drums! and the clangour of trumpets! and the cries of soldiers, who shouted around us, that our prayers might not reach the ears of the Omniscient!

LADY M. [*starting wildly from the sofa.*] Away with those gems! They dart hellish flames into my bosom. [*With softness.*] Be satisfied, good old man; your sons will return: again shall you clasp your children to your bosom.

WAL. [*passionately, and with a full heart.*] That I shall, lady: God knows, that I shall! When they reached the city gate, they stopped, and turned towards me. "God be with you, father!" said they; "at the day of judgment we shall meet again!"

LADY M. [*traversing the stage hastily.*] Horrible! Monstrous! He told me I had dried up the tears of his subjects. Dreadfully, dreadfully does the light break in upon me! Leave me, old man. Tell your master I will myself thank him—as he deserves! [*WALTER is going: LADY MILFORD throws her purse into his hat.*] Keep that, for having told me truth.

WAL. [*flinging it with indignation upon the table.*] Gold? Be it for others; I want it not! [*Expressively.*] Lady—I had once two sons! [*Exit.*

LADY M. [*looking after him with amazement.*] Follow him, Sophie; follow him! Inquire his name: he shall have his sons again! [*Exit SOPHIE. LADY MILFORD remains buried in thought. After a pause, SOPHIE returns.*] Heard I not lately that a town upon the borders has been consumed by fire, and near four hundred families reduced to beggary?

SOPH. 'Tis true, lady. Most of these unfortunates now serve their creditors like bondsmen, or perish in the depths of the ducal silver-mines. But what brings this now to your remembrance?

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

LADY M. Who waits? [*A SERVANT enters: she gives him the casket.*]
 Carry this to my treasurer. 'Tis my pleasure that the contents be sold
 without delay, and the produce divided among the sufferers by the late
 conflagration.

SOPH. Consider, lady; this will be showing a marked insult to the
 Prince.

LADY M. [*with dignity.*] Shall I wear in my ringlets the curses of his
 country? Obey me! [*The SERVANT goes out.*] Wouldst thou that the
 infernal burthen of such tears should press me to the earth! No, Sophie.
 False brilliants look better in my hair than true gems, while I know at
 what price they were purchased.

SOPH. But diamonds of such value! Would not your less costly jewels
 have answered your purpose? And when the Duke shall hear—No, lady,
 no; he never can forgive this slight.

LADY M. Foolish girl! This deed shall draw down on me more
 diamonds from Heaven than sparkle in the diadems of ten kings! Oh!
 and those diamonds will be far more fair and precious!

SCENE III.—LADY MILFORD, SOPHIE, a SERVANT.

SER. Major von Walter!

SOPH. [*hastening to* LADY MILFORD, *and supporting her.*] Lady, you
 faint!

LADY M. He is the first I ever dreaded. I am ill—very ill! Spirit of
 my father, support me! [*To the SERVANT.*] Speak! How looks he?
 Seems he pleased? Smiles he? What said he? Did he not—Oh!
 Sophie! My brain whirls round with terror!

SOPH. I entreat you, lady—

SER. May the Major be permitted—

LADY M. [*with a faltering voice.*] His visit will give me pleasure. [*Exit SERVANT.*]

LADY M. Speak, Sophie! What shall I say to him? How shall I
 receive him? He will despise me for my weakness! He will think me—
 dreadful suspicion! Leave me not, Sophie! Stay, oh! stay!

SOPH. Collect yourself, for God's sake! The Major is already here.

SCENE IV.—LADY MILFORD, SOPHIE, FERDINAND.

FER. [*with a slight and distant bow.*] If I interrupt you—

LADY M. [*in evident agitation.*] In nothing of consequence, my lord.

FER. By my father's command I visit you.

LADY M. He has obliged me by that command.

FER. And my business is to announce to you our approaching nuptials.
 Such is my father's will.

LADY M. [*with a timid and trembling voice.*] And not your own heart's
 wish?

FER. 'Tis a question which ministers and panders seldom think it
 necessary to ask.

LADY M. [*with increasing anxiety, which almost stifles her voice.*] And
 have you nothing more to add?

FER. [*looking at SOPHIE.*] Much, lady, much!
 [*LADY MILFORD motions to SOPHIE to retire. Exit SOPHIE.*]

SCENE V.—LADY MILFORD, FERDINAND.

LADY M. We are now at liberty. Will you not be seated?

FER. I shall be brief: a few moments will suffice for all I have to
 say.

LADY M. I am prepared to hear you.

FER. Lady, I am a man of honour.

LADY M. I cannot doubt it.

FER. A gentleman.

LADY M. None better in Brunswick.

FER. And an officer.

LADY M. These are qualities possessed in common with you by others. Why pass over in silence those far more noble ones peculiar to yourself?

FER. [*coldly.*] They have no concern in the present business.

LADY M. [*her anxiety still increasing.*] And in what light am I to consider this preamble?

FER. Consider it to be the prophecy of that to which honour will compel me, should you think proper to force my hand without gaining the consent of my love or judgment.

LADY M. How, my lord? What language is this?

FER. [*resolutely.*] The language of my heart, my nobility—and this sword.

LADY M. That sword did the Duke give you.

FER. That sword did my country give me through the hands of the Duke. God bestowed on me an honest heart, and fifty centuries have confirmed my claim to nobility.

LADY M. What the Duke authorizes—

FER. [*sternly and hastily.*] Can the Duke wrest to his purpose the acknowledged laws of humanity? Can he stamp glory upon actions, easily as he stamps his image upon a ducat? No, lady, no! Even himself is subject to the sway of honour; but then he has the power of sealing up her lips with gold. He can throw over his crimes a robe of ermine; he can dazzle observing eyes with the splendour of his diadem; he can make— I entreat you, lady, mention not the Duke again. I speak not now of blasted prospects, of ancestors dishonoured: I speak not of that nice honour girded on me with my sword: I speak not of the opinion of a misjudging despicable world—all these considerations I could sacrifice without remorse! But first convince me, that to gain the reward of my sacrifice would not be a greater punishment than the sacrifice itself.

LADY M. [*turning from him with an air of reproach and sorrow.*] Major von Walter! I have not deserved this treatment.

FER. [*taking her hand.*] Forgive me, lady! We are here without witnesses. The circumstance which now unites us—unites us now, and never will again—justifies me—nay, compels me to reveal to you my most secret feelings. It fills me with amazement, lady, that a woman possessed of such talents and such beauty—qualities, which deserve the admiration of a man of honour—should throw herself away upon a prince incapable of valuing her for anything but her sex. How could such a woman debase herself thus absolutely—if she were not conscious that her heart could not bear a man of honour's inspection?

LADY M. [*raising her head proudly, and regarding him with an undaunted air.*] Proceed, my lord.

FER. You call yourself a Briton. Excuse me, lady—a Briton I never can believe you. The free-born daughter of the freest nation under the sun, of a nation too proud even to submit to foreign virtue, could never bow herself to foreign vice. A Briton!—oh! impossible! Or, if you are one, the veins of Britain's daughters are more debased and empty, as the veins of Britain's sons are more sanguine and more full.

LADY M. [*calmly.*] Have you still more to say? I am ready to hear it.

FER. I might suppose that your fault was occasioned by female vanity, by seduced affections, by a warmth of constitution, or a natural propensity

to pleasure. Already hath virtue frequently survived the loss of honour; already have many women, who passed these limits with shame, regained by their noble actions the opinion of the world, and, by using their power worthily and well, have thrown a blaze of glory upon their vilest failings. But you—you—tell me, lady, whence comes this oppression of the people, this oppression which existed not till you came hither? True, 'tis the Duke's name which sanctifies the extortion; but all, lady, all are conscious whose pride that extortion is to feed. I have no more to say, and have you now aught to answer, or may I take my leave?

LADY M. [*with gentleness and dignity.*] You are the only man, Walter, who has ever dared to blame me to my face: you are the only man to whom would I deign a vindication of my conduct. That you reject my hand but raises you in my opinion—that you accuse the goodness of my heart can easily obtain my forgiveness, since I cannot but believe this contempt to be affected. He who dares outrage a woman when she needs but a single night to effect his ruin must be well convinced of the generosity of her soul—or must be the most senseless of madmen. That you place to my account the sorrows of the land, may God, the All-powerful, the All-wise, forgive you, when yourself, the Prince, and I shall be summoned before his throne! But in my person you have dared to outrage England—my own, own England! 'Tis my duty and my glory to disprove the insults which you have cast upon my native land.

FER. [*leaning upon his sword.*] I wait with impatience for your reply. LADY M. Hear then those circumstances, which none except yourself has ever known—Walter, I am not that low obscure adventurer which the world esteems me. My lineage is such as I need not blush to name: I should be proud to say that my ancestors were princes, had not my infamy made me unworthy of their blood. Behold in me the daughter of the unhappy Thomas Norfolk—of that Norfolk who fell a victim to his attachment for the Queen of Scots. My father, Chamberlain to the cruel Elizabeth, was accused of maintaining a treasonable correspondence with France: words were misinterpreted; letters were forged; and the decree of perjured enemies doomed Norfolk to the scaffold. His possessions were confiscated, and his family was banished the kingdom. My mother died on the same day that her husband was executed. Myself, then scarce fourteen, fled with my nurse to Germany. My whole wealth consisted in a few jewels of inconsiderable value, and this family portrait, to part with which no poverty could ever induce me: my mother, my unfortunate broken-hearted mother, bound it round my neck as she lay upon the bed of death; she kissed it, and sanctified her present with a dear, an eternal farewell! [*FERDINAND becomes thoughtful, and gazes upon LADY MILFORD with interest and anxiety.* She continues, with increasing emotion.] Without fortune or protection—enfeebled by sickness, deprived of my name—a foreigner, and an orphan, did I arrive at Hamburg. All my science consisted in a slight knowledge of French, of embroidery, and of the harp. These accomplishments I possessed but superficially; but thoroughly was I skilled in feasting from gold and silver, in sleeping under damask canopies, in making ten servants fly at a wink, and receiving the adulation of courtiers as a tribute due to me. Four years had I already passed in tears; with them departed the last jewel of my little casket. My nurse expired; I was left friendless and alone—and now was it that my fate conducted your Duke to Hamburg! I wandered upon the banks of the Alster. I gazed upon the stream, and already began to measure in fancy whether these waters or my sorrows were the deepest

The Duke saw me, and I was followed to my miserable home. He discovered my abode, threw himself at my feet, and swore that he loved me. [*She stops for a moment through excess of agitation; then proceeds in a faltering voice.*] All the images of my childhood now revived with seducing splendour in my breast. Dark as the grave, gloomed before me a comfortless futurity. My heart burned and panted to beat against another heart—I sank upon the Duke's. [*Turning away.*] Now then condemn me.

FER. [*excessively affected, follows, and detains her.*] Lady! Heaven and Earth! can I believe my senses? What have I done! What a soul have I insulted! My crime unveils itself to my eyes, and shocks me with its deformity. Curses on my inhumanity! It makes me abhor myself. No, lady, no; you never can forgive me!

LADY M. [*returns, having endeavoured to compose her agitation.*] Hear me yet further. The Prince, 'tis true, conquered my undefended youth; but the blood of the Norfolks still glowed within my veins. "Thou, Emilie," whispered to me in dreams my father's spirit; "thou, once a high-born English Princess, canst thou deign to be the concubine of a German Prince?" Virtue and fatality still combated in my bosom, when your Duke conducted me to Brunswick, and a scene the most revolting was placed before my eyes. The voluptuousness of the great is an insatiable hyæna, the craving of whose appetite demands perpetual victims. Dreadfully had she laid this country waste; she had separated the bridegroom and the bride, and torn asunder the godlike bonds of marriage. Here she had destroyed the tranquil happiness of a whole family; there she had lured into the snares of luxury a young inexperienced heart. Wherever I looked, I saw the traces of debauchery; wherever I turned me, I heard dying pupils of the school of vice groan out their instructor's name in blasphemy and curses! Then stepped I forth, the champion of offended virtue. I placed myself between the lamb and the tiger, in a moment of dalliance obtained from the Duke his princely promise, and he chained down the power of his nobles in the bonds of law. To the sacrifice of the humble did I put a final stop, and my arms became the shelter of the helpless, the innocent, and the poor.

FER. [*uneasy.*] No further, lady! Oh! speak no further!

LADY M. This melancholy period gave place to another yet more melancholy. The court was thronged with the outcasts of French and Italian luxury. The Duke's sceptre was the plaything of flattering Parisian harlots, and the people bled and groined under the government of their caprice. Each of these lived her day; but none could maintain her influence against mine: they showed themselves honoured by the Duke's attachment; I convinced him that the marks of mine did honour to himself: they still bade him remember that he was their sovereign; I bade him forget that he was anything but my slave. My rivals sank into obscurity, and I remained the undisputed mistress of his heart. Then did I govern the tyrant's sceptre, who slumbered voluptuously in my embrace: then first did thy country, Walter, feel the hand of humanity, and reposed in confidence upon my bosom. [*A pause, during which she gazes upon him tenderly.*] Oh! that the only man whom I wish not to mistake my character, should now compel me to become a boaster, and scorch my tranquil virtues in the blaze of admiration! Walter, in silence and unobserved I have aided the poor and the despairing; I have burst open the doors of prisons; I have cancelled warrants for the death of innocence. Many a frightful eternity upon the galleys have I shortened; many a decree which separated body and soul have I changed to milder punishments. Into wounds beyond my power to heal I have poured that balsam which at

least allayed their anguish: I have hurled into the dust many a powerful villain; and often have I, with a harlot's tear, preserved inviolate the chastity of virgins. Ah! youth, how sweet were then my feelings! How patiently, how proudly, could my heart support the reproaches of my princely blood, when a fresh draught taken myself from the cup of shame prevented it from ever reaching the lips of innocence! And now comes the man, whose love can alone repay me for all that I have suffered; the man, whom perhaps my exhausted destiny created as my recompense for former sorrows; the man, whom I already clasp in my dreams, burning with love, with esteem, with adoration!—

FER. [*interrupting her.*] Hold, lady, hold! You exceed the limits of our conference. You should have cleared yourself from reproach, and you make me appear the most abject of criminals. Spare me, I beseech you! Spare my heart, which is rent in pieces by confusion and remorse!

LADY M. You must hear me, Ferdinand!—must hear me now, or never. Long did the heroine submit to hear your insults; now *you* must feel in your turn—must feel the whole burden of these tears! Mark me, Ferdinand von Walter! Should an unfortunate, impetuously, irresistibly attracted towards you, clasp you to her bosom full of unutterable, inextinguishable love—Walter! Should this unfortunate, bowed down with the consciousness of shame, disgusted with vicious pleasures, heroically exalted by the instigations of virtue, throw herself thus into your arms—[*embracing him in an eager and supplicating manner*]—should she do this, and you still pronounce the freezing word "Honour!" Should she pray that through you she might be saved, that through you she might be restored to Heaven! [*Turning away her head, and speaking in a hollow faltering voice.*] Or should she, her prayer refused, to escape from your image listen to the voice of despair, and plunge herself into yet more fearful depths of infamy and vice—

FER. [*breaking from her.*] No, by Heaven! This is not to be endured! Lady, I am compelled—Heaven and earth compel me—to make the honest avowal of my sentiments and situation.

LADY M. [*hastening from him*] Oh, not now! By all that is holy, I entreat you, spare me in this cruel moment, when the stabs of a thousand daggers torture my heart. Be your decision life or death, now I cannot—will not hear it!

FER. Forgive me, best of women! I am compelled to disobey you. What I have to say will moderate my offence, and be an apologist for the injustice of my former conduct. Lady, I expected—nay, I wished to find you deserving my contempt: I came determined to insult you, and make myself the object of your hate. Had my purpose succeeded, happy had it been for us both! [*He pauses; then proceeds in a low and supplicating voice.*] Lady, I love—I love a maid of low extraction; Louise Miller is her name, a harper's daughter. [LADY MILFORD turns away, pale and trembling.] I know into what an abyss I plunge myself; but, though prudence bids me conceal my passion, honour overpowers its murmurs. I am the criminal; I first destroyed the golden calm of Louise's innocence; I lulled her heart with immeasurable hopes, and gave it up, like a betrayer, a prey to the wildest of passions. You will bid me remember my rank, my birth, the anger of my father—but I love! My hopes become more fervent as the breach becomes wider between nature and convenience, between my resolution and the prejudice of the world. Let me see whether love or interest will longest keep the field! [LADY MILFORD has now thrown herself upon the sofa, and covers her face with both her hands. FERDINAND approaches her, and says in a gentle voice] Have you aught to answer, lady?

LADY M. [*in a tone of the most absolute dejection.*] Nothing—nothing; but that you destroy yourself and me—and with us yet a third.

FER. A third?

LADY M. Never can you marry Louise; never can you be happy with me. We shall be all your father's victims. I must not hope to possess the heart of a husband whom force alone compelled to give me his hand.

FER. Compelled, lady? Compelled to give? He was compelled, and yet he gave it? Lady, lady! Will you accept a hand without a heart? Will you tear a man from a woman who is the whole world of that woman? Will you tear a woman from a man who is the whole world of that man? Will you do this, you but a moment past the admirable English Princess?

LADY M. I will, because I must. [*With firmness.*] My passions, Ferdinand, yield to my tenderness for you; but my honour can do no more. Our union is the talk of the whole city. Every eye, every arrow of raillery is bent against me. 'Twere a disgrace which time could never wash out should a subject of the Prince refuse my hand! Appease your father, if it is in your power: look to yourself, since my resolution is taken: both for your sake and my own I must let the mine blow up. Walter, farewell! Think upon my words, upon the words of a distracted woman!

[*Exit. FERDINAND remains in silent terror and astonishment for some moments; then recovers himself, and rushes hastily through the folding-doors of the apartment.*]

SCENE VI.—MILLER'S House.

MILLER meeting LOUISE and ELIZABETH.

MILL. Ay, ay! I knew this would be the end of it!

LOU. [*hastening to him with anxiety.*] Of what, father, of what?

MILL. My cloak there—quick, quick! I must to him instantly. My cloak, I say! Yes, yes!—this was just what I expected!

LOU. Father, for God's sake!—

ELIZ. What is the matter, Miller? What alarms you?

MILL. Matter! What is the matter! Hark, woman! The tempest has broken loose, and upon you will it vent its fury!

ELIZ. Upon me? Such is ever your decision; whatever happens, I am ever the cause.

MILL. You are the cause! Lightning and thunder! Who is the cause, if you are not? This very morning when you prattled of this vile seducer, said I not at the moment that the consequence—oh! patience! patience! Hark you, Elizabeth! Wurm has revealed your secret.

ELIZ. Gracious God! But how know you this?

MILL. How do I know it? Look yonder! A servant of the Minister waits at the house-door to conduct me to his master.

LOU. [*turning pale, and sitting down.*] Oh, God! Is it possible?

MILL. And you, too, with that languishing air? [*Laughs spitefully.*] Right—right! To whomever sorrow is destined the arch-fiend sends a handsome daughter.

ELIZ. But why so positive that Louise is in question? You may have been recommended to the Duke; he may wish to place you in his orchestra.

MILL. May the sulphurous rain of hell consume thee! Orchestra—thou serpent! Ay, where the groans and sighs of panders shall rise in sad unison with thine! [*Throwing himself upon a chair.*] Oh! God in Heaven! Undone! Undone!

LOU. Father! Mother! Oh! I am so sick at heart!

MILL. But let me once have the seducer in my power! Be it in this world, or the next, let me but have him in my power! I will murder him, though he had a thousand lives! I will write my injuries upon his skin so clearly that the crimson marks shall be seen on the day of resurrection!

ELIZ. Ay, ay; curse, storm, and threaten! This passion will assist us admirably! Hear me, God in heaven, hear and protect me! What can be done? What counsels shall we follow? Speak, Miller, speak! this silence distracts me.

MILL. I will instantly to the Minister; I will be the first to reveal him the whole affair. As for you, who knew the business before me, you could have given me a hint of what was passing: the girl might yet have been advised—it might still have been time to save her! But, no! Some other employment was still found out for me; I was still sent out of the way, first upon one pretence, then upon another. Now take care of your own affairs; manage for yourself, and drink deep of the cup of sorrow, which your own hands have prepared. My resolution is fixed; I take my daughter on my arm, and away with her over the borders.

SCENE VII.—MILLER, ELIZABETH, LOUISE, FERDINAND.

FER. [*rushes in, terrified, and out of breath.*] Is my father here?

LOU. His father? God Almighty!

ELIZ. The Minister here? Oh! then our fate is certain!

MILL. [*with a malicious laugh.*] God be praised! God be praised! Now we shall have our reward!

FER. [*hastening to LOUISE, and clasping her in his arms.*] Mine thou art, though heaven and hell be thrown between us!

LOU. I faint! Speak, Ferdinand: didst thou not mention a fearful name—thy father?

FER. Be not alarmed: the danger has passed over us. I have thee again; again hast thou me! Let me recover breath on thy bosom. It was a dreadful hour!

LOU. What was a dreadful hour? Answer me, Ferdinand! You kill me with apprehension. What hour was that?

FER. [*drawing back, gazing upon her earnestly, and speaking in a solemn tone.*] An hour, Louise, when a stranger's form interposed between my heart and thee: when my love grew pale before my conscience: when Louise ceased to be everything to Ferdinand! [*LOUISE sinks back upon her chair, and conceals her face.*] FERDINAND stands before her in silence; at length he quits her suddenly, and exclaims in the greatest agitation: Never, never, Lady Milford! 'tis impossible; you ask of me too much. Never can I sacrifice this innocence to your virtue. No, by the eternal God! never can I recall my oaths, which, loud as the thunder of Heaven, solicit from this breaking eye! Look here, Lady Milford! Inhuman father, look here! Shall I destroy this angel? Shall my perfidy make a hell of this heavenly bosom?—I will bear her before thy throne, Almighty Judge! Thy voice shall declare if my affection is a crime. [*He takes her by the hand, and raises her from her seat. She leans upon his bosom.*] Take courage, my beloved! thou hast conquered: a victor come I back from the most dangerous of combats!

LOU. No, no, Ferdinand, conceal nothing from me. What has happened? You named your father! You named Lady Milford! The shivering of death seizes my heart! They say she will soon be a bride: whose bride must she be?

FER. [*falling at her feet.*] Mine, dear unfortunate.

LOU. [*after a pause, with forced tranquillity and a calm though faltering voice.*] So! That is well! Why am I thus terrified? The old man yonder often told me that it would be so! But I was obstinate, and never would believe him. [*A second pause, after which she throws herself weeping into MILLER's arms.*] Father, receive your child again! Father, forgive me! 'Twas not your daughter's fault, that the dream was so heavenly, and so terrible the waking.

MILL. Louise, Louise! My daughter! My poor child! Curses upon the seducer! Curses upon the bawd who threw thee upon his bosom!

ELIZ. [*weeping.*] Daughter, do I deserve this curse? God forgive you, Major! How has this lamb merited to be murdered by you so barbarously?

FER. [*resolutely.*] Be not terrified; dry up your tears. I will counteract the Minister's schemes: I will pierce the curtain of his intrigues: I will break through these iron chains, forged for our torment by the injustice of prepossession. Free as a man should be will I make my choice, and crush these insect souls with the giant weight of my attachment. Louise, for one hour farewell!

[*Going.*

LOU. [*follows him, trembling.*] Stay, oh! stay! Father! Mother! He deserts us in this fearful hour!

ELIZ. The Minister will come hither! He will misuse us! He will misuse our child! And yet you can think of leaving us, Major?

MILL. [*laughs wildly.*] Leaving us? Leaving us?—What should detain him? The girl can give him nothing more. Yet go he shall not! [*Grasping FERDINAND with one hand and LOUISE with the other.*] Patience, young sir! The way from my house passes over this damsel's corse. If you possess one single spark of honour, wait here for the Minister: relate to him how you seduced her young inexperienced heart; excuse her weakness, acknowledge your own villany; or by that God who made me!—[*throwing LOUISE in FERDINAND's passage with violence and passion*!—in my presence shall you crush this trembling worm, whom love for you bowed down to shame and infamy!

FER. [*returns, and walks backwards and forwards, sunk in the deepest meditation.*] 'Tis true, the Minister's power is great—paternal authority is an important word; even crimes should be respected when concealed in the folds of its garment. He may push that authority far. Far? Yet not so far as love can reach. Hear me, Louise, thy hand in mine! [*Clasping it firmly.*] So sure as God shall visit me upon the bed of death, I swear that the moment which separates these two hands rends asunder the thread which binds me to existence!

LOU. You terrify me! Look from me! Your lips tremble—your eye rolls fearfully!

FER. No, Louise; thou hast no cause to fear. 'Twas not delirium which prompted the oath: 'twas the most costly present of Heaven; decision, in that valuable moment, when an oppressed bosom relieves itself by some great action unheard of till then! Louise, I love thee! Louise, thou must still be mine! 'Tis resolved! And now for my father!

[*Going.*

SCENE VIII.—MILLER, ELIZABETH, LOUISE, FERDINAND. PRESIDENT VON WALTER, with SERVANTS.

PRES. So! here I find him! [*All start in terror, except FERDINAND.*

FER. [*retiring a few steps.*] In the house of innocence—

PRES. Where a son may learn disobedience to his father.

FER. Permit me to—

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

PRES. [*interrupting him.*] Silence ! [*To MILLER.*] Are you her father ?

MILL. I am Miller, the musician.

PRES. [*to ELIZABETH.*] And you her mother ?

ELIZ. Her unfortunate mother.

FER. [*to MILLER.*] Father, lead Louise to her chamber: she is near fainting.

PRES. [*roughly.*] Superfluous precautions ! Leave her, I say ; I will rouse her from this stupor. [*To LOUISE.*] How long have you been acquainted with the Minister's son ?

LOU. [*with timidity.*] With the Minister's son I am unacquainted. Ferdinand has been known to me since November.

FER. And since that time has adored her !

PRES. [*to LOUISE.*] Has he given you assurances of love ?

FER. But a few minutes past, the most solemn, in the presence of God.

PRES. [*to his son, angrily.*] You were not desired to speak. [*To LOUISE.*] I wait your answer.

LOU. He swore eternal affection to me—

FER. And will keep my oath.

PRES. [*to FERDINAND*] Your observations may be spared. [*To LOUISE.*] Did you receive his vows ?

LOU. [*with tenderness*] I gave him mine in return.

FER. [*resolutely.*] No more need to be said, my lord : the agreement was mutual, and is closed irrevocably.

PRES. [*to FERDINAND.*] Must I command your silence ? [*To LOUISE.*] And he paid handsomely, no doubt ?

LOU. [*after considering for a moment.*] Pardon me ; I do not understand your question.

PRES. [*with a sneering laugh.*] You do not ? Nay, I would only hint that, as everything has its price, I hope you have been more provident than to bestow your favours gratis ; or perhaps you were generous enough to spare him the expense, and content yourself with sharing in the pleasure ! How was it ?

FER. [*furiously*] Hell and confusion ! Did any other dare—

LOU. Ferdinand, how dearly your affection costs me !

FER. Father, though 'twere clothed in beggars' weeds, honour should teach you respect to the feelings of virtue.

PRES. A most excellent remark ! The father is bad to respect his son's strumpet !

LOU. Oh ! Heaven and Earth !

FER. [*drawing his sword.*] Father, you gave me life, and you had a right to demand it back from me : but my debt is now discharged. [*Replaces his sword in the scabbard, and points to LOUISE*] Look on that damsel ! There lies the bond of filial duty for ever rent in twain !

MILL. [*who has stood apart trembling, now comes forward, by turns gnashing his teeth in rage and shrinking back in terror.*] If your Excellency will permit me to say a few words, I must observe to you, that a child is its father's second self. Who hurts my child hurts me, and I never received an insult without returning it twofold. Excuse my freedom.

ELIZ. God protect us ! Now the old man breaks out ! [*To MILLER.*] Oh ! silence ! silence !

PRES. What, would the pander vindicate the harlot's conduct ? Pander, we shall speak together presently.

MILL. You mistake me, my lord. My name is Miller, a name till now uncoupled with that of pander. Alas ! Procuring seldom falls to the lot of tradesmen, since their superiors are so ready to accept the office.

ELIZ. Oh ! Miller, do not incense the President : reflect that you destroy yourself and us by this insolence.

FER. You play but a sorry part here, my lord, and these witnesses could well be spared at its performance. *[Fainting to the SERVANTS.]*

MILL. *[coming nearer, and with firmness.]* Your Excellency governs this land : through the whole dukedom can you dispose of all things, as suits your own will and pleasure : but permit me to remark that here alone you have no power. This is my house ; I have never shut its door inhospitably ; but I still possess the right to shut it against an unbidden and unwelcome guest. Your Excellency is the best judge whether you come under this description.

PRES. *[pale with anger, and approaching MILLER.]* How ? Is it possible that you dare—

MILL. *[retiring a few steps.]* I mean not to offend, but I must repeat that this is my house. No doubt your Excellency has understood my meaning.

PRES. Insolent villain ! In a dungeon shall your meaning be explained. *[To his SERVANTS.]* Call in the officers of justice ! Away ! *[Some of the attendants go out. The PRESIDENT paces the stage with a furious air.]* Shall such wretches counteract my designs ? Shall the bonds which unite the parent and the son be separated with impunity ? No, by Heaven ! The father shall to prison ; to the house of correction the mother and her strumpet daughter ! Justice shall lend her sword to my rage ; and such dreadful satisfaction will I take for this insult, that the mere relation of your sufferings shall make the heavens shake with fear ! Tremble, miscreants ! In your blood will I slake my hate ; the whole blood of you will I sacrifice to my vengeance ! *[LOUISE begins to come to herself.]*

FER. *[advancing with an intrepid air.]* Oh ! not so. Fear not, friends ! I am your protector. Be not so madly rash, my lord ; no violence, if you respect yourself. There is a corner of my heart where the name of father was never yet heard. Oh ! press not into that !

PRES. Silence, unworthy boy ! Raise not still higher the violence of my rage.

MILL. Elizabeth, look to your daughter : I hasten to the Duke. I will tell him my story, and he cannot refuse protection to our innocence. Heaven surely inspired me with the thought ! Farewell ! I fly to the Duke ! *[Going.]*

PRES. Stop the old man ! *[The ATTENDANTS place themselves in MILLER'S passage ; he returns slowly.]* To the Duke, sayst thou ? Hast thou forgotten that I am the torrent, over which thou must spring, or perish ? To the Duke, thou fool ? Go to him, when, half dead, half living, thou liest in a dungeon buried five fathoms below the earth, where light and sound were never permitted to pierce—where darkness gazes on hell with gloating eyes, and the soul's perdition lies slumbering in the arms of despair ! Then gnash thy teeth in anguish ; then rattle with thy chains, and groan out,—“ Woe is me ! Oh ! I have gone too far ! ”

SCENE IX.—PRESIDENT VON WALTER, FERDINAND, MILLER, ELIZABETH, LOUISE, SERVANTS, OFFICERS OF JUSTICE.

FER. *[flying to LOUISE, who utters a loud shriek, and relapses into insensibility.]* Louise ! Help, for God's sake ! Terror overpowers her frame ! *[MILLER puts on his hat and cloak, and prepares to follow the*

OFFICERS. ELIZABETH throws herself on her knees before the PRESIDENT.

PRES. *[to the OFFICERS.]* Arrest these offenders in the Duke's name. Boy, let go the strumpet ! Senseless or not she must from hence ; when once in the house of correction stripes shall recall her to her senses.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

ELIZ. Mercy, my lord! Oh! mercy! mercy!

MILL. *[snatching her from the ground with violence.]* Kneel to God, woman, and not to miscreants! My fate is decided, and I must hence to prison.

PRES. *[gnashing his teeth with fury.]* To prison, wretch? In that your reckoning may be false. There is still sufficient room in the galleys. *[To the OFFICERS.]* Must I repeat my orders?

[They approach LOUISE; FERDINAND places himself before her.]
FER. *[drawing his sword.]* Who dares to seize my bride? Let him alone presume to lay his finger on her whose life is already forfeit to the axe! *[To the PRESIDENT.]* Be merciful to yourself, father; do not drive me to extremities!

PRES. *[to the OFFICERS in a threatening voice.]* If my orders are not instantly obeyed—

FER. Hell and furies! Back, villains, back! *[They attempt to seize LOUISE.]*
Father, I speak it to you once again. Force me not to commit an action of which we shall both repent.

PRES. *[to the OFFICERS.]* Cowards! Is this your obedience? *[They again approach LOUISE.]*

FER. Then, since it must be so, Justice forgive me! Hence, hence, I say! *[Wounding some of them.]*

PRES. *[exasperated to the utmost.]* Let me see whether I too must feel your weapon!

[He seizes LOUISE (who is still insensible), raises her up, and delivers her to an OFFICER.]
FER. *[laughing bitterly.]* Father! Father! Your conduct is a galling satire upon Providence. How little must she understand man's nature when she makes bad statesmen of excellent executioners!

PRES. *[to the OFFICER.]* Away with her!

FER. Father, I cannot prevent you from sending her where you will; neither can you prevent your son from sharing her misfortunes. Are you still unmoved?

PRES. If you share in her sorrows, you will have but your deserts; if you share in her punishment, you will make it still more exemplary and amusing. *[To the OFFICERS.]* Away! You know my will.

[FERDINAND forces LOUISE from the OFFICER who holds her, seizes her with one arm, and with the other points his sword at her bosom.]

FER. Father, rather than tamely see my wife branded with infamy, will I plunge this sword in her bosom. Are you still unmoved?

PRES. Do it, if the point is sharp enough.

FER. *[restores LOUISE to the OFFICER, and casts a dreadful look towards Heaven.]* Be thou witness, Almighty God, that I have left no human means untried to save her! Now then I must take my refuge to means infernal. *[To the PRESIDENT.]* Sir, she is in your power, do with her what you will. But remember, while you bear her to punishment, I shall be relating certain secrets to the Duke; they will teach him by what means villains may become ministers!

PRES. *[as if thunderstruck.]* How? What said he? Just God! Should he be so mad— *[To the OFFICERS.]* Release her! Stay. Ferdinand! Oh! stay, my son, my son!

[Exit hastily on one side, followed by the OFFICERS and ATTENDANTS. MILLER and ELIZABETH carry away LOUISE (still fainting) on the other.]

CABAL AND LOVE.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—PRESIDENT VON WALTER'S.

PRESIDENT VON WALTER, WURM.

PRES. It was a dangerous situation.

WURM. I always apprehended this event. Opposition makes enthusiasm grow desperate, but never makes of it a proselyte.

PRES. I had placed my whole reliance upon the success of this attempt. I made no doubt, but if the girl was once rendered infamous, he would be obliged in honour to resign her.

WURM. That idea might have been verified had your precautions for making her infamous been more certain of success; but ere you could bring her to that point you were compelled to abandon your design.

PRES. Yet when I reflect coolly—I should not have suffered myself to be overawed. He never could be serious in his threats.

WURM. Do not encourage that persuasion. There is no folly too gross to be adopted by desperate passion. You tell me that the Major has always looked upon your government with an eye of disapprobation; I can readily believe it. The principles which he brought with him from college ever seemed to me ill-calculated for shining in our atmosphere. What have the fantastic visions of personal nobility and generosity of soul to do in a court, where 'tis the perfection of wisdom to be great and little by turns, as convenience may direct? The Major is too young, too fiery to take pleasure in watching the slow serpentine progress of intrigue. That alone can give movement to his ambition, which seems glorious, open, and romantic!

PRES. [*impatiently.*] But how do these sagacious remarks advance our affairs?

WURM. They will point out to your Excellency the spot where the wound lies; perhaps they may enable you to discover its cure. Permit me to proceed. Knowing him to be possessed of such a character, either you should never have made a confidant of your son, or never have shown yourself his enemy. Perhaps till now no one but the son has closed up the lips of the betrayer. Free him entirely from the bonds imposed upon him by the first appellation; by assaulting his passion with repeated storms, convince him that you are not an affectionate father, and that instant will the duties of a patriot press upon the measures which raised you to your long looked with disgust upon the measures which raised you to your present dignity—nay, perhaps, unassisted by any other sentiment, the idea of bringing to justice a culprit so remarkable may have charms sufficient for his romantic mind to extort a full confession.

PRES. Wurm! Wurm! To what a horrible abyss do you hurry me!

WURM. Fear not, my lord; Wurm shall conduct you back from it. May I speak without restraint?

PRES. [*throwing himself into a seat.*] Freely, as a tormented fiend to the fiend who wails beside him.

WURM. Thus then, since you permit it. When you sought the place of Minister, you trusted your cause to courtly dissimulation, and you gained your point; to her who has once succeeded so fully, why not entrust the interests of the father? I remember with what seeming openness you invited your predecessor to a feast, and the night was passed in all the confidence of society; yet on that night was the great mine blown up, and the contents of the bowl, in which he drank your health, sent the kind-hearted fool to Heaven. Why did you not in this affair use the same circumspection? Ferdinand should never have seen you in a hostile light; he should

never even have suspected that his attachment was revealed to you. You should have begun your attack on Louise's side, and still should have been careful to preserve your son's affection. You should have played the prudent general, who attacks not the flower of the hostile troops, but cautiously singles out those squadrons on whom his onset is most likely to make impression.

PRES. And how should I have managed this?

WURM. In a manner the most simple; nor is the game as yet entirely lost. Impress upon your mind for the present that you are a father; measure not your strength against an affection, which opposition only makes more powerful; leave the affair to me, and the serpent, who now corrodes your plans, shall be poisoned with its own venom.

PRES. I am eager to know your meaning.

WURM. Either my knowledge of characters is very little, or the Major is not less impetuous in jealousy than in love. Make him suspect the damsel's constancy: whether the charge is probable or not, does not much signify. One spark of suspicion will be enough to set the whole arsenal of his temper in flames.

PRES. But where shall we find that spark?

WURM. Now then I come to the point: but first explain to me how much depends upon the Major's compliance—how far is it of consequence, that the romance with the harper's daughter should come to a conclusion, and his union take place with Lady Milford.

PRES. Can you still ask me, Wurm? You are conscious that my whole influence is lost should Lady Milford's hand be refused, and that my life is in danger should I compel my son to accept it.

WURM. Now, then, listen to me. The Major shall be entangled in the nets of artifice, and against his mistress must her whole force be employed. A letter shall be dictated to Louise filled with expressions the most injurious to your son, the most flattering to the person to whom it is addressed, and be it our care to throw it into Ferdinand's way.

PRES. Absurd proposal! She will not be ready to sign her own death-warrant.

WURM. She cannot avoid it, if you will let me follow my own plan. I know her gentle heart thoroughly; she has but two vulnerable sides, by which her conscience can be attacked: they are her father and the Major. The latter is entirely out of the question; consequently, the more use must be made of Miller.

PRES. And that use must consist in—

WURM. A measure which I will now explain. From what your Excellency states to have passed in his house, it will not be difficult to terrify the father with the threats of a criminal process. Some of his expressions went far beyond the limits of respect: the person of his favourite, and of the keeper of the seals, is in some shape the shadow of the Duke himself, and he offends the latter who blemishes the former's reputation. I know that Miller is naturally fearful; though spirited up awhile by his daughter's ill-treatment, he is in truth timidity itself. He will easily credit our assertions, tremble at our menaces, and go any lengths to avoid the phantom of high treason.

PRES. But recollect, Wurm; the Major has my secret: the affair must not become serious.

WURM. Nor shall it. It shall be carried no further than is necessary to frighten Louise into our toils. The harper, therefore, must be arrested instantly: to make the necessity yet more urgent, the mother also shall be conveyed away; and then much may be spoken of corporal pain, of eternal imprisonment, of the galleys, of the scaffold, and the rack. With a scare-

crow composed of these materials I would engage to terrify the poor wretches through a needle's eye! The price set upon Miller's pardon shall be the letter which I mentioned; terror will not permit Louise to examine all the consequences of the step, and this point once obtained—

PRES. [*eagerly.*] Excellent! excellent! Now I understand you.

WURM. Louise loves her father—I might say, even to adoration! The danger threatening his life, or at least his freedom—the reproaches of her conscience for being the cause of his misfortunes—the impossibility ever to become the Baron's—the confusion of her brain, which I take upon myself to disorder—all these considerations make our plan certain of success. Louise cannot fail to be entangled in our nets.

PRES. But my son? Will he not instantly have the business explained to him? Will it not make him yet more desperate?

WURM. Be that my care to prevent. The parents shall not be set at liberty till Louise has taken the most solemn oath to keep the transaction secret, and never to reveal the deceit which we put upon your son.

PRES. An oath? Ridiculous! What restraint can an oath be?

WURM. Not upon us, my lord, but the most binding upon people of Louise's stamp. Observe, how dexterously by this measure we shall both reach the goal of our desires. The damsel loses at once the affection of her lover and her good name: the parents will lower their tone, when they find to what a situation their haughtiness has reduced them, and, weakened by misfortune, and by the obloquy which will be poured upon them from all sides, will think me merciful, when by giving her my hand I re-establish their daughter's reputation.

PRES. [*shaking his head, and smiling.*] Artful villain! No devil could spin a finer snare! The scholar excels his master, and I confess myself outdone. The question is next, to whom the letter must be addressed? Upon whom shall we throw the suspicion?

WURM. It must be necessarily upon some one whose consequence is sufficient to authorize an infidelity to your son.

PRES. [*after a moment's reflection.*] What think you of the Marshal?

WURM. The Marshal? Were I Louise Miller he would not be my choice!

PRES. And wherefore not? High in rank, costly in dress, lively in manner, breathing perfumes, and accompanying every insipid speech with a purse of ducats—surely he possesses qualifications enough to overcome the delicacy of a tradesman's daughter. I shall send for the Marshal immediately.

WURM. While your Excellency takes care of him, and of the halper's arrest, I will home and prepare the letter which Louise must transcribe.

PRES. [*seating himself at the table.*] Do so; and when 'tis finished bring it hither for my perusal. [*Exit WURM.*]

PRES. [*having written, rises from the table.*] Who waits there? [*A SERVANT enters; the PRESIDENT gives him the paper.*] Let this arrest be executed without a moment's delay, and inform Marshal von Kalb that I have something to impart to him of the greatest consequence.

SER. The Marshal's carriage has just stopped at your lordship's door.

PRES. Good! For the arrest take such precautions that no opposition can possibly be made to it.

SER. I will take care, my lord.

PRES. You understand me? The business must be done without the least disturbance.

SER. Your Excellency shall be obeyed.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS

SCENE II.—PRESIDENT VON WALTER, VON KALB.

VON K. [*hastily*.] I can stay with you but one moment, my dear friend ! I am hastening to the theatre. Will you go ?— They give this evening for the first time the most brilliant opera ! The name is "Dido." There will be the most superb conflagration ! A whole city burns at once ! And you will be at the burning, will you not, my dear President ?

PRES. Not I, Marshal. I have a conflagration in my own family, which threatens the destruction of my whole dignity and fortune. Be seated, my dear von Kalb. You arrive at the very moment when I was most anxious to see you. You must advise me—nay, you must aid me powerfully in a certain business, the event of which will either exalt us to the very pinnacle of glory, or level all our hopes with the ground.

VON K. You alarm me beyond expression.

PRES. As I said before, it must either exalt or level us entirely ! You know my project respecting Ferdinand and Lady Milford : you are not ignorant how necessary is this union to secure the fortunes of us both. Alas ! von Kalb, we must abandon all hopes of its completion. My son refuses to accept Lady Milford.

VON K. Refuses ? Refuses to accept her ? But—my God !—I have been publishing the news through the whole town. The union is the general topic of conversation.

PRES. Then you must contradict all that you have been saying ; for, in short, Ferdinand loves another.

VON K. Absurd ! Is that an obstacle ?

PRES. With such an enthusiast the most insurmountable.

VON K. Can he be mad enough to reject so advantageous a connection ?

PRES. Ask him the question, and observe what he will answer.

VON K. But—my God !—what can he answer ?

PRES. That he will discover to the world the means by which I obtained my present station and you secured that of which you were already possessed ; that he will deliver to the Duke our forgeries and false receipts, and with his own hands conduct us both upon the scaffold. That is what he will answer.

VON K. Are you distracted ?

PRES. Nay, that is what he has already answered. He was at one time determined to put his threats instantly into execution ; and my most absolute submission, and positive assurances never more to mention to him Lady Milford's name, could scarcely persuade him to abandon his design. What say you to this, von Kalb ?

VON K. Your intelligence both surprises and confounds me. Our secret in the keeping of such a madman—

PRES. Yet, as the sacrifice of my plan has prevailed upon him to relinquish his, Ferdinand's disobedience might prove of no material consequence. A new circumstance, however, makes it a serious affair. Lady Milford, incensed at the refusal, throws herself into the arms of another ; and Baron Gerstenfeld will receive that hand which my son has rejected.

VON K. You drive me distracted ! Whom did you name ? Did you say, "Gerstenfeld ?" Know you not that we are mortal enemies ? Know you not why we are so ?

PRES. The first word that I ever heard of it.

VON K. You will be astonished, when I inform you, at the man's atrocity ! You must remember the famous Court gala ; it is now just nineteen years ago. It was the first time that English dances were introduced, and the hot wax trickled from a lustre upon Count Alstein's blue and silver domino. Surely you remember the accident ?

PRES. So remarkable a circumstance cannot easily be forgotten.

VON K. In the heat of the dance the Princess Amelia lost her garter. Immediately everything that had life was put in motion. Gerstenfield and myself (we were then pages of the chamber) sought through the whole saloon, and for some time without success. At length I discovered the garter: with transport I caught it from the ground! Gerstenfield had seen it also! Gerstenfield flies upon me, forces it from me, presents it to the Princess, and obtains from her those thanks which were so undoubtedly my due.

PRES. The impertinent!

VON K. I thought I should have fainted upon the spot. A more malicious trick was never played within the memory of man! At length I recovered myself; I drew near the Princess, and said in an insinuating tone, "Gerstenfield, 'tis true, was fortunate enough to present the garter to your Highness; but he who first discovered that garter reveals not his merits, but rewards himself in silence."

PRES. Admirably said, von Kalb! The speech does credit to your ingenuity.

VON K. The mean artful flatterer! But till the Day of Judgment will I remember his conduct on that evening.

PRES. Yet this very man will marry Lady Milford, and consequently be soon the first in power.

VON K. You plunge a dagger in my heart! Why should he marry her? Why he? In God's name, where is the necessity?

PRES. There is not an alternative. Ferdinand will not accept her hand, and no party can be found equally advantageous.

VON K. But is there no means of obtaining your son's compliance? Let the measure be the most singular, the most dangerous, the most desperate, there is nothing to which I will not readily consent, rather than see the hated Gerstenfield become my superior.

PRES. I know but one means of effecting our design, and the success of that rests entirely with you.

VON K. With me? Name it, my dear President, name it!

PRES. You must separate Ferdinand and his mistress.

VON K. Separate them? In what consists the utility of the measure, and what have I to do with its execution?

PRES. Everything is ours, can we but make him credit the girl's inconstancy.

VON K. Mean you, that I must carry her off?

PRES. By no means; that would only exasperate my son. No, no; we must persuade him that she prefers to him some newer lover.

VON K. And that lover—

PRES. Must be yourself.

VON K. How? Must I be her lover? Is she noble?

PRES. Singular demand! What matters if she is, or not? No, von Kalb; she is the daughter of Miller, the musician.

VON K. A plebeian? No, President, I cannot undertake the business.

PRES. You cannot undertake it! Ridiculous! Who under the sun, except yourself, would ever ask for the genealogy of two rosy cheeks?

VON K. But consider for a moment—a married man, my dear President! And then my reputation at court will be totally—

PRES. In truth I forgot that. I beg your pardon, von Kalb; I was not aware that a man of untainted character held a higher place in your estimation than a man of power! Since you prefer reputation to influence, I have nothing more to say. I believe we had better break up our conference.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

VON K. But be temperate, President. You did not understand me. Permit me to explain—

PRES. [*coldly*.] Oh! There needs no explanation. You are perfectly in the right, and I am myself weary of the office which I hold. Let matters go as they will; I shall torment myself no more about them. I wish Gerstenfeld success in his administration. The world is wide; to-morrow I shall request my dismissal from the Duke, and the day after shall quit Brunswick.

VON K. And what am I to do? You may talk thus at your ease! You are a man of learning and abilities; you can make your fortune elsewhere. But I— My God! What shall I be, if his Highness dismisses me?

PRES. A yesterday's jest—a last year's fashion.

VON K. Dreadful idea! I beseech you—I entreat you—stifle it, my best President, stifle it, and I consent to everything.

PRES. Will you lend your name to an assignation which this Louise Miller shall be supposed to give you?

VON K. I will.

PRES. Will you take care to drop a letter which she shall write, where Ferdinand may find it?

VON K. Suppose I draw it out with my handkerchief upon the parade, and let it fall as if accidentally?

PRES. And when the Major questions you, will you support the character of a favoured rival?

VON K. I will so contrive that he shall not entertain the least doubt upon the subject.

PRES. Good! Now you speak like a man of prudence, and everything is as I could wish it. The letter shall be written immediately. Come hither in the course of the evening to receive it, and I will then give you further instructions relative to the character which you have engaged to perform.

VON K. I will be with you the very minute that I have paid sixteen visits of the highest importance. That I may return the sooner, permit me to leave you without ceremony.

PRES. I reckon upon your punctuality, von Kalb.

VON K. Upon that head you may be perfectly at ease. [*Exit VON KALB.*]

PRES. So, so—that is well. This fool has been to me an admirable instrument. I have made him participate in all my crimes, without sharing with him the advantages. In truth the task was not difficult; for though his wits are not sharp enough to make him an artful knave, his heart is corrupted enough to calculate him for a malicious villain.

SCENE III.—PRESIDENT VON WALTER, WURM.

WURM [*an open letter in his hand*.] The harper and his wife are secure; they were arrested without the least disturbance. Will your Excellency look over this paper?

PRES. [*having read it*.] Excellent! Excellent, my dear Secretary! Poison like this would convert health herself into corrupted leprosy! Von Kalb too has taken the bait, and consents to father our deceit. Now then hasten with my proposals to Miller, terrify him with menaces, soothe him with hopes, and then try your rhetoric on his daughter, while her terrors are still fresh. [*Exeunt on different sides.*]

SCENE IV.—MILLER'S *House*.

LOUISE, FERDINAND.

LOU. Desist, I entreat you ! Never must I expect to see another day of happiness. All my hopes are levelled with the ground.

FER. All mine are exalted to Heaven ! My father's passions are roused : he will direct his whole artillery against us ; he will force me to become an unnatural son. I shall be no longer restrained by filial duty. Rage and despair will force from me the dark secret that my father is an assassin ! The son will deliver the parent into the executioner's hand, and necessity will make him do a deed without emotion, the bare mention of which now makes him shudder at himself. Nothing but the greatest danger can authorize such a step—and in the greatest danger must I be when my love dares to take such a giant-spring ! Hear me, Louise ! An idea, vast and immeasurable as my affection, forces itself before my soul. Thou, Louise, and I, and Love ! Lies not a whole heaven encompassed in this circle ? Or dost thou feel there is still wanting some fourth ?

LOU. Oh ! cease ! No more ! Already do I tremble, fearful of what you wish to say !

FER. If we have no longer a claim upon the world, why should we meanly seek its approbation ? Why run a hazard, where nothing can be gained, where all may be lost ? Will thine eyes sparkle less brightly reflected by the Baltic waves than by the waters of the Rhine or Elbe ? Where Louise is permitted to love me, there is *my* native land ! Thy footsteps will make the wildest sandiest desert to me far more interesting than the castle of my ancestors. Shall we miss the pomp of cities ? Be we where we may, Louise, a sun will rise, a sun will set—objects compared to which the most splendid labours of art look pale and tarnished. Though we serve God no more in his consecrated churches, yet the night shall spread her shadows around and form for us a solemn temple : the changing moon shall hear our confession, and a glorious congregation of stars join us in our prayers to the Almighty. Think you, our talk of love can ever be exhausted ? Oh, no ! Conversation for centuries can be found in one of Louise's smiles, and, till my life is over, never will I give her occasion for a tear.

LOU. Ferdinand, was it always thus ? Hast thou never acknowledged a duty save that of love ?

FER. [*embracing her.*] None, so sacred as thy safety ! None, since I first knew thee !

LOU. Then cease, and leave me ! I have a father, Ferdinand, who tomorrow will be sixty years old ; who possesses no treasure save one only daughter ; who, should we fly, must undoubtedly fall a victim to the Minister's vengeance—

FER. [*interrupting her.*] And who therefore must become the companion of our flight. Then raise no more objections, my beloved. I leave you for some few hours ; I will convert my valuables into gold with all diligence, and, if possible, levy fresh sums on my father. It is lawful to plunder robbers, and his treasures are the price of blood drawn from his countrymen. Mark me, Louise ! When the clock strikes one, a carriage will stop at your door ; throw yourself into it, and we fly.

LOU. Pursued by your father's curse !—a curse, unthinking youth, never mentioned without horror even by assassins ; which the mercy of Heaven withholds from the very robber upon the rack ; which will pursue us fugitives from sea to sea, unceasing and unmerciful ! No, Ferdinand, no ! If

nothing but a crime can preserve you mine, I still have courage to resign you.

FER. [*gloomily.*] Indeed !

LOU. Resign you? Oh! dreadful is the idea! Dreadful enough to wound the immortal spirit, and make pale the glowing cheeks of joy! Ferdinand! To resign you! Yet I cannot resign what I never have possessed, and your heart was and is the property of your station. The attempt to secure you mine was theft, was sacrilege, and, shuddering at myself, I withdraw my claim.

FER. [*turning away his head, and biting his under lip*] You withdraw it !

LOU. Turn not away! Look upon me, dearest Ferdinand. Gnash not your teeth so furiously! Come, let my example awaken your slumbering virtue; let me be the heroine of this moment. I will restore to a father his fugitive son: I will break a connection, which divides the bonds by which the citizen-world is held together, and which destroys the established limits of society, the wise distinctions of rank, the universal and eternal order of the creation. I am the criminal. My bosom nourished itself with wild and foolish wishes, but the fault has brought with it the punishment. I must lose you, Ferdinand! Ah! Let me at least enjoy the sweet, the flattering idea, that what I feel a misfortune was occasioned by an act of heroism: let me at least be persuaded that I was not compelled to resign you, but wilfully gave you up a sacrifice to my respect for justice! Ferdinand, shall this last satisfaction be denied me? [FERDINAND, *stupefied with agitation and anger, strikes a few wild chords upon a lute, which lies upon the table; then, in a sudden impulse of madness, he dashes the instrument upon the ground, breaks it in pieces, and bursts out in frantic laughter.*] Ferdinand! God in heaven! What mean you? Be not thus unmanned: this hour requires fortitude; it is the hour of separation. You have a heart, my Ferdinand; I know it thoroughly: warm as life is your love, and without limits, like the Omnipotent. Bestow it upon a woman, more noble, more worthy, than poor Louise; then need she not envy the most fortunate of her sex! [*Striving to repress her tears.*] Me shall you see no more! Leave the vain forsaken girl to bewail her folly and presumption amidst the lonely walls of a cloister. Fast flow her tears; no one will grieve to see them flow! Dead are my hopes; barren are my prospects: yet shall a smile sometimes play upon my cheek, when I gaze upon the faded wreath of former pleasures! [*Giving him her trembling hand, while her face is turned away.*] Ferdinand von Walter—farewell!

FER. [*recovering from the stupor in which he was plunged, seizes eagerly the hand which she offers to him.*] Louise, I fly from Brunswick! Do you—do you indeed refuse to follow me?

LOU. [*concealing her countenance with the other hand.*] My duty bids me stay, and suffer.

FER. [*frantically, while he throws her from him with disdain.*] Serpent! 'tis false—another, a tenderer motive chains you here!

LOU. [*in a tone of the most heartfelt sorrow.*] Encourage that belief; haply it may make our parting more supportable.

FER. What? Oppose freezing duty against fiery love, and hope that the delusion can deceive me? No, no, no! Hope it not, false one. 'Tis a rival, 'tis a rival makes you dread the quitting Brunswick? But should my suspicions be confirmed—woe be to thee and him! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—LOUISE.

[*She remains for some time motionless in the seat upon which she has thrown herself, seemingly overpowered and stupefied by the violence of her grief. At length she rises, and comes forward slowly, looking round her fearfully.*]

LOU. Where can my parents loiter? My father promised to be absent but a few minutes, yet full six dreadful hours have passed since his departure. Should any accident— God! God! What would then become of me? Why does my heart beat so violently? [*Here WURM enters and remains unobserved in the background.*] It can mean nothing. 'Tis but the terrible delusion of my overheated blood. When once the soul has imbibed into itself a portion of terror, the eye beholds spectres in every object.

SCENE VI.—LOUISE, WURM.

WURM. So solitary, damsel?

LOU. [*perceives him and starts back in terror.*] God! who speaks? Ha! dreadful! dreadful! Some fearful event will soon explain the forebodings of my soul! [*To WURM, with disdain.*] Is it the Minister you seek? He is no longer here.

WURM. Damsel, I sought for you.

LOU. I marvel then that you bent not your course towards the prison.

WURM. What should I there?

LOU. Behold me bleed beneath the beadle's lash.

WURM. You wrong me, Louise, if you suppose—

LOU. [*interrupting him*] What is your business with me?

WURM. I come the messenger of your father.

LOU. [*startling.*] My father! Oh! where is my father?

WURM. Where he would fain not be.

LOU. Quick, quick, for God's sake! Answer me! Oh! my foreboding heart! Where is my father?

WURM. Since you compel me to speak—he is in the Tower.

LOU. [*throwing a look towards Heaven.*] This also!—this new misfortune must needs fall upon me! In the Tower, said you? And wherefore in the Tower?

WURM. By the Duke's order—

LOU. The Duke's?

WURM. Who, thinking his own dignity offended by the insults offered this morning to his representative, President von Walter—

LOU. How? how? Oh eternal Omnipotence!

WURM. Has resolved to inflict upon Miller the most exemplary punishment.

LOU. This was still wanting! This was— Oh! yes, yes! I feel that my heart still loves another besides Ferdinand. This was a cruelty that could not escape the President. The Prince's dignity offended? Heavenly Providence! Rescue, oh! rescue my sinking faith! [*After a moment's pause, she turns to WURM.*] And Ferdinand?

WURM. Must choose between Lady Milford's hand and his father's curse and disinheritance.

LOU. Dreadful choice! Yet is he more fortunate than Louise: he has no father to lose. Yet to have no father is to be sufficiently unfortunate! My father imprisoned for treason—my Ferdinand doomed to a strumpet's deb or a parent's execration! Excellent! excellent! Villany, when so perfect, is still perfection! Perfection? No; something is still wanting to complete it. Where is my mother?

WURM. Confined for life in the common prison.

LOU. [*clasping her hands together with a wild laugh.*] Now then the measure is full! It is full, and I am free! I am released from all duties, and all sorrows, and all joys! Released even from futurity! I have nothing now to do with it; I have nothing left to hope or fear! [*A dreadful pause; after which she continues with forced tranquillity.*] Perhaps you have something more to communicate? Proceed, sir, proceed. I can support the tidings.

WURM. You are already informed of what has happened.

LOU. Of what *has* happened, but not of what is yet to happen! [*Another pause, during which she examines WURM with a look of pity and contempt.*] Wretched man! You have undertaken a melancholy employment! Its execution can never prosper with you. To make men miserable is a sufficiently sad office, but 'tis a horrible one to inform them that they are so! 'Tis dreadful to be the first to shriek out the screech owl's song, to stand by when the bleeding heart trembles upon the iron shaft of necessity, and to hear poor Christians doubt the existence of a God. Heaven preserve me! Wert thou paid a ton of gold for every anguish tear which thou seest trickle down the cheek of mourners, man, would I not be a wretch like thee! Answer me, I charge thee! What is there yet to happen?

WURM. I know not.

LOU. You will not know. This light-shunning embassy trembles at the sound of words, but the spectre shows itself in the death-silence of your countenance. What will be the consequence of my father's arrest? You said the Duke will inflict upon him the most exemplary punishment. What call you exemplary?

WURM. Ask me no more.

LOU. Hear me, man! Was not some executioner thy tutor? Else couldst thou know to rend open the palpitating veins, so coldly, so deliberately, and, by healing with pity's balm the wounds of the bleeding bosom, enable it to exist for some torture more severe? What fate awaits my father? Death is in what you say with a smile: then what must that be which you disclose with sorrow? Speak! Cover me at once with the whole burden of your tidings. Answer me, Wurm—what has my father to apprehend?

WURM. A criminal process.

LOU. And what is that? I am an ignorant innocent girl, and understand but little of your fearful terms of law. What mean you by a criminal process?

WURM. Judgment upon life or death. And the latter must be upon the rack!

LOU. That is sufficient. Sir, I thank you. [*Exit hastily by a side-door.*]

WURM [*alarmed.*] What means she? Has she any suspicion? Confusion! Surely she will not dare—I am responsible for her actions, and should any accident—I follow her instantly.

[*As he is going towards the door, LOUISE returns, her veil thrown over her arm.*]

LOU. Your pardon, sir; I must lock up the house.

WURM. Whither in such haste?

LOU. [*passing him.*] To the Duke.

WURM [*alarmed, detains her.*] How? Whither?

LOU. To the Duke. Canst thou not hear me? Even to that very Duke who must decide upon my father's life or death. Yet I wrong him; 'tis not he who must decide, but the villains who surround his throne. The Duke has no share in the process, save that he lends to it the shadow of his

majesty insulted, and must put his seal and signature to the death-warrant of a man of whose name and whose offence himself is totally unconscious. Wurm, I hasten to the Duke.

WURM [*laughing.*] To the Duke!

LOU. I know the meaning of that contemptuous laugh. You would tell me that I shall find no compassion in the Prince. But be it so. Though I may find in him (God preserve me!) nothing but disgust, disgust at my complaints, yet will I to the Duke. I have been told that the great never know what misery is; that they wish not to know it. I will teach the Duke what misery is: I will paint to him, in all the convulsions of an expiring daughter, what misery is: I will shriek to him, in tones that shall corrupt the marrow in his bones, what misery is: and when, at my description, his hair stands bristling with terror, will I, to conclude, whisper in his affrighted ear that in the hour of death the sinews of these earthly gods shall shrivel and shrink, and till the Day of Judgment the bones of beggars and kings shall lie rotting in one common grave. Now will I to the Duke.

[*Going.*

WURM [*maliciously.*] By all means to the Duke! You can do nothing more prudent, and I advise you heartily to the step. Let me not detain you. Only go, and I give you my word that the Duke will grant your suit and spare the life of your father.

LOU. [*stopping suddenly.*] How said you? Did you advise the step? [*Returns hastily.*] What am I about to do? Something dreadful surely, when this man approves it. How know you that the Prince will grant my suit?

WURM. Because he will not grant it unrewarded.

LOU. Not unrewarded? And at what price will he rate his humanity?

WURM. He will think himself amply paid by the favours of the fair suppliant.

LOU. [*with a vacant stare.*] Almighty God!

WURM. And I trust that you will not think your father's life overvalued when 'tis purchased at so honourable a price.

LOU. [*in despair.*] True, true—oh true! Truth may attack the great in vain, entrenched behind their own vices safely as behind the swords of cherubims. The Almighty protect you, father! Your child would sacrifice her life to save you, but cannot sacrifice her virtue.

[*Throws her veil upon the table.*

WURM. This will be sorry news for the poor desolate old man. "My Louise," did he say, "has thrown me to the ground; my Louise will again raise me from it." He was deceived! Farewell, damsel! I hasten to him with your answer.

[*Going.*

LOU. Stay, stay! One moment's patience. How nimble is this Satan, when the point is to drive a wretch distracted! "I have thrown him to the ground! I must again raise him from it?" Speak to me! Counsel me! What must I, what ought I to do?

WURM. There is but one means of saving him.

LOU. What is that means?

WURM. Your father approves of it.

LOU. Does my father? Oh! Name that means.

WURM. It is easy for you to execute.

LOU. I know nothing difficult but the task of incurring guilt.

WURM. Suppose you promised to break off your connection with Ferdinand?

LOU. To release him from his engagements is already done. To release him from his love for me lies not in my power.

: WURM. You mistake me, charming Louise. Ferdinand himself must

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

resign you willingly, and be the first to dissolve the bonds which now unite you.

LOU. That will he never do. Oh! I know Ferdinand's heart too well to doubt its constancy!

WURM. So it appears; but we have recourse to you, because nothing but your power can annihilate that passion which nothing but your power has inspired.

LOU. I cannot compel him not to love me.

WURM. That must we try. Be seated.

LOU. [*drawing back.*] Man! What is brooding in thy artful brain?

WURM. Be seated, I repeat. Here are the implements for writing; there are paper, pens, and ink upon the table. Write what I shall dictate to you.

LOU. [*sitting down with uneasiness.*] What must I write? To whom must I write?

WURM. To your father's executioner.

LOU. Fiend! Fiend! How well thou knowest how to torture souls to thy purpose! [*Takes a pen.*]

WURM. [*takes out a paper, from which he reads.*] "My dear Lord—three insupportable days have already passed—since I last beheld you, three days, absence must have grieved me, yourself may easily conjecture—"

LOU. [*stops and lays down her pen.*] To whom is the letter?

WURM. To your father's executioner.

LOU. Oh! my God!

WURM. "Yet no one is in fault but von Walter—but von Walter, who (sore against my will, believe me) watches me with all the vigilance of an Argus."

LOU. [*starting from her seat.*] Villany! Villany past example! To whom is the letter?

WURM. To your father's executioner.

LOU. [*wringing her hands.*] No, no, no! This is tyrannical! Oh! Heaven, if mortals provoke thee, punish them like mortals; but wherefore must I be placed between two precipices? Wherefore am I hurled by turns from death to infamy, from infamy to death? Wherefore is my neck made the foot-stool of this blood-sucking fiend? No, Wurm; do what thou wilt, I write not that!

WURM. [*as on the point of leaving her.*] As you please, my fair one. It rests entirely with your own pleasure.

LOU. Pleasure, sayst thou? With my own pleasure? Go, barbarian! Suspend some wretch over the abyss of Hell, blaspheme the Almighty, urge the trembler to abjure his God, and then tell him, "It rests with his own pleasure!" Oh! thou knowest but too well that no chains can bind hearts so firmly as the bonds of nature! Proceed, sir, proceed. Now every thing is become indifferent. I am resolved. Dictate, and I write; I will reflect on nothing more. Artifices of Hell, I yield to ye!

[*She resumes her seat at the table.*]
WURM. "With all the vigilance of an Argus." Have you written it?

LOU. Proceed, proceed!

WURM. "The Minister was here yesterday: it was ridiculous beyond idea to observe how warm the Major was in defence of my honour."

LOU. Excellent! Excellent! Oh! admirable! Quick, quick—go on!

WURM. "I was obliged to counterfeit a swoon, that I might not betray myself by laughing."

LOU. Oh! Just Heaven!

WURM. "But the mask of affection which I have worn so long at

CABAL AND LOVE.

length becomes insupportable—insupportable. In short, I shall seize the first opportunity to rid myself of this importunate lover."

LOU. *[rises, and walks a few turns with her head bent down, as if she sought something upon the floor: then returns to her place, and continues to write.]* "This importunate lover."

WURM. "With your assistance this will be no difficult task. He is on duty to-morrow. As soon as he leaves me, I shall fly to the usual place."

LOU. Have you written "the usual place"?

WURM. "There you may depend upon finding your fond, your impatient Louise!"

LOU. Now then the address.

WURM. "To Marshal von Kalb."

LOU. Eternal Providence! A name as foreign to my ears as these scandalous lines to my heart! *[She rises, and for some moments surveys the writing with a vacant gaze. At length she gives it to WURM, speaking in a voice trembling and exhausted.]* Take it, sir! What I now put into your hands is my good name—is Ferdinand—is the only blessing of my life!

You have it, and I am a beggar.

WURM. Oh! Not so! Despair not, lovely Louise. You interest me beyond expression; you inspire me with the most heartfelt pity! Perhaps—who can answer for what may happen! Perhaps I may still be induced to overlook certain parts of your conduct. Amiable, unfortunate girl, how I compassionate your sorrows!

LOU. *[giving him a piercing look.]* Do not explain yourself! You are on the point of asking somewhat dangerous.

WURM *[attempting to kiss her hand.]* What if I asked this little hand?

[She draws it back with disdain.] How, Louise?

LOU. *[with vehemence, but with firmness.]* Were I to give it to you, it should plant a dagger in your heart on the bridal night: for such a deed I could expire upon the rack with pleasure! *[WURM starts alarmed and astonished at the violence of her manner; LOUISE continues in a milder tone.]* Is there yet more to be done, sir; or may the persecuted dove fly away?

WURM. A trifle yet remains, damsel. You must with me to the Carmelite Monastery; there you must take the most solemn oath to acknowledge this letter for your free and voluntary act, and that you never will discover the means by which it was forced from you.

LOU. God! God! Thine own sacrament must affix the seals which confirm the bonds of devils! Well, be it so. *[She covers her face with her veil.]* Wurm, lead on; I follow you!

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—PRESIDENT VON WALTER'S.

FERDINAND, meeting a SERVANT.

FER. *[an open letter in his hand.]* Is von Kalb here?

SER. My lord, I was seeking you: the President desires—

FER. Hell and confusion! I ask, is von Kalb here?

SER. He is; but his highness the Prince has just sent for him.

FER. Though his highness the Prince of Hell had sent for him, I would speak with him first. Bid him come hither! Hence! *[Exit SERVANT.]*

SCENE II.

FER. *[gazing upon the letter.]* It is not possible! No!—It is not possible. A form so heavenly cannot hide so fiend-like a heart. And yet—

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

and yet—oh! 'tis evident! Though angels should descend on earth to vouch for her innocence—though the Creator and the creature should unite their voices to vouch for her innocence— Yes, yes, the case is plain—it is her hand. Treachery, monstrous infernal treachery, such as before humanity never witnessed! Therefore was it that she refused so resolutely to share my flight; therefore was it—oh! God! Now I awake from my dream; now the veil is rent which obscured my eyesight—therefore was it that with such seeming heroism she gave up her claims on my affection. A moment longer and I had credited the heavenly deceit! [*He traverses the chamber hastily; then stops for some moments in meditation.*]
 To dive so well into my every sentiment! To re-echo every daring wish, every scarce heard tumorous emotion, every impetuous fiery throb! To understand the feelings of my soul, expressed by some momentary tone, most fine, most indescribable! To count with me tear for tear! To follow me to the steepest precipice of the passions! To look down with me unterrified upon the most dangerous abyss of ruin! God! God! And this was all grimace! Grimace! Oh! If Falsehood can assume so lovely an appearance of Truth, how comes it that no devil has lied himself back into Heaven! When I pointed out to her the dangers which menaced our affection, with what convincing artifice did the false one's colour change! With what commanding dignity did she disprove my father's licentious scoffs; yet in that very moment the fiery proof of truth? Forsooth, the hypocrite she not herself hold out the fiery proof of truth? Nay, did she faint! What must now be thy language, Sensibility, since coquettes have learnt to faint? How wilt thou now clear thyself, Innocence, since strumpets have learnt to faint? She knows what she has made of me: she knows my very heart! My soul shone conspicuous in my eyes at the blush of her first kiss. And then did she feel nothing? Perhaps, only felt the triumph of her arts! When my fortunate delirium fancied that in her I embraced a whole heaven; when my wilder wishes were silent; when no thought was present to my mind but eternity and the damsel—God! Did she then feel nothing? Nothing, but that her artifice had succeeded? Nothing, but that her charms were flattered? Death and vengeance!

SCENE III.—FERDINAND, VON KALB.

VON K. [*entering early.*] I am told, my dear Ferdinand, that you wish—
 FER. To send you to another world. [*Aside.*] True, von Kalb, I sent for you. I have this letter to restore to you; you dropped it on the

parade [*with a malicious smile*], and my good stars ordained that I should find it.

VON K. That you should—

FER. Oh! It was the most fortunate accident! As I happened to know the hand, I made bold to examine the contents.

VON K. You alarm me, Ferdinand! Did you really—

FER. [*giving him the letter.*] Read it, read it! [*Turning from him.*]
 Though the lover is discarded, the pander may still be of use.

[*While VON KALB reads, FERDINAND draws his pistols from his girdle*]
 VON K. [*throws the letter upon the table, and prepares to leave the room.*]
 Confusion!

FER. [*detaining him by the arm.*] Patience, my dear Von Kalb! The intelligence contained in that letter was doubtless agreeable, and the finder must have his reward.

VON K. [*alarmed*] Have you your senses, Major?

FER. [*in a terrible voice.*] More than sufficient to rid the world of such a

wretch as thou art ! Take it, I say ! [*He forces a pistol into VON KALB's hand, and then draws out his handkerchief.*] And next hold the end of this napkin ; it was embroidered, and given to me by the strumpet !

VON K. What, fire over the handkerchief ? Ferdinand, are you mad ? What mean you !

FER. Take it, I say ; else you will miss me, coward. How the coward trembles ! Coward, before the moon rises, you shall be before the throne of God. [*VON KALB throws away the pistol and falls upon his knees.*] Softly ! softly ! Fear not but your soul shall be prayed for.

[*Snatching him violently from the ground, and bolting the door.*]

VON K. You will not fight in the chamber ?

FER. Oh ! 'Twill be excellent here ! The report will be louder, and for the first time you will make some noise in the world. Take your pistol.

VON K. Yet consider, young man, consider—what hopes, what prospects you sacrifice !

FER. Take up your pistol, I say ! I have nothing more to do in this world.

VON K. But I have much, Ferdinand, but I have much.

FER. Thou wretch, thou ! What hast thou to do but to fill up a void when men are scarce ? To become in one moment seven times long and seven times short, like the butterfly when it writhes upon a needle ? To be the flatterer of a prince's vices and the whetstone upon which he sharpens his wit ? Well, well, 'tis better so : I must to Hell, and thou shalt with me to furnish me sport. Thou shalt dance to the howling of the damned—shalt bow, and cringe, and flatter the fiends, and amuse with your courtly arts the eternally despairing !

VON K. Oh ! Spare me, spare me ! Away with the pistols, for God's sake !

FER. How he stands there, the trembling son of sorrow ! Stands there to the reproach of the last Creation Day. He looks as if some bad artist had copied him from the Almighty's original. And with such a being to share her heart ! Monstrous ! Unaccountable ! To share it with a wretch better formed to be an antidote to pleasure than to excite desire and lust !

VON K. Praised be Heaven ! He grows calm.

FER. No ; he shall live. That toleration which spares the caterpillar shall also be of benefit to him. We look at the reptile, shake our heads in contempt, perhaps admire the wise disposition of God, who can feed his creatures with the very refuse of the ground, who prepares the raven's meal at the gibbet, and the courtier's in the filth of majesty. Then do we wonder at the policy and justice of Providence, which even in the world of spirits rewards the adder and the blind-worm for the exportation of their poison. [*Relapsing into rage.*] But upon my rose this insect shall not creep ; sooner will I crush it into atoms—thus, and thus, and thus again !

[*Dashing him upon the ground.*]

VON K. Oh ! Gracious God ! How shall I escape from this maniac ?

FER. Villain ! If she is no longer chaste— Villain ! If thou didst riot, where I adored ! [*Madly.*] If thou wert a libertine, where I fancied myself a god ! [*Stopping suddenly ; then continuing in a solemn terrible voice.*] It were better for thee, villain, to fly to Hell, than meet my wrath in Heaven ! How far is the girl thine ? Answer me instantly.

VON K. Let me go ! I will confess everything.

FER. Oh ! It must seem more rapturous even to be her licentious paramour than to burn with the purest fondest enthusiasm for any other maid ! She has charms that can reduce the value of the soul and equalize the transports of virtue and voluptuousness ? [*Putting his pistol to VON KALB's breast.*] How far is your connection advanced ? Answer me, or I fire this moment !

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

VON K. There is nothing in the affair. There is no word of truth in the whole business. We have deceived you from the very beginning, and the Minister himself—

FER. [*furiously.*] You have deceived me, wretch! I know it well, and must I be reminded of it? Answer my question without delay. How far is your connection with the girl advanced? You are dead, unless you confess the truth.

VON K. You mistake my words. Only listen. To break off her connection with you, her father—

FER. Threw his daughter into your arms? Why, what care I? Answer me directly to my question, or I murder you. How far is your connection advanced? Tell me! Tell me! Tell me! [*Shaking him violently.*]

VON K. You rave! You will not hear me! I never spoke to her—I never saw her—I know her not!

FER. [*drawing back.*] Thou hast never spoken to her? Thou hast never seen her? Thou knowest her not? Louise is lost for ever for thy sake, and thrice in one breath hast thou denied her? [*Opening the door with disdain.*]
Go, wretch, go! Powder were thrown away on miscreants like thee.
[*Exit VON KALB.*]

SCENE IV.

FER. [*a long silence, during which his countenance declares him to be agitated by some dreadful idea.*] For ever lost! Yes, false unfortunate, lost are we both! Ay, by the Almighty God! if I am lost, thou art so also. Judge of the World, ask not the damsel from me! The damsel is mine. I exchanged your whole world for the damsel; I renounced your whole excellent creation. Leave me the damsel, Judge of the World! Millions of souls sigh after Thee; turn on them the eye of Thy mercy: Judge of the World, abandon me to myself! [*Clasping his hands with passion.*] Can the Great, the All-powerful Creator be avaricious of one miserable soul, and that soul the worst in his creation? The damsel is mine! The damsel belongs to me—to me, who was once her god—to me, who am now her devil! [*A pause: he fixes his eyes upon a point with terrible expression.*] An eternity passed with her upon the rack of everlasting perdition! Her melting eyeballs rooted on mine! Our blazing ringlets entwined together! Our shrieks of agony dissolving into one! And then to repeat to her the proofs of my affection! And then to remember her of her broken oaths! God! God! The union is dreadful—but eternal!
[*Rushing from the apartment.* PRESIDENT VON WALTER meets him.

SCENE V.—FERDINAND, PRESIDENT VON WALTER.

FER. [*starting back.*] Ha! My father!

PRES. Ferdinand, I sought you. My business, I think, will not displease you, though probably it will excite no small surprise. Shall we be seated?

FER. [*after gazing upon him for some time with a vacant stare.*] My father! [*Going to him with emotion and taking his hand.*] My father! [*Kissing it, and falling at his feet.*] Oh! my father!

PRES. What is the matter? Rise, my son. Your hand burns and trembles!

FER. [*with eager frenzy.*] Pardon my ingratitude, father! I am a man whom God has abandoned. I have ill repaid your kindness. Your meaning was so truly good, so truly paternal! Oh, you have a prophetic soul! Now it is too late. Pardon! pardon! Bless me, best of fathers, bless me for the last time!

PRES. [*feigning astonishment.*] Rise, Ferdinand. Recollect, that your words to me are riddles.

FER. This Louise, my father! Oh! You understand mankind! Your anger was so just, so noble, so truly the zeal of a father! Had not the warmth of your wish to save me made you mistake the road to my heart I must have been undeceived! This Louise—this Louise!—

PRES. Spare me, dear youth! You torture me by these complaints. I curse my severity; I load myself with reproaches. I am now come to appease, and entreat you to forgive my cruelty.

FER. To appease me, father? Rather say, to curse me. Your inflexibility was wisdom; your severity was heavenly mercy. This Louise, my father—

PRES. Is a lovely, an admirable girl! I recall my too rash suspicions. She has effaced all my prejudices, and won my entire approbation.

FER. [*starting up.*] How, father? Your approbation! Has she won yours too? And is it not so, father? Is she not a creature, enchanting as innocence itself? And it is so natural to love this woman!

PRES. Say rather, 'twere a crime not to love her.

FER. Oh! monstrous! 'Tis not to be believed! And you, who know so well what passes in the heart! And you, who saw her faults with the eyes of hatred! Has she won your approbation, father? Yours also? Oh! hypocrisy—hypocrisy without example! This Louise, father—

PRES. Is worthy to be my daughter. Her virtues shall supply the want of ancestry; her beauty the want of fortune. My reasons yield to the violence of your attachment. Ferdinand, be Louise yours.

FER. [*clasping his hands in agony.*] This was still wanting! [*Embracing his father eagerly.*] Father, farewell for ever!

PRES. Stay, my son! Wherefore do you fly me? Excellent—excellent! Everything is as I could wish. Now then let the venom work!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*A magnificent Saloon.*

LADY MILFORD, SOPHIE.

LADY M. You saw her then? And will she come?

SOPH. In a few moments she will be here. She was in her ordinary apparel, and only requested time sufficient to make some necessary change in her dress.

LADY M. Speak not of her. Silence! I tremble like a criminal when so near beholding that fortunate woman, whose heart beats thus cruelly in unison with mine. How did she receive my message?

SOPH. She seemed confused, became thoughtful, and was silent for some minutes. I was already prepared to hear her excuse herself, when she returned me this answer in a tone that astonished me: "Tell your lady she commands that which I should to-morrow have made it my request to do."

LADY M. Leave me, Sophie! Oh! I deserve compassion. I must blush, if she is but an ordinary woman, and despair, if she is more!

SOPH. It is not in this humour, lady, that a rival should be received. Remember who you are; call to your assistance your birth, your rank, your power! A prouder soul should heighten the proud splendour of your appearance.

LADY M. What means this folly?

SOPH. [*maliciously.*] Or, perhaps, it is by chance that exactly to-day the most costly brilliants must sparkle in your ringlets? It is by chance that

the most studied dress must heighten every natural beauty, that your ante-chamber must swarm with guards and pages, and that the tradesman's daughter must be received in the most stately apartment of your palace.

LADY M. Confusion! Insupportable! Oh, what lynx eyes have females for female imperfections! How low, how irretrievably low must I have fallen, when this creature is able to dive into my thoughts!

SCENE VII.—LADY MILFORD, SOPHIE. A SERVANT.

SER. Louise Miller waits without, and requests admission to your presence.

LADY M. [*to SOPHIE, in an angry tone.*] Retire! [*SOPHIE delays to go.*] Must I repeat my orders? [*Exit SOPHIE.*]

LADY M. [*walks a few turns hastily.*] So! 'Tis well that my temper has been heated. Now am I as I would be. [*To the SERVANT.*] Let her approach. [*Exit SERVANT. LADY MILFORD throws herself upon the sofa in a negligent but graceful attitude.*]

SCENE VIII.—LADY MILFORD, LOUISE.

LOUISE enters with a look of apprehension, and stops at some distance from the sofa. LADY MILFORD remains in the same posture, and seems not to observe her. LOUISE speaks at length in a soft and timid voice.]

LOU. Noble lady, I wait your orders.

LADY M. [*turning round, and examining LOUISE with a haughty air.*] Who is there? Oh! I remember. You are undoubtedly a certain— What is your name?

LOU. [*gaining courage.*] My father's name is Miller. They told me that you wished to see his daughter.

LADY M. True, true; I recollect. The poor musician's daughter, of whom there has lately been so much said. [*Aside.*] Her countenance is interesting, but yet she is no beauty. [*To LOUISE.*] Come nearer, damsel. [*Again aside.*] Eyes well practised in weeping. Oh! how I love those eyes! [*To LOUISE.*] Come nearer—nearer still. Of what are you afraid, my child?

LOU. [*with openness and dignity.*] Of nothing, lady. Many would think that I have cause to be afraid, but I despise the opinion of the multitude.

LADY M. [*aside.*] Indeed? Ay, 'tis clear: his affection makes her thus arrogant. [*To LOUISE.*] You are unconscious, perhaps, how strongly you have been recommended to me. I am told that you are well educated and well disposed. Your appearance indicates no less, and I can easily believe it: in truth, I cannot think that so warm a friend as is your advocate could deceive me.

LOU. Forgive me, lady, but I remember no one of my friends who would willingly recommend me to such a patroness.

LADY M. Mean you that I am unworthy to be your patroness, or that you are undeserving my protection?

LOU. Your question answers itself, lady. Recollect the difference between our situations, and you cannot mistake my meaning.

LADY M. [*aside.*] Ha! There is a double sense in her words! I expected not such art from that open countenance. [*To LOUISE.*] Louise is your name, I think. May I inquire your age?

LOU. On my last birthday I numbered sixteen years; they have been passed in pleasures, which never must return!

LADY M. [*starting from the sofa.*] Ha! There it is! But scarce sixteen.

355

CABAL AND LOVE.

The first pulsation of desire! Nothing is more seducing. [*To LOUISE.*] Be seated, unsounded harp! Fear not; I wish your good. [*To herself.*] And he too loves lovely girl! Can I wonder, if the first beams of the morning's blush for the first time! Rely upon me, my child: I will study to make you happy. [*To herself.*] Oh! there is nothing in it: nothing, but the sweet swift-flying enthusiasm of youth! [*To LOUISE.*] Hear me, my charming girl. My principal attendant is on the point of leaving me: yon shall have her place. Yon shall be my friend, and my companion: I will love you, I will take care of you; it shall be my pride to make you feel contented. [*To herself.*] But just sixteen! Oh! it can never last.

LOU. [*kissing her hand respectfully.*] Receive my thanks, intended favours, and believe me not less grateful.

LADY M. [*relapsing into insouciance!*] The

LADY M. *[relapsing into disdain and anger.]* How insolence! There was a time when girls of your rank would have been most fortunate to obtain such service as you thrust upon what then do you believe me not less grateful than were it in my power to accept them. *[respectfully.]* Receive my thanks, lady, for your

LADY M. [relapsing into disdain and anger.] How now? What insolence! There was a time when girls of your station thought themselves most fortunate to obtain such favours as are now offered to yourself. Upon what then do you place your dependence? Are these fingers too delicate for service? Or does the red and white of your complexion make you thus vain and haughty?

LOU. Neither my features nor my station, lady, were I a choice. Had they been so, haply I had chosen better.

LADY M. Perhaps you believe that.

LOU. Whoever bade me so.

LADY M. I accept them. Believe me not less grateful than were it in my power to love you, I should never last. Receive my thanks, lady, for you feel contented with me.

LADY M. Perhaps you believe that your beauty will last a
 creature ! Whoever bade you think so, let him
 deceived the one of you, or both ! The
 turnt in with fire : what you
 sting is but a slight
 er fire

LADY M. Perhaps you believe that your beauty will last for ever? Poor creature! Whoever bade you think so, let him be who he will, he has deceived the one of you, or both! The colours of these cheeks are not burnt in with fire: what your glass persuades you to credit solid and everlasting is but a slight surface of gilding, and that gilding must sooner or later rub off in the hands of a purchaser. What then will you do?

LOU. Pity the purchaser, lady, who unwittingly bought because its exterior seemed gold.

LADY M. [*affecting not to hear her.*] And the real one and her counterpoised by the one who has been deceived?

Lou. Pity the purchaser, lady, who because its exterior seemed gold.

LADY M. [*affecting not to hear her.*] A counterpoised by the real one and her one.

LADY M. [*affecting not to hear her.*] A damsel of your age, counterpoised by the agreeable pliability of the one terms dull and sleek. The rough soft: the scar, white and sleek. The simple, the purchaser, lady, who unwittingly bought a diamond, and that gilding must sooner or later fall off, and you to credit solid and ever true cheeks are no more than a purchaser.

the real one and her admirer. [The damsel of your age has ever two counterpoised by the agreeable pliability of the latter. The look, which the one terms dull and sleepy, the other declares to be languishing and soft : the scar, which the one asserts to be a deformity, the other calls a dimple that would improve the cheek of a Grace. The credulous maid believes nothing that the first says to her until the testimony of the second confirms it. She listens to each alternately, till she confounds their assertions together, and concludes by fancying them to be both of one opinion. Why gaze you on me so earnestly? Lou, pardon me, lady ; I was pitying these so porous diamonds, which are unconscious that their mistress is vain of them.]

LADY M. [*blushing.*] V-

content yourself

LADY M. [*blushing.*] You grow too bold. Be silent while I depend upon your personal attractions.

LADY M. *[blushing.]* You grow too bold. Be silent while I speak, and content yourself with answering my questions. Were it not that you depend upon personal attractions, what could induce you to reject a situation, the only one where you can acquire polish of manners and free yourself from the ridicule of your plebeian prejudices?

LOU. 'Tis true, lady; but one of those plebeian prejudices is my innocence.

LADY M. Preposterous objection! The most unruly liberty is my show us disrespect unless we ourselves encourage it.

LOU. Of that I am sure, and I will ensure your innocence.

LADY M. Preposterous objection ! The most unruly libertine dares not show us disrespect unless we ourselves encourage him by advances. Show yourself what you are, make evident the worth and purity of your soul, and I will ensure your innocence from danger.

LOU. Of that, lady, permit me to entertain a doubt. The palaces of

The most unruly libertine dares not
 will ensure your innocence from danger. Show
 Lou: Of that, lady, permit me to entertain a doubt. The palaces of

the great are but too often made a theatre for licentiousness the most unbridled. Who will believe that a poor musician's daughter could heroically plunge into the midst of contagion, and yet preserve untainted herself and her fame? Who will believe that a prince's favourite would hold an eternal scorpion to her breast, and lavish away her wealth upon a low-born maiden, to purchase the risk of every moment feeling her cheeks dyed with the blush of shame? I will be frank, lady. While I adorned you for some assignation, would you meet my eye unabashed? When you regained your home returning from it, would you be able to meet my eyes at all? Oh! better, far better would it be should oceans roll between us, should we draw our breath in different atmospheres! Look into your heart, lady. Hours of temperance, moments of satiety may present themselves; serpents of remorse may plant their stings in your bosom, and then— Oh! what a torment would it be for you to read in the countenance of your handmaid that peaceful joy, that tranquillity of content, which virtue ever showers upon an uncorrupted heart! [*Retiring a few steps.*] I fear I have already said too much. Lady, I again entreat your pardon.

LADY M. [*extremely agitated.*] Insupportable, that she should tell me this! Yet more insupportable, that what she tells is true! [*Turning to LOUISE, and looking at her steadfastly.*] Girl! girl! This artifice does not blind me. Mere opinion speaks not so warmly. Beneath the cloak of these prudential maxims lurks some far dearer interest. 'Tis that which makes my favours seem disgusting; 'tis that which gives such energy to your discourse; 'tis that [*in a threatening voice*] which I must discover.

LOU. [*with unconstrained dignity.*] And what if you should discover it? Discover it at this moment, when the contemptuous trampling of your foot has roused the injured worm, to whom God gave a sting to protect her against misuse. What if you should threaten me with your vengeance? Lady, I fear it not. The poor criminal, branded with infamy, and extended on the rack, can look unterrified on the dissolution of the world. My misery is so exquisite, that sincerity can draw down on me no increase of present pain! [*After a pause.*] You say that you would raise me from the obscurity of my station. I will not examine the motives of this suspicious favour. I will only ask why you should judge me so foolish as to look on that station with discontent, or what should induce you to become the foundress of my happiness, ere you know whether I am willing to receive my happiness from your hands! I had for ever rent asunder my claim upon the pleasures of the world; I had forgiven God that my joys were of so short duration. Ah! why would you now urge me to seek for them again? When the Deity hides his beams from the countenance of his creature, so absolutely that even his chief seraph is blinded by the darkness, why will mortals be so cruelly compassionate? Lady, lady! why is your high-prized happiness so anxious to excite the envy and wonder of the miserable? Do your pleasures require frenzy and despair to make you sport? Oh! if, as you say, you wish me well, rather seek to blind me to the horrors of my barbarous lot than place before my eyes all the happiness of your fortunes, all the misery of mine! The insect felt itself so happy in a drop of water, as were that drop a heavenly kingdom—so happy and so contented—till some one told it of a world of waves, where navies rode, and whale-fish sported. But you would make me happy, say you? [*After a pause, she suddenly approaches* LADY MILFORD.] Are you happy, lady! [*LADY MILFORD turns from her hastily; LOUISE follows her, and lays her hand upon her bosom.*] Does this heart wear the smile of its station? Could we now barter bosom for bosom, and fate for fate; were I, young and innocent, relying on your love, to ask you for counsel, and were you to answer as my mother and my friend, lady, would you really advise me to the exchange?

LADY M. Intolerable ! Incomprehensible ! No, Louise, no ; you brought not with you into the world this greatness of thought, and your conceptions are too fiery, too full of youth, to be inspired by your father. Do not deceive me ! I know that some other instructor—

LOU. [*looking at her with a penetrating glance.*] If you already know him, lady, I marvel that you offer me protection.

LADY M. [*starting from the sofa on which she had thrown herself.*] It is not to be supported ! Yes, then, since I cannot escape you—yes, I know him ; know everything ; know—that of which I would fain be ignorant ! [*Stopping suddenly ; then continuing with a violence, which by degrees rises to frenzy.*] But dare, unfortunate !—dare but still to love, or to be loved by him ! What did I say ? Dare but to think upon him, or to be one of his thoughts ! I am powerful, unfortunate !—dreadful in my vengeance ! So sure as there is a God in heaven, thou art lost for ever !

LOU. [*undaunted.*] Beyond the power of that God to relieve me, lady—if ever you can force Ferdinand to return your love.

LADY M. I understand you : but return my love he shall not. I will conquer this disgraceful passion—I will repress my feelings—I will torture my own heart ; but thine will I crush to atoms ! Rocks and oceans will I hurl between you : I will rush, like a fury, into the heaven of your joys : as a spectre scares the pleasures of assassins, my name shall fright your kisses away : your short life shall be wasted in fear and agony, and that young blooming form shall become a skeleton, while clasped in Ferdinand's embrace. I cannot be blessed with him, neither shall you. Know that, wretched girl ! To blast the happiness of others shall now become a happiness for me.

LOU. A happiness, lady, of which the heart that loves Ferdinand can never be susceptible. Ah ! Torture not yourself ! I can read in your soul, and even esteem you for this anger, occasioned by love for him, who is most worthy to be loved. No, lady, no, you cannot deceive me : you are incapable of executing that with which you threaten me ; you are incapable of torturing a creature, who with you has no fault, but that her feelings have been the same with yours.

LADY M. [*recovering herself.*] Where am I ? What have I done ? What sentiments have I betrayed ? And—oh God !—to whom have I betrayed them ? Oh, Louise—noble, glorious, godlike creature !—pardon the wanderings of a maniac's brain. Fear not, my child ! I will injure no hair of thy head ! Name thy wishes. Ask what thou wouldst have ; I will serve thee upon my knees ; I will be thy friend and sister. Thou art poor, Louise ; look upon these jewels, observe this costly palace : thine be the whole—but give me Ferdinand !

LOU. [*drawing back.*] Does she mock my despair ? Or is she really ignorant of the cruel letter ? Oh ! then I may yet enjoy some moments of heroism, and draw some advantage from my impotence to preserve him. [*Approaches* LADY MILFORD, *takes her hand, and gazes upon her with a melancholy and steadfast look.*] Take him, lady ! I here make my wilful resignation of him, whom hellish arts have torn from my bleeding bosom ! You know not—by that openness of countenance, that generosity of sentiment, even by the violence of your passions, I am convinced that you know not—all the mischief of your fatal love. The Minister, the cruel Minister has made you unconsciously the accomplice of his guilt : that veil of unconsciousness am I compelled to rend asunder. Hear me, lady ; listen to the relation of your unwitting cruelty ! Lady, you have destroyed the paradise of two lovers ; you have rent asunder two hearts which God had bound together ; you have crushed a being whom the Almighty loves as

truly as he doth you ; whom he formed as much for happiness as he did you ; by whom he was loved as well as he is by you ; but who, from this moment, will never love him more ! But his ear is ever open to receive the last groan of an expiring worm : when souls are murdered in his hands he will not look on with indifference. Lady, farewell ! Be happy ! [*Kissing her hand eagerly.*] Ferdinand is yours. Take him, lady, take him ! Rush into his arms ! Drag him with you to the altar ! But forget not—oh ! forget not, that with the first kiss of your bridegroom the spectre of a suicide must stand before your soul's eye ! 'Tis the only resource that is left me, and God—Oh ! God will be merciful ! [*Rushes wildly out of the chamber.*]

SCENE IX.—LADY MILFORD.

[*She remains in the extreme of agitation, fixing her eyes with a vacant stare upon the door by which LOUISE left her. At length she seems to recover herself.*]

LADY M. What was that ? What lies so heavy on my heart ? What said the unfortunate ! The dreadful, the damning words still rend my hearing ! "Take him ! Take him !" What should I take, unfortunate ? The legacy of your dying groan, the fearful present of your despair, the bond of your eternal perdition ! God ! God ! Have I then fallen so low ? Have I so suddenly abdicated the throne of my pride, that I hunger for that, even to madness, which a beggar's generosity throws me in the last conflict of death ? "Take him ! Take him !" And she spoke in a tone—accompanied it with a look ! Milford ! Milford ! For this hast thou sprung over the limits of thy sex ! For this didst thou court the pompous title of a free British woman, that the vaunted edifice of thy virtue might sink before the nobler soul of an unprotected low-born maiden ? No, proud unfortunate ! No ! Milford may blush for herself, but never shall be outdone by others. I too have courage to resign him. [*She walks a few paces with an air of majesty.*] Hide thy feelings, weak suffering heart of woman ! Hence, ye sweet golden dreams of love ! Come to my aid, undaunted magnanimity ! Henceforth thou alone shalt be my guide. These lovers are lost, unless Milford withdraws her claim, and resigns for ever her power in Brunswick. [*After a pause.*] It is determined ! The dreadful obstacle is removed : broken are the bonds which united me to the Duke. This raging flame is expiring in my bosom : Virtue, into thy arms I throw myself—receive with kindness a repentant daughter ! Ha ! how suddenly is all well within me ! How suddenly do I feel myself so relieved, so exalted above the world ! From the pinnacle of my greatness will I sink to-day, glorious as a setting sun ! Let my grandeur expire with my love : of my proud abdication there shall be no sharer but my heart. [*Approaching the table.*] It must be done immediately—immediately, ere the recollection of Ferdinand renews the cruel conflict in my bosom ! [*She seats herself, and begins to write.*]

SCENE X.—LADY MILFORD. A SERVANT. Afterwards SOPHIE.

SER. Lady, Marshal von Kalb is in the ante-chamber, and brings a message from his Highness.

LADY M. [*not hearing him in the eagerness of writing.*] How, when he reads my letter, will the illustrious puppet stare ! Nay, 'tis singular enough, I own, the presuming to speak truth to a sovereign. In what confusion will the court be ! How his sycophants will wonder at the daring of a woman !

SOPH. [*entering.*] Lady, Marshal von Kalb—

LADY M. [*turning round.*] Who? von Kalb? Good! good! This sort of creature was formed for the service of others. [*To the SERVANT.*] Admit him.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

SOPH. [*coming near anxiously.* LADY MILFORD *continues to write with eagerness.*] Excuse my boldness, lady, but I fear somewhat has disordered you. Louise Miller rushed through the ante-chamber with every appearance of distraction—you seem inflamed and agitated—you speak to yourself; you use violent gestures. Dear lady, you terrify me beyond expression. For God's sake, what has happened?

SCENE XI.—LADY MILFORD, VON KALB, SOPHIE.

[VON KALB *enters, bowing very respectfully to LADY MILFORD, who writes on without observing him. At length he speaks.*]

VON K. His Highness—

LADY M. [*while she peruses hastily what she has written.*] He will tax me with the blackest ingratitude! "I was a poor forsaken creature, when he found me; he lavished his favours upon me, and raised me from misery to splendour." Detested favours! Horrible exchange! Annul my bond, seducer; the blush of my eternal shame has repaid my debt with interest.

VON K. [*aside.*] She seems much occupied; I must hazard the disturbing her employment. [*Aloud.*] Noble lady, his Highness bids me ask whether you mean to honour this evening's gala with your presence?

LADY M. [*rising.*] By no means, my dear von Kalb; I am provided with occupations of a different kind. In the meanwhile, let that serve for the Duke's amusement. [*Giving him the paper.*] Sophie, let my carriage be prepared without delay, and my whole household assembled in this chamber.

SOPH. What can this mean? God forbid that my suspicions should prove true! [*Exit.*]

VON K. You seem agitated, lady. May I ask—

LADY M. The cause will be pleasing news for you. Rejoice, von Kalb! There is a place vacant at court, and you may assist in filling it. The times will be good for panders. [VON KALB *throws a look of suspicion upon the paper.*] Read it, read it! 'Tis my desire that the contents should be made public. [*Here the DOMESTICS enter, and range themselves in the background.*]

VON K. [*reading.*] "An engagement, broken by you so lightly, cannot have the power to bind my will. The happiness of your subjects was the argument which induced me to accept of your love. You promised to make your people happy; for three years did I believe them so, and for three years I have been deceived. The veil at length falls from my eyes, and I look on favours with disgust, which trickle with the tears of your subjects. Bestow upon your weeping country that love which I can no longer return, and learn from a British Princess compassion to your German people. Within an hour I shall have quitted your dominions."

THE SERVANTS [*in a tone of grief.*] Quitted the dominions?

VON K. [*replaces the letter upon the table in terror.*] In the name of God, my dear lady, reflect for one moment upon what you do! This letter is the death-warrant of the bearer, as well as of the writer!

LADY M. Be that your care, 'tis none of mine. Alas! I know it well; you, and they who resemble you, must suffer for the faults which others commit. But be content, good von Kalb. 'Tis the necessary evil of

courts, and you must take the bitter with the sweet. Courage, man, courage! A true courtier should esteem death an honour—[*in a scoffing tone*—when he dies with the good pleasure of his Highness.

VON K. Heavens! What presumption! I tremble at the very idea of the Prince's rage. But for God's sake, lady, reflect upon the honourable station which you resign, upon the disgrace which you will bring down upon yourself—

LADY M. [*with a look the most haughty and contemptuous.*] "Honourable station!" [*She turns to the DOMESTICS, and speaks the following with the tenderest emotion*] You seem confounded, worthy people; you wait with anxiety for the explanation of this riddle. Come nearer, my friends. You have served me truly and affectionately. You looked oftener upon my eyes than upon my purse. You sought rather to please me than to advantage yourselves. Your duty was your pleasure, my approbation your pride. Woe is me, that the remembrance of your fidelity must bring with it the remembrance of my shame! Woe is me, that the darkest season of my life should have been the brightest of yours! We must part, my children. [*She stops, her voice is almost choked by the violence of her feelings. After a pause, she continues with a trembling voice.*] The thought of your attachment shall never die in my heart. Would I could reward it! But Lady Milford exists no longer, and is too poor to discharge her debts to you. What little wealth I have, let my treasurer share among you. Take it, and may it prosper with you! My palace I restore to the Duke; and believe me, friends, the poorest among you will quit it far richer than his mistress! Farewell, my children! [*She extends her hand to them; they press to kiss it with every mark of sorrow and affection.*] I understand you, my good people! My heart feels that—oh! This is too much for me! [*Hastening to the door. VON KALB puts himself in her passage.*] Art thou still there, thou pitiable man?

VON K. [*who during her speech had stood motionless gazing vacantly upon the letter, now speaks in the accent of desperation.*] And must this letter be given to his Highness? And must I be the person to carry it to his Highness?

LADY M. Wretched man, even thou. Thou must deliver it to his Highness, and must inform his Highness besides, that since I cannot go barefoot to Loretto, I will support myself by the labour of my hands as a punishment for having deigned to govern such a wretch! Tell that to your vile master. Hence! [*VON KALB goes off trembling, and in silence.*]

LADY M. Hark! 'Tis the carriage. Grandeur, adieu! I fly to poverty and virtue. [*Going; the SERVANTS surround her, kissing her hand, hanging upon her robe, &c.*]

SERVANTS. Mistress! Noble, worthy mistress!

LADY M. [*tearing herself from them with difficulty.*] Farewell! Farewell for ever! [*She rushes out, followed by the DOMESTICS.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—MILLER'S House

[*LOUISE sits silent and motionless in the darkest corner of the room, her head reclining upon her hand. After a long pause MILLER enters with a lantern; he looks round the chamber with anxiety, but does not observe LOUISE. He throws off his cloak, lights a taper, and places the lantern upon the table.*]

LOUISE, MILLER.

MILL. She is not here. Still she is not here! I have wandered through

every street ; I have sought her with every acquaintance ; I have inquired at every door : no one has seen my child ! *[A silence of some moments.]* Patience, undone, unhappy father ! Patience till the morning ; then perhaps your only one may again reach the shore. God ! God ! What though my heart doted upon this daughter, doted upon her even to idolatry ; yet surely the punishment is severe ! Heavenly Father ! Surely it is too severe ! I will not murmur, Heavenly Father, but surely the punishment is too severe ! *[Throws himself into a chair.]*

LOU. *[without moving from her seat.]* Thou dost well, wretched old man ! Murmur not, but accustom thyself in time to losing.

MILL. *[starts up eagerly.]* Art thou there, my child ? Art thou there ? And wherefore thus alone ? Wherefore without light ?

LOU. I am not alone. When all things around me are thus gloomy, then have I my best companions.

MILL. God defend you, my child ! Why that sentiment ? The worm of conscience alone loves to wake and watch with the owl : none shun the light but criminals and evil spirits.

LOU. Not so, father ; eternity too shuns it, when she speaks to souls lost beyond God's power to save.

MILL. Louise ! Louise ! Speak not thus, or you will drive me mad !

LOU. *[rises, and comes forward.]* I have fought a hard fight, father ; but God has given me strength, and the fight is over. Father, our sex is called soft and fearful ; believe it no more. We faint at a spider's approach, but it seems to us mere sport to embrace the black monster, Corruption. There is news for you ! Smile, father, smile ; your Louise is light-hearted.

MILL. Daughter, your groans were preferable to such mirth.

LOU. *[laughing wildly.]* Ha ! ha ! ha ! How I shall overreach him ! How I shall deceive the tyrant ! Love is more daring and crafty than malice : he knew not that, the man of the unlucky star. The villains are cunning, while they have but to do with the head ; but when they would manage the heart, oh ! how dull and heavy grow their wits ! Did he think to ratify the artifice by an oath ? Oaths, father, may bind the living, but Death resolves even the Sacrament's iron bonds. Ferdinand shall one day know his Louise's worth. Father, you see this letter—*[taking one from her bosom]*—will you deliver it for me ?

MILL. To whom, my child ?

LOU. Strange demand ! Eternity and my heart had no room between them for a single thought of him. To whom then should I, or would I, write ?

MILL. Louise ! I must read this letter.

LOU. You are at liberty to read it, father ; but the contents will teach you nothing. The characters lie there like cold corpses, and live but for the eyes of love.

MILL. *[reading.]* "They have betrayed you, Ferdinand. Villany unparalleled has dissolved the union of our hearts : but a dreadful vow restrains my tongue, and a spy of your father's lurks in every corner. But if thou hast courage, my beloved—I know a third place, where no oath can bind, and where no spy can enter." *[MILLER stops, and gazes upon her steadfastly.]*

LOU. Why that earnest look, father ? Read to the conclusion.

MILL. "But thou must have sufficient fortitude to wander through a gloomy path with no other guides than God and Louise. Thou must have no companion but love ; leave behind all thy hopes, all thy tumultuous wishes ; thou wilt need nothing in this journey but thy heart. Darest thou come ? When the bell tolls twelve from the Carmelite Tower, be it the signal of departure. Tremblest thou to venture ? Then erase fortitude from the virtues of thy sex, since thy courage will be less than Louise's." *[MILLER*

gives her back the letter, and fixes his eyes upon the ground in hopeless sorrow. At length he turns to LOUISE, takes her hand, and speaks in a low broken voice.] Daughter! Where is that third place?

LOU. You know it not, father? You really know it not? 'Tis strange, for I have described it to the life! Ah! Ferdinand will find it easily.

MILL. Explain yourself. Answer me! Where is that third place?

LOU. I know no pleasing name for it: then tremble not, father, if the sound is disagreeable. That place—Oh! Why has no lover given it a name? He would have chosen for it the softest, the sweetest. That third place, my good father—but you must not interrupt me—that third place is the grave!

MILL. Oh! my God!

[Staggering to a seat. LOUISE hastens to him, and supports him in her arms.]

LOU. Not so, father; not so! Oh! shame to sink beneath the weight of terrors attached to a mere empty sound. Away with the name, and the grave will seem to be a bride-bed. Above it does the morning spread her golden canopy, and Spring strews the floor with her freshest wreaths. None but a groaning sinner fancies Death to be a skeleton. No, father, no; Death is a gentle smiling boy, blooming as the God of Love, but not so false and knavish. He is a silent serviceable sylph, who guides through the deserts of eternity the exhausted pilgrim soul, unlocks for her the fairy palace of everlasting joy, beckons her in with friendly gesture, and vanishes for ever!

MILL. What meanest thou, my child? Surely thou wilt not destroy thyself?

LOU. Call it not destruction, father. To quit a company in which I have been ill received, to fly from a place where I can no longer bear to stay, can that want an excuse? Can that be esteemed a sin?

MILL. Louise, 'tis the most horrible! 'Tis the only one that cannot be repented, since death and the crime arrive in the same moment.

LOU. *[looking steadfastly upon the ground]* That is dreadful! Oh! that is a dreadful thought! But my death shall not be so sudden. I will spring into the flood, and while the waves roll over me, crave pardon of God, the Almighty, and All-merciful.

MILL. Know you what you say? You will repent the theft, when the treasure is secure? Is that your meaning? Daughter! Daughter! Beware how you sport with God, when you most need his assistance. Oh! you are far, far gone indeed! With your religion has your happiness passed away. You forgot your prayers to the Creator, and he withdrew his protecting hand.

LOU. Is loving then a crime, father?

MILL. Hadst thou loved God as he ought to be loved, never hadst thou loved man as loved he ought not to be. Thou hast bowed me down low, my only one! Low! low! Perhaps bowed me down to the grave! Yet I will not increase the burthen of your heart. Daughter, I spoke somewhat as I entered; I thought myself alone; thou hast overheard me, and why should I now conceal my fondness? Hear me, Louise, if there is yet room in thy bosom for compassion to a father's feelings. Thou art my idol! Thou art my all! Thou canst lose nothing more of thine own, but I can lose everything. Thou seest these white locks, Louise: the moment is now arrived with me, when parents require back the principal of that sum which they laid up in the affection of their children. Wilt thou defraud me, Louise? Wilt thou away, and bear with thee all the wealth of thy father?

LOU. *[kissing his hand eagerly.]* No, father, no! I go from this world your debtor, and will discharge my bond with interest in the next.

MILL. Beware, my child, lest that reckoning should be false. Thou

who fleest me in this life, art thou certain that we shall meet in that to come? Lo! how the colour fades in thy cheek! My Louise conceives herself that I must be deprived of the daughter's services, who hastens to the land of shadows before me. [*LOUISE throws herself weeping into his arms; he clasps her to his bosom, and continues, in a supplicating tone.*] Oh! Louise! Louise! Though already fallen, perhaps already lost! Daughter! Daughter! treasure in thy heart the words of an agonizing father! I cannot eternally watch over thee. I can snatch the dagger from thy hands; thou canst let out life with a needle: I can dash the poison from thy lips; thou canst strangle thyself with thy girdle. Louise! Louise! I have no power but to advise and warn thee. Wilt thou rush boldly forwards, till thy perfidious spirit stands trembling on the path between time and eternity? Wilt thou draw near to the Judge's throne, and dare to say, "For thy sake am I here, Creator?" Oh! then, when thine eyes shall seek their mortal idol; when thou shalt see, become a worm like thee, this perishable god of thy own creation, crawling at the Almighty's feet; when thou shalt hear him execrate thy guilty daring in this hour of proof, and blast thy betrayed hopes of God's forgiveness, which the wretch will obtain with difficulty for himself; what then wilt thou do?—what then, unfortunate! [*He clasps her still closer to his bosom, and gazes upon her with wild and piercing looks; then suddenly unfolds his arms, and leaves her.*] Now I have no more to say! [*Raising his right hand to Heaven.*] Immortal Judge of mankind, I will strive no more to preserve this soul for thee! Louise, do what thou wilt. Bring a victim to the altar of this beloved youth, that shall make thy bad angels howl for transport and thy good forsake thee in despair. Go on! Heap up the mountain of thy offences; add to them this the last, the most detestable; and if the burthen is still too light, throw in my curse to complete the measure. There is a dagger, plunge it in thy heart, and—[*sobbing, while he hastens from her*]—and stab at the same time your father's!

LOU. [*following him, and detaining him.*] Stay! stay! Oh! Father, father! Can affection then torture a wretch more cruelly than tyrannic violence? What must I—what shall I do?

MILL. Die—if von Walter's kisses burn hotter than your father's tears!

LOU. [*after combating with herself.*] Father! Here is my hand. I will not—God! God! what am I doing! Father, I swear—Woe is me! To whichever side I turn myself, criminal everywhere! Father, you have conquered. Ferdinand, aid me! Look down upon me, God of compassion! Ferdinand!—Thus I destroy thy last remembrance. [*Tearing the letter.*]

MILL. [*throwing himself upon her bosom, wild with delight.*] There spoke my daughter! Look up, my child! Thou hast sacrificed a lover, but thou hast made a father happy. [*Smiling through his tears.*] My Louise! My child! my child! I was not worthy to live so blest a moment! God knows, how I, poor wretched man, became possessed of such an angel! My Louise! My Paradise! My Heaven! Oh! I know but little how to love; but what a pang it is to cease to love, that I can feel full well.

LOU. But from hence we must hasten, father. Let us fly from the city, where my comrades mock my misfortunes, and my reputation is for ever blotted with shame: let us fly from a place, where I meet at every step with images which remind me of my former happiness. Far let us bend our wandering course; far let us fly from Brunswick.

MILL. Go whither thou wilt, my Louise, thy mother and I will follow thee. Bread is to be found everywhere, and upon my harp must we depend for sustenance. Here, let everything go to ruin; let my house fall; let my goods moulder away. While I wander with thee, my child, I will not remember home. While I lean my old head on thy bosom, I shall

wish for no other resting-place. Thy hand shall guide us from village to village, and thy voice shall accompany the tones of my instrument. I will compose a song of thy sufferings: thou shalt sing of the daughter who rent her own heart to preserve her father's from breaking. We will beg with the ballad from door to door, and sweet will be the alms of those who weep at the relation of thy sorrows!

SCENE II.—LOUISE, MILLER, FERDINAND.

LOU. [*who perceives FERDINAND first, throws herself trembling into MILLER's arms*] God! There he is! I am lost!

MILL. Who? Where?

LOU. [*still hiding her face in his bosom.*] 'Tis he! 'Tis he himself! Look round, father, look round! Save me, save me, he comes to murder me!

MILL. [*turning round.*] How, von Walter? You here?

FER. [*comes near them slowly, stands opposite to LOUISE, and remains gazing steadfastly upon her. After a pause, he speaks aside.*] 'Terrors of conscious guilt, I thank you! Your confession is dreadful, but swift and true. It saves me the torment of an explanation. Good evening, Miller!

MILL. For God's sake, my lord, what seek you in this house? What brings you hither? What means this unexpected visit?

FER. There was a time when the day on which I was expected was divided into seconds; when eagerness for my presence hung upon the weights of the tardy clock; and when every pulse-throb was chidden while I stayed beyond my usual time. Why, then, this surprise to see me?

MILL. Oh! leave us, leave us, von Walter! If there exists in your breast one spark of humanity; if you wish not to be her destruction, whom you so long professed to love, fly from this house; stay here no moment longer. Since you first set foot in it, God withdrew his blessing from my cottage. You have brought misery under that roof where happiness and tranquillity once delighted to dwell. Are you not yet contented? Her ill-starred connection with you has planted a dagger in the heart of my poor girl, and seek you to make the wound still wider?

FER. Compose yourself, worthy father: I bring good tidings to your child.

MILL. Comest thou to give her hopes again, that she may again know disappointment, that she may again despair? Away, away, thou messenger of misfortune! Thy countenance disproves thy words.

FER. Hear me, Miller. I have at length reached the goal of my hopes. Lady Milford, the chief obstacle to my love, has this moment fled from Brunswick. My father authorizes my choice. Fate grows weary of persecuting us, and our prosperous stars now beam in the horizon. Here is my hand: I am come to fulfil my promise, and to lead your daughter to the altar, as my bride.

MILL. Dost thou hear him, my child? Dost thou hear, how he sports with thy baffled hopes? Go on, my lord, go on! Oh! 'tis excellent, when seducers make their crimes the subject of laughter!

FER. You believe me not to be serious? By my honour, I am. My protestations are as true as Louise's affection, and I will keep them sacred, as she has kept her oaths. More sacred know I nothing. Canst thou still doubt me, Louise? Still do I see no joyful blush upon the cheek of my fair bride? 'Tis strange! Falsehood must needs be here the current coin, since truth finds so little credit. Dost thou distrust my words, Louise? Then must I convince thee by other means. Read there, my bride, and believe this manual witness.

[*Drawing from his bosom her letter to VON KALB. She receives it, opens it hastily, reads the first line and sinks upon the floor.*]

MILL. [*not observing this.*] What mean you, von Walter? I understand you not.

FER. But your daughter understood me well. [*Pointing to LOUISE.*]

MILL. [*perceiving her on the floor.*] Oh! God! my poor child!

[*He throws himself upon his knees, and raises her in his arms. She gazes upon him for a moment with a vacant stare, seems stupefied and overcome with sorrow, and lets her head sink upon his shoulder.*]

FER. Pale as a corse! 'Tis thus your daughter pleases me best. Your seemingly faithful virtuous daughter to me was never half so lovely. That deathlike paleness—those hopeless eyes—those bloodless, trembling lips! The breath of justice, which spoils the varnish of every lie, has dried up the painted colours of her cheek, and made the art evident by which angels of light had been deceived! Now does she wear her fairest complexion; now for the first time do I see her real countenance, and will kiss it for the love of truth.

MILL. Away! Begone! Boy! Boy! trifle not with a father's heart. I could not defend her from your flattery and seduction, but I still am able to defend her from ill usage.

FER. What wouldst thou do, old man? With thee have I no business. Engage not thyself in a game already lost so totally. Yet perhaps thou hast been wiser than I thought thee. Hast thou employed the wisdom of sixty years in prostituting thy daughter's honour? Hast thou disgraced those hoary locks with the office of a pander? Oh! if it be not so, wretched old man, lay thyself down, and die! Yet is it time: yet mayst thou sleep in the sweet persuasion, "I am a happy father!" Wait but a moment, and it will be too late: wait but a moment, and thine own hand will send to her infernal home this poisonous adder: thou wilt curse the gift, and him that gave it, and sink to the grave in blasphemy and despair! [*To LOUISE.*] Speak, unfortunate, speak! Didst thou write this letter?

MILL. [*anxiously.*] For God's sake! Daughter, forget not! Oh! forget not!

LOU. [*in a voice scarcely audible.*] That letter, father! Oh! that letter—

FER. Do you grieve that it fell into other hands than his to whom you sent it? Now blessed be the accident! It has produced greater effects than the most consummate prudence ever did: it has done me a service to-day which the wisdom of sages were unable to effect. Accident did I say? Providence decrees the death of a sparrow, why not the unmasking of a fiend? Speak. Girl, I will be answered. Didst thou write this letter?

MILL. [*to LOUISE, in a tone of entreaty, while she rises, and supports herself upon his arm.*] Courage, my child! Answer anything but "Yes," and the victory is your own.

FER. Excellent! Excellent! The father, too, is deceived! All, all are deceived by her! Look, how the perfidious stands there, teaching her tongue obedience to its last lie! Answer me, false one! I adjure thee, by the Almighty God! by him who is so terribly true! Answer me immediately! Didst thou write this letter?

LOU. [*she seems to combat with herself, to be agitated by the most violent emotions, and to entreat her father's pity by supplicating looks. At length she strives to summon up her resolution, and after a long pause replies in a low but steady voice.*] I did.

[*MILLER, who had waited impatiently for her answer, clasps his hands together in despair, throws himself into the seat, and conceals his face upon the table.*]

FER. [*stands petrified for some moments.*] Louise!—No. So sure as my

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

soul liveth, thou dost not speak true. Innocence, when extended on the rack, often confesses crimes which it never has committed. I confused thee—I spoke too passionately. Is it not so, Louise? Thou didst but confess because I spoke too passionately?

LOU. I confessed the truth.

FER. No, I tell thee! No! no! Thou didst not write the letter! It is not thy hand! And even though it were, why should it be less difficult to counterfeit a writing than to break the heart of a man? Speak once more, Louise. Tell me the truth. Yet do not, do not! Thou mayst again confess, and then I were lost for ever. A lie, Louise—a lie! Oh! If thou didst but know one now! If thou wouldst utter it with that open angel look! If thou wouldst but persuade my ear and eye! If thou wouldst but again deceive my heart so monstrously! Oh! Louise! The sound of that lie would banish Truth from the creation, bid her bow her stiff neck, and wish that she were Falsehood! [*In a trembling broken voice.*] Didst thou write this letter?

LOU. By the Almighty God! By Him who is so terribly true! I did.

FER. [*after a pause, with the expression of the most heartfelt sorrow.*] Woman! Woman! How fiend-like is the countenance now presented to my eyes! Offer that countenance and paradise together, and even in the regions of the damned thou wilt find no purchaser. Didst thou know what thou wert to me, Louise? Impossible! No; thou didst not know what thou wert my all. My all! 'Tis a poor incomprehensive word! Oh! what thou wert to me, the world would dissolve ere I could enumerate! Oh! what thou wert to me, eternity itself is not able to conceive! Yes; thou wert my all! And to sport so cruelly with that all! Oh! it was dreadful! dreadful! dreadful! [*Beating his forehead.*]

LOU. [*speaking with difficulty.*] You have heard my confession. I have pronounced my own condemnation. Leave me, my lord. Fly from a house—where you have found nothing but misfortunes.

FER. You are right. I will retire. I will content myself, and be calm. Calm, they say, the miserable land is through which the plague has passed. I am contented. I am calm. Yet ere I go, Louise, one last request! 'Tis a trifle; and you will grant it easily. My blood is on fire! I almost die with thirst! Louise, let me once more drink from a cup which thy hands have filled. Will you oblige me, Louise?

[*LOUISE bows in silence, and goes out hastily, striving to conceal her tears.*]

SCENE III.—FERDINAND, MILLER.

[*FERDINAND walks backwards and forwards with a disordered air. MILLER considers him for some time with looks of pity. After a pause he speaks.*]

MILL. Would to God, my lord, that it could alleviate your distress to know how sincerely I share in it, how sincerely I feel for your situation!

FER. I thank you, my good friend, but take no heed. Everything will soon be well. [*Silence again for some moments.*] Miller, I forget what accident first introduced me to your house. What brought me hither?

MILL. How, von Walter? Cannot you remember? You came to take lessons upon the flute.

FER. It was then I first saw your daughter. [*Another pause.*] Friend, you have broken your agreement with me; you should have supplied me with amusement for my leisure hours; you betrayed me, and sold me scorpions. [*Observing MILLER's agitation, he takes his hand affectionately.*] Tremble not, good old man, the fault was none of yours.

MILL. [*wiping his eyes.*] God knows it was not I

FER. [*traversing the room, plunged in the most gloomy meditation.*] Strangely—oh! beyond conception strangely—does God govern poor mortals. How often do fearful weights hang upon threads fine and imperceptible! Weak and endurable are the chains of life. How easily does Death—Ha! Death? [*He walks a few more turns; then stops suddenly, and grasps MILLER'S hand.*] Friend, I have paid dearly for thy lessons. They have lost me everything, and they have gained thee nothing: perhaps thou must lose everything thyself. [*Quitting him hastily.*] Ill-starred man, would I had never seen thee!

MILL. [*striving to repress his feelings.*] Louise is not coming. Permit me to inquire what makes her stay so long.

FER. Stay, good Miller. There is no cause to hasten her. [*Aside.*] At least her father has none. Stay here a moment: I would ask somewhat—Ay, I remember me. Is Louise your only daughter? Have you no other child?

MILL. No other, my lord; and I wish for no other. Her love is sufficient to fill my whole heart, and on her have I placed my whole stock of affection.

FER. [*much agitated.*] Indeed? Good Miller, see what makes your daughter stay. [*Exit MILLER.*]

SCENE IV.—FERDINAND.

FER. His only child! Dost thou feel that, murderer? His only one! Murderer, didst thou hear, his only one! The man has nothing in God's wide world but his harp, and that only one; and wilt thou rob him of her? Rob him? Rob the sick beggar of his last poor farthing? Break before the eyes of the maimed his only crutch? How? Have I the heart to do it? And when he hastens home, impatient to reckon in his daughter's smiles the whole sum of his happiness; and when he enters the chamber, and there lies the rose, his last, his only cherished hope, faded, dead, wantonly crushed beneath the assassin's foot!—Ha! And there he stands before her, and gazes on her bloodless cheeks, and craves from all nature one moment's breath of life for that dear one! Then, when his vacant eye wanders through the gloom of futurity, seeks for God, finds him nowhere, and returns disappointed and despairing! God! God! and has not my father too an only child! Ay, Ferdinand; an only child, but not his only treasure. [*Pausing.*] Yet what will the old man lose? She who could jest with the most sacred feelings of love, will she make a father happy? She cannot! She will not! Miller, I deserve your thanks, when I crush the adder, ere the parent feels its sting.

SCENE V.—FERDINAND, MILLER.

MILL. She will come instantly, von Walter. Alas! the poor thing had thrown herself upon the floor, and sobbed as if her heart was breaking! Your drink will be mingled with her tears.

FER. Well would it be for her, were it mingled with nothing more than tears. Miller, we were speaking of music. I remember that I am still in your debt. [*Taking out a purse.*]

MILL. What mean you, my lord, by mentioning such a trifle? Do not so far affront me, as to think that I can doubt your generosity. Leave it till another time, I beseech you. I hope in God this meeting will not be our last.

FER. For that can no one answer. Take your money, man; take it

freely. Who can ascertain the boundaries of life and death? Might I not expire in your debt?

MILL. Certainly, my lord, it is possible that you might; but upon this head I think that I should run no risk.

FER. You would run the greatest, Miller. Have you not heard that youths have died in their very spring of life?—that damsels and youths have died, the children of hope, the airy castles of their disappointed parents? That which is safe from age and worms has often perished by a thunder-bolt. Even your Louise is not immortal.

MILL. God gave her to me, and God may take her away; but yet—

FER. Hear me! I say to you again, your Louise is not immortal. This daughter is the apple of your eye; you hang upon this daughter with your whole heart and soul. Be prudent, Miller: none but a desperate gamester sets his all upon a single throw: the merchant would be called a madman who placed his whole fortune upon a single ship. Think upon this, and remember that I warned you. Now take your purse.

MILL. How, von Walter, how? The whole of it? The whole all-powerful purse? What are you doing, my lord? What can you mean?

FER. To acquit my debt. Take it, I say, take it. I cannot hold the dross to eternity.

[*Throwing the purse upon the table.*]

MILL. [*takes it up, opens it, and drops it again with astonishment.*] God Almighty! Gold! Gold! von Walter! von Walter! For the love of heaven, von Walter, are you mad? Are you raving? This is profusion! This is wanton extravagance! [*Striking his hands together.*] There it lies! There, there it lies! If I am not bewitched—if it is not a delusion—there it lies, the shining glorious gold of God! No, Satan, no! there shall it lie for me: thou shalt not purchase my soul with it!

FER. Are you distracted, Miller?

MILL. [*violently.*] Death and furies! But look yourself then. Look! look! It is gold!

FER. I know it is.

MILL. But in God's name, von Walter, I beseech you—I entreat you for our blessed Saviour's sake—think, think again! It is gold! I say it is gold!

FER. Why does that excite your wonder?

MILL. [*after a pause, going to him, and speaking in a calmer voice.*] Noble von Walter, I am a plain downright man. Take back your purse, for you needs must give it to purchase my agreement to some knavery. Heaven knows, that so much gold can be earned by no honest means.

FER. Take courage, worthy Miller! You have well deserved the money. God forbid that I should use it to the corruption of your conscience!

MILL. [*wild with joy.*] It is mine then! Mine indeed! Mine with the knowledge and consent of God! [*Hastening to the door.*] Daughter, wife, hither, hither, hither! [*Returning to FERDINAND.*] But for Heaven's sake, how am I at once possessed of all this precious torturing treasure? How have I deserved it? How have I earned it?

FER. Not by your music lessons, Miller. With this gold do I pay you for—[*stops suddenly, and shudders: then strives to conceal his emotion*—]—I pay you for my three months' happy dream of your daughter.

MILL. [*taking his hand, and pressing it affectionately.*] Oh! my lord, were you some poor and low-born tradesman, and did not my daughter love you, I would pierce her heart myself. [*Returning to the gold, and laying his hand upon it.*] Now then I have all—but you have nothing. Should you, accustomed to every luxury, feel the evils of want—

FER. Let not that thought distress you, friend. I am quitting this country, and in that to which I journey I should find no currency for this coin.

MILL. [*still fixing his eyes in rapture upon the money.*] Mine then it remains! Mine for ever! Yet it grieves me that you are quitting Brunswick. But now how dignified shall I appear! What respect will the neighbours pay me! I will give my lessons gratis upon the market-place. I will throw open my doors to all comers. The hungry shall find meat at my table, and the friendless a friend in my heart. I will away instantly, and the poor shall rejoice in my good fortune. [*Going.*]

FER. Stay, Miller! Be silent, and gather up your gold. [*Mysteriously.*] Let your sudden wealth be a secret for this evening, and to-morrow do with it what you will.

MILL. [*returns, and grasps FERDINAND's hand, full of inward joy.*] And my daughter, von Walter, my daughter? No, no! Gold cannot make me happy—no, gold alone cannot. I have fed on vegetables, and risen from the board full and contented; let the food be what it will, enough is ever enough. This cloak, though coarse, was good enough for me, while it shielded me from the winter's cold, while the summer sun scorched me not through the tatters. What then should I with money? To me it is mere dross. But my Louise—my child! She shall feel the value of wealth. Its blessings shall fall upon my daughter: I will read her wishes in her eyes, and every wish shall be gratified.

FER. Oh! silence! silence!

MILL. And she shall have masters of all sorts, and shall feed from gold, and shall wear the costliest robes, and shall sparkle in the most brilliant jewels; and all Brunswick shall talk of the harper's glorious daughter!

FER. [*agitated to excess, and in a terrible voice.*] No more, no more! For God's sake touch not that string again! Be but secret for this one night; 'tis the only favour that I ask in return for mine.

SCENE VI.—FERDINAND, MILLER, LOUISE *with a goblet.*

LOU. [*her eyes are swelled with weeping, and her voice trembles, while she presents the cup to FERDINAND.*] Forgive me, for having made you wait so long. An unavoidable delay—

FER. [*takes the cup hastily, places it on the table, and turns to MILLER.*] I had almost forgotten. Good Miller, I have a request to make. Will you undertake a commission for me?

MILL. A thousand with pleasure. What are your commands?

FER. My father waits supper for me, but I am not in a fit humour for society: 'twould be insupportable to me at present to mingle with indifferent people. Will you go to my father, and excuse my not appearing?

LOU. [*terrified, interrupts him hastily.*] I will go with pleasure.

MILL. [*to FERDINAND.*] Must I ask for the President?

FER. It will not be necessary. Give your message to one of the servants who wait in the ante-chamber. Here is my ring; you will deliver it as a token that I sent you, and you will find me still here when you return. Inquire whether my father has any commands, and bring me back the answer.

LOU. [*anxiously.*] Cannot I deliver your message?

FER. [*to MILLER, who is going.*] Stay one moment. Here is a letter to my father, which I received this evening enclosed in one to myself. Probably the contents are of importance. It fixes the destination of some people who are not totally indifferent to him. You will take care that it is delivered.

MILL. [*going.*] Do not doubt me.

LOU. [*stopping him, and speaking in a tone of the most exquisite terror.*] Do not go, father! Do not go! Let me carry the letter!

MILL. It is night, my child ; and you must not venture out alone. Fear not ; I shall return immediately. *[Exit.]*

FER. *[in a broken voice.]* You forget that 'tis dark, Louise. Will you not light your father down ?

[LOUISE takes a candle and follows MILLER. FERDINAND approaches the table, takes out a phial, and pours some drops into the goblet.]

FER. Yes ! She must die ! The higher powers look down, and nod to me their terrible assent. The vengeance of Heaven subscribes to my decree. Her good angels forsake her, and leave her to her fate !

SCENE VII.—FERDINAND, LOUISE.

[LOUISE re-enters slowly with the light ; she places it on the table, and stops on the side of the room opposite to FERDINAND ; her eyes are fixed on the ground, except when she raises them to him with fearful stolen glances. He seems not to observe her, but stands looking steadfastly on the earth, his arms folded, and his countenance gloomy and frowning. LOUISE at length breaks silence, but speaks with hesitation.]

LOU. You are fond of music, my lord ; shall I take my harp ? *[FERDINAND makes no answer.]* Perhaps you would prefer chess ; shall I bring the board ? *[He is still silent.]* You may remember that I promised to embroider your letter-case ; I have begun it already. Will you see what progress I have made ? *[Another long pause. With a deep sigh.]* Oh ! I am very wretched !

FER. *[without changing his attitude.]* That may well be.

LOU. Would I could find you better entertainment ! But that lies not in my power.

FER. *[with an insulting laugh.]* True, true ; I know it well. If I am too bashful and too distant, how canst thou help it ?

LOU. I was conscious that at present we are unfit companions. Nay, I confess that I could not but feel terrified when my father left us alone. I believe, von Walter, that this moment is equally insupportable to us both. Permit me to send for some of my acquaintance ; they may entertain you till my father's return.

FER. Oh ! ay ; do it ; and I too will send for some of mine.

LOU. *[looking at him with surprise.]* von Walter !

FER. *[in a spiteful and insolent tone.]* By my honour, the most fortunate idea that in our situation could ever enter mortal brain ! You are right, Louise. Let us change this wearisome duet into sport and merriment, and by the aid of certain gallantries revenge ourselves on the caprices of love.

LOU. Your spirits are high, my lord.

FER. Oh ! wonderfully high ! I feel so cheerful, so light-hearted, that children would hoot me through the market-place for a madman ! I was once an absurd melancholy enthusiast : fear me not, Louise ! I will be so no more. Thy example has converted me : from thee will I take lessons of happiness and wisdom. They are fools who prate of endless affection : to love always the same grows flat and insipid ; variety alone gives zest to pleasure. 'Tis fixed, Louise ; and I think as thou dost. Let us fly from dissipation to dissipation ; let us wander from vice to vice ; thou to that side, I to this. I may, perhaps, recover my lost tranquillity in some brothel. Perhaps, when our licentious race is run, and we become two mouldering skeletons, chance again may bring us together, and we may recognize each other by disease's common features, a mother whom her children can never disavow. Then, perhaps, disgust and shame may pre-

serve that union between us which could not be effected by the most tender love.

LOU. Oh! Ferdinand! Ferdinand! Thou art already miserable; wilt thou besides deserve to be so?

FER. [*murmuring through his teeth, which are clenched in all the agony of passion.*] Am I miserable? Who told thee that? Woman, thou art too vile to feel thyself; then how canst thou judge of the feelings of others? Miserable, did she say? Ha! that word would call my anger from the grave! She knew that I must be miserable. Hell and damnation! she knew it, and yet betrayed me! Hear me, serpent! Thou hast effaced the only blot of mercy in my nature: thine own evidence has condemned thee. Till now I thought that weakness of intellect might have forbidden thy conceiving the consequence of thy crime, and thou hadst nearly escaped my vengeance in my contempt. [*He takes the goblet hastily from the table.*] Thou didst not obey then the dictates of imprudence? Thou wert not then ignorant how atrocious was the act? Its guilt was known to thee, and yet thou wert a devil! [*He drinks, but stops suddenly.*] What hast thou given me? Hast thou thrown poison in the cup? If it be poison, thou shalt share it with me. Drink!

LOU. [*taking the cup with a melancholy but unsuspicious air.*] Alas! his senses wander! It was not vainly that I dreaded this interview.

FER. [*violently.*] Drink! drink! I say.

[*LOUISE drinks. The moment that she raises the cup to her lips, FERDINAND turns pale, rushes to the other end of the chamber, and supports himself against the window-frame.*]

LOU. [*replacing the goblet on the table.*] I have drunk. The liquor was good.

FER. [*his face averted, and shuddering.*] Good may it do thee!

LOU. Oh! couldst thou know, von Walter, how cruelly, how unjustly thou hast insulted me!

FER. Indeed!

LOU. There will come a time, Ferdinand—

FER. [*advancing.*] That time will soon be here.

LOU. When the remembrance of this evening shall fall heavy upon your heart!

FER. [*with agitation, which increases every moment, loosens the girdle of his sword, and throws it from him.*] Hence from me, badge of mortal servitude! I am no more for this world.

LOU. [*terrified at his violence.*] My God! what mean you?

FER. I am hot. I pant for breath. The girdle was a restraint to me, and I would be more at freedom.

LOU. You are ill, Ferdinand! Drink once again. The liquor will cool you.

FER. That will it effectually. Yet the strumpet is kind-hearted! Ay, ay—they are all so.

LOU. [*taking his hand affectionately.*] Thus cruelly speaks Ferdinand to his Louise?

FER. [*throwing her roughly from him.*] Away! Away! Hence with those gentle melting eyes! They sink me to the earth. Come to me, snake, in all thy monstrous terrors! Spring upon me, scorpion, and dart thy sting into my bosom! Expose before me thy hideous folds, and rear thy prond crest to heaven! Stand before my eyes, horrible as formerly when the abyss of hell was thy abode! But be no more an angel! Oh! be now an angel no more! It is too late. Thy time is past. I must crush thee like a serpent, or resign myself to everlasting despair. Oh! pity me, pity me, and look not so fair, so innocent!

LOU. [*in tears.*] God! that it should come to this!

FER. [*gazing upon her.*] The fairest work of the Heavenly Maker! Who would believe it? Who can believe it? [*Taking her hand.*] I will not call thee to account, Oh! God, my Creator! Yet wherefore didst thou pour thy poison into such precious cups? Can this beauteous Paradise be indeed the abode of vice? Oh! it is strange! strange! strange!

LOU. [*aside.*] Oh! cruel, cruel, that I must hear this, and yet be compelled to silence!

FER. And that melodious voice! How can broken chords discourse such harmony? [*Gazing rapturously upon her figure.*] Every part so lovely—so justly proportioned—so divinely perfect! Throughout the whole such evident tokens that 'twas God's favourite work! By Heaven, as if the great universe had been made but to practise the Creator ere he undertook this masterpiece! And in the soul alone has the Almighty failed? Is it possible that this reproachful neglect in nature should have passed unblamed? [*Quitting her hastily.*] Or did God by mistake bestow an angel's form on a mortal, and rectify the profusion of his chisel by giving her the more devilish a heart?

LOU. Oh! man! Oh! guilty obstinacy! Rather than confess that yourself can be wrong, you accuse the wisdom of Heaven!

FER. [*weeping, clasps her passionately in his arms.*] Yet embrace me once more, my Louise! Yet embrace me once again as on the day of our first kiss, when the name of Ferdinand first trembled on thy burning lips, and thy heavenly voice repeated, while I held thee to my bosom, "Mine! mine! Oh! mine!" In that moment, as flowers in a bud, seemed treasured the seeds of everlasting inexpressible pleasures: like a fair May morn seemed eternity to my eyes: golden centuries of centuries danced away, like brides before me. Then I was happy! Oh! Louise! Louise! Louise! Why hast thou made me wretched? Why hast thou used me thus?

LOU. Weep, Ferdinand, weep! Better do I merit your compassion than your wrath.

FER. Thou art deceived, Louise. These tears flow not for thee—they flow not from that warm voluptuous dew which trickles like balsam on the wounds of the soul. They are solitary chilling drops! They speak the fearful, the eternal farewell of my love! [*Grasping her hand, and looking upon her earnestly.*] They are tears for thy soul, Louise—tears for the Deity, who from thee alone has withheld his inexhaustible benevolence, and wantonly throws away the noblest of his works. Oh! methinks the whole universe should clothe itself in black, and weep over the scene now acting in its centre. 'Tis but a common sorrow, when men perish and Paradise is lost; but when the plague rages among angels, then woe should be shrieked through the whole wide creation!

LOU. Drive me not to extremities, Ferdinand. I have fortitude equal to that of others, but it must not be put to supernatural proofs. Von Walter, one word, and then let us part for ever. An untoward dreadful fatality has confused the language of our hearts. Dared I to unclothe my lips, Ferdinand, I could say such things! I could—But no! I must not speak. An inhuman obstacle forbids at once my love and vindication; and I must suffer in silence, though I hear myself called by names, to my feelings the most injurious, by my conduct the most undeserved!

FER. Art thou well, Louise?

LOU. Why that question?

FER. It would grieve me shouldst thou die with this lie upon thy lips.

LOU. I beseech you, von Walter—

FER. [*interrupting her suddenly.*] No, no! That would make my revenge too fiend-like! No! God forbid that I should extend my anger beyond

the grave ! Louise, didst thou love von Kalb ? Thou wilt never leave this chamber more !

LOU. [*sitting down.*] Ask what thou wilt ; I give no further answer.

FER. [*in a solemn voice.*] Louise ! Louise ! Look to thy immortal soul ! Didst thou love von Kalb ? Thou wilt never leave this chamber more !

LOU. I answer not again.

FER. [*throwing himself on his knees before her in the most dreadful agitation.*] Louise ! Didst thou love von Kalb ? Before this light burns out thou wilt stand before the throne of God !

LOU. [*starting from her seat in terror.*] Jesus ! What said he ! And I feel so ill !—so ill !

[*She falls back into her chair.*]

FER. Already ! Woe to thee, woman, thou eternal riddle ! Those delicate nerves can support crimes which manhood trembles to mention ; yet one poor grain of arsenic destroys them at once !

LOU. Poison ! Poison ! Oh ! gracious, gracious God !

FER. Nay, so it is. Devils have dropped their foam in yonder goblet ; thou hast drunk from it thy death !

LOU. Death ? Death ? Oh ! glorious heavenly Father ! Poison in my drink ! And to die ! Oh ! pity my wretched soul, God, thou all-merciful !

FER. Ay, be that thy chief concern : I will join thee in the prayer.

LOU. And my mother ! My father too ! Saviour of the world, my poor lost father ! Is there then no hope ? Am I so young, and yet is there no hope ? And must I to the grave thus early ?

FER. There is no hope : thus early must thou to the grave. But be calm, for we shall go together.

LOU. Thou too, Ferdinand ? Poisoned ? And poisoned by thee ? Oh ! God forgive him ! God, the pardoner, lay not this crime to his charge !

FER. Look to your own account : I fear me, it looks badly.

LOU. [*rising with difficulty, and staggering towards him.*] Ferdinand ! Ferdinand ! Oh ! I can now be no longer silent. Death—Death absolves all oaths. Ferdinand ! Heaven and earth know nothing so unfortunate as thou art. I die innocent, Ferdinand.

FER. [*terrified.*] How ? What sayest thou ? In thy last hour wilt thou still utter falsehoods ?

LOU. I have uttered no falsehood—have uttered none—have never through my whole life prevaricated but once ! That was—Oh ! what an icy coldness makes my veins shiver—that was—when I wrote the letter which lies there.

FER. Ha ! That letter ? Blessed be God, I am myself again !

LOU. [*her voice every moment becomes more indistinct. She shivers, and her fingers tremble with a convulsive motion.*] That letter— Prepare yourself to hear a dreadful word ! My hand wrote what my heart condemned. It was dictated by your father ! [*FERDINAND starts, and seems petrified with horror. After a long dead silence, he falls upon the floor, as if struck by lightning. LOUISE, growing weaker and weaker, supports herself by the table, and continues.*] Oh ! that unfortunate mistake ! Ferdinand ! I was compelled— Pardon me ! Oh ! pardon me ! Thy Louise would have died willingly to preserve thee hers ; but my father !—his life in danger ! They were so crafty in their villany.

FER. [*starting suddenly from the ground, and seizing his sword, which lies near him.*] God be thanked ! I still feel not the poison's effects. The villain shall not escape unpunished !

[*Going.*]

LOU. [*mustering up her strength, rushes towards him, and throws herself into his arms.*] Stay, Ferdinand ! Leave me not, Ferdinand ! What wouldst thou do ? Remember—he is thy father !

FER. [*in the impulse of unbridled fury.*] Murderer and parricide !

must with me, Louise! He must with me, that the Judge of the world may know the real culprit. Father, I come! [*Hastening away.*]

LOU. [*detaining him. Her voice for a moment becomes clear and strong.*] Stay, I charge thee! Pardoning his murderers, died my Saviour on the cross: may God pardon thee, and thy father! [*Her voice fails again.*] Ferdinand! Thou wilt be mine again! [*Embracing him.*] We shall meet in Heaven! Ferdinand! Oh! farewell!

[*She unlocks her arms from him, sinks upon the floor, and expires.*]

FER. [*perceiving her in the convulsions of death, throws himself distractedly by the body.*] Stay, Louise, stay! Fly not from me, angel of glory! [*Takes her hand, but lets it fall again instantly.*] Cold! colder than ice! Gone for ever! Gone, oh! gone! [*Startling up suddenly.*] God of my Louise, mercy, mercy on the most savage of assassins! Such was her dying prayer. How fair, how lovely even in death! Touched with compassion the destroyer passed on, and spared these heavenly features. That sweetness was no mask; even the attacks of death has it resisted! [*After a pause.*] And yet do I feel nothing! Can the vigour of my youth repel the poison? Unthankful care! Such is not my design, and this secures me! [*Takes the goblet and drinks.*]

SCENE VIII.—FERDINAND, PRESIDENT VON WALTER, WURM, SERVANTS. [*They enter hastily, and in confusion.*]

PRES. [*an open letter in his hand.*] Am I too late? Is it then done? Ferdinand! My son! My son! Canst thou have been so mad—

FER. [*throwing the goblet before him.*] Assassin, there lies your answer! [*The PRESIDENT starts back, and falls into the arms of a SERVANT. The spectators exchange looks of horror. A long pause.*]

PRES. [*recovering by degrees from his stupor.*] Ferdinand! Ferdinand! Why hast thou used me thus?

FER. [*in a tone of mockery.*] There you are right, President. I should first have asked the statesman whether my death would chime in with his projects! Admirably fine and skilful, I confess, was the thought of using jealousy to break the bond of our hearts! But 'twas pity that my furious love could not submit, like a wooden puppet, to obey the wires of your intrigues! [*Changing his tone.*] Father! I die! and die by thee!

PRES. By me, Ferdinand? By me? Oh! righteous, righteous God! Will no one speak comfort to a despairing father?

MILL. [*without.*] Let me in! For God's sake, let me in!

FER. Hark! 'Tis Miller's voice! President, yon maiden was a saint, and here comes one to accuse you of her murder.

SCENE IX.—PRESIDENT VON WALTER, FERDINAND, WURM, SERVANTS. MILLER rushes in, followed by OFFICERS OF JUSTICE, &c.

MILL. My child! My child! 'They say death has been here. Who is dead? Who is poisoned? Where art thou, my child? Where art thou?

FER. [*placing him between the PRESIDENT and LOUISE.*] I am innocent. Thank this man for the deed!

MILL. [*throwing himself on the body.*] Oh! Jesus! Jesus!

FER. In few words, my lord, the possession of a father begins to be too expensive. I have been artfully robbed of my life, robbed of it by thee! I must tremble in the presence of God, though I have never been a villain: But be my final judgment what it will, mayst thou have no share of my punishment! May my death be forgotten in the catalogue of thy crimes! but I have committed a murder—[*in a loud and fearful voice*]—a murder of

which on the Day of Judgment hope not to make me bear alone the burden ! Here I solemnly throw upon thy soul the largest, the most hideous part ; how thou mayst clear thyself, be that thy care ! [*Leading him to LOUISE.*] Look here, barbarian ! Here feast thyself on the detested fruit of thy ambition ! Upon this face thy name is written in convulsions, and the characters shall be read by the destroying angel ! A form like this shall draw the curtains of thy bed when thou sleepest, and reach to thee her ice-cold hand ! A form like this shall flit before thy soul when thou diest, and chase away thy expiring prayer for mercy ! A form like this shall stand by thy grave when thou risest, and next to the throne of God when he pronounces thy doom ! Oh ! tremble ! tremble ! tremble !

[*He faints, the SERVANTS receive him in their arms.*]

PRES. [*wildly*]. The poison prevails ! He dies ! [*Extending his arms towards Heaven.*] Judge of the world ! Judge of the world ! Ask not these souls from me ! [*Pointing to WURM.*] Here stands the real culprit ; let him account for them !

WURM [*starting*]. Am I the culprit ? Must they be required from me ?

PRES. Monster, from thee ! From thee, accursed fiend ! Thine was the serpent's counsel ; be thine the vindication.

WURM [*laughing frightfully*]. Mine ! Mine ! Oh ! excellent ! Now I understand the gratitude of devils. Mine, thou dull villain ? Was he my son ? Was I thy master ? Mine the vindication ? Yes, by this sight which freezes the marrow in my bones, mine it shall be ! I must be lost myself, but thou shalt perish with me. Away ! Away ! Shriek murder through the streets ! Awaken Justice ! Bind me, officers ! Bear me from hence ! I will discover secrets whose bare relation shall make the hearer's blood run cold.

[*Going. FERDINAND begins to come to himself.*]

PRES. [*detaining him*]. Stay, madman ! Thou darest not execute thy threats.

WURM [*seizing him by the hand, and shaking it violently*]. I dare, comrade, I dare ! True, I am mad ; my madness is thy work, and now shall my actions be a madman's ! Come, murderer, come ! Arm in arm with thee will I to the bloody scaffold ! Arm in arm with thee will I to the darkest gloom of Hell ! Oh ! It shall be my sport and pleasure, villain, to be damned with thee !

[*The OFFICERS carry him off.*]

MILL. [*who has lain upon LOUISE's corse in silent anguish, starts suddenly up, and throws the purse before FERDINAND's feet*]. Poisoner, take back your accused gold ! Gave you it to purchase my child's life ? Thou hast cheated me, villain ! Oh ! worlds were not equal to the price !

[*Rushes distractedly from the chamber.*]

FER. [*in a voice scarcely audible*]. Follow him ! He is desperate. The gold must be taken care of for his use ; 'tis the dreadful acquittance of my debt to him. Louise, Louise, I come ! Let me die upon that altar !

[*The DOMESTICS lay him by LOUISE's side, his head resting upon her bosom.*]

PRES. [*awakening from his stupor*]. Son ! Ferdinand ! Not one last look for a despairing father ?

FER. My last must sue to God for mercy on myself.

PRES. [*falling before him in the most dreadful violence of despair*]. The Creator and the creature abandon me ! Ferdinand ! Not one last look to comfort me in the hour of death !

[*FERDINAND stretches out his trembling hand, grasps his FATHER's, kisses it, points to Heaven, and expires.*]

PRES. [*rising hastily*]. He forgave me ! He wished that we should meet in Heaven ! [*To the OFFICERS*]. Lead on, sirs ! I am your prisoner.

[*Exeunt.*]

DON CARLOS.

TRANSLATED (1822) BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL,

AFTERWARDS EARL RUSSELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIP, *King of Spain.*

DON CARLOS.

DON LUIS DE CORDOBA.

VALDEZ, *Great Inquisitor.*

LUCERO, *an Inquisitor.*

OSORIO, *follower of DON CARLOS.*

Three Inquisitors.

Officers and Soldiers.

The QUEEN.

DONNA LEONORA DE CORDOBA.

Lady attending on the QUEEN.

SCENE, MADRID.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Inquisition.*

VALDEZ, LUCERO.

VAL. Well met, Lucero ! We expected you
With anxious thoughts. How prospers our new Church
In proud Granada ?

LUC. Well as could be hoped :
It is a youthful plant, and has not yet
Struck root into the soil that can withstand
A sudden tempest. The accurséd race
Of Mahomet still cling with barbarous love
To their old idol. Some eight hundred years
Of unbelief have choked the soil with weeds :
Their spirit still is proud ; each minor bond
Of dress, of language, of familiar custom
Links them with force to their unhallowed faith.

VAL. We shall amend these things ; in a few years
Their Moorish garb shall yield to Christian cloaks,
Their tongue shall slip into the pure Castilian,
Their household customs, all that constitutes
A separate race shall be purged out by fire
And penalty of death. Enough of this :
We have more pressing matter in debate,
That needs your counsel.

LUC. Let me hear the subject.

VAL. 'Tis of the highest. Our young prince, Don Carlos,
The heir of Spain—you know his forward humour,
His disrespectful tones and harsh constructions
On our proceedings ; we, who should obtain
His reverence and his awe, are viewed with mute
And sullen disregard.

LUC. I know it well.

VAL. Had he locked up the malice in his breast,
And done no overt act of enmity

To the most Holy Inquisition, time
Must in the end have crowned his purposes ;
And we should have beheld the mighty bulwark
On which we stand, the soldiers of the faith,
Shaken, perhaps destroyed.

LUC. Indeed, this fear
Hath often weighed upon my mind.

VAL. In mine
It fretted into action ; thus I reasoned :
If I can spur the irritable stuff
Of which the Prince is made to act against us,
If I can make a cautious enemy
Spring from his ambuscade, and show himself
An open foe, then may we close in fight
And gain the field, while Philip lives and reigns.

LUC. The path is perilous ; what are your means ?

VAL. You may remember Leonora, now
The wife of Cordoba, the Prince's friend.

LUC. I do.

VAL. This lady early loved the Prince :
She was brought up at court, and sighed for him,
Her first young girlish passion ; it was met
With carelessness and scorn ; she felt the slight.
Now, for a stranger tale, King Philip's son,
Almost unconscious to himself, loves her
He should not, the fair Queen of Spain.

LUC. Elizabeth !

VAL. Even so—and Donna Leonora is
The lady of the court who waits upon her ;
She hates the Queen for being loved of Carlos,
She hates Don Carlos that he loves the Queen.
She is of our observers. Now you hold
The clue ; this lady and her husband urge
The Prince to show his secret sentiments
Of mercy to the Lutheran, and save
The victims of our cruelty ; some few
Of these I suffered to escape from Spain,
To fasten on Don Carlos the foul stain
Of favouring heresy.

LUC. It was well done.

VAL. Nay, more ;

By the excitements of Don Luis Cordoba,
The Prince has seen the Flemish deputies,
Who now are at the court to plead the cause
Of rebels, but from all men's sight debarred :
Don Carlos spoke with them—his tender soul
Melted to learn what hardships were endured
By these vile heretics ; and better still
He meditates a journey into Flanders,
With the kind hope, good youth, to reconcile
His father's rebels to his father's crown.
This journey is a secret ; when 'tis known,
'Twill work the King most strangely.

LUC. Yet Don Luis

Was seemingly the Prince's friend.

- VAL. And so
He seemingly is still.
- LUC. What drove him then
To aid your projects?
- VAL. Is he not our servant?
But, to unveil the truth, this Cordoba
Was placed about the Prince when young. All know
Don Carlos then was choleric; he struck
In some short fit of passion his attendant,
Forgot it, and believed it was forgiven;
But this same Cordoba, ignobly framed,
Of base low hatreds and mean coward fears,
Has panted ever since for treble vengeance,
Yet dares not ask his own right arm to do it,
And darkly borrows our assistance.
- LUC. Deep
The soundings of the sea on which you sail!
And Donna Leonora aids in this?
- VAL. The sharpest tool of all; upon the watch
To mark the gestures of the Queen, and strike
Into Don Philip's breast the poisoned dart
Of jealousy, she burns to do us service;
'Tis thus that from the dross of human nature
Our alchemy extracts the golden ore,
And from vile dirt sublimes our wealth.
- LUC. 'Tis well
If these your covered mines are safely laid:
I fear some counterplot may cause them burst
On our own heads. The King is prudent, knowing,
And scarcely will be brought to see the guilt
Of his own son; or if he fire an instant,
Returning tenderness may make their peace
And leave us stranded on the shore.
- VAL. Fear not!
The King has got a demon: 'tis suspicion;
Whose senses are refined to pain, whose ears
Are stung to madness by a cricket's chirp,
Whose jaundiced eyes in every sheep perceive
A covert wolf; and, mark you well, Lucero,
He who reposes not in confidence
That men are somewhat better than they are,
Conceives them worse. Philip beside is crazed
With love of fame; he does not love his Queen,
He does not love his country: but he loves
To swell his name with their bright attributes;
And when he sees his consort and his throne
Both menaced, shall he not resist?
- LUC. In truth,
You have profoundly weighed these things; I come
A stranger to this counsel, and as yet
Know little of its bearings; be it yours
To guide, and I will follow. But say, father,
Think you the Prince is deeply struck with passion
For his fair stepmother?
- VAL. In good truth, no;
The Prince is in that melancholy mood,

The offspring of a young and teeming fancy,
That boys call love; but no more like to love,
Than the weak lightning of a summer night,
That plays upon the horizon's edge, is like
To that which issues from the loaded cloud
And rives the oak asunder. 'Twas his nurse,
Or his old tutor, greybeard Osma, told him
That he should marry the Princess of France,
As once our treaties ran; his childish brain
Has ever since been dreaming of her.

LUC. Much
Know you of human passions, reverend father.

VAL. Man is the only book I read: but why
Waste time on speculation? Let's begone,
And soon the sceptre of imperial Spain
Shall be our mortgage—we the real kings,
And Philip but our deputy. Away!

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the KING's Palace.*

Enter KING PHILIP with a letter in his hand, followed by an OFFICER.

PHIL. Bid Donna Leonora Cordoba
Attend us presently. [Exit OFFICER.]

Strange words are these! [Reading]

"The Queen, who seems so sad, can smile sometimes,

When the King is not in her company,
On one who touches the King nearly." So—

This were no other than Don Carlos: he

Always had favour in her eyes, but still

It was an innocent regard—yet innocent

She cannot be who wears the crown of Spain,

And is observed of levity. The boy!

How have I tended him from infancy

To be my age's staff; thinking to rest

On him my heavier cares, and curtailed schemes

Big with the glories of a future age;

And now he is a vulture, hovering o'er me,

Watching my death to feed on my remains.

The people cry, "There is the Prince shall reign

When Philip is no more!" Old nurses bless

His beardless face, and silly children toss

Their tiny caps into the air; while I

Am met by frigid reverence, passive awe,

That fears, yet dares not own itself for fear;

As though the public hangman stalked behind me.

And this it is to reign—to gain men's hate.

Thus for the future monarch, Fancy weaves

A spotless robe, entwines his sceptre round

With flow'ry garlands, places on his head

A crown of laurels, while the weary present,

Like a stale riddle or a last year's fashion,

Carries no grace with it. Base, vulgar world!

'Tis thus that men for ever live in hope,

And he that has done nothing is held forth

As capable of all things. Poor weak herd!

Heaven save me from the breath of their applause.

Enter DONNA LEONORA.

PHIL. Madam, good day. I have desired your presence
On urgent matters. Answer me, and quick !
What is the general temper of the Queen
When with her women ? Gay, or sad, or staid ?
What her diversion ? Does the Prince's presence
Make any change in her deportment ?

LEON. Sire !

PHIL. I ask you how the Queen receives our son.

LEON. I know not well to answer.

PHIL. Yet my words
Are plain and simple.

LEON. Sire ! indeed—

PHIL. Reply ;
I must have truth.

LEON. Then, Sire, behold, the truth ;
Her usual air appears as if she mocked
The state she wears ; the jewels of the crown
But shade her lustre ; all the royal pomp
Makes her not proud, but sad : the dignity
That doth befit Castile she casts aside
As if it soiled her purity of heart :
But if Don Carlos in her presence stands,
Then, like a statue starting into life,
Her cheeks blush deep with rosy streams ; her eyes
Glow with unusual fires ; her arm, her hand,
No longer move with languor : all her frame
In animated gesture speaks the soul,
Though still her timid modesty of mind
Tempers with grace the beauty of her mien.

PHIL. She welcomes him ?

LEON. Yes, Sire, such welcome gives
As when upon the dark blank world the sun
Pours forth his beams ; when undistinguished space
Grows rich with meaning ; hill, and lake, and plain
Glitter in new-born light, and hail the day :
Such is the Queen, when to our quiet hours
Don Carlos gives his leisure.

PHIL. It is well ;
She should rejoice to see our royal son :
Say, does he ever speak to her alone ?

LEON. Nay, gracious Sire, that were to my reproach :
My office here is to attend the Queen,
Never to leave her presence ; and to break
That rule, so long as I can hold my station,
Were to betray my duty, soil my race :
None ever yet, of countrymen, or friends,
Or childish playmates of her infancy,
Or near relations of your royal blood,
Have ever spoken to the Queen alone :
Nor have I missed a gesture or a word,
Or failed, when reason was, to bear the tale
Unto your Majesty.

PHIL. 'Tis well ; 'tis well !
Say now—I would know more—I fain would know ;—

Not that these things which you have told to me
Excite a thought unworthy of the Queen,
Or can the least unhinge my steadfast love
And anchored trust in her fidelity.
Far from us all suspicion ! But 'tis well
That I, the King, should know the slightest sign,
The breath of air, or creaking of a door,
That passes in my court. Inform me then,
Has it been known to you, the Prince, our son,
Used more familiar gesture to the Queen
Than does befit his duty—touched her hand ?
Or—

LEON. Never, gracious Sire, have I beheld
Aught but of reverence from our royal Prince :
With due and subject duty—

PHIL. Tell me, then,
Have you observed the Queen at any time
Bestow a trinket on the Prince ? or seen
The Prince make homage of a gift to her ?
A chain—a riband—any bauble ?

LEON. Sire,
Last month upon her birthday, I remarked
Don Carlos gave a necklace to the Queen
In worship of the day : 'twas rich, well wrought :
But never have I seen the Queen attired
In that fair ornament : the Prince received—
'Twas likewise on his birthday—from the Queen
A golden clasp to bind his cloak withal :
It is the one he wears in daily use,
And seems to cherish.

PHIL. Madam, it is well :
Such gifts are but the bonds of courtesy,
That add civility to kindred ties :
[*Aside.*] Yet like I not such tokens always worn :
Love oftentimes that dares not lead his march
Direct from heart to heart, by such bypaths
Conducts his enterprise ; and warm desires,
That would shrink back from looking on the life,
Are yet excited by the fond caress
Bestowed on senseless matter.

[*To LEONORA*] Leonora—
Attend the Queen with care, allow no hand
Of baser service to usurp the place
You hold in her near confidence : none else
To furnish converse for her evening hours,
Or gain her friendship by officious zeal
Of waiting at her toilet. Look to this.

LEON. My gracious Sire, your will shall be my law.

PHIL. And mind your own communications : keep
Within the limits of discretion : speak
To none, your relative or dearest friend,
Of that which passes in our palace : stay
Your tongue upon the threshold of your speech :
Weigh all your words. Our palace is the state,
Our home the Spanish empire : vulgar breath
Must not pollute our counsels ; least of all

Should the base multitude presume to know
Of our domestic. Be in all reserved,
In this most secret.

LEON. Sire, from infancy
I learnt to reverence our royal house,
And now by long experience I have known
With how much awe the King should be obeyed.

PHIL. 'Tis well—you may depart. Yet stay a moment:
If without forwardness you can lead on
The Queen to speak of Carlos, in those hours
When the locked bosom opens, and the heart,
Surcharged with feeling, overflows in speech,
Which women and weak men cannot restrain,
You have my leave to speak and listen, but
Tell what you learn to us alone: depart. [*Exit LEONORA.*]

PHIL. Uneasy, galling, painful, racking doubt!
I think I can perceive a something vague
And unsubstantial fasten on my fame,
That like a damp and pestilential mist
Dims the bright surface of my stainless honour.
This Leonora, too—that she should see,
That she should know the King is jealous—no,
Not jealous, but disturbed for Spain. Who's there?

Enter OFFICER.

OFF. My liege, the Great Inquisitor, Valdez,
Prays for an audience.

PHIL. Admit him straight.

Enter VALDEZ.

PHIL. Most holy father, let me pray your blessing.

VAL. The Church prays heaven to bless her faithful son.

[*Gives him his benediction.*]

PHIL. And now, what business leads you to our presence?

VAL. Alas, my King, unwelcome, heavy news
I bring your Majesty.

PHIL. I pray you speak.
Our best attention shall be given you.

VAL. Sire,
The tale is of that kind the bearer fears
To let escape too rudely, lest the blow
May strike the hearer down. I do beseech
Your Majesty to arm yourself in steel,
To brace your soul in mail of fortitude;
For that which I shall tell is horrible—
Black—sudden—unforeseen.

PHIL. Good father, speak:
Say, have I ruled in the two hemispheres
For twenty years, and never met reverse?
Great as our victories, high as our name,
Proud as our empire stands above the rest,
Heaven yet has not forgotten to chastise,
To save our soul from overweening pride;
But never were we so puffed up with fame,
As not to bear the rod with humbleness—

Remember you when our great armament
 Sailed from our shore to conquer and convert
 England, rebellious to its God? Our ships,
 Collected in our ports by years of toil,
 The mighty preparations of our realm,
 Our implements of battle, all the pomp
 Of naval war which vainly had been deemed
 Invincible, were scattered to the winds;
 Our lofty expectations sunk for ever;
 And, worst of all, our bravest chivalry,
 The hopes of Christendom, the strength of Spain,
 Shrouded in waves or chained in English dungeons:
 When this whole bitter draught, this killing potion
 Was all distilled into one dreadful word
 And poured at once into my ear—that word
 No less than Ruin—showed I then, Valdez,
 A weakness unbecoming of a man,
 A Christian, and a king?

VAL. No—sovereign lord,
 I do remember well on that sad day
 When all Madrid was tears, and your whole people
 Seemed like a widowed queen, the messenger
 Came to your Majesty when in the church—
 You still prayed Heaven for good success: the tale
 Was dreadful, but your royal countenance
 Took not the print of woe, your voice august
 Nor fell nor faltered, when, in brief reply,
 Calmly you said: "I did not send my troops
 To combat with the elements." Such proof
 Of pious resignation swift was known,
 And half the anguish of the wound was saved
 By iron constancy: for fortitude
 Rewards itself, and dries the stream of grief
 In its own source, the mind.

PHIL. In fortitude
 Our nation ever was pre-eminent:
 But most of all it doth become a king
 To stand aloof from common sympathies:
 We have a separate life, the place we hold,
 We hold from heaven; we should free ourselves
 From cumbrous trammels of humanity
 That bind men down to earth: we stand on high,
 As Muley Hassan that o'erlooks the plain
 Of fair Granada, or those mightier hills
 Our soldiers speak of, hiding half the sky
 Of Indian Peru, which view unchanged
 The change of seasons, whilst the vale below
 Shows all vicissitude. Speak on.

VAL. My King,
 I will proceed, though harsh and crude the tale.
 We are informed Don Carlos—

PHIL. What of him?

VAL. I grieve to speak of aught that may affect
 The Prince's honour; but my duty bids
 To represent—

PHIL. Go on—

VAL. Men of proved worth,
Whose lives give weight and value to their words,
Have sworn to our tribunal that the Prince,
Don Carlos, gives an ear to heretics ;
Pities their fate ; assists them when they fly
From lawful punishment ; holds conference
With Berg and Montigny, the deputies,
Who here within Madrid provoke the wrath
Of Heaven upon all Spain by laying wide
Their nets for falling spirits. All of this
Your Majesty's own son, the heir of Spain,
Promotes and fosters ; yet on all of this
Our sage tribunal would have cast a veil,
And, hiding from your eyes a son's defect,
By gentle remedies restored his mind
To its right functions ; but of late—

PHIL. Well, well !

VAL. It is affirmed the Prince, with headlong haste,
Prepares a journey to your Flemish States ;
And there intends to comfort and assist
The rebels to their King and to their God.

PHIL. What proof of this ? what witnesses ? what plan
Of enterprise ? 'Tis madness this—

VAL. Indeed
It seems so ; and I hope it may appear
Our caution is deceived—although 'tis rare
For us to harbour error ; witnesses,
Weighty and strong, attest the facts I tell :
I come not with the tale of some base wretch,
Pitching his quoit for vengeance or for gain,
With eye close drawn upon his mark : these facts
Have flowed from many sources ; pure clear springs
Where nothing turbid dwells ; their names my oath
Forbids me to reveal. The Prince's plan
We know not fully : that we hear at least
We fain would think a child of fantasy.

PHIL. Speak all you know ; I long to hear the worst.

VAL. Such airy stories of projected deeds
Cannot affect my royal sovereign's peace ;
That which is grounded I have told—

PHIL. Speak on—
Hold me not in suspense—speak on, old priest.

VAL. Then since your Majesty can calmly bear
To listen to these black unnatural rumours
That shake the ground, and seem beneath our feet
To herald earthquakes ; it is said and sworn
By friends deep in his plans that Spain's young Prince
Means to leave here his devilish instruments
To cut the remnant of his father's life :
And then, they say, Don Carlos will return
To wed the Queen—

PHIL. To wed the Queen, thou sayest !—
(The curse of Heaven light upon his head !)— [Aside.
To wed the Queen ! A false informer's tale,
Coined to mislead your exemplary zeal,
For which we give you thanks : you have our thanks

For all the love and wakeful vigilance
 You show in our behalf: but if 'tis false—
 As by my royal crown I deem it is—
 You go not free from blame; and mark my words!
 There are some busy spirits in the world,
 Whose tempers in the natural food of life
 Lack aliment, as ships whose sails in calm
 Flap to and fro and waste their action—souls
 Whose order is disturbance; they must find
 Or make a plot, and should they fail to raise
 The subject 'gainst the Prince, they move the Prince
 To vex the subject: black unnatural treasons
 Rise at their bidding; spirits, dark as hell,
 Foul murders, sacrilege, conspiracy
 Wait at their beck, and instant on their call
 People the earth with horrors. There are others,
 Chapmen of human life, whose trade is blood,
 Who like the vampire live and suck their breath
 From the stern scaffold, where their comrades' heads
 Lie bathed in gore—oh, think on this and doubt!
 But say, the Queen—what said you of the Queen?

VAL. Nothing, my liege; nothing has been deposed
 That may affect the Queen.

PHIL. 'Tis well, Valdez:
 For if there had, the villain should have died
 Who dared to aim his arrows at a star
 Pure as the Heaven she's made for; it is well.

VAL. But for the Prince, Sire—

PHIL. For the Prince, Valdez,
 I will myself take instant cognizance
 Whence the report has risen. If there be
 In this grave charge ever so little truth,
 We need your counsel: but if some vile slave
 Has coined the calumny to gain our ear,
 The utmost rigour of the extremest rack
 Shall tear his limbs; his joints shall agonize
 Quite to the verge of life; he shall repay
 The torture that his barbarous treachery
 Already has inflicted upon me. [Exit.

VAL. Farewell,
 Thou great example of serenity!
 The hill whose top beholds without a change
 The change of season—thou, whose mind is free
 From cumbrous trammels of humanity!
 These great men of the earth affect a wisdom
 Their closer life belies, sit wrapt in clouds
 Of mystery that cheat the distant eye,
 But cannot blunt the near observer's glance.
 Destroy their people, steadfast as the oak
 They bear the tempest: but if touched themselves,
 In their least joint, by a slight breath of air,
 They tremble like the reed. Oh, magnanimity!
 But stay! here comes the Queen!—in haste, alarmed!

Enter QUEEN.

QU. Most holy father, tell me quick, I pray,
 Why is the King in anger with his son?

VAL. Nay, Madam, why imagine you—

QU. Just now

He passed me with contracted, angry brow,
And eye that rolled and threatened : never yet
Saw I the King so moved. He passed me by,
And, calling loud a captain of his guard,
Bade him confine Don Carlos to his chamber.

VAL. Madam, this is indeed unwelcome news :
To me as strange as to your Majesty.
I dare not guess the cause, but know full well
The King acts not without—

QU. Father, alas !

You will not tell me, nor can I reproach
The silence of a faithful counsellor ;
But I beseech you, since you have a voice
In all deliberations of the State,
That you will now attune and temper it
To soothe the rugged humour of the King ;
His anger rises, and 'tis perilous
When wrath and power combine in one.

VAL. Indeed
I would—

QU. Say not indeed, say not you would,
But be and act the minister of peace.

VAL. Madam, I know not how the Prince provokes
The King's displeasure.

QU. Nay, he is not guilty,
Cannot be guilty of a grave offence
Against his honoured father and his king :
He is too kind, too warm of heart, too just
For crime ; nor can his clear transparent breast
E'er harbour treachery : but attributes
That most ennobled men to kindred hearts
Open an easy passage to the base
To work their devilish ends. Carlos is hot,
Sudden in anger, eager in discourse,
His feelings come all struggling to his lips
Unmarshalled by the wand of prudence : hence
His enemies catch up a wayward phrase
Or thoughtless word, and dress it in a shape
That makes it monstrous : such an enemy,
I doubt it not, has now informed the King
Against his loyalty.

VAL. I trust 'tis so—
To undeceive the King were then a task
Easy as 'twere delightful : but the affair
Is delicate. You know our sovereign's will
Bears not with busy meddlers. King and Prince
Stand in such close relation, 'twere not safe
To thrust a stranger's hand between the joints :
These obvious arguments arrest my steps,
Lest in my eager zeal to serve the Prince
I but obstruct his cause. You, Madam, stand
In other circumstance : a prayer from you
Were graceful, not obtrusive ; yours the right
To show a mother's interest for the Prince

Without the weakness that to sterner breasts
Lessens the value of a mother's plea.

QU. Since you advise me thus, I fly to use
Such poor persuasion as my baffled thoughts
Can well collect.

VAL. May Heaven bless your zeal! [*Exit* QUEEN.]

VAL. Such intercession opportunely comes,
Minist'ring fuel to the fire of rage
Which else might soon burn out. The Prince's tongue,
With frankness oft more strong than eloquence,
Reaches the listener's heart, and sways the mind
By throwing down its guards: suspicion's self
Dares to suspect no more. 'Twere dangerous
For Philip and his son to meet: I go
To lay new mines that underneath their feet
Shall spread unseen, and unexpected burst. [*Exit*.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Apartment of* DON CARLOS.

DON CARLOS.

CAR. Too cruel fortune! Was it then in sport
You smiled upon my dawn of enterprise,
To drive me back when with my swelling sails
I touched the port? Unhappy Prince of Spain!
I must not rule—to rule means to destroy—
To persecute; away such rule from me!
I must not love—that soft and gentle mood
To me implies things horrible of thought.
And now I must not fly: condemned to live,
And stand a mark for fortune's archery.
Yet come what will, my breast shall be prepared
To suffer all things. Let me banish hope
And think the worst: a mortal frame can bear
But some few hours of anguish, and the life
Escapes to freedom; 'tis comparison
With thoughts of past, or dreams of future bliss,
That gives to misery its point and venom.
My Cordoba!

Enter CORDOBA.

COR. My Prince! What mean these sentinels
That guard your door?

CAR. I know no more than this,
The King has so commanded; 'tis not long—
But a few minutes—since the officer
Who keeps the guard here in the palace came
In haste to make me prisoner; he said
The King with his own voice gave out the order.

COR. 'Tis strange! no cause assigned—so suddenly!
What are your plans? How think you to defeat
This unforeseen arrest?

CAR. I have no plan.

COR. Such a reply but ill becomes a Prince.

CAR. My faculties but ill become a Prince:

Our mother Nature, with a strange caprice,
 Fits us for other parts than those we play :
 A priestly robe covers the brawny limbs
 And lion-heart that should have been a soldier's ;
 While many a delicate fibre, that seems formed
 To be for ever wrapt in silken bonds,
 Is torn by peasant toil, or wastes itself
 Beneath the scorching Phœbus or night-storm
 In guarding camps : I, even I, was framed
 To wander idly all the day in woods,
 To gather flowers, to feed on the wild grape,
 To drink the natural spring, to list to birds,
 And find my joy in breathing balmy air—
 I was not made for courts or camps.

COR.

Yet still

You think of public weal, and even now
 You were embarking in a public cause :
 Had you preferred an idle shepherd's life,
 Methinks Don Philip would have spared his guards.

CAR. See you, Don Luis, no distinction then
 Between a choice of lot, and bearing ill
 What is already chosen ? I stand here
 Prince of Asturias, the heir of Spain :
 To leave the mighty interests of mankind
 To follow nightingales would be in me
 Consummate baseness, treason to my state,
 Cruel injustice to collected millions,
 The people of two hemispheres, who own
 The Spanish rule, and on some future day—
 Which Heaven long avert !—will take their hue
 Of joy or sorrow from my smile or frown.
 O'erwhelming thought ! would it were otherwise.

COR. Nay, say not so.

CAR.

I mean it, Cordoba ;

The impending weight oppresses me ; I fain
 Would throw it off, but Heaven stands betwixt,
 And with unchanging voice bids me assume
 The appointed burden. Thus I stand prepared :
 But when, without control of mine, a light
 Points out a way by which I may escape,
 Although the door be death, I feel the joy
 Of a freed galley-slave, who bursts his chains,
 And kisses his dear native land once more.

COR. Yet there is more in this. Don Carlos—Prince !
 Your grief, 'tis clear, has deeper causes.

CAR.

Hold !

COR. Nay, let me speak—a follower and a friend,
 Most loving, ready to lay down my life
 In your behalf. I do adjure you, say,
 Is there not some disease upon your heart
 That grows and festers there ?

CAR.

Alas, my friend !

COR. If I have any skill in marks of passion,
 You have a secret love.

CAR.

Ah ! speak it not.

COR. Yet why this shudder ? Love is a bright flame,

That consecrates the altar where it falls,
And vivifies our clay.

CAR. Alas, not mine !

COR. 'Tis strange this passion—who then can—

CAR.

Oh, spare !

COR. Nay, give your feelings vent.

CAR.

Oh agony !

If thou couldst feel the pangs that rack my heart,
The inward struggles and the vain resolves,
The contests oft renewed, that seem to give
A victory to virtue, but exhaust
My feeble being ; then the demon comes,
And seizes on my weakness unopposed.
Again a wild and horrible remorse
Provokes me to fresh effort, and again
I combat, conquer, tremble, suffer, sink.
Oh ! had the idol of my heart been scornful,
Rejected all my prayers, spurned at my love,
And met my adoration with contempt,
I could have borne it ; then indeed, methinks,
The simple recollection of her form,
The faintest image of a smile gone by,
The feeling of a moment, fled away,
And fled for ever, were to me a feast
That India could not buy—my life—my all !
But viewing her perfections with my eyes,
To be obliged to chase her from my thought,
To view myself with loathing—the rank soil
In which a poison grows ! No—I'll no more—
The very speaking it is horrible.
These dreadful images I hoped to quell
By flying far from Spain. In other lands
I might have rested in calm misery,
My farthest hope—what other mortals fear—
A disappointed, withered love.

COR.

But say

What object thus has—

CAR.

Villain—speak it not—

I have betrayed myself ; my present trouble
Has made a fracture in my mind ; its thoughts
Flow out unchecked ; but heed them not, Don Luis :
I did but rave—and yet, my friend, believe
My heart is innocent : my pliant youth
Was taught as duty what is now my crime :
I saw her, was betrothed to her, and—

COR.

Hush !

Enter KING PHILIP.

PHIL. [*waving his hand to CORDOBA.*] Retire.

[*Exit CORDOBA.*]

Don Carlos, 'tis with heavy grief

The safety of the State has forced me thus
To place a guard upon your sacred person :
Your Highness has been charged with crimes—

CAR.

Who dares

Impeach my honour ? Who—

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

Softly, my son !

PHIL.
I came not to accuse ; yet were I not
Your father, and see in your lineaments
Myself renewed, I might have stood aloof,
And bid blind Justice do her office : now
I come with friendly and paternal care
To heal, not punish. Listen to my words.
It may be that my royal power and state
Have waked aspiring thoughts within your breast,
And, like a gallant courser seeing the speed
At which his fellow flies, you chafe and fret,
In dull inaction curbed.

CAR. By Heaven, not so !
PHIL. Nay, interrupt me not. If it be thus,
Ill do you know the spectral forms that wait
Upon a king ; Care with his furrowed brow,
Unsleeping Watchfulness, lone Secrecy,
Attend his throne by day, his couch by night :
He stands the guardian of a beacon tower ;
If storms arise, they rage around his head ;
If lightnings fall, they strike upon his roof ;
And in the gladness of a summer day,
As in the tempest of a winter night,
He walks apart, companionless, to watch
If 'gainst the commonweal a foe appear
And call the world to arms.

CAR. Oh ! far from me
Is lust of that sad power ; I hate it all.
PHIL. If truly, 'tis with reason : our vain pomp
Gives but a hollow joy and lasting grief ;
'Tis for our subjects' honour, not for ours.
The garlands and the gold that deck the bull
Denote the sacrificing people's pride,
And not the victim's fortune.

CAR. I know not
What means your Majesty.

PHIL. Listen, Don Carlos !
Your honoured grandsire, when a manly beard
Scarce plumed his cheek, rose to a height of power
Such as the world for ages had not seen ;
Castile and Arragon, long separate,
Became compact beneath his happy sway ;
Granada, late a strength of infidels,
Lay bowed beneath his yoke ; in Germany
The imperial crown was placed upon his head,
While to his vacant treasury a new world
Across the ocean wafted tides of gold,
Won by the valour of his officers,
Who in their conquests were as mighty kings,
And in fidelity obedient subjects.
America for him unlocked her mines ;
Asia for him produced her balmy spice ;
Africa saw, and trembled at his arms ;
Europe was one vast echo to his fame.
Yet he, thus glorious, when his term of years
Betokened wisdom (far from doting age,

When sense grows torpid), saturate of power,
Aspired to private life and humble rest.
So now do I : fatigued with slavery,
Miscalled command, I purpose to resign
My kingdom to your hands, reserving only
The isle of Sicily, where with my Queen
I may conclude in peace a stormy life.

CAR. Nay, King, my father, speak not so, I pray :
I feel my heart so full I cannot utter
The thoughts which crowd my mind. I have not been,
Nor ever will, a traitor—am not fit
To fill the throne though it were vacant, now
'Tis filled most worthily : none ever grasped
The sceptre with such majesty, or made
Obedience seem so due, so natural,
As my most honoured king and dearest father.

PHIL. You do not wish to take it from me then ?

CAR. Not I, by Heaven ; here upon my knees
I pray for your long reign.

PHIL. He is sincere :
This stratagem does well.

[*Aside.*]

CAR. I cannot speak
All that I should ; how little I deserve
So kind, so good a father ! Thanks ! and thanks !

PHIL. He is too warm for guilt, and yet, methinks,
Too grateful for a perfect innocence.
Thou art deserving of my love, my wish
Is to meet yours ; speak then if there is aught
Thou hast desired and feared to ask.

[*Aside.*]

CAR. My heart
Will break with so much kindness. Father, king !
Here I confess my fault—nay, do not start
As if I were a villain ! Never thought
Of harm to thee or to thy crown has found
Admission in my breast.

PHIL. How then ? what fault ?
What strange offence ?

CAR. The tale is long to tell,
But with your pleasure, my whole mind and soul,
As it affects your state, shall be unrolled.

PHIL. Give me your utmost confidence—proceed !

CAR. I do remember well—too well, alas !—
My age but scarce fourteen, your royal self
Absent in Flanders, I was bid preside
At the great Act of Faith to be performed
In fair Valladolid. At that green age,
Quite new to life, nor yet aware of death,
The solemn pomp amused my careless mind.
But when the dismal tragedy began,
How were my feelings changed and clouded ! First
Came there a skeleton, upon its head
A cap with painted flames ; this thing had been
A lady who throughout her life had borne
A name unsullied ; twenty years had past
Since her remains had rested in the ground,
And now, by sentence of the Holy Office,

The dull disgusting mass of whitened bone
That once had been her garment, was dug up
To clear some flaw in her theology :
Then came a learned priest, his name Cazalla ;
With countenance serene, and calm devotion,
He walked to death, and as he passed me by,
With earnest manner he entreated me
For his poor sister's offspring ; she condemned
To prison for her life, and loss of goods,
While twelve unhappy children were bereft
Of parents and of food. I wept, and thought
Of the poor orphans.

PHIL. You should have rejoiced
To think so many infant souls were saved
Perversion.

CAR. How ! rejoice ! Not to have wept
Were then impossible : I sobbed for pity.
But soon a sterner sight braced up my nerves,
Rigid with horror, for the murderous pile
Was lighted for the sacrifice. Unmoved,
The Great Inquisitor beheld his victims.
Cazalla too was undisturbed : the mind
Might fairly doubt which of the two were judge,
And which the culprit, save that gleams of joy,
Like one who sees his haven, spread their light
Upon Cazalla's face. The flames burst forth,
And with slow torture singed the limbs of him,
Who seemed alone amid the multitude
To be unconscious of this earthly hell.
But as we looked, amazed, sudden he rushed
From forth the flames, and while bystanders fled
In sudden panic, bore from off a heap
Fresh store of wood, upbraiding the weak wretch
Who stood beside it ; this he flung amain
Upon the pile, and, raising high his voice,
Exclaimed, " Farewell ! thou sinful world, farewell !
Ye—earth, and sun, and moon, and stars, farewell !
Welcome my God ! welcome eternal life ! "

PHIL. Blasphemous error ! Could this here ic
Have hope of Heaven ?

CAR. Such was his belief
Perhaps mistaken.

PHIL. Prince, did I hear you right ?
Perhaps mistaken ?

CAR. Patience a little while ;
You shall know all my thoughts. Cazalla, he
That stood so tall before me in the strength
Of a high soul, was now a cinder, tost
And scattered by the air : but there was more
Of this too dreadful pageant : I beheld
Fourteen of our poor brethren suffer death
From Cain's descendants.

PHIL. Peace, Prince !

CAR. I have done
My narrative, but that I should have told
That ere the hecatomb began, Valdez,

As Great Inquisitor, tendered an oath
Which I unwilling took : I thereby swore
If ever I should see, or hear, or know
By any means, of aught concerned the faith,
Of friend or stranger, parent, brother, son,
I should reveal the same without delay
Unto the Holy Office ; that dark oath
I took, but, thanks to Heaven, I broke.

PHIL.

You broke !

CAR. More than a thousand times : the horrid glare
Of that dread sacrifice fell on my mind
And drove the senses from my brain ; my thought
Hung on the place where virtue had been slain,
Where I had been a chief of murderers.
Long while I suffered ; still by day and night
The features of Cazalla, old and grey,
With mildness mingling somewhat of reproach,
Haunted my couch, nor could I gain relief
Till I sought out the wretched seats of those
Who err in faith and feel themselves impelled
To seek for heaven by martyrdom on earth.

PHIL. You sought them out ! you should have hated them.

CAR. Many of these I have assisted, bade
Them fly this perilous air of Spain, conversed
With several of their leaders, viewed their lives,
Pure as the light ; their faith still steadfast worshipped
Christ and the Book of Life. Forgive me, father,
I could not, can not, will not hate these men.

PHIL. You hate them not—you, Prince of Spain !

CAR.

Alas !

I know how scruples of this hue offend
The eyes of Spanish rulers ; I have weighed
Each separate argument, conned one by one
The reasons that our Church puts forth to spur
Her sons to persecution.

PHIL.

Call it not

By that unworthy name, nor is it fit
A child like you should mount the judgment-seat
To censure policy which Spain has deemed
The way of health, by sages pointed out
To Ferdinand the Catholic—approved
By counsellors grown grey in the State's service,
By saints and martyrs of our holy Church,
By the Pope's wise decree infallible,
In fine, by God himself.

CAR.

That I deny.

PHIL. Don Carlos, hold your peace.

CAR.

King, I have drunk

The stream of revelation at its source :
That book, to common eyes denied, to me
By Osma's reverend bishop, my preceptor,
Was early given ; best and dearest gift
That man can give to man, becoming thus
The minister of God, and angel-like
Carrying glad tidings to the immortal soul :
There have I read, assisted by the lore

Of my dear master ; there too have I read,
 Alone and unassisted, late at night,
 And early in the morning, words of peace,
 Forgiveness ev'n for sin ; brotherly love,
 And charity that beareth, hopeth all ;
 I found and wept with joy : but to this hour
 Find I no precept that commissions man
 To slay his erring brother.

PHIL. Prince, beware ;
 Dread my displeasure.

CAR. I dread Heaven's more ;
 And strongly armed with truth, I dare proclaim
 The Inquisition murderous tyrant.

PHIL. Peace,
 Thou bold blasphemer ! most unworthy thou
 To fill the throne, or even to tread the soil
 Of Christian Spain.

CAR. Of persecuting priests !
 I know my own unfitness, every act
 Of rigour draws fresh tears into my eyes,
 And therefore purposed I to fly from Spain
 To seek in Flanders a secure retreat,
 And there lie hidden ; willing to forego
 The mighty sceptre of imperial Spain,
 My bright inheritance, unless repentant
 The Spanish people should one day admit
 Their King might reign unstained with righteous blood.

PHIL. What rebel purpose is it you disclose ?

CAR. No rebel purpose, Sire ; for whilst you live
 No son to father, subject to his king,
 Should pass me in obedience.

PHIL. Tell me then
 What think you of our war in Flanders ? say,
 Shall not the traitor suffer for his treason ?
 Is't not legitimate to take up arms
 That rebel heretics may be subdued ?

CAR. Yet kindness were more politic than force :
 Grant them their privilege, your royal Grace,
 To worship God in their own simple form,
 Rebellion's hydra head will straight be crushed,
 Or of itself fall off.

PHIL. I'll hear no more :
 Prince, look not for indulgence : duty, nay,
 Affection bids that I should be severe ;
 And I will be so.

[Exit.

CAR. [solus.] Welcome then severe
 But unjust fate ! How now ! Osorio here !
 My good, my faithful friend !

Enter OSORIO.

Oso. Your faithful servant :
 I have obeyed your Highness's commands,
 And at this instant reach Madrid.

CAR. All thanks !
 Yet in your absence Envy's cruel blight
 Has spoilt our harvest : yet speak on. What news ?

OSO. Following your orders, when I parted hence,
I straight repaired to Burgos; there I saw
The Count of Salvatierra.

CAR. What said he?

OSO. He thanked your Highness for your kind remembrance;
Felt for your trouble, but the present time
Found him quite unprovided with the sums
You wanted for your expedition.

CAR. So—

OSO. I next sought Infantado; he too joined
In many loving speeches; but he feared
He was too closely watched to dare give proof
Of his unbated friendship.

CAR. Friends of sunshine!
And Fuentes, and Toledo, and the Count
Of Benevente.

OSO. All, not excepting one,
Have sent excuses: here, in a little book
I have their several reasons in set terms.

CAR. Spare me the mockery. And so from all
My train of friends, all full of homage too,
All wishing to be served, but loth to serve,
You have not drawn one small maravedí?

OSO. 'Tis so, indeed; yet think not, gracious Prince,
I come back empty.

CAR. What, Saavedra, then!

OSO. Nor Saavedra, no, nor any other
Of your proud lofty friends, the dons of Spain,
Have filled my purse; but by good chance a Jew,
With whom I lodged at Seville, knowing me
Your servant, offered, nay entreated, prayed,
That I would borrow twenty thousand dollars,
To buy you laces; begging me withal
That when your Highness should put on your crown,
He might have some indulgence granted him,
And leave to say his prayers on Saturdays.
At first I played the prude, and feigned some rage
He should so hurt your dignity; but soon
The coin with amorous clinking won my ear,
And I was fain to be persuaded.

CAR. Well:
You make me smile in spite of fate.

OSO. There's more—
Ounces, gold ounces, that with hook and line
I fished from merchants' pockets; but of this
Hereafter: the time presses, and I haste
To tell what I have heard a moment gone,
From a familiar of the Holy Office,
Busied in preparations, that he deems
Threaten a lofty head.

CAR. How? is it so?
Enter with me, Osorio; we will speak
Of these same tidings in my inner chamber. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Another Room. Enter QUEEN and LEONORA.*

QU. Come, Leonora.

LEON. Madam, I am here,
But know not where you go, or what you seek :
The King will pass this way.
QU. 'Tis well ; he comes.

Enter PHILIP.

PHIL. Madam, I marvel what kind star has led
Your steps this way, to brighten with your presence
Our dull abode.

QU. Sire, I have ventured here,
To move your Majesty on an affair
Of urgent moment.

PHIL. [*to LEONORA.*] Leave us, then, Madam,
[*Exit LEONORA.*]

PHIL. I am your listener.

QU. Sire, alas ! my tongue
Is but a feeble organ to express
That which a heart less simple would array
In robes of eloquence. I am no orator ;
But if I were, with what persuasive tones,
With what resistless reason would I seek
Your mercy, if your mercy he requires,
In favour of Don Carlos.

PHIL. Is it so ? [Aside.]
Madam, you show your charity in this ;
A female heart we know is soft and kind :
And yet, methinks, a stepmother might leave
The Prince's pardon to his father's love !

QU. Nay, look not sternly on my prayer ; I speak
Because I am a stepmother, and thus
No soil of interest or partial hue
Can colour my abatement of his fault.

PHIL. Madam, you speak it well : but this affair
Concerns the State, whose fabric I must guard
As sentinel ; no bribe, no weak affection,
No woman's tear must draw me from the post
Where God has placed me for my people's good :
Speak then, if you have aught on his behalf,
In the calm key of reason ; though indeed
I cannot well perceive whence you should draw
Your knowledge, or your argument.

QU. I own
If it be requisite to sound the depths
Of law, or policy, none more unfit
Than she who stands before you to devise
Strains of State reasoning ; and yet I feel,
I think Don Carlos innocent.

PHIL. Indeed !
You think him innocent ; nay then, I wait
To hear your argument.

QU. Alas, my lord !
You strike me cold with apprehension, yet—
[Aside.] Courage my heart ! [Aloud.] Sire, of the Prince I
speak,
As I have seen him, easily inflamed,
And catching fire in every generous cause ;

Suffering with every sufferer ; sharing loss
 With every loser in the game of life ;
 A soul ennobled by companionship
 With lofty thoughts, and mighty purposes ;
 Hating all wrong, and scourging with a rod
 Of scorn contemptuous the sloth of vice ;
 Yet with proud bearing throwing back the praise
 Our courtiers trade in for their private gain ;
 This sternness makes him enemies, but still
 His heart is to his duty riveted ;
 Nor lives there of your subject millions, one
 Whom malice with more rancour would accuse,
 Or virtue with more confidence defend.

PHIL. Madam, the arguments you urge shall pass
 Into the balance of impartial justice,
 And tell for what they weigh : but hear my words,
 Elizabeth of France ; the poorest, worst,
 Most wretched hovel in the realm of Spain,
 Hides not a crime that trenches on our State ;
 For we have eyes that search the land, and mark
 The guilty spot ; then cherish not the thought
 That our own palace can in secret corners
 Engender plots we see not ; all, yes all,
 We know them all.

QU. Unquestioned, Sire, by me
 Your wisdom or your power.

PHIL. Not one whit less
 Our justice, Queen—

QU. I doubt it not, and pray
 To heaven to bless your councils.

PHIL. Learn ye then
 In silence to respect them ; one word more ;
 Remember, lady, you are Cæsar's wife—*[She beckons to speak.*
 We fain would be alone—farewell—farewell. *[Exit QUEEN.*

PHIL. How do a thousand furies tear my breast,
 And strive for mastery ! Am I Philip still ?
 I that have stood so eminent, the king,
 The only king of Europe who enjoyed
 That which a king should have—unfettered power,
 Unlimited discretion ? Have I toiled
 For fame of subtle wisdom, blanched the cheeks
 Of infidels and heretics, the enemy
 Of all God's enemies, now to become
 The sport of my own child, seeing my work
 Destroyed by baby hands ; my very queen
 Transfer her pledged affections to my boy,
 And come herself unconsciously to tell
 The maddening tale to me ! How sharp a jest
 For Turkish slaves and English mobs were I
 If they could say : " He vexed the world with arms
 To put down heresy ; guarded his States
 With triple barriers to preserve them pure
 From all contagion, but he warmed the while
 A viper in his bosom, his own son,
 Who wrenched the royal sceptre from his hand
 And bore away his consort from his side !

Thus has he lost the gorgeous heritage
 Wise Ferdinand and mighty Charles acquired !”
 Now could I plunge my dagger in thy breast—
 And have revenge—my own—my sole—last hope—
 ’Twere just—’twere memorable vengeance—yet
 Such deeds become not Philip—Spain, the world
 Would stamp the deed with execration—still
 Revenge I must and will obtain. Valdez
 And his dark troops shall be my instruments ;
 They shall pursue my purpose as their own ;
 Thus wise men plan what busy men perform !

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter QUEEN, LEONORA, and another LADY.*

QU. Say, Leonora, have you made inquiry,
 As I desired, touching the Prince ?

LEON. I have ;
 A veil of secrecy conceals Don Carlos
 From common eyes ; but by a faithful friend
 I learn that even now the Prince has passed
 By subterranean paths into the palace
 Of the Inquisition.

QU. The Inquisition ! ah—
 What dangers menace him ? what cruel fate
 Hangs over him ? what may betide the Prince ?
 What augurest thou ? thinkst thou he shall escape ?
 How calm thou art ! how tranquilly thou lookst !
 Art thou not moved ?

LEON. Madam, it is my duty
 To give my pity to the Prince, but keep
 My reverence for his father.

QU. Duty, sayst thou ?
 And when a gallant life, by envious fate,
 May in a moment have its thread divided,
 Is duty quite sufficient ?

LEON. Gracious Queen,
 Is it quite safe to feel more than our duty ?

QU. Well—any way you please—yet even duty
 Bids us feel sympathy for Carlos.

LEON. Ay,
 But with propriety.

QU. Thou makst me wild
 With these strange speeches : my good Leonora,
 My mind is troubled with this news, do thou
 Who art so calm, suggest some means, some hopes
 Of safety for the Prince.

LEON. With your leave, Madam,
 I'll hasten to the Inquisition ; some
 Of those who serve the court are of my friends,
 And if good fortune should throw one of these
 Across my path, I then may learn some tidings
 To bear your Majesty ; although indeed
 'Tis death to tell or to convey a tale
 Touching the prisoners of the Holy Office,

These dangers I will brave ; I may seem cold,
But I'm faithful.

QU. Nay, I doubt it not ;
Thanks, kindest Leonora ; haste, away,
And execute thy honest purpose. *[Exit LEONORA]*
Poor Carlos ! brave and gentle-hearted Prince,
How little equal is thy generous mind
To strive with subtle malice—ha ! 'tis well !
[To the LADY.] Go, Donna Beatrix, to the lower court,
Where Osma's holy bishop dwells, desire
That he attend me straight, without delay,
In my own cabinet—haste, Beatrix. *[Exeunt different ways.]*

SCENE II.—VALDEZ, LUCERO, and three other INQUISITORS discovered
sitting in the Hall of the Inquisition. OFFICERS attending.

VAL. Is all prepared ? *[the rest bow.]* Bring in the prince, Don
Carlos. *[Exeunt OFFICERS.]*

Lucero, sit near me ; I need your counsel.
Most holy fathers, pray for our good issue ;
The fate of Spain hangs upon our resolve ;
Her palace and her altars that seem fixed
So deeply and so cunningly ; her peace,
Her glory, nay the holy Church herself,
Shaken in Germany, assailed in France,
In England rent and ruined, this day stands
In peril of a total overthrow
In this her chosen land of refuge ; nay,
Start not alarmed, but nerve your hearts, good fathers,
For if they sink this day, religion sinks ;
If they are firm, hell shall not ope its gates
To unborn millions that were else its prey.

LUC. Proceed, most holy father, at your voice
We are ourselves, and follow to the fight.

VAL. Will you cast off all shrieking compromise
Of worldly hopes, with heavenly ordinance ?
All mean respects, all ancient prejudice,
All timid sensibility, and serve
The great, eternal, universal cause
To which your souls are pledged ?—are ye resolved ?

ALL. We are.

VAL. Then I accept the glorious mission,
And here, on this exposed pre-eminence,
I brave all chances, risk my certain fortune,
Station, regard of safety, freedom, life,
All that I am and may be, to devote
Body and mind to peril, pain, and duty.

LUC. Such likewise our resolve.

2ND INQUIS. Doubt not our zeal.

Enter DON CARLOS, guarded.

VAL. You are the Prince.

CAR. You know me.

VAL. Speak, Lucero.

LUC. Don Carlos, Prince of the Asturias,
Knight of the orders of Alcantara
And Calatrava, you are summoned here

By the great council and supreme tribunal
 Of Inquisition into faith ; through me
 They solemnly adjure you to declare
 If you have seen, or heard, or act or speech
 That was, or seemed injurious to the faith,
 Or privileges of this Holy Office ?
 Don Carlos, Prince of the Asturias,
 The Inquisition bids you to declare
 If you have seen, or heard, or act or speech
 That was, or seemed injurious to the faith
 Or privileges of this Holy Office ?

[*No answer.*]

VAL. The Prince replies not. Let your Highness pause
 And give a moment's thought before you thus
 Contemn the sacred council, when again
 I shall interrogate : know then that thus
 Commences every process in our court,
 Which in its mercy swerves from rules of law
 And does not hold its prisoners accused
 Till they themselves are heard : if they relate
 All that they know with candour, it may be
 That farther process stops, at least their plea
 Is favourably heard ; but if elate
 In carnal pride they scorn our graciousness,
 We have the means that can extort the truth
 From rebel lips : excuse me, mighty Prince,
 If in the terms I use I more respect
 Your interests than your titles : once again
 We solemnly adjure you to disclose
 If you have seen, or heard, or act or speech
 That was or seemed injurious to the faith,
 Or to this holy Inquisition's rights ?

CAR. I do not thank you for your courtesy,
 I do not fear you for your threats, Valdez ;
 And for the matter of your question, I
 Will question you again—is it from mercy
 You seek to worm from those your power confines
 Secrets by which their thread of life depends ?
 Do you entrap your fellow-men like foxes
 And kill them unawares ? Why question else
 Him you accuse ? I will not answer you.

VAL. Be it so—if in our ministerial acts
 We meet reproach, my brethren, we must bear
 All for the sake of heaven.—On, Lucero !
 Against our will we must become accusers !
 Read our proceedings.

LUC. [*reading.*] “ The supreme tribunal
 Having received, from various sources, hints
 That implicate,”—

CAR. “ From various sources—hints ”—
 Whence came these hints ? who was the man that dared
 Assail my good name thus ?

VAL. We sit not, Prince,
 To answer questions : but to seek the truth,
 For purposes of fair and equal justice :
 Yet, if the court permits me, I apprise you
 These informations were anonymous.

CAR. Just, true, and equal judges ! it is thus
You have depressed all worth and honesty
To crown mean private hatreds, base revenge
And calumny ; these raise their serpent heads,
And make a Lybian desert of the land.

VAL. Your wit somewhat outstrips your judgment, Prince ;
One instant more of patience (though indeed
Your rank contemns that virtue of the poor),
You would have heard that these suggestions led
To other perquisitions ; had this court
On better inquest found your Highness clear,
Your fame had never been impeached : these walls
Transmit no sound to the external world.
Unhappily—but you shall hear. Read on.

CAR. I am your victim—I care not to hear
How you may gloss your purpose. Read the sentence.

VAL. Again I must entreat your patience : Prince,
You wrong our court : you have too well imbibed
The falsehoods that the infidel contrives
To blast our fame : but, since you wish us brief,
You have to learn then that by good report
Of faithful Christian persons, certain acts
And words were testified against you ; these,
Referred to the high court of qualifiers,
Have been pronounced by them heretical,
Depraved, and dangerous : now, if you will,
Lucero shall declare to you the terms
In which these several witnesses have spoken.

CAR. I am content.

LUC. [*reads.*] "The final depositions :
Witness the first declares the prince Don Carlos
Hath several times avowed to the deponent
He scrupled at the death of heretics :
That when he heard of forty Lutherans burnt
At the late Act of Faith he wept and spoke
In bitter phrase of this most Holy Office !"
So says this witness—

VAL. Prince, what say you ?

CAR. On !

LUC. The second witness speaks at greater length
Of several discourses, when the Prince
Excused the blasphemy of Luther.

CAR. Said
The witness not I held his doctrine false ?

VAL. That is not now the matter in debate ;
All that a witness states that does not bear
A hue of criminality is struck
From out our minutes.

CAR. That, I must presume,
Is part of your pure justice. On, Lucero.

LUC. "Spoke
At sundry times of plans for the relief
And ease of the self-styled reformed ; conferred
With Berg and Montigny, the deputies,
Respecting terms on which the Flemish soil

Should be delivered, as he termed it, from
 The Inquisition: various interviews
 Were held between the Prince and Montigny,
 Whereby that obstinate rebellious lord
 Gained strength and vigour in his impious treason
 Against his God and King: nay more, of late
 His Highness had so fallen from his duty,
 As to resolve a secret enterprise
 To Flanders; many preparations spoke
 His purpose settled, and a trusty servant
 Went to Madrid to gather from all hands,
 Pure and impure, the means by which the Prince
 Was to make good his flight: the time was fixed
 Two days from hence."

VAL. What says your Highness now?
 There is much more of this.

CAR. Go on, Lucero.
 Waste not the time, but let me hear the pith—
 'Tis a well-fancied labyrinth.

LUC. "The third
 Deposits that the Prince, impenitent,
 Avowed his conscience stained with perjury;
 Acknowledged he had broken the great oath
 Sworn before thousands at Valladolid;
 That he had comforted the Church's rebels;
 That he had studied deep the Holy Bible,
 And found no precept that commissions man
 To slay his erring brother: he confessed
 At full the project of a flight to Flanders."

LUC. What says your Highness?

CAR. Nothing.

LUC. Is this charge

A true one? must this court indeed believe
 Your Highness guilty? I hope not—but then
 You must disprove the accusation.

CAR. First
 Let your staunch bloodhounds prove it—I'll not answer
 Till I perceive the hand that strikes. Your witnesses
 May be the foul creations of your brain.
 Are they of flesh? Who is the man, I ask,
 Assails my good name thus?

VAL. Think not, my Prince,
 Our usages compel us to betray
 Those who have served us to the vengeful sword
 Of criminals.

CAR. Of criminals? Not thus
 Should I be honoured by my father's subjects:
 You goad me like a bull upon the stage,
 Provoking me to combat for a life
 I cannot save; ye would inflame my rage
 Till I rush on, and seek myself the death
 To which I am foredoomed: it is your sport—
 Oh! for an hour of patience.

VAL. Prince of Spain,
 You have tried ours. Not thus have we been wont
 To hear ourselves accused from our own bar.

Had any other said what you have said,
 Had any other thus refused to give
 Answers to our tribunal, he would prove
 How sharply pain may check philosophy,
 And humble stoic pride : the rack ere now
 Had wrung his limbs.

CAR. Alas !

VAL. Fear not, Don Carlos,
 Such torments touch you not.

CAR. Nor for myself
 Breathed I that sigh, but for the hapless victims
 Of your fell tyranny.

VAL. For you at least
 Our tyranny relaxes : solemn rules
 Of judgment shall give way : the court allows
 That which no prisoner e'er yet enjoyed,
 That you should see the witnesses ; refute
 From their own mouths, if that be possible,
 The weighty charges you have heard.

CAR. Appear,
 Wolves !

LUC. Donna Leonora Cordoba,
 Come into court. *[She appears from the side.]*

CAR. Poor fallen instrument
 Of bad designs ; oh, could thy husband see thee,
 How would he feel !

LUC. Don Luis Cordoba,
 Come into court. *[He enters from the side.]*

CAR. Luis ! drop out my eyes !
 Sink from my eyeballs ; ye have seen a sight
 That makes all future vision horrible !
 This man I deemed a friend : oh, hollow world !

VAL. There is another witness still, my Prince :
 Lucero, speak.

LUC. Don Philip, King of Spain,
 Come into court. *[KING PHILIP enters from the side.]*

CAR. My father ! *[Sinks into a chair.]*

VAL. These, my Prince,
 These are the witnesses, no airy phantoms,
 Created by our malice ; no base tools
 Of priestly persecution : witness Heaven,
 If we had found that it were possible
 To shut our ears, that any way were left
 To disbelieve or slight the testimony
 That weighs upon your head, with eager joy
 We had embraced such hope, and closed the abyss
 That yawns so fearfully : 'tis otherwise :
 Not ours the blame : yet may our charity,
 Presuming still the best, cherish the hope
 You can explain these things : the hours you ask
 Shall be allowed for preparation ; then
 Our court shall be assembled, hear at full
 Your Highness's prepared defence, and judge
 As truth, and the great cause of Christian Spain,
 Shall best direct us. Guards, attend the Prince
 To his appointed cell.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

CAR. [*rising.*] Stand off, ye slaves
Of wicked masters ! I ask no delay :
I'll go to trial now ; for my defence
Is brief and hopeless : I avow it all !
All that your witnesses have sworn, I swear,
And pledge my honour for its truth : think not
That I will stoop or crouch beneath your feet,
Unsay my words, and creep away dishonoured :
What I have done I own, that I have spoken
I speak again ; yet I deny my guilt ;
All that I did was innocent.

VAL. Beware
How you proceed ; the ground on which you tread
Covers the embers of eternal fire.

CAR. I reckon not what ye say : I tell you plainly
I pity heretics, and deem your acts
Cruel and impious. By what right, I ask,
Stand ye 'twixt God and man, restricting thus
The uncontrollable and sacred conscience,
By your Procrustian bed ?

VAL. I grieve to find
The heir of Spain so ignorant : know then,
We hold the scales for the eternal Church,
Whose faith is truth ; whose empire is the soul
Of lost mankind : it is our sacred duty
To save our brethren from the treacherous lights
That lead to hell who follows.

CAR. Every Church
Throughout the world may claim like obligation :
Each is for truth ; the Turk, the Lutheran,
The Calvinist, the Greek, the Indian Brahmin,
Proclaims his dogma true : can all be so ?
If each may persecute, shall not the world
Be speckled with one truth, and many errors ?
VAL. This smells of heresy : Don Carlos then
Doubts our religion true ?

CAR. I doubt it not :
'Tis ye who, by the bloody means ye use,
Betray your want of faith. Shall not the God,
Who sent his word with miracles and signs
To the benighted world, make it prevail
Without these chains, this rack, these gloomy dungeons ?
VAL. Yet by such means the holy soil of Spain
Is from the common stain of Europe free ;
And erring minds are from their wandering path
Reclaimed by our laborious ministry.

CAR. 'Tis false : the victims that ye sacrifice
Are but incensed by your inhuman tortures ;
Souls of immortal men acquire new strength,
New temper, from the fire of persecution ;
And future ages shall avow the truth,
That, in the warfare of contending creeds,
The martyr's blood waters the victor's palm.

VAL. Yet many have renounced their new-sprung faith.
CAR. Believe them not : their faith is nothing worth ;
A forced conversion is a forced deceit :

We may grow rich by arts that we detest ;
 We may be cured by medicines that we loathe ;
 But by a worship that the soul abhors
 We never can be saved : 'tis mockery all.
 Of timid men ye may make hypocrites,
 Of zealous men ye may make martyrs ; but
 Of none shall ye make Catholics : the faith
 Of an all-powerful Benevolence
 Thrives not by blood, nor is it given to spread
 The charity of Christ by homicide.

VAL. Prince, you speak boldly—it befits your rank ;
 Yet know that we have full authority
 To punish unbelievers, and pluck out
 The tares that grow among the wheat. Beware !

CAR. Authority ? from whom ?—is it from Heaven ?
 Has God then put his balance in your hands,
 Trusted his sword of justice to your arm,
 That thus ye would usurp his office ? Christ
 Told him alone to judge who had not sinned.
 Have ye not sinned ?—but be it ye have not,
 Say, will you stake your souls you cannot err ?
 Or left He upon all the common sin
 That stains the heart, and yet from some erased
 The common blindness that infirms the head ?
 I am myself a member of your Church ;
 I hold her doctrines, follow her commands ;
 Yet dare I not condemn my fellow-man,
 Who sees salvation on the same hill-top,
 But treads another path to reach it.

VAL. Prince,
 We listen with amaze ; with grief much more,
 To hear from royal lips, from lips that once
 Swore to maintain the faith, such guileful words,
 Prompted by Satan to mislead proud youth,
 And goad the gallant spirit to rush on
 To death eternal. We are judges here,
 By warrant from the Church ;—the Church heaven-born
 Still draws its inspiration from above.

CAR. Is it the will of Heaven you speak ? speak mercy :
 Is it Christ's will you do ? be charitable :
 And are ye so ? No ! shame upon you all,
 Your hands are bloody ; to the God of peace
 You offer carnage : this is not divine ;
 It cannot be : your title-deeds are forged ;
 A mortal usurpation. Thus weak man
 Scans the horizon bounded by his sight,
 And thinks he sees the world : but the large eye
 Of heavenly mercy compasses the globe,
 And kens the savage Indian, distinct
 As the great King of Spain.

PHIL. Prince, I have stood
 In silence, but no less in pain, to hear
 The impious words that one whom yesterday
 I cherished as a son, has uttered forth :
 And much have I admired the patient mercy
 Of this tribunal :—but 'tis time to check

Your reckless turbulence ; the plea you make,
More strongly clenches and confirms your guilt—
'Twere well that you retire.

CAR. Your Majesty
Shall be obeyed ; yet may I dare to hope
I have not lost a father ; on your mercy,
Parent and king, I trust !

[Turning to DON LUIS and LEONORA.]

For you, mean souls,
Who have profaned with your vile sacrilege
The holy fane of friendship, watched my lips
To make their utterance destroy their master,
Heated my embryo notions into life,
To bid them kill their author,—still provoked
My heedless confidence, and formed me thus
To what I have been that ye then might sell
My body to a band of bloodsuckers,
Shall ye escape? No : for all time to come
Shall herd ye with the accurst informer crew,
And blast your names for ever ! your reward
Shall turn to poison in your hands, your days
Of heartless luxury shall seem a chain
Of heavy links binding you to a toil
That galley-slaves might pity ; the vain search
To mingle guilt, repose, and happiness :
Then pillowed restless on your couch of down,
Ye shall behold a vision menacing
Exclaiming vengeance ! and your stricken hearts
Shall tell you 'tis Don Carlos.

[To the GUARDS.]

On !

[Exit DON CARLOS guarded.]

VAL.

The Prince

Impels us forward ; still at every step
I hoped we might be able to return,
And open wide the gates of mercy : now
My mind is tossed in sad perplexity ;
Here stands my duty to the Prince, and here
My oath to holy Church ; both I revere,
Both I would fain preserve ; my heart will bleed else ;
Through this dark wilderness one path appears :
It is the glory of this Holy Office
To be protected by the wisest king
The world has ever seen ; let us do homage
To his unbated piety, and yield
Our jurisdiction in this solemn matter
To his discretion. Reverend fathers, speak,
Are ye content it should be thus, or stand ye
In dread of censure, as unworthy servants
Bending your spiritual oaths to temporal lords ?

LUC. We are content.

2ND INQUIS.

We leave it to the King.

PHIL. Most holy fathers, dear would be to me
This token of your confidence, could I
Feel or think anything, but of the fate
Of my unhappy son : sad stroke for me
That cuts my fair young sapling to the ground

And leaves my old age withered, shelterless.
 Yet still retaining the same mind and heart
 Which sought for Spain the panoply of God,
 More than the arm of man, I must decline
 To be the arbiter ; Don Carlos stands
 The son of Philip, but the heir of Spain :
 Judge ye, and I the King will pay obedience.

VAL. Consider farther, Sire ; if this offence
 Is to be measured by the unchanging rules
 That govern our decrees, we cannot bend
 To charitable thoughts, or mitigate
 The rigour of the law : 'twere perjury
 In us to judge the crime that has been done
 Less than it is.

LEON. Methinks such perjury
 Would ne'er be registered in Heaven's book
 For future punishment.

VAL. Lady, I pray attend
 To your own soul ; our path is fenced and straight ;
 We cannot step aside : bethink you, Sire,
 If you can bear to hear a son condemned,
 To save the public welfare ; 'tis a virtue
 So harsh and rugged that in many ages
 But one or two appear who have sustained
 Such iron trial : Sire, attempt it not : —
 We pray you to assume the easier part,
 To use your mercy, not invoke our justice.

PHIL. Not so—it seems—and yet—how said you, father ?

VAL. We prayed your Majesty to stop this cause
 Ere it grow perilous : your reign deserves
 A sunset of repose ; leave us to combat
 The future tempests that your heir may raise :
 Thus shall the people think you merciful,
 Your family, the Queen herself rejoice
 To know Don Carlos safe.

PHIL. Proceed, Valdez ;
 The cup is bitter, but my duty bids,
 And I must quaff it : judges all, I pray,
 Speak what your duty bids you.

VAL. Hard indeed
 Is this command ; would we might still be spared !
 Here in the name of this most Holy Office
 I solemnly pronounce—what noise is that ?

Enter FAMILIAR.

FAM. The holy Bishop of Osma, reverend fathers,
 Has gained admittance, and insists to see
 The King.

VAL. Unheard of insult ! have we lost
 All dignity ? None enter here ! conduct
 The old man forth.

Enter BISHOP OF OSMA.

OSMA. My king ! my gracious king !

PHIL. Most reverend father, why are we disturbed,

When in this temple no one of our court
Has right of ingress ?

OSMA. Sire, most gracious king,
My constant benefactor, sovereign master,
It is Don Carlos brings me here ; I come
To plead for my dear pupil !

PHIL. Why suppose
That any danger threatens him ?

OSMA. Alas !
I know it well, these gloomy judges meet
To make the Prince a criminal : alas !
The heavy day for me, whose waning lamp
Borrows its sinking light from his bright radiance.

PHIL. Well, be it that the Prince is on his trial ;
Sits there not here a council capable
To sift the truth, that thou shouldst thus intrude
A new uncalled assessor ?

OSMA. Gracious Sire,
Here Justice sits alone—a frowning power,
Whose presence is too terrible for man,
Unless her sister, Mercy, standing by,
Temper the ruthless rigour of her brow.

PHIL. Am I not here ?

OSMA. You should be merciful ;
You would be merciful were not your mind
So fixed upon your duty to the State,
That much I fear your heart would sooner break
Than your firm will relax.

PHIL. If it be so,
'Tis well for Spain, though I should act the part
Of Brutus with my son.

OSMA. Oh dreadful thought !
Tigers are cruel, and yet tigers spare
Their offspring ; vultures, eagles, leopards, wolves,
All savage beasts, all bloody slaughtering birds,
At the loved aspect of their own dear young
Sheathe their fierce claws, and tame their murderous beaks :
Man, man alone is taught by vicious arts,
He calls civility, to lay his hand
On his own progeny.

PHIL. 'Tis vapour this :
Was it to rant and rail at us you broke
Our solemn councils ?

OSMA. Nay, turn not away :
If you will try your son, let me be witness ;
I know the current of his thoughts ; the stream
Of his whole life, from his first boyish days ;
I know his virtues, deep and rich as gems
That lie in ocean's bed ; I know his faults,
Swelling but transient as the drops of air
That bubble on the surface and are gone.

PHIL. We ask not of his temper : facts, grave facts,
Are here in question.

OSMA. Let me know them, Sire ;
They must be twisted from their natural bent,
To hurt the Prince.

PHIL. He has avowed them all.

OSMA. Alas ! he is too confident, too strong
In consciousness of proud integrity,
To fear the glosses that designing men
May put upon his actions ; from his speech
An artful judge may spin a deadly sentence,
But a great king, with better augury,
Will grant his pardon to the generous soul
Guilt cannot stain, and mercy must reclaim.

PHIL. We have well weighed these things : retire, old man ;
We have no need of further counsel.

OSMA. One,
One parting word ; your prudence is of fame
Throughout the world : I marvel, therefore, Prince,
You should dissolve the firm cement that binds
Your state to Spain. Philip and Philip's son
Are of one blood, one rank, one interest :
While they remain united, all men's eyes
Look upwards to the throne ; but make the King
An isolated point, and selfish hearts
Will ponder who shall to his power succeed ;
Your ministers, your council, most of all
This proud, encroaching, monkish oligarchy,
Will have their share of reverence ; growing fast
In strength and in support, they will presume
On your declining years, and your last days
Will find you helpless, uttering the will
Of proud presumptuous servants.

PHIL. Think you so ?

OSMA. Ay, that I do, and so the world will think :
The ungrateful world, which stamps with its base heel
The dying lion, when they mark your sceptre
About to pass into the feeble hands
Of a child king, will leave your will undone—
Your palace void, your court a solitude—
In eager homage to these busy monks,
Who now with pious zeal protect your crown
From filial enmity. Oh ! did they feel
Their bosoms clear of sinister designs,
They would have left the judgment of a son
Where nature leaves it, where ne'er yet has failed
Mind to perceive, or heart to do the right—
To their undoubted lord, Philip, the King.

PHIL. This requires counsel. My most holy fathers,
We have proceeded far to probe this wound ;
Your skill and care are grateful ; yet with pain
We bear the knife so near a vital part ;
Let us remit the rest until to-morrow.
To-morrow we meet here again.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Room in the Inquisition.*

Enter VALDEZ and CORDOBA.

COR. I cannot do this thing.

VAL. You must and will.

COR. What, stain my hands with blood?

VAL. Don Luis, hear;

Is't that you love Don Carlos?

COR. Love the Prince!

No! Bear me witness Heaven that I hate

His life, his words, each atom of him!

VAL. Right!

I hate him not, though for the public weal

I must pursue him; were he Catholic,

Pure and unshaken, I would worship him,

Obeys him, love him; could you do the same?

COR. No—that I never could; while he has life
Shall I have hate.

VAL. You shallow hypocrite,
To speak to me of scruples! We but toil
To glut your rage, to please your private hate,
To satisfy your ravenous revenge;

Yet you can use the venerated words

Of conscience, honour, and humanity

To check my cruelty! You craven heart!

COR. If any way but this of blood might serve—

VAL. Don Luis, there lived lately in Madrid

One called Velasco, did you know him?

COR. Well:

He was familiar of the Holy Office,

And oft with him have I performed the duty

Of seeking and denouncing heretics.

VAL. Of late

Have you observed him?

COR. No; he is not dead—

At least they say so—but I know not of him.

VAL. Deep in our dungeons is his bed; his grave
In the same place, for never will he more

From his low cell. Ask you his crime? He saved

Those whom our justice had condemned, forewarned

His friends of their approaching danger, dared

To interpose his thoughts 'twixt our decrees

And their completion. Would you follow him?

COR. I know the Holy Office is severe.

VAL. But most to those who serve her weakly.

COR. Yet

My future peace of mind—

VAL. We warrant it.

St. Peter held the keys of Heaven, the Pope

Holds them from him, we from the Pope. Go now,

Glut your own love of vengeance, do our will,

And for the rest trust our authority.

COR. I go with heavy heart: may Heaven forgive me!

[Exit.

VAL. Go, thou great criminal of little soul!

Enter LUCERO.

VAL. What think you now, Lucero, of our hopes?

LUC. The King has asked delay; but simply thus,
That we should judge the cause to-morrow.

VAL. Well?

LUC. To-morrow we shall be firm as to-day.

VAL. But will King Philip be as firm? or think ye
It strains no heartstrings to condemn a son?
To do what Philip did, required a soul
Wound to the highest; he must instantly
Act all he thinks, or sink to nothingness;
For at that pitch no mortal mind can stay:
Our greatest actions, or of good or evil,
The hero's and the murderer's, spring at once
From their conception. Oh, how many deeds
Of deathless virtue and immortal crime
The world had wanted, had the actor said,
I will do this to-morrow!

LUC. Deem ye then
That Philip will relent?

VAL. Ay, that I do.

LUC. Then are our lives in danger.

VAL. When the Prince
Ascends the throne we step into our graves:
Unless indeed—

LUC. What then do you propose?

VAL. Hearken to me.
Some timid compromise is even now
Upon the stroke of time; the King prepares
To send the Queen into the Prince's cell
With offers of a pardon on conditions.
If all goes well, as much I fear it will,
Our empire's at an end, and Carlos reigns.

LUC. How know you this?

VAL. No matter how I knew it;
Ask how I countermine the wavering King,
How I forestall his weak designs. For this
Don Luis Cordoba shall be my tool.

LUC. What, he? already known unto the Prince!

VAL. That is indeed a bar: had it not been
For the old foolish Bishop, we had struck
Our weapons home, and Cordoba been useless;
Now all is doubtful. Yet you know the Prince—
Of a soft, credulous, forgiving temper
That Cordoba is practised in. He goes,
At this same hour I speak, into the prison,
Where, with a flood of tears and penitence,
He asks for pardon; planes away his fault
With grave prettexts of fear; owns he abhors
His own vile treachery, and as the proof
Of his repentance makes a confidence
Of offers from the King to lead a plot
That with a show of lenity should drag
The Prince to death. This done, he shall propose
A desperate manner of escape by night,
Which, being accepted, I shall set a trap
That ends Don Carlos' life.

LUC. Is this the plan
You mean to act on?

VAL. Yes; why look you pale?

LUC. I wonder much how you can forge a scheme
So deadly, so perfidious ! How I shudder !
Have you no feeling for a father's pangs ?
A son so young !

VAL. Feelings ! No, none ! Why should I ?
Is not each warmer motion of the blood—
Nay, all the innocent and pure affections,
Conjugal tenderness, parental love—
To us forbidden ? Hope of progeny,
That potent spell that makes us toil for others ;
The great command of nature that encircles
In one dear nest a brood of infant loves
Beneath a mother's wing ; the cherished bonds
That turn mere habitation into home,
As sins prohibited ? Is it not thus,
And can you hesitate ?

LUC. 'Tis so, indeed ;
Yet we are human.

VAL. List awhile, Lucero.
I once was human ; had a heart as soft
To sensible impressions, tears as quick
To flow for misery, and a spirit as high
To right the injured as a man can have :
My parents chained me to the Church ; but yet
No oath within my power could bar the way
To natural affections ; and I loved—
Spare me the rest. I triumphed o'er a passion,
As pure, as fervent, and as well returned
As e'er bound heart to heart. I triumphed—yes,
I triumphed ; but the fire burnt inwards, till
My soul grew hard with suffering ; I became
A being but half human ; sense and reason,
Ambition too remained, but kindlier feelings,
Filial, fraternal, friendly, all were dead :
I woke from agony, and found my breast
Of marble.

LUC. Your young feelings raged too wildly :
We have our precept, but we have our practice ;
And few indeed of our most saintly men
Renounce all worldly pleasures ; it is well
If we preserve the outward show of strictness.

VAL. And think ye then that I could bear to be
A slave dependent on the idle tongue
Of bawds and chamberwomen ? Could I creep
Like a low felon at the dead of night,
Ecl'ying by my steps the garb I wore ?
Did I not see that our least frailties
Were by the world permitted but to bring
Ourselves in disrepute, and weak subjection
To those who hold the rod in terror o'er us ?
If in our body some frail vessel err,
The world declares it suits not with our cloth,
Does not become our holy garb and office :
While this same generous world absolves itself,
As if a sword and cloak might plead in bar
To all impeachment of morality,

And 'twere a strange unnatural circumstance
For priest to sin or layman to be pure.

LUC. It is indeed their custom, yet our priests
Suffer the raillery, and seek the sin.

VAL. That would not I ! Mine was a soul sent forth
To soar or burst : I could not trail along
A thing for Scorn to buffet with his foot,
Or Pride to glance at with his withering eye :
But since I wore the cowl it was my cate
To make it honoured : every exercise
Of harsh injunction, fasts beyond the rule
Of the fantastic saint who built his school
Of stoic wisdom 'mid the rocks and wilds,
Perpetual meditation, fervent prayer,
Self-chastisement—all that a man can do
To make himself a spirit I have done.

LUC. I know it well : your fame of holiness
Was bruited through all Spain.

VAL. It was my aim,
And I obtained it : not for empty glory ;
For, as I rooted out the weeds of passion,
One still remained, and grew till its tall plant
Struck root in every fibre of my heart.
It was ambition ; not the mean desire
Of rank or title, but great glorious sway
O'er multitudes of minds.

LUC. That you have gained.

VAL. I have indeed—and why ? Canst thou not see ?
The feebleness of common man proceeds
From hosts of appetites that tear the soul
With mingled purpose : his resolves are weak,
His vision clouded ; but my appetites
Were in one potent essence concentrate,
I neither loved, nor feasted, nor played dice ;
Power was my feast, my mistress, and my game.
Thus have I acted with a will entire,
And wreathed the passions that distracted others
Into a sceptre for myself.

LUC. All Spain
Desires you long may keep it, to preserve
Our faith entire.

VAL. Ay ; and I will long keep it ;
But if Don Carlos reigns, who shall preserve
The faith of Spain ? And shall we stand to weigh
Each grain and scruple of morality,
When our great temple shakes ? Shall we not rush
And slay the sacrilegious enemy
With his own firebrand ? Trust the charge to me ;
Be mine the guilt ; I feel not for the pangs
Of those who made me wretched. I can bear
To see the affections blasted ; so were mine.
Men bid us be of stone ; now let them find
We are so.

LUC. I must yield ; your intellect
Ever discovers with an eagle eye
The better way of safety.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

VAL.
And hasten on the enterprise.

Let's begone,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

DON CARLOS.

CAR. [*solus.*] Abode of misery! To what a line
Of wretched men am I the heir! The walls
Themselves speak dreadful language: here are names;
And here a thousand marks engraved to tell
As many days of suffering. Pshaw! away
Such gloomy thoughts! they make me sick at heart.
The light is disappearing through the dim
And narrow window of my cell—'tis evening!
At this same hour of evening I have stood
Upon the borders of the mountain ridge
That skirts the plain of Seville: the broad sun
In full effulgence o'er a cloudless sky
Poured his last flood of brightness; the brown hills,
The aloe's hedge and rhododendron wild,
The golden orange and the purple grape,
All seemed as clothed in light. And now 'tis gone!
The god of day has vanished: a low bell
The general stillness breaks, but not offends;
All tongues are whispering prayer and thanks to Heaven;
And soon again the light guitar is heard
And aged grandsires with young hearts behold
The tender maidens that with graceful step
Lead on the village dance. And yet how many
Of those who thus rejoice, and sleep at night,
And wake at sunrise with a heart at ease,
Would fain be Philip's heir, and dream that then
They should indeed be happy—poor vain worm!
Osorio—welcome!

Enter OSORIO.

OSO.

How fares my gracious master?

CAR. How should I fare but well? No accident
Can here affect me; our good lords, the friars,
Guard me from harm.

OSO.

May Heaven defend you better

Than those proud tyrants!

CAR.

Hush! speak not so loud;

Their ears are quick, and you, Osorio,
Who by their clemency have been allowed
To tend me in my prison, must beware
Lest you offend.

OSO.

Oh! for myself I fear not.

But for my Prince's sake I will be prudent.
Know then I fear some new and perilous storm
Is gathering in the sky.

CAR.

Why think you so?

OSO. I have been keeping watch upon Don Luis:
He has been busy in his practices
With some that are his servants; it would seem,
If I am not deceived, they are preparing
Their arms for enterprise this very night.

DON CARLOS.

CAR. 'Tis well ; I'm satisfied it should be so.
OSO. I fear his treacherous and dark designs.

CAR. I fear them not.

OSO. You speak with confidence.
Does his ingratitude not move your Highness?

CAR. Look you, Osorio—Luis has been here.
OSO. Has he? the villain ! Had I met the wretch,

Body to body, one of us had fallen.

CAR. I too, indignant at his treachery,
Refused at first to hear him, but he came
So penitent, so humble for his fault,
I could not shut my ears—he knelt and wept,
And I remembered of the bygone days
I loved him as a brother.

OSO. Ah ! my Prince,
You are too quick in your forgiveness ; hasty
Alike in anger and in mercy.

CAR. The poor wretch weep, you had forgiven him too.

OSO. Never !

CAR. Nay, but his reasons had prevailed.
Valdez already had the evidence
To slay both me and him ; he had his choice
To perish with me or denounce me.

OSO. Well—

And could a brave man hesitate ?

CAR. Besides,
He made conditions with the Holy Office
My life should be preserved ; which otherwise—
OSO. Vain falsehoods all ! Had they the means to act
Their bloody purposes, think you that Cordoba
Could stay their arm ?

CAR. Yet Luis was sincere :
With such an air of artlessness he spoke,
And with such grief withal, no man could hear
And not believe him.

OSO. May he have spoken truth !
CAR. Think not I yielded to mere honeyed speech—
He gave an earnest of his faith ; for know—
There is a plot on foot by which the King
With show of lenity shall hold out pardon,
Draw out my secrets, offer a retreat
For some few months, and under this pretence
Convey me to a dungeon, where my life
Shall fall a prey to fell disease, more sure
Than the assassin's knife.

OSO. 'Tis strange ! Don Luis !
CAR. Don Luis was invited to assist
In this unnatural treachery, where the father
Plotted his son's destruction, where the father
From horrors so satanic.

OSO. Did he indeed ?
CAR. He did in deed : what means that doubting tone ?

OSO. Nay, Prince, I know not.

CAR. He does more—he risks
His liberty and life to wipe away

The stain he has contracted, and to-night
He comes with friends in arms to save my life.

OSO. Indeed—

CAR. Indeed ! indeed ! Had you been here,
Osorio, all your hatred would have melted
Into compassion for the high-born soul
Which, formed for virtue, views with loathing dread
Its one weak lapse. I would that you had seen
The anxious gleaming of his generous spirit,
That caught at dangers with an eager longing,
As if the hour that set my body free
Should liberate his mind, that, now oppressed,
Lies in a dungeon sadder far than this,
The gloom of its own thought.

OSO. Your noble mind
Is still magnanimous: I pray to Heaven
The former traitor may be now your friend—
A real friend. But tell me more, my Prince,
Of his designs.

Enter SERVANT OF THE INQUISITION.

SER. The Queen approaches.

CAR.

So—farewell my friend !

OSO. Farewell, dear master.

[*Exit OSORIO.*]

Enter QUEEN.

CAR. Madam, at your feet
I place my grateful homage ; you confer
Much honour on a person so unworthy
Of your regard or thought.

QU.

Alas, Don Carlos !

I would you were unworthy our regard,
'Twould spare the bitterness of this affliction
Unto your father.

CAR.

So—my father feels
Afflicted for my sufferings ; 'tis too much.
I cannot play the hypocrite. The King
Has placed me here—it was his choice, his act ;
Let him avow it, glory in it, but not hope
To soothe and tame by courteous blandishment
The victim that his toils have caught ; to keep
The Prince of Spain a lion in a cage,
The gaze of babes and cowards.

QU.

Hold, Don Carlos !

Speak not, I pray you, in this angry tone ;
Look not, I pray you, with so fierce a glance ;
My will at least is not in fault, and I
Deserve not your reproaches.

CAR.

Gracious Queen,
May Heaven forbid that I should utter aught
May wound the smallest nerve of yours.

QU.

Indeed

I have not earned your enmity ; mistrust
From you would grieve me more than sharpest hate
From those I look not on as friends.

CAR.

Believe

My heart is grateful, though it ne'er can pay
Its debt.

QU. Nor thus, Don Carlos, but just now
You were too stern. Speak not of gratitude ;
I claimed your friendship, but it was in preface
To that I shall deliver from the King.
He offers pardon, full and gracious pardon,
Utter oblivion of all past offence,
Conditioned only that you shall retire
For one year's space into Galicia.

CAR. Madam, this offer, though from honeyed lips
Strikes not upon my dull and torpid ear
With such a winning sound as chance it should ;
I cannot fall upon my knees and thank
The King for this : how know I that my life
Shall be uninjured in a distant spot,
Where none shall know my fate ?—my friends away !
And say besides how shall those friends who stand
On the same brink of guilt as I, be satisfied
The King intends no punishment for them ?

QU. To them my powers extend not. Nay, the King
Commands before you go you give a list
Of all who practised with you to abet
The Flemish heretics.

CAR. To give a list !
He bids me give a list ! A list of blood !
That I should lead my friends into the toils
And see them singled out for massacre
By my appointment ! Is it thus he asks
That I should buy my life, surrendering all
That makes life precious, conscience, honesty,
Friendship, and faith—that I should sink unpitied
To a worse grave of infamy than that
The sexton digs ? Could I indeed be thus,
I were a victim worthy of the pangs
The Inquisition wreaks her vengeance with !
And oh, that you, Elizabeth of France,
Should hold the poisoned chalice to my lips,
Mingling your sweetness with its horror !

QU. Prince,
You frighten me with these dark phrases. Why
So quick in your suspicions ? why so fierce
In your demeanour ? You were wont to be
More gentle when you spoke to me.

CAR. I was :
But other times require another tone.
You too were wont to be a friend to me,
To friendless Carlos, who found every heart
Barred to his ingress ; one alone he thought
Gave him compassion in return for feelings—feelings
That made him pay implicit service to her.
That one sole heart is now a garrison
Of treacherous enemies, and shall I wear
As smooth a brow, and speak in gentle tone
Like these disguising monks ? I cannot do it.

QU. Stay, stay your anger : calm this causeless rage.

CAR. This causeless rage ! Oh, my full brain will burst !
The objects swim before me. Kind Valdez,
Thy racks have not an agony like this !

QU. What I have done, I did with friendly purport ;
May Heaven forgive me if I wounded thee !
The surgeon's knife will sometimes cause a pain
The foeman's sword inflicted not.

CAR. And is it thus
A healing hand would touch ? Was it a friend
That sought to bury me in distant regions
Where none could know my fate ? Was it a friend
Covered the pit dug by my enemy
To seem the steadfast ground ? Was it a friend
Who asked me to betray my sworn allies,
And thus to cast my honour and my fame
In the same grave with this poor corse ? *[She weeps.]*

But still
I have been wrong in this : I do not mean—
It is not you that I accuse. Weep not ;
I am too fretful.

QU. Indeed you wrong me, Carlos.
I wished to save you. Could you see my heart
You would not thus upbraid me. Of the plot
You hint at I know nothing. I am weak,
Incurious, ignorant ; my woman heart
Governs my purblind judgment ! Shame on those
Who practise on my simple intellect !
If these conditions, as you think, convey
Destruction on their wings, accept them not ;
There is another way that but just now
Appears to me. Put on this cloak, this hat.
You shall pass by the guard as Queen. Start not,
But straight do as I bid you ; in an hour
You may evade pursuit.

CAR. And you ?

QU. I stay
To fill your place ; no dangers cower o'er me.
My faith is not suspected. I am safe
After a moment's rage ; and e'en the King
In a few days will thank me for your safety.

CAR. And could you stand this hazard for my sake ?

QU. I can, and will. Nay now, pause not, but haste
To quit this loathsome place.

CAR. Too generous woman !
Sooner than you should for a single instant
Risk your fair fame in my behalf, I would
Give up my body to the fiery pincers,
Let the hot lead be poured into my wounds,
My limbs torn one by one from off their sockets,
And suffer all that cruelty hath yet
Invented to subdue the heavenly soul,
Through its unworthy brother, the frail body.

QU. Fear not for me ; yours is the peril, Carlos,
Yours is the only hazard. Even now
Your danger to my mind grows more and more ;
A woman may exceed the bounds of rule,

Where pity intervenes : the world allows
Indulgence to our sex when life depends
Upon our fiat. Go, pray, Carlos, go !

CAR. It may not be ! Yet let me thank thee thus.

[*Kisses her hand.*]

Would I might owe my life to you, but fate
Has no such bright leaf in her book for me.

[*A whistle is heard.*]

Hark ! I have friends at hand, who have secured
Means of escape : their signal even now
Warns me that soon that iron grating yields
To cunning enginery. I go, dear lady.
You see I trust you with my life, and yet
I beg you will away, lest you be found
Within my vacant prison, and the King
Suspect you of confederacy. Farewell !
And be my life a century or an hour,
The fairest guerdon on my helm will be
That once the bright Elizabeth of France,
Moved by her gentle nature, offered me
To risk her safety as the price of mine ;
On this dear jewel of my memory
My heart will ever dwell, and fate in vain,
Possessing that, essay to make me wretched.
Away, fair Queen, away !

[*He climbs to the grated window at the top of his cell ;
the bars give way, and he escapes.* *Exit QUEEN.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the KING's Palace.*

Enter the KING.

PHIL. And is it so ? and must the die be cast ?
Must I appear before the Almighty Judge
The slayer of my son ? No other way
To save my honour and my crown ? Dread hour
Of irremediable resolve ! If now
My will should err, I stain my soul with blood,
With my son's blood, or else admit a plague
That shall play havoc in my house, and make
My name the jest of scoffing Europe. Hell,
Like a great gulf, yawns wide before my eyes :
Yet *could* I fix my mind, and close my fate
In the same instant, 'twere already done,
And Philip were a Curtius. But not so
My easy task : I must perform a deed
That gives a hue to all my future years,
And makes my old age lonely—shunned—abhorred.
Oh Heaven ! thy ways indeed are mystery !
Is it because I have obeyed so well
My trial is so high ? Are thy inflictions
The more severe the less they are deserved ?
Or has thy Paradise an endless rapture
That shall repay this agony ? Valdez !

Enter VALDEZ.

VAL. Sire, by your Majesty's commands I come
To learn what light has beamed on this sad trial.
You have observed, from where I placed you, all
That passed betwixt the Queen and Prince : how stands
Your royal mind affected ?

PHIL. Hark, Valdez !
I stood where you desired ; I watched the Queen :
I saw she made my offer to my son ;
I saw that he rejected it ; I saw
He pleaded for her mercy ; and I saw
He kissed her hand. Incensed I left the place—
Would I had never been !

VAL. And, Sire, the Queen—

PHIL. The Queen—the Queen ! Why ask you of the Queen ?
Is't not our wife ? Can she betray her duty ?

VAL. Far be from me suspicion so disloyal !
And therefore of a blacker tinge the crime
Of the base commonalty, who even now
Loose their unlicensed tongues in calumny
Upon the Queen.

PHIL. Ha ! Do they so, indeed ?

VAL. They do : 'tis scarce a quarter of an hour
Since a low fellow in the market-place,
Struck by the court purveyor, cried aloud,
"There's no indulgence now in Spain for sin,
Excepting for our gracious Queen !" I straight
Ordered the villain into prison.

PHIL. Rack the slave !

VAL. It shall be done ; yet I beseech you, Sire,
To set no count on this licentiousness :
The common sort for ever turn their jests
On things forbidden, and their ribaldry
To-day attacks the Queen, to-morrow—

PHIL. Nay,

I am not moved by the base populace ;
And yet, methinks, their jests, their ribaldry
Might spare their sovereign's honour : the low vapour,
That scarcely lifts itself above the marsh
In which it is engendered, can yet dim
The glorious sun ; how may the vilest wretch
Perplex Heaven's chosen king !

VAL. Yet, Sire, I trust
What I have said has not disturbed—

PHIL. Disturbed ?

Am I so fallen ? Is the Catholic King
To be diverted from his firm-set purpose
By market quarrels ? No ! I say again
The Queen and Carlos are as pure as snow,
Nor shall they suffer harm for this.

VAL. My King,
Perhaps I am the first who bears the news
Of the Valencian plot ?

PHIL. Ay ! what of that ?

VAL. It doth appear by true intelligence

DON CARLOS.

421

Troops have been levied in Valencia,
To guard Don Carlos in his Flemish journey,
And he consenting—

PHIL. He consenting—so—
I'm glad of this. Say, is it proved—is't sure?
VAL. Beyond all doubt: one villain has confessed:
The rest had arms upon them.

PHIL. Thanks, Valdez.
You have relieved my breast of the dull load
That weighed it to the earth: now shall you see
What Philip, when resolved, can do!

Enter LUCERO.

LUC. I come
In haste to give your Majesty advice.
The Prince has just escaped.

PHIL. Escaped, thou sayest?
LUC. 'Tis so indeed; but we have raised the guards,
And hope to reach him.

PHIL. Has he friends?
LUC. But one
Seems to have joined him near the prison gate.
PHIL. He soon shall be a prisoner: follow me.
VAL. Poor jealous King! How eagerly he seeks
A robe of justice to conceal the shame
Of naked passion. On, Lucero, on!
The deer is roused, and soon shall break his heart
Within our toils.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Street. Stage dark.

Enter DON CARLOS and CORDOBA.

COR. This way, this way, my Prince. I come.
CAR. How sad a brow wears this unusual night;
Methinks there is some tempest in the air;

That dyes with deeper dark the midnight hour.
COR. Indeed the sky is strangely murky.

CAR. Ay:
It seems as though the sun at his bright setting
Had bid a last farewell to this poor world,
Disdaining to bestow his glorious light
Upon the foul or foolish deeds of men
For one day longer. Nay, I wonder not
His patience is worn out.

COR. On, on, my Prince!
We linger here: this way—it is more private—
By this small alley—ha!

[OFFICERS of the NIGHT GUARD and of the INQUISITION meet them.]

OFF. Who's there? Who's there? Answer the word, and
stand.

CAR. These are the royal guard. We're friends.
OFF. If so,
Go with us to the guard-house: none pass here,
Without examination: 'tis our order.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

CAR. Nay then, but I will pass.

OFF. Ho ! guard !

[DON CARLOS fights with an OFFICER. The GUARD come on the stage. DON LUIS draws his sword and wounds DON CARLOS as he is fighting. DON CARLOS turns round and attacks him.]

CAR. Ha ! traitor ! Perjured wretch ! Die then a victim To thine own villany.

COR. Oh ! Heaven ! My life Ebbs out. Forgive me, Carlos. Nay refrain— Forgive me not. I am too vile a wretch To hope for man's forgiveness. Heaven perhaps—

CAR. Poor Luis ! Yes—I here forgive your crimes And injuries, how should I dare refuse, That do myself need mercy.

COR. Noble mind !

Enter OSORIO: with lights and people.

OSO. My Prince ! My Prince ! Where is the Prince my master ?

CAR. Here, good Osorio.

OSO. How, my Prince, you speak With feeble utterance ; how is't with you ?

CAR. Hurt By a friend's treachery—but he is dead : My side is slightly wounded.

OSO. Slightly, Prince ? Let us examine, for I have some skill In surgery.

CAR. 'Twere thrown away on me. Go, tend on those whose appetite for life Is fresh and vigorous—I have tasted it So bitter that I ask no more.

OSO. This wound Is of some danger, yet with instant care—

CAR. I tell you that I ask no care.

OSO. Speak not : One moment to a faithful friend, good master ; You would not die thus unprepared, nor seek The Almighty Judge, till you have bared your heart Before him in repentance !

CAR. Faithful friend, Do as thou wilt : I am not fit to die, Though loth to live.

OSO. A bandage here, my friends, Stanch this quick flow of blood ; bind up the wound— Or else—

Enter PHILIP, VALDEZ, OFFICERS, &c.

PHIL. Where is Don Carlos ? Lead me to the Prince. Osorio here ! Whence art thou, villain ?

OSO. Sire, I came by accident to where the Prince Lay sorely wounded, and am busy now To bind his wounds, which in few moments else Will cause his death—

PHIL. Hold, traitor ! Take him off
And cast him into prison. [OSORIO is taken off by the GUARDS.
Leave the Prince.

CAR. My father—is't my father's voice I hear?
Speak to me, gracious lord !

PHIL. My son, I come :
Valdez—

VAL. Shall I, Sire, seek a skilful leech
To probe his wounds ?

PHIL. No, father ! Leave the Prince.
[To his GUARDS.

Did you not hear that meddling servant say
That he should die from loss of blood ? Valdez,
I feel for Carlos as a father should,
But as the King of Spain, father of all
Who own her sway, Heaven bids me not bequeath
Their lives and fortunes to a heretic—

VAL. 'Tis spoken like a king.

PHIL. Don Carlos lies
Upon the threshold of unbidden death.
Shall I arrest his arm ? Shall I preserve
A serpent in my bosom, to come forth
And sting my people when I'm in my grave ?
No, reverend father, conscience and stern duty
Compel me to this painful consummation.
'Twill soon be over.

VAL. Gracious King, permit
A subject to adore the sovereign wisdom
Of all your deep decrees.

CAR. Give me to drink.

PHIL. Give him to drink, Valdez.

VAL. I will ; 'twere well
To make all safe : here, soldier, bring us drink.

[SOLDIER brings a cup. VALDEZ puts poison in it, and
sends it to DON CARLOS. DON CARLOS drinks.

CAR. Father, was it indeed
Or did I dream—my father, that I heard ?

PHIL. Prince, I am here.

CAR. Approach me, oh, my father !
The chill of death encompasses me round ;
Yet some few awful moments still remain
Between this passing life and life eternal.
Oh, let me supplicate my honoured father,
That I may die in peace ; load not my soul
Upon its passage with a parent's curse :
Forgive me, pray forgive me.

PHIL. Thy offence
Must be repented—my full pardon else
Will nought avail.

CAR. On this tremendous brink
Of immortality, I dare not speak
That which my heart avows not ; my intent
Was pure, my ends were just and merciful ;
This I believed in life, believe in death—
But that the things I worthily conceived

I acted sinfully ; that my whole life
 Was mixed with dross of human frailty,
 This I confess ; and, most of all, to you
 My father I was guilty ; as a son
 And as a subject, bound to show the way
 And give the pattern of obedience
 To half the world. I have been hasty, rash,
 Irreverent—for this I pray forgiveness.

PHIL. My guards, retire.

[*All retire but VALDEZ and LUCERO.*

In all my conduct, Carlos,

I never swerved from duty, sweet or harsh,
 Nor will I now ; before I give my pardon,
 Answer the truth to what I ask—

CAR. I will—

PHIL. Say then if ever you conspired to snatch
 The crown from off my head, by rebel hands,
 And leave me to expire a king deposed ?

CAR. False, by the Heaven above ! I never meant,
 I never wished, I never dreamt such crimes.
 May hell now open, and its horrid jaws
 Swallow me straight if such unnatural treason
 E'er found its dwelling in my breast !

PHIL. 'Tis strange !

VAL. [*to LUCERO.*] The King is shaken. Mark, his brow
 relaxes !

PHIL. My heart would fain believe you ; but say, farther,
 Have you in any hour of wicked dreams,
 When the fell spirit gains possession, sketched
 A kingdom of your fancy, where the Queen,
 Our Queen, the Queen of Spain, being your age,
 Became your consort ?

CAR. Never, never, King.

PHIL. Have you not thought of her, adored her, loved her ?

CAR. What I have thought, in what place I have loved,
 Might haply better sink with me, and melt
 With millions of deceitful images
 And frail desires of mind into oblivion ;
 Henceforth, God is my judge ; the world is none
 To me, nor I unto the world ; yet still,
 Since 'tis a father's voice invokes me—I will speak.
 I know not how our hearts are made, but mine
 Responded only to the voice of her
 Whom once I viewed as my betrothed : your wife
 I have revered her : yet my days and nights
 Were passed in combat with my soul's destroyer,
 This monstrous passion. As my last defence
 I meditated flight, hence rose my crime—
 The intended journey into Flanders ; there
 I hoped to vanquish, and be once more pure.

PHIL. But of the Queen, Don Carlos ?

CAR. Heaven preserve her !

Never did perishable casket hold
 So bright a jewel, never did a soul
 Ethereal descend to earth and catch
 So little of its dross ; it was her praise

Not to shun evil, but to think no evil.
 Father, I am about to die, and briefly here,
 Here, as a dying man, I swear by all
 My hopes of life eternal that the Queen
 Heard not a whisper of my fatal passion :
 She's innocent to you and to her God ;
 Had I been never thwarted, I perhaps
 Had washed away my sin in tears.

PHIL. My son ! *[Embraces him.*

VAL. *[to LUCERO.]* See how his lip untwists itself, and now
 He throws his arms about his son.

LUC. *[to VALDEZ.]* Hark, father !

COR. Believe the Prince.

PHIL. What voice is that ?

COR. A villain's .

But there behold a greater : on my knees
 I pray for punishment upon Valdéz :
 He told me that the King abhorred his son—
 But had not courage to—command his death :
 The Prince is innocent—Valdéz and I——

[Dies.

PHIL. My son is innocent ! alas ! the hour
 When I believed your enemies—ev'n now
 You die a victim of my murderous hands,
 Perhaps there still, however—Help, there—ho !

CAR. It is too late—I feel death strangle me—
 But a few moments more and all is over.
 Thanks be to Heaven—my life has not been happy,
 But short and void of crime : had I been doomed
 To stay a longer space upon the earth,
 What strife, what struggles were prepared for me !
 Had I been fortunate, 'twere scarce with innocence ;
 Had I been innocent, why then not happy !
 I was a summer plant that prematurely
 Bloomed in the early spring. Perhaps a day
 May come when Spain will ask to know my fate,
 And, knowing it, not censure my intent :
 To make men love each other was my wish,
 I die the victim of their hate—but stay—
 It is—I feel——

[Dies.

PHIL. Alas ! my son ! what, ho ! my guards, there, ho !

Enter OFFICER and GUARDS.

OFF. A messenger just now arrives from Rome,
 And brings these letters for your Majesty
 With utmost speed : the Prince's life, he says,
 As he was told, depended on his haste.

PHIL. Alas ! their import's useless—yet perhaps
 These letters may unfold a tale—*[opens the letter]*—what's this ?

[Reading.] "I despatch to your Majesty a sudden messenger to inform
 you I have discovered a letter written by the Great Inquisitor of Spain to a
 minister of his Holiness here. It is couched in these terms : 'The Prince,
 Don Carlos, has some wild projects on foot : perhaps he might be reclaimed
 if the King were of a kinder temper, but his gloomy suspicions of his son
 drive the young Prince forwards. I therefore think it safer for our govern-
 ment to encourage this jealousy, and by throwing doubts into the King's
 mind exasperate his disposition, which you know to be already dark and

cruel. In a few weeks I may have to inform you of the young Prince's death.'"

[*To VAL.*] Villain ! is this thy duty to thy King ?

[*To the GUARDS.*] Seize that arch-traitor ! Yes—Valdéz I mean—

The Great Inquisitor.

[*To VAL.*] Thou savage monster !

I will not take thy life, but a lone cell,

Henceforth, be thy abode. Away with him !

VAL. One moment's pause I pray ye. Think not, King,

That your perpetual prison, though the worst

You dare inflict upon my holy person,

Shall make me wretched : I have that within

Which fits me for all fortunes, I am armed

With that which you affect, calm constancy :

But you who send me to this punishment,

Shall you be happy ? No. In my dark hours

I will but call to mind your jealousies,

And thus be comforted : you had a son ;

And there he lies, the victim of your fears :

You have a beauteous Queen, but can you love her ?

Can she love you ? No : your unyielding heart

Repels all sympathy ; your son is dead,

Your wife will quickly follow ; you will find

Or dream a plot till you have slain her ; then

What shall your dreary palace hold more sweet

Than my low dungeon ? Nay, inflict the rack :

Its tortures cannot furnish half the pangs

Suspicion shall inflict upon the King !

[*Exit VALDEZ guarded.*]

PHIL. [*solus.*] May this sad story rest for ever secret !

Vain hope ! in one short day I have destroyed

My peace of conscience and my hopes of fame !

WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP.

TRANSLATED [1830] BY LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOIVER, AFTER-
WARDS EARL OF ELLESMERE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| SERGEANT-MAJOR of a Regiment of TERSCHKA'S Corps. | CUIRASSIER of a Lombard Regiment |
| TRUMPETER of a Regiment of TERSCHKA'S Corps. | CROATS. |
| ARTILLERYMAN. | HULANS. |
| TYROLESE SHARPSHOOTERS. | RECRUIT. |
| HORSE CHASSEURS of HOLK'S Corps, or Mounted Yägers. | CITIZEN. |
| DRAGOONS of BUTLER'S Regiment. | PEASANT. |
| ARQUEBUSIERS of TIEFENBACH'S Regi- ment. | PEASANT BOY. |
| CUIRASSIER of a Walloon Regiment. | CAPUCHIN. |
| | REGIMENTAL SCHOOLMASTER. |
| | SUTLER'S WIFE. |
| | SERVANT GIRL. |
| | SOLDIERS' CHILDREN. |
| | MUSICIANS. |

SCENE—THE CAMP NEAR PILSEN IN BOHEMIA.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN AT THE RE-OPENING OF THE WEIMAR THEATRE IN
OCTOBER 1798.

THE Drama—she whose mask, now grave, now gay,
Has borrowed oft your willing eyes and ears,
And made a captive of the yielding soul—
Again unites us in this proud saloon.
And lo ! in renovated youth it shines,
And Art has added to her temple's splendour :
A loftier spirit in harmonious tones
Breathes audibly from yonder columned range,
Raising the soul to high and solemn feeling.
Yet 'tis our ancient haunt, the original scene,
Cradle of infant power, and old arena
Where youthful talent started on its course.
We too are yet the same beneath your glance,
With zeal and impulse strong, who trained our powers ;
This very stage a mightier master¹ walked,
Up to the loftiest circles of his art,
Your souls with his creative genius charming.
Oh ! may the added splendour of the place
Still draw the worthiest minds within its sphere,
And show us, in the splendour of completion,
The hopes and wishes entertained so long.
High models wake to loftier emulation,
And give the critic loftier rules to judge by ;
And may this renovated stage be found
Witness of talent in its full perfection.

† Iffland.

For where can Art more fitly prove her power,
Renew and vivify her ancient fame,
Than in this favourite and selected circle,
Where, never senseless to the enchanter's wand,
Feeling and Taste can grasp at Fancy's spirit,
And make the subtle fugitive their own?

Trackless and fast, alas! the mimic's art,
The strange, the wondrous fades upon the sense.
Years, ages, pass; and still the poet's song,
The sculptor's chiselled work, alike survive.
Here with the enchanter dies the enchantment too,
And as the last vibration quits the ear,
The frail creation of the instant leaves us,
And no enduring work embalms its fame—
Hard is his art, and fleeting is the prize!
So must he be a miser of the present,
Straining the instant with an usurer's grasp;
Seize and engross contemporary souls,
And in the feeling of the best and wisest
Rear up his living monument, and thus
Share in advance his name's eternal honour.
Who for the best and worthiest of his day
Has done enough, has lived for every age.

The novel era, which Thalia's art
Here ushers in to-night, inspires the poet
With boldness to desert the ancient path;
From the small circle of domestic life
To bear his audience to a wider scene—
Scene not unworthy of the mighty moment—
The moving times in which we plunge and strive;
For great events alone have power to stir
Man's awful nature from its inmost depths.
In circles more confined the mind is narrowed,
But man grows greater where his aims are great.

And now, when at the century's solemn close
We stand, in times when mere reality
Assumes poetic shape,—when violent natures
For mightiest objects wage fierce war before us,
And for the loftiest interests of man,
Freedom and Rule, the hard-fought strife continues,—
Time is for Art upon her shadowy scene
To dare a loftier flight, she may, she must—
And daily-life's dull scenes shall not detain her.

The ancient mould is crumbling into dust
The form which once a welcome peace imposed
On Europe's realms, when thirty years of blood
Produced at last this dearly purchased fruit.
Oh! give the poet's fancy leave to bring
That gloomy time once more upon the scene;
Then with more cheerful glance survey the present,
Or scan the distant future, rich in hope.

E'en in the midway of that dreadful contest
The poet sets you. Sixteen years of waste,
Of plunder, and of wretchedness have passed:
In troubled masses still the world ferments,
And not a ray of hope pervades the gloom.

The realm's expanse is but a stage for slaughter ;
Her towns lie wasted, Magdeburgh in ashes ;
And trade, and toil, and industry are prostrate—
The citizen is naught, the soldier all.

Unpunished insolence all moral rule
Defies, and on the desolated soil
Rude hordes of lawless warriors camp together.

Upon the gloomy background of this scene
A bold attempt of an undaunted spirit,
A desperately daring man is painted.
You know him, him the raiser up of hosts,
Crime's worshipped idol, and the scourge of kingdoms—
The Emperor's prop, and object of his fear ;
Fortune's adventurous son, who, borne aloft
Upon the fav'ring influence of the time,
On honour's loftiest summit placed his foot,
And, still unsatisfied, his course pursuing,
A victim to untamed ambition fell.

In history's page his reputation wavers,
As party hate or favour sway the scale ;
Yet shall the poet's skill to sight display—
Yea, bring him nearer to your human hearts.
For Art, which all embraces, all confines,
Subdues extremes, and brings them back to nature :
She looks at man, urged in the whirl of life ;
And, lenient to his errors, she awards
His evil constellations half their blame.

Not he the pageant of our scene to-night.
Yet, 'mid the ranks of those his orders lead,
His spirit and his dimly shadowed form
Will walk in union : till the muse, less timid,
Shall bring the living shape at once before you.
For strength in arms has led his heart astray ;
So shall his camp illustrate his offence.

Then be the poet pardoned if he reach
Not at one hasty stride his action's end,
If to display such great events to sight,
In a long series of successive portraits,
Slowly the storied canvas he unroll.
May what we act to-night subdue the ear
And heart to new and unaccustomed tones ;
It bears you to the time and to the stage
Which with his deeds the hero of the scene
Shall shortly fill.

And if the muse to-night,
Free goddess as she is of dance and song,
Her ancient German right, the magic rhyme,
Discreetly claim—oh ! blame not the request ;
Yea, thank her that to Art's more gladsome realms
She bears away the gloomier form of truth.
'Tis thus illusions of her own creation
Impartial she destroys, nor hides the contrast
Between what seems and is reality—
Gloomy the last, but Art is bright and joyous.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—SUTLER's tents. *In front of them a slop-shop. SOLDIERS of many different uniforms and insignia passing backwards and forwards. Tables all occupied. CROATS and HULANS cooking at a fire. SUTLER's WIFE serving out wine. SOLDIERS' CHILDREN throwing dice on a drum. Singing in the tents.*

PEASANT and his SON.

SON. Father, some ill will sure ensue.
Let us avoid the soldier crew ;
Even if life and limb they spare,
Their insolence is hard to bear.

FATH. What if their bearing be somewhat rough,
To eat us they are hardly rude enough.
See, there have new ones joined their train,
Fresh from the banks of the Saal and Maine.
Booty they bring, things rare and fine ;
Cunning and skilful may make them mine.
A captain whom his comrades stuck
Left me some dice of certain luck ;
And soon on these I'll prove my skill,
If they hold their original virtue still.
We must look wretched as wretched may be ;
They are wasteful and loose and free,
Swallow fair language and see no trick,
Make fast winnings and lose them as quick.
If in bushels our goods they gain,
We by spoonfuls must get them again ;
They set rudely the stroke of sword,
We by cunning must sweep the board.

[Singing and shouting in the tent.]

How they shout ! May God sustain
Us poor peasants, who pay for all.
Eight long months the swarm has lain
In the labourers' bed and stall :
Far and wide in all our plains
Neither feather nor hoof remains ;
We for hunger and sheer distress
Must gnaw our joints in wretchedness.
Not more sad our old estate,
When the Saxon was at our gate.

And the name of the Emperor's men they bear.

SON. See from the kitchen comes out a pair ;
By their looks they have little to serve our need.

FATH. They are of us, of Bohemia's breed.

Carabiniers of Terschka's train
In these quarters long have lain ;
And these are just the worst of all ;
Spread their shoulders and strut so tall,
As if they were far too good to deign
With the peasant a flask to drain.
But to the left apart I see
Round the fire Sharpshooters three—
By their dress they are Tyrolese ;
Emmerick, come, I will have at the-e,

Birds of gay note and gaudy feather
Loving to flock and chatter together.

SCENE II.—*The former.* SERGEANT, TRUMPETER, HULAN.

TRUM. Where will the rascal peasant slink?

PEAS. Good sirs, for something to eat and drink.

We have touched nothing warm since the sun was up.

TRUM. Early and late they must gorge and sup.

HUL. [*with a glass.*] No breakfast—take and drink, thou
hound. [*Takes him to a tent—the others come forward.*]

SERG. [*to the TRUMPETER.*] Think ye, without some secret
ground,

Our pay is doubled?—to the end

That they should give, and we should spend?

TRUM. Yes, the Duchess is coming I know,
And brings her daughter.

SERG. They come for show.

The troops, which out of foreign lands
Round Pilsen here have joined their bands,
With quarters free we must allure,
And by good fellowship secure;
And gold will chink, and wine will flow,
To make them ours and keep them so.

TRUM. I doubt some great event is near.

SERG. The generals do not muster here.

TRUM. The couriers do not hurry through.

SERG. For want of other work to do.

That wig from Vienna, the same I mean
Who with his chain of gold is seen
Within the camp since yesternight,
Means somewhat, if I guess him right.

TRUM. A bloodhound of the Emperor's chase,
The footsteps of the Duke to trace.

SERG. Mark well, they trust us not, and fear
The stern close Friedlander's brow severe.
He has risen too high, and fain
They would tumble him down again.

TRUM. But we upright shall hold him, we—
Were all the rest like you and me.

SERG. Our regiment here, and the four beside
By Terschka led, are sure and tried.
The most determined of all his host,
Pledged to maintain him in his post,
He named our captains, and through the roll
We are his and will be, body and soul.

SCENE III.—*The former.* CROAT, *with a necklace.*
SHARPSHOOTER *follows him.*

SHARP. Where stole you that necklace, Croat, tell?
You cannot use it and ought to sell.

These pistols are worth it—take the pair.

CRO. Not I: I doubt if the terms be fair.

SHARP. Not fair! Throw in then my cap of blue,
A prize which in fortune's wheel I drew:
In goodly condition, not worn or bare.

CRO. [*holds the necklace to the light.*] But mine is of pearls and garnets rare—
See how it sparkles in the sun.

SHARP. [*takes it from him.*] Take my flask beside, and the bargain's done—

'Tis but for the sake of the plaything's glare.

TRUM. What cheating.—Yäger, if I refrain
From talking—remember, we share the gain.

CRO. [*has put on the cap.*] Your cap, Sharpshooter, fits me well.

SHARP. [*winks to the TRUMPETER.*] A fair exchange, as you can tell.

SCENE IV.

ARTILLERY SOLDIER [*to the SERGEANT.*] How fares it,
brother Carabinier?

Must we much longer here be pent
Now that the Swede has struck his tent?

SERG. Are you so soon upon the fret?
The roads are not in order yet.

ARTIL. Not I: we sit in comfort here.
But the last messenger relates
That Ratisbon has oped her gates.

TRUM. Then must we get out reins in hand.

SERG. Forsooth to guard Bavaria's land.
No mighty haste to bring relief
To those who hate and harm our chief.

SCENE V.—*The former.* Two YÄGERS, SUTLER'S WIFE, CHILDREN, SCHOOLMASTER.

TRUM. Whose corps is that?—the two, I mean,
Dizened in silver lace and green.

SERG. Holk's Yägers. There is 'broidery there
Which scarce could be matched at Leipzig's fair.

SUT. WIFE [*brings wine.*] Good morrow, masters.

1ST YÄG. Why, bless me, dame,
'Tis surely the Gustel.

SUT. WIFE. Kind sir, the same;
From Blasewitz village. And, save us all!
Why, 'tis Master Peter—we named The Tall;
Who brought to the regiment one fine night
His father's dollars all fresh and bright,
At Gluckstadt's city.

1ST YÄG. And quitted then,
For a soldier's musket, the office pen.

SUT. WIFE. We were well acquainted in times long past

1ST YÄG. And meet, old lady, in Pilsen at last.

SUT. WIFE. 'Tis the chance of war; we are here to-day
And gone to-morrow—and far away.
This war is a besom; we wander and tramp,
As it sweeps us onward, from camp to camp.
I have made some journeys.

1ST YÄG. So I should say:
You bear the marks.

SUT. WIFE. They brought me as far,
With the baggage-waggon, as Temeswar,
When they hunted fierce old Mansfeld down.

With the Duke to Stralsund, then I strayed
 And lost in the trenches my stock in trade.
 So I followed the succours to Mantua's town ;
 Came back with FERIA: then I went
 With a Spanish corps, on a tour to Ghent ;
 Am come to see how Bohemia looks,
 Pouch some old debts, and make up my books.
 I look to have payment for money lent,
 If the Prince should help me—and there's my tent.

1ST YÄG. And what is become of your old ally—
 The Scotsman who kept your company?

SUT. WIFE. The knave ! one morning off he flew ;
 He and my little savings too.

The scrapegrace yonder—he left me that.

CHILD. Is it my papa you mean?

1ST YÄG. The brat
 Will be wanted one day, when the State needs men,
 And must feed at the Emperor's cost till then.

SCHOOLM. To your lessons—march !

1ST YÄG. How slow it treads ;
 Already the schoolroom's air it dreads.

SUT. MAID. Aunt, they are going.

SUT. WIFE. Well, I hear.

1ST YÄG. Whence does that roguish face appear ?

SUT. WIFE. My sister's child—from Austria's land.

1ST YÄG. Ay, ay, a niece : I understand.

2ND YÄG. [*holding back the girl.*] And why, sweet child, so
 fast away ?

GIRL. There are guests to serve, and I may not stay.
 [*Extricates herself, and exit.*]

1ST YÄG. A choicer bit is seldom seen.

And then the aunt. The time has been,

When for that little mask was spent

The best blood in the regiment.

Well, faces change, and time will run ;

Much we must see beneath the sun.

[*To the TRUMPETER and SERGEANT.*]

Your health, my masters. We sit with you,
 By your permission.

SCENE VI.

SERG. And welcome, too.

How like you our quarters ?

1ST YÄG. We like them well :

These seats are warm. When we followed the Swede,
 On such goodly lodging we seldom fell.

TRUM. Yet you show small signs of hardship or need.

SERG. Ay, ay, no blessings on you of yore
 We heard by Meissen and Sala's shore.

2ND YÄG. And what has Meissen of us to tell ?
 God wot the Croat had gone before,
 And we had his leavings and nothing more.

TRUM. Yet your hose sit well, and it falls with grace
 O'er the collar your ruff with its cobweb lace.
 The soldier's hat, with its plume erect,
 The fine wove linen, all make effect.
 On others for ever such luck may shine ;

Such luck and such trappings were never mine.

SERG. No wonder ; for we are the Friedlander's own,
And claim the respect that is due to his fame.

1ST YAG. Do you think it belonging to you alone ?
We serve the Duke too, and bear his name.

SERG. Yes: you are a part of the general throng.

1ST YAG. And to what by distinction do you belong ?
I think that the uniform draws the line—
I shall gladly abide by this coat of mine.

SERG. I pity your notions, but cannot condemn;
You live with the peasants, and drink with them.
The air, the manner, the tone to gain,
One must be in the Duke's peculiar train.

1ST YAG. Oh yes: in trifles you hit it off;
You can spit like the Friedlander—ape his cough;
But the spirit, the genius, with which to his aid
His Dukedom was won and his fortune made,
Are not to be learnt on the guard's parade.

2ND YAG. Question, and ask us, what men we be—
The Friedlander's huntsmen wild are we.
We shame not the title, for free we go
Over the country of friend or foe;
Over furrow and ridge, through the yellow corn,
They know the yell of Holk's Yager-horn.
In the lapse of an instant near and far,
Swift as the Sin flood, there we are.
As the red fire-flame through the rafters breaks
In the dead of the dark night, when no man wakes:
To fight or to fly they may neither avail;
Drill and discipline both must fail;
In the sinewy arm may the maiden strain—
War has no pity; she struggles in vain.
Now ask, if ye doubt me—ask far and wide;
In Baireuth and Cassel, and elsewhere beside.
Where'er we have marched they remember us well;
Their children's children the tale shall tell—
For the age to come, and for others too,—
Where Holk and his squadrons have once marched through.

SERG. Hear how he talks. Is the soldier found
In the riot and waste which he spreads around?
The sharpness makes him, the dash, the tact,
The cunning to plan, and the spirit to act.

1ST YAG. 'Tis liberty makes him! That I should hear
Such phrases unmeet for a soldier's ear—
That I should have left the rod and the school,
The inky desk and the pedant's rule,
In the tent of the soldier again to find
The galley-slave work which I left behind!
I will swim with the current, and idle stray
For change and for novelty every day;
To the will of the instant give myself o'er,
Look not behind me and look not before:
For this I'm the Emperor's, body and limb;
My cares and my troubles make over to him.
Let him order me straight where the battle is hot,
Through the smoke of the cartridge, the hailstorm of shot,
Or o'er the blue deeps of the hurrying Rhine:

Let the third man be down to the end of the line,
I will march where he will, so that freedom be mine ;
But, as for restraint, I must beg for a truce,
And for everything further I make my excuse.

SERG. In truth, what you ask is no mighty affair ;
'Tis but little, in conscience, you claim for your share.

1ST YÄG. What a toil and a turmoil, in word and in deed,
With that plague of his people—Gustavus the Swede.
His camp was a church and a chapel each tent,
And to sit it at morning and evening we went ;
To psalms and to prayers round the standard we flew,
By the morning reveille and the evening tattoo ;
But if we but ventured an oath or a jest
He would preach from the saddle as well as the best.

SERG. He ruled in religion and godly fear.

1ST YÄG. And as for the girls, they must fly the camp,
Or straight to the altar both parties must tramp.
This last was too much, and I left him here.

SERG. The Swede, on this head, now is less severe.

1ST YÄG. So I rode where the Leaguist had just sat down
And opened his trenches 'gainst Magdeburgh town.
Ay, there was a different game to play—
All was jovial, merry, and gay ;
Dice and women, and plenty of wine—
The stakes were deep, and the sport was fine :
For the fierce old Tilly knew how to command.
Though he governed himself with an iron hand,
He could blink at our faults, and the soldier could claim
The licence denied to his own old frame ;
And if from the chest he had little to give,
He went by the proverb of live and let live.
But Tilly's fortunes might not stand fast,
And he lost his all on the Leipzig cast ;
All crumbled at once, and to pieces fell—
No scheme would answer, no blow would tell ;
Where we came, and where we knocked,
Faces were surly, and doors were locked.
We begged, and we wandered the country round,
For the old respect was not to be found ;
So to mend my fortunes I marched away
To the Saxon's forces, and touched his pay.

SERG. You nicked the moment : no doubt you fell
On Bohemia's plunder.

1ST YÄG. It went not well,
For their cursed discipline held us tight,
And we dared not demean us as foes outright.
We had castles to guard which we longed to burn.
With compliments, speeches, at every turn,
The war was a jest, and we played our part
In such childish sport with but half a heart.
In a wholesale fashion we might not deal,
No honour nor profit to win or steal ;
And to fly from a life which I liked so ill
I had well-nigh returned to the desk and quill,
But the sword still carried it over the pen,
For the Friedlander's levies began just then.

SERG. And how long here may you look to stay?

1ST YÄG. You joke : while the Friedlander holds the sway
For my desertion take you no fear—
Where can the soldier sit better than here?
We have war to deal with in form and soul,
And the cut of greatness throughout the whole,
And the spirit that works in the living form,
Whirls on in its course like the winter storm.
Trooper, like officer, on with the rest.
I too step forward among the best ;
I too on the citizen learn to tread,
As the general steps on the prince's head.
Such customs the good old times recall,
When the blade of the soldier was all in all.
There is one transgression, by word or look
To gainsay the word of the Order-Book.
All that is not forbidden, is free—
No man asks of what creed ye be :
All things to the army belong or not,
I with the former have cast my lot—
I to the standard am pledged alone.

SERG. You please me, Yäger ; in sooth, your tone
Is that of ourselves, of the Friedlander's own.

1ST YÄG. He bears not his staff like some petty sway
Which the Emperor gave and can take away ;
He serves not, he ! for the Emperor's gain—
And how has he propped the Emperor's reign?
And what has he done to protect the land
From the terrible Swede and his Lutheran band?
No : a soldier kingdom he fain would found ;
Light up and fire the world around,
Measure out and conquer his own domain.

TRUM. Hush ! who would venture so bold a strain?

1ST YÄG. I speak what I think, and I speak it plain—
'Twas the general's saying, that words are free.

SERG. He stood, as he uttered it, close to me ;
And added moreover, I call to mind,
"That deeds are dumb and obedience blind."
And these are his spoken words I know.

1ST YÄG. I wot not if these are his words or no,
But however he said it the thing is so.

2ND YÄG. For him the chances are ever the same ;
Not as with others, they turn and veer.
The fierce old Tilly outlived his fame ;
But the Friedlander's banner is charmed to fly
To certain triumph and victory—
He has spellbound fortune to his career.
Those who follow him to fight,
Own the aid of darker might ;
For friends and foes alike will say,
That the Friedlander holds a devil in pay.

SERG. He is proof ; and of that no man can doubt.
I saw him in Lutzen's bloodiest rout.
Where the muskets' cross-fire chiefly swept,
As coolly as on the parade he stepped.
His hat—I saw it—was riddled with shot ;

In his boots and buff coat the lead was hot ;
But the hellish salve was so well rubbed in,
That not a bullet might raze the skin.

1ST YÄG. What ! miracles now ? who credits such stuff ?
He wears a jerkin of elk-skin tough,
Through which no bullet may find its way.

SERG. Once more 'tis the witches' salve, I say,
Cooked up with sigil and sign and spell.

TRUM. Dark doings these with the fiends of hell.

SERG. They say that he reads in planet and star
Things to happen both near and far ;
But others believe—and I know they are right—
That a small grey man at the hour of night
Through the bolted portals is wont to glide,
Has brushed by the sentinels' very side ;
Challenged and scream'd to, has never replied ;
And something of import was ever near
When the little grey man has been known to appear.

2ND YÄG. He is sold to the devil I doubt indeed,
Which causes the jovial life we lead.

SCENE VII.—*The former.* A RECRUIT, CITIZEN, DRAGOON.

REC. Father, and uncle, greet from me—
From kith and from kindred a soldier is free.

1ST YÄG. A fresh one, look ! they bring this way.

CIT. Franz, thou wilt surely rue this day.

RECRUIT [*sings*].

Drum roll and piercing fife,
Sounding afar,
Wake up the world to strife—
Wake it to war :
For our need
Quick arrayed—
Mount the steed,
Gird the blade.
As the wild birds are free
To flit from their spray,
As cheerful are we,
As shifting as they.

The Friedlander's banner for me—Hurrah !

2ND YÄG. Gay comrade this. Oh, grant him grace.

CIT. And loose him. He comes of gentle race.

1ST YÄG. Neither were we, whom here he meets,
Found in the highway or the streets.

CIT. I say he has money and means at will.
His clothes and his linen the truth may declare.

TRUM. The Emperor's cloth is finer still.

CIT. To a decent stock-in-trade the heir.

2ND YÄG. Each to his choice, for his luck lies there.

CIT. A stock from his grandmother conveyed.

2ND YÄG. Out on the lumber-retailing trade.

CIT. The gains by a thrifty godsire made—
A vault with twenty wine casks filled.

TRUM. These with his comrades may be spilled.

CIT. He leaves a young bride to a widow's woe.

1ST YÄG. 'Tis the way an iron heart to show.

CIT. This step is his grandmother's mortal stroke.

2ND YÄG. The sooner the seals of her will are broke.

SERG. [*advances with gravity, and lays his hand on the helmet of the recruit.*] A goodly choice my friend has made,

And must the ancient man renew,

For with the helmet and the blade

He joins him to a worthy crew ;

For him henceforward must ensue

The mind, the spirit of the grand.

1ST YÄG. Loose purse strings and an open hand.

SERG. He stands in very act to ship

The cable now of fortune's ship ;

The world is in his vision's scope—

Who dares not, has not, right to hope.

In the self-same circle of toil and need

The burgher tramps like the dyer's steed :

But the soldier may start from that beaten way,

To endless honour and wealth may stray.

In the Emperor's service I carry with pride,

With this coat and colours, the cane beside ;

From a stock like this in old times it went,

All rule and order and government.

What the Emperor carries himself is known

From a corporal's cane to a sceptre grown.

He, who by merit can once attain

The right to brandish the corporal's cane,

Has his foot on the ladder ; and who may count

The steps which his fortune then shall mount ?

1ST YÄG. Reading and writing understood.

SERG. There is Butler, for instance : 'tis thirty years good

Since as privates together we stood in line,

At Cologne's city upon the Rhine.

He is general now, and my humble state

Is not so little as his is great.

And the Friedlander's self, whose paramount sway

Princes and generals all obey,

Was a petty nobleman once, like those

Over whose heads in his turn he rose ;—

Rose, inasmuch as his trust he gave

To war's wild goddess, who guides the brave.

On war his greatness has founded its throne,

Which, next to the Emperor's, stands alone.

And who can tell where it may be set ?

[*Mysteriously.*] For his star has not stooped in its circle yet.

1ST YÄG. Yes, Altdorf's College—I know it well—

Of his small beginnings some tales could tell.

To win some notice he was not slow,

For he dealt his servant an ugly blow ;

And the Nuremburgh churls were fain to award

The city gaol for his goodly guard.

It was just a newly constructed nest,

And must take its name from its first fair guest.

But his cunning matched them ; he drove before

His favourite dog through the open door—
 And it bears to this hour the poodle's name :
 From this they might guess at his future fame ;
 And of all his mightiest deeds is none
 Which tickles me more than this earliest one.

[*The 2ND YÄGER has begun a flirtation with the girl who has been waiting on the SOLDIERS.*]

DRAG. [*steps between them.*] Comrade, leave her and pass your way.

2ND YÄG. Your business with me, Sir Dragoon, I pray ?

DRAG. This only—that the girl is mine.

2ND YÄG. A maiden, like the sun, should shine
 For all ; and none may share it alone—
 Nothing apart in the camp is known.

DRAG. [*drags her away.*] Again I say it, I will not bear
 That another lay his finger there.

2ND YÄG. He who seeks a quarrel may have it from me.

SERG. Peace, my masters, a kiss is free.

SCENE VIII.

[*Enter a band of MINERS, and play a waltz. The 1ST YÄGER dances with the WAITING GIRL, the RECRUIT with the SUTLER'S WIFE. The girl slips away, the YÄGER after her, and seizes hold of the CAPUCHIN, who enters at this moment.*]

CAPU. Shout and swear, ye devil's crew—
 He is one among ye, and I make two.
 Can these be Christians in faith or works ?
 Are we Anabaptists, Jews, or Turks ?
 Is this a time to feast or play,
 For banquet, dance and holiday ?
 When the quickest are slow, and the earliest late is,
Quid hic otiosi statis ?
 When the furies are loose by the Danube's side,
 And the bulwark is low of Bavaria's pride,
 And Ratisbon in the enemy's claw,
 The soldier still looks to his ravenous maw ;
 For, praying or fighting, he eats and swears,
 Less for the battle than the bottle he cares ;
 Loves better his beak than his blade to wet—
 On the ox, not on Oxenstiern, would set.
 'Tis a time for mourning, for prayer, and tears—
 Sign and wonder in heaven appears ;
 Over the firmament is spread
 War's wide mantle all bloody red,
 And the streaming comet's fiery rod
 Betokens the rightful wrath of God.
 Whence comes all this ?—I now proclaim
 That from your sin proceeds your shame.
 Sin, like the magnet, draws the steel,
 Which in its bowels the land must feel.
 Ruin as close on wrong appears,
 As, on the acrid onion, tears.
 Who learns his letters this may know,
 That violence produces woe,
 As in the alphabet you see

How W comes after V.
 When the altar and pulpit despised we see,
Ubi erit spes victoriae?
Si offenditar Deus. How can we prevail,
 If His house and preachers we assail?
 The woman in the Gospel found
 The farthing dropped upon the ground ;
 Joseph again his brothers knew—
 (Albeit a most unworthy crew) ;
 Saul found his father's asses two :
 Who in the soldier seeks to find
 The Christian's love and humble mind,
 And modesty and just restraint,
 He in the devil seeks a saint ;
 And small reward will crown his hopes,
 Though with a hundred lights he gropes.
 The Gospel tells how the soldiers ran
 In the desert of old to the holy man—
 Did penance, were baptized, and prayed.
Quid faciemus nos? they said ;
Et ait illis—he answers them :
Concutiatis neminem—
 No one vex, or spoil, or kill ;
Nec calumniam—speak no ill ;
Contenti estote—learn not to fret
Stipendiis vestris—at what you get.
 The Scripture forbids us, in language plain,
 To take the holiest name in vain ;
 But here the law might as well be dumb ;
 And if, for the thundering oaths which come
 From the tip of the blasphemous soldier's tongue,
 As for heaven's thunder, the bells were rung,
 The sacristans would soon be dead.
 And if, for each wanton and wicked prayer,
 Were plucked from the blasphemous soldier's head,
 As a gift for Satan, a single hair,
 Each head in the camp would be smooth and bare
 Ere the watch was set and the sun was down,
 Though at morn it were bushy as Absalom's crown.
 A soldier Joshua was like you,
 And David tall Goliath slew ;
 They laid about them as much and more,
 But where do we read that they cursed and swore?
 Yet the lips which we open to curse and swear
 Are not opened wider for creed and prayer ;
 But that with which the cask we fill,
 The same we must draw and the same must spill.
 Thou shalt not steal—so the Scriptures tell,
 And for this I grant that you keep it well,
 For you carry your plunder, and lift your prey,
 With your vulture claws, in the face of day ;
 Gold from the chest your tricks convey :
 The calf in the cow is not safe from you ;
 You take the egg and the hen thereto.
Contenti estote, the preacher has said—
 Be content with your ammunition bread.

But the low and the humble 'twere sin to blame,
From the greatest and highest the evil came ;
The limbs are bad, but the head as well :
No one his faith or his creed can tell.

1ST YÄG. Sir Priest, the soldier I count fair game,
So, please you, keep clear of the general's name.

CAPU. *Ne custodias gregem meum !*
He is an Ahab and Jeroboam ;
God's people to folly he leads astray,
To idols of falsehood he points the way.

TRUM. Let us not hear that twice, I pray.

CAPU. Such a Bramarbas, with iron hand,
Would spoil the high places throughout the land.
We know, though Christian lips are loth
To repeat the words of his godless oath,
How Stalsund's city he vowed to gain,
Though it held to heaven with bolt and chain.

TRUM. Will no man throttle him, once for all ?

CAPU. A wizard, a fiend—invoking Saul—
A Jehu, or he whom Judith slew,
By a woman's hand in his cups who died ;
Like him who his Master and Lord denied,
Who was deaf to the warning cock that crew—
Like him, when the cock crows, he cannot hear.

1ST YÄG. Shaveling liar, thy death is near.

CAPU. A fox-like Herod in wiles and lies.

TRUM. and YÄGS. [*pressing upon him.*] The lie in his slanderous throat : he dies.

CROATS [*interfering.*] They shall not harm thee. Discourse thy fill.
Give us thy sermon, and fear no ill.

CAPU. A Nebuchadnezzar in pride and sin,
Heretic, pagan, his heart within ;
While such a Friedland has command,
The country is ever an unfreed land.

[*During this last speech he has been gradually making his retreat. The CROATS, meanwhile, protecting him from the rest.*]

SCENE IX.

1ST YÄG. [*to the SERGEANT.*] What meant the priest ; I fain
would know,
By the cock which the Duke could not bear to crow ?
I doubt he said it in spite and scorn.

SERG. But not without truth. For the Duke was born
Of strange construction ; and this is clear,
That his highness at least has a ticklish ear,
For mewing cats his sense offend,
And the cock when it crows sets his hair on end.

1ST YÄG. This in the lion is also found.

SERG. Still, as the mouse must be all around,
The sentries must look to it round his tent,
For on weightier matters his mind is bent.

VOICES IN THE TENT. The knave ! the sharper ! beat him !
Slay—

PEAS. Help ! murder ! pity !

OTHERS. Stop the fray !

1ST YÄG. Blows ! they are at it,

2ND YAG. By their leaves
 I must be with them.
 SUT. WIFE [*coming out.*] Knaves and thieves !
 TRUM. Hostess, why all this raging zeal?
 SUT. WIFE. The rogue ! the cutpurse ! born to steal.
 Must choose my tent to bring my name,
 With all the officers, to shame ?
 SERG. What is the case ?
 SUT. WIFE. The case I trow !
 They seized a countryman but now
 Who fain with loaded dice would play.
 TRUM. Him and his boy they drag this way.

SCENE X.

SOLDIERS [*dragging in the* PEASANT.] To the Provost !
 the Provost !
 1ST YAG. The wretch must swing.
 SERG. Evil traffic brings evil dower. [power :
 1ST ARQUEB. [*to the others.*] This comes from desperation's
 The ruined man to whom nothing is left,
 I hold him invited and led to theft.
 TRUM. The devil hold him in his claws ;
 Do you take up the cheating villain's cause ?
 1ST ARQUEB. I deem him a man : of the self-same clay
 As us ourselves.
 1ST YAG. [*to the TRUMPETER.*] Let them pass their way.
 These are of Tiesenbach's corps, and shine
 In the glove and habit-making line ;
 In garrison at Brieg have lain,
 And practised there this canting strain—
 And much of war, as this may show,
 And of its usages, they know.

SCENE XI.—*The former.* CUIRASSIERS.

1ST CUIR. Why so rough with the peasant there ?
 1ST SHARP. The villain has cheated with dice unfair.
 1ST CUIR. Have you been cheated ?
 1ST SHARP. And thoroughly too.
 CUIR. And the Friedlander's soldier forsooth are you ?
 And can so far lower your dignity
 With a slinking peasant your luck to try !
 Shame on ye—start him, and let him run. [PEASANT *escapes.*
 1ST ARQUEB. With him 'tis no sooner said than done ;
 The peasant such resolute friend may bless.
 He is no Bohemian, if right I guess.
 SUT. WIFE. A Walloon—such as all respect and fear ;
 In short a Pappenheim Cuirassier.
 1ST DRAG. Piccolomini leads now their power—
 The young—they choose him in gloomy hour,
 By their own free choice, on the bloody day—
 When Pappenheim perished in Lutzen's fray.
 1ST ARQUEB. Were they so distinguished ?
 1ST DRAG. As all will say—
 The first to charge, the last to give way ;
 Have rules and tribunals and courts of their own,
 And the Friedlander's favour apart and alone.
 1ST CUIR. [*speaking to the SECOND.*] Can the news be certain ?
 Who brought it here ?

2ND CUIR. The colonel himself : the case is clear.

1ST CUIR. We are not their hounds ; but, if this be true,
Little better.

1ST YÄG. *Your words are full of gall.*

2ND YÄG. Does the news regard us, or only you ?

1ST CUIR. Evil tidings for one and all.

[SOLDIERS gather round him.]

They would lead us forsooth to the Netherland force—

Mounted sharpshooters and heavy horse :

Eight thousand, at least, must mount, they say.

SUT. WIFE. What, I and my waggon again to stray !
We arrived from Flanders but yesterday.

2ND CUIR. You men of Butler's own dragoons
Make part.

1ST CUIR. And foremost, we Walloons.

SUT. WIFE. Picked squadrons : best of all the band.

1ST CUIR. The man from Milan takes command.

1ST YÄG. The Infant ! that command is strange.

2ND YÄG. The priest ! the devil is loosed to range.

1ST CUIR. And we must leave the Friedlander's side,
The soldier's hope and the soldier's pride ;

And, to march with the Spaniard, from hence are torn—

The wizard, whom all detest and scorn,

I will leave my ranks ere they march for Spain.

TRUM. The Emperor's order my blood may drain ;

I have sold and would sell it again to him,

But not to a Cardinal's hat's red brim.

2ND YÄG. On the Friedlander's credit and word alone,
The Emperor's service became our own :

And but for his sake, be it understood,

The Emperor never had had our blood.

1ST YÄG. The Friedlander raised us, and 'tis our pride
To follow his fortune and none beside.

SERG. Listen, and learn from what I say—

With talking and speeches we make small way :

Deeper than any I scan the case,

And under it a snare can trace.

1ST YÄG. Silence : he speaks like the order-book.

SERG. Before into the case we look

A cup of Melvecker, good dame ;

And after I have drunk the same

I will expound the point.

SUT. WIFE. [*pouring the wine.*] I vow

I quake at what is coming now.

SERG. Now look, my masters: 'tis not denied

That each for his own may best provide ;

But him the general calls most wise,

Who with a glance the whole descries.

The Friedlander's troops, observe, are we,

And his name through the country leads us free.

The trembling burgher that claim confesses,

And quarters and billets us, cooks our messes ;

Through mire and slough, in the baggage train,

The labouring steer and horse must strain,

And the harassed owner may grumble in vain ;

O'er village and hamlet many a day,

A corporal's guard may hold the sway.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

What follows? The peasant churls detest
 The sight of the trooper's yellow vest,
 And wish in the devil's deepest den
 Both Friedlander's duke and his trusty men.
 And why with their numbers may they not dare
 To sweep the country, and send us there?
 And why can we laugh at the surly crew?
 But because we can count up our numbers too.

1ST YAG. Ay, ay, in numbers resides the spell;
 And the cunning Friedlander knew it well:
 When the Emperor's levies were raised before,
 Some eight years since, or it may be more,
 On some twelve thousand they all agreed—
 Twelve thousand, he answered, I cannot feed;
 But make them sixty, and then rely
 That of hunger not a man shall die:
 And 'tis thus we came under his command,

SERG. To show, that all may understand,
 Here are four fingers of my hand:
 Now strike we off one and no more,
 The least and weakest of the four.
 Is that small finger only maimed?
 No, by my faith, the hand is lamed.
 I call these same eight thousand horse
 The little finger of our force.
 Let them but march—on Pilsen's plains
 A useless stump the rest remains;
 The awe, the fear, the respect are o'er,
 And the peasant lifts up his crest once more;
 The quarter billet and ration then
 Will be doled by the scratch of an office pen:
 Again we are beggars; and if from his side
 Those horse shall be taken, the army's pride,
 The Duke will soon follow his trusty men.
 And who, when the soldier's support and stay
 By sneaking civilians is torn away,
 Will enforce our contracts, or squeeze our pay?
 And who has the influence—who the command—
 The ready wit, and the powerful hand,
 To gather and govern and order aright
 The scattered masses of Austria's might?
 Let yonder trooper, to make this clear,
 Tell us what country has sent him here.

1ST DRAG. From Ireland I.

SERG. [*to the CUIRASSIER.*] And by his tone
 This comrade is for a Lombard known:
 A Walloon the other.

1ST CUIR.

Were hard—from the cradle they stole me away.
 SERG. Your birthplace is hardly near at hand?

1ST ARQUEB. From Buchan.

SERG.

2ND ARQUEB.

2ND YAG. And I, from Weimar, make up the band.

SERG. [*pointing to the TRUMPETER.*] And we from Egra. And
 now we know

And you?

From Switzerland.

How we drifted together, like winter snow,
From all the quarters of all the sky
Into one united company :
Against the foe we have formed one mass,
Molten and welded like iron and brass.
Does not the strength of our common will
Work like the wheels of an ordered mill,
Where each strikes in, and where none may decline
To stand by his comrade's word or sign ?
But who has forged us so fast and tight
That none can divide us or disunite ?
Who but the Duke ?

1ST YAG. I never knew,
Till this hour, together how well we grew.
I followed my pleasure, and thought I went free.

1ST CUIR. All with the Sergeant must agree
They would crush the service, and bring the name
Of soldier to contempt and shame,
That they alone may rule and reign :
The object of the plot is plain.

SUT. WIFE. A plot ? God help us ! nevermore
A living soul will clear his score.

SERG. In truth we are bankrupts—one and all :
Colonels and generals strained and pressed
Whole regiments from their private chest,
And toiled that all might be drilled and dressed,
Looked for a blessing ; and now they find
That money and means are left behind,
Without redress, if the road should fall.

SUT. WIFE. Evil to me the prospect looks—
The entire army are in my books ;
Two hundred dollars I can claim
In Count Isolani's single name.

1ST CUIR. What use in talking ? my words are few ;
There is much to speak—one thing to do :
United, the army may well defy
The council, the court, and the chancery ;
In Bohemia here let it fix its station,
In spite of order and proclamation.
We will not march, and we will not fight—
They stain our honour who take our right.

2ND YAG. Let them try if they will, and it soon shall be found
If they still shall lead us the country round.

1ST ARQUEB. One word, my masters—bethink ye still
'Tis the Emperor's order ; the Sovereign's will.

TRUM. I doubt if the Emperor's flock will sit
To be shorn as close as his grace thinks fit.

1ST ARQUEB. Peace : this is treason.
TRUM.

But treason or not, his words are true. As seems to you ;

1ST YAG. No doubt : it long has been held and known,
In the camp the Friedlander rules alone.

SERG. 'Tis true : the single and absolute might
Are his by condition, and thence by right.
He is the order of war or peace,
To raise the whirlwind or bid it cease ;

His word for pardon or death will hold,
For confiscation of goods or gold ;
To make or unmake us, to sink or lift,
Are his by the Emperor's proper gift.

1ST ARQUEB. We cannot deny that for good or for ill
His means are great to effect his will,
But I hold him the Emperor's servant still.

SERG. But not like us, for the Duke's degree
Is independent, single, and free.
Prince of the empire ; good as they
Who at Cologne or Munich hold the sway.
I well remember at Brandeis he wore
His hat the Emperor's presence before.

1ST ARQUEB. For Mecklenburgh he made that claim,
Pledged to him in the Emperor's name.

1ST YAG. [*to the SERGEANT.*] In the very presence ! it stands
confest

A dignity above the best.

SERG. And if of my word you have doubt, or me,
Your hands may feel, your eyes may see. [*Producing a coin.*]
Whose is the image and motto here ?

SUT. WIFE. The Duke's.

SERG. You have it : the case is clear.
What prince is better in all the land ?
He strikes his money like Ferdinand :
Highness is styled. It follows of course
He can levy and keep a soldier force.

1ST ARQUEB. No one denies him his right to maintain
His own fair force in his own domain ;
But still from my duty I cannot swerve—
'Tis the Emperor pays us, and him we serve.

TRUM. The Emperor pays us ! 'tis he I say,
In flat contradiction, who does not pay ;
Ten months the men who protect his reign
At his empty exchequer have knocked in vain.

1ST ARQUEB. Well, in safe keeping our claims remain.

1ST CUIR. It needs not be settled by strife or blow
Whether the Emperor rules us or no.

'Tis because we are his where his orders lead
To danger, hardship, and active deed,
That we will not be driven, and will not be led
By men in office or cloister bred—
The lawyer's peruke or the monk's shaved head.
Does he not flourish when those whose aid
His realm has guarded, his glory made,
Are thriving with him ? Who makes it heard,
Through Christian Europe, his mighty word ?
Who fences his kingdom, supports his state,
And makes him and keeps him a potentate ?
They may court the yoke, which they love to bear,
Who sit at his board and his bounty share,
And bask in his chambers' golden glare ;
They have the splendour,—and we the pain,
Of the march, the fight, and the long campaign.

2ND YAG. All great tyrants, and Cæsars bold,
Were wiser far in times of old ;

Their selves came first, and the soldiers next—
All others they harassed, and taxed, and vexed.

1ST CUIR. The man whose trade it is to die
Must feel his profession's dignity ;
If not, he had better remain away
From the losing game of the battle fray ;
Or, like the Croat, for paltry hire,
By himself and others despised, expire.

BOTH YÄGS. Yes, life is light against honour weighed.

1ST CUIR. The sword is neither share nor spade—
We were fools to plough with the iron blade.
For us no corn-stalk, or golden grain,
Springs, blooms, or ripens ; on earth's wide plain
We must flit, and look for a home in vain.
The soldier checks not his restless flight,
To gaze on his own hearth's ruddy light ;
The city is thronged, and the streets are gay—
On marches the column, he must not stay ;
In the village meadows he must not share
With the cattle the verdure and freshness there ;
On vintage and harvest, with longing eye,
From far he gazes and wanders by.
What has the soldier to call his own,
If it lie not in self-esteem alone ?

If that be denied him, in wrath he turns
On others, and murders, and robs, and burns.

1ST ARQUEB. God knows it a life of misery.

1ST CUIR. Yet not to another beneath the sky
Would I turn from the soldier's to fly.
Now, mark : through the world I have wandered wide,
Much by experience have proved and tried ;
Have served St. Mark's republican reign,
And the crowns of Naples and kingly Spain ;
Sought fortune far, though I sought in vain,
The church and the law have alike surveyed—
The statesman, the monk, and the sons of trade ;
There is not among them, if choice were free,
Robe, cowl, or doublet would sit on me
Like the iron jerkin which here you see.

1ST ARQUEB. In faith, with that I can hardly agree.

1ST CUIR. Would we follow a chase, we must be content
Through toil and through danger to track the scent :
Who seeks for title, and rank, and state,
Must bow down his neck to their golden weight :
Who seeks to pass through his life possessing
His children's love and his parents' blessing,
In peace and honour some trade may ply ;
Not so minded, in sooth, am I.

Free would I wander and live and die—
No man's spoiler, and no man's heir ;
And with reckless glance, and with spirits gay,
From the back of my charger the world survey.

1ST YÄG. My thoughts and feelings were spoken there

1ST ARQUEB. Doubtless 'tis sport for him who treads,
In his ruthless course, upon others' heads.

1ST CUIR. Comrade, the times are hard—the blade

Is light when in the balance weighed ;

But on my choice be none severe,

If to the blade I still adhere ;

That sword may show mercy to suffering man,

Brook wrong or insult it never can.

1ST ARQUEB. Who, but the soldier, I fain would know,

Is the cause of the labourer's want and woe ?

And the hateful war which for years sixteen

The people's plague and scourge has been.

1ST CUIR. Brother, the power who rules above

All cannot worship with equal love ;

Some for the shade, and some for sunshine cry—

This field wants rain ; its neighbour fain were dry.

The light of my life and its joys are placed

Where you see nothing but want and waste.

Burgher and peasant, alas ! must groan—

Not without pity I hear their moan.

But the case is the same when the charge is blown ;

The wild steed snorts, we are off, and woe

To all in our path, be they friend or foe ;

The son of my body, my brother may lie,

And groan in his trampled agony ;

Yet over his body condemned to ride,

I may neither falter nor turn aside.

1ST YAG. Who stops to mark where the hoof-print treads ?

1ST CUIR. And since for once kind fortune sheds

Her smile and favour on our heads,

With both hands let us hold her fast—

Our day of license will not last ;

The stealthy night draws on when peace

Shall bid our good vocation cease.

The soldier unbridles, the peasant puts to,

Ere we think it, the dismal old time we renew :

But now in the country together we stand,

With the belted broadsword, and the hilt in our hand ;

And if for an instant we cease to unite,

The loaf will be hung out of reach and of sight.

1ST YAG. We will not : let some act be done

By which we all may stand as one.

2ND YAG. A present compact let us make.

1ST ARQUEB. [*drawing out his purse.*] My reckoning, hostess,
tell and take.

SUT. WIFE. Oh ! scarcely worth the pains to tell.

TRUM. You leave us, comrade ! Faith 'tis well

You give our company the slip—

You do not spoil our fellowship.

2ND YAG. Now, let us ponder and digest

What means to thwart their plans are best.

TRUM. Reject the order.

1ST CUIR. I opine

Against all breach of discipline ;

Each to his regiment and his place

Calm and discreetly state the case—

That by all it be seen and understood

That so long a journey might bring no good ;

For my Walloons I now make free

To say each trooper thinks with me.

SERG. The regiments all of Terschka's force
Will join the compact, foot and horse.

2ND CUIR. [*joins the FIRST.*] His comrade's fate the Walloon
will share.

1ST YÄG. The Yäger lives but on freedom's air.

2ND YÄG. Liberty dwells with strength alone—
Wallenstein's fate I make my own.

1ST SHARP. Lorraine will swim where the tide is strong;
With the brave and light-hearted he floats along.

TYR. SHARP. Our feudal lords lead us to war.

DRAG. And Ireland follows fortune's star.

1ST CUIR. Then let each regiment prepare
A Pro Memoria, copied fair,

By Friedland's Duke, that all abide—

That fraud or force shall not divide

The children from the father's side.

This with devotion we commend

To Piccolomini, known our friend—

The younger—versed in such affairs.

Of Friedland's favour much he shares ;

And holds a goodly card to play

E'en with the Emperor, as they say.

2ND YÄG. 'Tis settled : on him the lot shall fall—
Piccolomini speaks for all.

ALL [*departing.*] Piccolomini speaks for all.

SERG. One toast, before we part, I claim.

Luck to Piccolomini's name.

[*Drinks.*]

SUT. WIFE [*brings out a bottle.*] No notch for this: 'tis a gift ;
and you

Good execution on this must do.

CUIRS. The service shall live.

YÄGS. And the state shall give.

DRAG., &c. The army shall flourish.

TRUM. and SERG. And own the sway
Of the Friedlander's truncheon for ever and aye.

2ND CUIR. [*sings.*] Up, comrades, up ! to horse, to horse!
To freedom and the field !

'Tis there that manhood knows its force,

The heart is there revealed ;

'Tis there, on no other, the brave may rely—

He must fight for himself, by himself he must die.

[*SOLDIERS from the background join in and make the chorus.*]

CHORUS. 'Tis there, &c.

DRAG. Fair freedom yields the wide world's reign,

And slaves and masters share it ;

And craft and falsehood forge the chain

For those who choose to wear it ;

But the soldier the term of his sorrow can brave,

And look death in the face. Who shall call him a slave ?

1ST YÄG. The cares of life he flings away,

Its doubt, its fear, its sorrow ;

He beards his fate :—if missed to-day,

Is hit perchance to-morrow.

Are we marked for the morrow ? Time's goblet runs low—

Let us drain the last exquisite drop ere we go.

[*The glasses are filled again, and all drink.*]

SERG. From Heaven his lot derives its birth,
 By no long toil extorted,
 Which still for treasure digs the earth,
 By stones and rubbish thwarted.
 It digs and it shovels, and fashions with pain
 The grave which its maker's own dust shall contain.

1ST YAG. 'Mid festal lamps, a fearful guest
 The trembling bridegroom counts him,
 Who thundering comes where no request,
 The steed and he who mounts him.
 His suit is not settled by parchment or form—
 He wins not by parley, who woos but by storm.

2ND CUIR. Why pales the cheek—why drops the tear?
 Oh! see him part more coolly!
 He has no lasting quarters here—
 How can the brave love truly?
 His fate drives him onward, and how can the mind
 Be left with its loves and affections behind?

1ST YAG. [*joins hands with the two next—the rest do the same,
 and form a half-circle.*] Up, comrades! bridle and away,
 With breasts for battle panting!
 Youth boils, and fresh life flings its spray—
 Up, ere that life be wanting!
 Who would share it must stake it, and none who refuse
 The hazard shall gain it—who stakes it may lose!

THE PICCOLOMINI.

TRANSLATED [in 1800] BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|--|---|
| WALLENSTEIN, Duke of Friedland, <i>Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.</i> | <i>The War Commissioner, VON QUESTEN- BERG, Imperial Envoy.</i> |
| OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, Lieutenant- <i>General.</i> | GENERAL WRANGEL, <i>Swedish Envoy.</i> |
| MAX PICCOLOMINI his Son, Colonel of a <i>Regiment of Cuirassiers.</i> | BATTISTER SENI, <i>Astrologer.</i> |
| COUNT TERTSKY, the Commander of <i>several Regiments, and Brother-in- Law of Wallenstein.</i> | DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, <i>Wife of Wal- lenstein.</i> |
| ILLO, Field-Marshal, Wallenstein's Con- <i>fidant.</i> | THEKLA, her Daughter, <i>Princess of Friedland.</i> |
| ISOLANI, General of the Croats. | THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, <i>Sister of the Duchess.</i> |
| BUTLER, an Irishman, Commander of a <i>Regiment of Dragoons.</i> | A CORNET. |
| TIEFENBACH, | <i>Several COLONELS and GENERALS.</i> |
| DON MARADAS, | PAGES and ATTENDANTS <i>belonging to Wallenstein.</i> |
| GORTZ, | ATTENDANTS and HOBGISTS <i>belonging to Tertsky.</i> |
| KOLATTO, | THE MASTER OF THE CELLAR <i>to Count Tertsky.</i> |
| NEUMANN, Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de- <i>Camp to Tertsky.</i> | VALET DE CHAMBRE <i>of Count Picco- lomini.</i> |

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An old Gothic Chamber in the Council-house at Pilsen, decorated
with colours and other war insignia.*

ILLO, with BUTLER and ISOLANI.

ILLO. Ye have come late—but ye are come! The distance,
Count Isolan, excuses your delay.

ISO. Add this too, we come not empty-handed.

At Donauwert¹ it was reported to us,
A Swedish caravan was on its way
Transporting a rich cargo of provision,
Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats
Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!—
We bring it hither—

ILLO. Just in time to banquet
The illustrious company assembled here.

BUT. 'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

ISO. Ay!

The very churches are all full of soldiers.
And in the Council-house, too, I observe. [*Casts his eye round.*]
You're settled quite at home? Well, well! we soldiers
Must shift and suit us in what way we can.

ILLO. We have the Colonels here of thirty regiments.
You'll find Count Tertsky here, and Tiefenbach,
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,
The Piccolomini, both son and father—
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting

¹ A town about twelve German miles N.E. of Ulm.

From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

BUT. Expect not Galas.

ILLO [*hesitating.*] How so? Do you know—

ISO. [*interrupting him.*] Max Piccolomini here?

O bring me to him.

I see him yet ('tis now ten years ago,
We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Dessau),
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And towards his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finished in him.

ILLO. You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts
The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess
From Kärnthen. We expect them here at noon.

BUT. Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither?
He crowds in visitants from all sides.

ISO. H'm!

So much the better! I had framed my mind
To hear of nought but warlike circumstance,
Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:
And lo! the Duke provides that something too
Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present
To feast our eyes.

ILLO [*who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to Butler, whom he leads a little on one side.*] And how came
you to know

That the Count Galas joins us not?

BUT. Because

He importuned me to remain behind.

ILLO [*with warmth.*] And you? You hold out firmly?

[*Grasping his hand with affection.*] Noble Butler!

BUT. After the obligation which the Duke
Had laid so newly on me—

ILLO. I had forgotten

A pleasant duty—Major-General,
I wish you joy!

ISO. What, you mean, of his regiment?

I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter,
The Duke has given him the very same
In which he first saw service, and since then,
Worked himself, step by step, through each preferment,
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

BUT. I am perplexed and doubtful, whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.

The Emperor has not yet confirmed the appointment.

ISO. Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in that post
Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers.

ILLO. Ay, if we would but so consider it!

If we would all of us consider it so !
The Emperor gives us nothing ; from the Duke

Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.
Iso. [to ILLO.] My noble brother ! did I tell you how

The Duke will satisfy my creditors ?
Will be himself my banker for the future,
Make me once more a creditable man !

And this is now the third time—think of that—
This kingly-minded man has rescued me
From absolute ruin, and re-tored my honour.

ILLO. Oh that his power but kept pace with his wishes !
Why, friend ! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.
But at Vienna, brother !—here's the grievance !—

What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten
His arm, and, where they can, to clip his pinions.
Then these new dainty requisitions ?—these,
Which this same Questenberg brings hither !—

BUT.
These requisitions of the Emperor,—
I too have heard about them ; but I hope
The Duke will not draw back a single inch !

ILLO. Not from his right most surely, unless first—from office !
BUT. [shocked and confused.] Know you aught then ? You
alarm me.

Iso. [at the same time with BUTLER, and in a hurried voice.]
We should be ruined, every one of us !

ILLO.
Yonder I see our worthy friend ! approaching
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.
BUT. [shaking his head significantly.] I fear we shall not go
hence as we came.

SCENE II.—Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI and QUESTENBERG.
OCT. [still in the distance.] Ay, ay ! more still ! Still more new
visitors !

Acknowledge, friend ! that never was a camp
Which held at once so many heads of heroes.
Welcome, Count Isolani ! [Approaching nearer.]

Iso.
Even now am I arrived ; it had been else my duty—
OCT. And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
Whose worth and services I know and honour.

See, see, my friend !
There might we place at once before our eyes
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—
[To QUESTENBERG, presenting BUTLER and ISOLANI
at the same time to him.]

These two the total sum—Strength and Dispatch.
QUES. [to OCTAVIO.] And lo ! betwixt them both experienced
Prudence !

OCT. [presenting QUESTENBERG to BUTLER and ISOLANI.]
The Chamberlain and War Commissioner Questenberg,
The bearer of the Emperor's behests,
1 Spoken with a succr.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

The long-tryed friend and patron of all soldier;
 We honour in this noble visitor. [Universal silence.] 'Tis not the first time,
 ILLO [*moving towards QUESTENBERG.*]

noble Minister,
 You have shown our camp this honour. Once before
 QUES.

I stood before these colours.

ILLO. Perchance, too, you remember where that was.
 It was at Znaim¹ in Moravia, where
 You did present yourself on the part

Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke
 That he would straight assume the chief command.

QUES. To supplicate? Nay, noble General!
 So far extended neither my commission

(At least to mine own knowledge) nor my zeal.
 ILLO. Well, well, then—to compel him, if you choose.

I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
 Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.

Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
 Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
 Onwards into the very heart of Austria.

At that time you and Werdenberg appeared
 Before our General, storming him with prayers,
 And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,
 Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

Iso. [*steps up to them.*] Yes, yes, tis comprehensible enough,
 Wherefore with your commission of to-day
 You were not all too willing to remember
 Your former one.

QUES. Why not, Count Isolan?
 No contradiction sure exists between them.

It was the urgent business of that time
 To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;
 And my commission of to-day instructs me
 To free her from her good friends and protectors.

ILLO. A worthy office! After with our blood
 We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,
 To be swept out of it is all our thanks,
 The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

QUES. Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer
 Only a change of evils, it must be
 Freed from the scourge alike of friend or foe.

ILLO. What? 'twas a favourable year; the Boors
 Can answer fresh demands already.

QUES. Nay,
 If you discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—

Iso. The war maintains the war. Are the Boors ruined,
 The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.

QUES. And is the poorer by even so many subjects.
 Iso. Poh! we are all his subjects.

QUES. Yet with a difference, General! The one fill
 With profitable industry the purse,
 The others are well skilled to empty it.
 The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plough
 Must reinvigorate his resources.

¹ A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

Iso. Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see
Suel
[Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of
 QUESTENBERG.

Good store of gold that still remains uncoined.

QUES. Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to hide
Some little from the fingers of the Croats.

ILLO. There! the Stawata and the Martinitz,
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heartburning of all good Bohemians—
Those minions of Court favour, those Court harpies,
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their house and home—who reap no harvests
Save in the general calamity—
Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
The desolation of their country—these,
Let these, and such as these, support the war,
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

BUT. And those state-parasites, who have their feet
So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they
Snap at it with dog's hunger—they, forsooth,
Would pare the soldier's bread, and cross his reckoning!

ISO. My life long will it anger me to think,
How when I went to Court seven years ago,
To see about new horses for our regiment,
How from one antechamber to another
They dragged me on, and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering
Feast-fattened slaves, as if I had come thither
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,
Whom should they send to me but a Capuchin !
Straight I began to muster up my sins
For absolution—but no such luck for me !
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom
I was to treat concerning the army horses :
And I was forced at last to quit the field,
The business unaccomplished. Afterwards
The Duke procured me in three days, what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

QUES. Yes, yes! your items found their way to us:
Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

ILLO. War is a violent trade : one cannot always
Finish one's work by soft means ; every trifle
Must not be blackened into sacrilege.
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,
With due deliberation had selected
The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I'faith we should wait long.

"Dash! and through with it!"—that's the better watchword.
Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature
To make the best of a bad thing once past.
A bitter and perplexed "what shall I do?"
Is worst to man than worst necessity.

QUES. Ay, doubtless, it is true: the Duke does spare us
The troublesome task of choosing.

BUT. Yes, the Duke
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops ;
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

QUES. His cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.

ISO And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

QUES. [*with a sneer.*] Count, this comparison you make, not I.

BUT. Why, were we all the Court supposes us,
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

QUES. You have taken liberty—it was not given you,
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with curbs.

OCT. [*interposing and addressing QUESTENBERG.*] My noble
friend,

This is no more than a remembrancing
That you are now in camp, and among warriors.
The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.
Could he act daringly, unless he dared
Talk even so? One runs into the other.

The boldness of this worthy officer, [*Pointing to BUTLER.*
Which now has but mistaken in its mark,
Preserved, when nought but boldness could preserve it,
To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,
In a most formidable mutiny
Of the whole garrison. [*Military music at a distance.*
Hah ! here they come !

ILLO. The sentries are saluting them : this signal
Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

OCT. [*to QUESTENBERG*] Then my son Max too has returned.
'Twas he

Fetch'd and attended them from Karnthen hither.

ISO. [*to ILLO*] Shall we not go in company to greet them?

ILLO. Well, let us go.—Ho ! Colonel Butler, come.

[*To OCTAVIO.*

You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.

[*Exeunt all but QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO*

SCENE III.—QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

QUES. [*with signs of aversion and astonishment.*] What have I
not been forced to hear, Octavio !
What sentiments ! what fierce, uncurbed defiance !
And were this spirit universal—

OCT. H'm !
You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the army.

QUES Where must we seek then for a second host
To have the custody of this? That Illo
Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then
This Butler, too—he cannot even conceal
The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

OCT. Quickness of temper—irritated pride ;
'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
I know a spell that will soon dispossess
The evil spirit in him.

QUES. [*walking up and down in evident disquiet.*] Friend, friend !

Oh ! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffered
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There

We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,
Eyes dazzled by the splendour of the throne.

We had not seen the war-chief, the commander,
The man all powerful in his camp. Here, here,
'Tis quite another thing.

Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.

Alas, my friend ! alas, my noble friend !

This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp
Strikes my hopes prostrate.

OCT.

Now you see yourself

Of what a perilous kind the office is,
Which you deliver to me from the Court.

The least suspicion of the General

Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

QUES. Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted
This madman with the sword, and placed such power

In such a hand ? I tell you he'll refuse,

Flatly refuse, to obey the Imperial orders.

Friend, he can do't, and what he can, he will.

And then the impunity of his defiance—

O ! what a proclamation of our weakness !

OCT. D'ye think, too, he has brought his wife and daughter
Without a purpose hither ? Here in camp !

And at the very point of time, in which

We're arming for the war ? That he has taken

These, the last pledges of his loyalty,

Away from out the Emperor's domains—

This is no doubtful token of the nearness

Of some eruption !

QUES.

How shall we hold footing

Beneath this tempest, which collects itself

And threatens us from all quarters ? The enemy

Of the empire on our borders, now already

The master of the Danube, and still farther,

And farther still, extending every hour !

In our interior the alarum-bells

Of insurrection—peasantry in arms—

All orders discontented—and the army,

Just in the moment of our expectation

Of aidance from it—lo ! this very army

Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline.

Loosened and rent asunder from the state

And from their sov'reign, the blind instrument

Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon

Of fearful power, which at his will he wields !

OCT. Nay, nay, friend ! let us not despair too soon,

Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds :

And many a resolute, who now appears

Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden,

Find in his breast a heart he knew not of,

Let but a single honest man speak out

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

The true name of his crime ! Remember, too,
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Galas have maintained
Their little army faithful to its duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by surprise : you know,
I hold him all encompassed by my listeners.
Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—
No step so small, but instantly I hear it.
Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

QUES. 'Tis quite
Incomprehensible, that he detects not
The foe so near !

OCT. Beware, you do not think,
That I by lying arts, and complaisant
Hypocrisy, have skulked into his graces ;
Or with the sustenance of smooth professions
Nourish his all-confiding friendship ! No—
Compelled alike by prudence, and that duty
Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,
To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet
Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits !

QUES. It is the visible ordinance of Heaven.
OCT. I know not what it is that so attracts
And links him both to me and to my son.
Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,
Adventurous deeds performed in company,
And all those many and various incidents
Which store a soldier's memory with affections,
Had bound us long and early to each other—
Yet I can name the day, when all at once
His heart rose on me, and his confidence
Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning
Before the memorable fight at Lützner.
Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
To press him to accept another charger.
At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him,
And had related all my bodings to him,
Long time he stared upon me, like a man
Astounded ; thereon fell upon my neck,
And manifested to me an emotion
That far outstripped the worth of that small service.
Since then his confidence has followed me
With the same pace as mine has fled from him.

QUES. You lead your son into the secret !

OCT.

QUES. What? and not warn him either what bad hands
His lot has placed him in? No !

OCT. I must perforce
Leave him in wardship to his innocence.
His young and open soul—dissimulation
Is foreign to its habits ! Ignorance
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
The unembarrassed sense and light free spirit,
That make the Duke secure.

QUES. [*anxiously.*] My honoured friend! most highly do I
 deem
 Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if—
 Reflect a little—
 OCT. I must venture it.
 Hush!—there he comes!

SCENE IV.—MAX PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI,
 QUESTENBERG.

MAX. Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!
He embraces his father. As he turns round he observes
 QUESTENBERG, and draws back with a cold and re-
 served air.

You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

OCT. How, Max? Look closer at this visitor;
 Attention, Max, an old friend merits. Reverence
 Belongs of right to the envoy of your sov'reign.

MAX. [*drily.*] Von Questenberg!—Welcome, if you bring with
 you

Aught good to our head-quarters.

QUES. [*seizing his hand.*] Nay, draw not
 Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
 Not on mine own account alone I seized it,
 And nothing common will I say therewith.

[*Taking the hands of both.*]

Octavio—Max Piccolomini!

O saviour names, and full of happy omen!
 Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,
 While two such stars, with blessed influences
 Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

MAX. Hey! Noble minister! You miss your part.
 You came not here to act a panegyric.

You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—
 I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

OCT. [*to MAX.*] He comes from Court, where people are not
 quite

So well contented with the Duke as here.

MAX. What now have they contrived to find out in him?
 That he alone determines for himself

What he himself alone doth understand?
 Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't.
 Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
 That can be struck and hammered out to suit
 Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
 To every tune of every minister.

It goes against his nature—he can't do it.

He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
 And his too is the station of command.

And well for us it is so! There exist

Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
 Their intellects intelligently. Then

Well for the whole, if there be found a man,

Who makes himself what nature destined him,

The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—

Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,

Where all may press with joy and confidence.
 Now such a man is Wallenstein ; and if
 Another better suits the Court—no other
 But such a one as he can serve the army.

QUES The army? Doubtless!

OCT. [*aside to QUESTENBERG.*] Hush! suppress it, friend!
 Unless some end were answered by the utterance.
 Of him there you'll make nothing.

MAX.

In their distress

They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
 Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
 More than the ills for which they called him up.
 The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
 Like things of every day. But in the field,
 Ay, there the Present Being makes itself felt.
 The personal must command, the actual eye
 Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
 All that is great in nature, let it be
 Likewise his privilege to move and act
 In all the correspondencies of greatness.
 The oracle within him, that which lives,
 He must invoke and question—not dead books,
 Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

OCT. My son! of those old narrow ordinances
 Let us not hold too lightly; They are weights
 Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
 Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
 For always formidable was the league
 And partnership of free power with free will.
 The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
 Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
 The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
 Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
 Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches.
 My son! the road the human being travels,
 That on which Blessing comes and goes, doth follow
 The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
 Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
 Honouring the holy bounds of property!
 And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

QUES. O hear your father, noble youth! hear him
 Who is at once the hero and the man.

OCT. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!
 A war of fifteen years
 Hath been thy education and thy school
 Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists
 A higher than the warrior's excellence.
 In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
 The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
 Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
 These are not they, my son, that generate
 The Calm, the Blissful, and the enduring Mighty!
 Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
 Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
 The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily,

With arms and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel
 The motley market fills; the roads, the streams
 Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hurries !
 But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
 The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
 Dreary and solitary as a churchyard
 The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
 And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

MAX. O let the Emperor make peace, my father !
 Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
 For the first violet of the leafless spring,
 Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed !

OCT. What ails thee ? What so moves thee all at once ?

MAX. Peace have I ne'er beheld ? I have beheld it.
 From thence am I come hither : O ! that sight,
 It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
 Left in the distance—some delicious landscape !
 My road conducted me through the countries where
 The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—
 My venerable father, life has charms
 Which we had ne'er experienced. We have been
 But voyaging along its barren coasts,
 Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
 That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
 House on the wild sea with wild usages,
 Nor know aught of the mainland but the bays
 Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing.
 Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
 Of fair and exquisite, O ! nothing, nothing,
 Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

OCT. [*attentive with an appearance of uneasiness.*] And so your
 journey has revealed this to you ?

MAX. 'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
 What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
 The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,
 Left me a heart unsouled and solitary,
 A spirit uninformed, unornamented.
 For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless 'larum,
 The neighing war-horse, the ear-shattering trumpet,
 The unvaried, still returning hour of duty ;
 Word of command, and exercise of arms—
 There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
 To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart !
 Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
 This cannot be the sole felicity,
 These cannot be man's best and only pleasures.

OCT. Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

MAX. O ! day thrice lovely ! when at length the soldier
 Returns home into life ; when he becomes
 A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
 The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade
 Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark !
 Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home !
 The caps and helmets are all garlanded
 With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.

O happy man, O fortunate ! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms, with mute embracing.
QUES. [*apparently much affected.*] O ! that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

MAX. [*turning round to him quick and vehement.*] Where lies
the fault but on you in Vienna?
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, ye !—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy ;
Which yet's the only way to peace ; for if
War intermit not during war, how then.
And whence can peace come ? Your own plagues fall on you !
Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.
And here make I this vow, here pledge myself ;
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO, PICCOLOMINI.

QUES. Alas, alas ! and stands it so ?

[*Then in pressing and impatient tones.*
What, friend ! and do we let him go away
In this delusion—let him go away ?
Not call him back immediately, not open
His eyes upon the spot ?

OCT. [*recovering himself out of a deep study.*] He has now
opened mine,
And I see more than pleases me

QUES. What is it ?

OCT. Curse on this journey !

QUES. But why so ? What is it ?

OCT. Come, come along, friend ! I must follow up
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
Are opened now, and I must use them. Come !

[*Draws QUESTENBERG on with him.*
QUES. What now ? Where go you then ?

OCT. To her herself.

QUES. To—

OCT. [*interrupting him and correcting himself.*] To the Duke.
Come, let us go. 'Tis done, 'tis done,
I see the net that is thrown over him.
O! he returns not to me as he went.

QUES. Nay, but explain yourself.

OCT. And that I should not
Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore
Did I keep it from him? You were in the right.
I should have warned him! Now it is too late.

QUES. But what's too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

OCT. [*more collected.*] Come!—to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon
the hour
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!

[*He leads QUESTENBERG off.*]

SCENE VI.—*Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the DUKE OF FRIEDLAND. SERVANTS employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters SENI, like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.*

1ST SER. Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, "Stand to your arms!" They will be there in a minute.

2ND SER. Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no instructions—

3RD SER. Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet?—there one can look about one.

1ST SER. Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

2ND SER. Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a hum. A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

SENI. [*with gravity.*] My son, there's nothing insignificant.

Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

1ST SER. [*to the SECOND.*] Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself must let him have his own will.

SENI. [*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats.*] Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.

Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seven,
The holy numbers include themselves in twelve.

2ND SER. And what may you have to object against eleven? I should like to know that now.

SENI. Eleven is—transgression; eleven oversteps
The Ten Commandments.

2ND SER. That's good! and why do you call five a holy number?

SENI. Five is the soul of man: for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so
The five is the first number that's made up
Of even and odd.

2ND SER. The foolish old coxcomb!

1ST SER. Eh! let him alone though. I like to hear him; there is more in his words than can be seen at first sight.

3RD SER. Off, they come.

2ND SER. There ! Out at the side-door.

[They hurry off. SENI follows slowly. A PAGE brings the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it on the table near the DUKE's chair. They are announced from without, and the wings of the door fly open.]

SCENE VII.—WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

WAL. You went then through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary?

DUCH. Yes, and to the Empress too,
And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.

WAL. And how was it received,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter time?

DUCH. I did even that
Which you commissioned me to do. I told them,
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,
And wished, ere yet you went into the field,
To show the elected husband his betrothed.

WAL. And did they guess the choice which I had made?

DUCH. They only hoped and wished it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

WAL. And you—what do you wish, Elizabeth?

DUCH. Your will, you know, was always mine.

WAL. *[after a pause.]* Well then,
And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the Court?

[The DUCHESS casts her eyes on the ground and remains silent.]

Hide nothing from me. How were you received?

DUCH. O ! my dear lord, all is not what it was.
A cankerworm, my lord, a cankerworm
Has stolen into the bud.

WAL. Ay ! is it so ?
What, they were lax ? they failed of the old respect ?

DUCH. Not of respect. No honours were omitted,
No outward courtesy ; but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only these honours and that solemn courtesy.
Ah ! and the tenderness which was put on,
It was the guise of pity, not of favour.
No ! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so—
Not wholly so should she have been received.

WAL. Yes, yes ; they have ta'en offence. My latest conduct,
They railed at it, no doubt.

DUCH. O that they had !
I have been long accustomed to defend you,
To heal and pacify distempered spirits.
No ; no one railed at you. They wrapped them up,
O Heaven ! in such oppressive, solemn silence !
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over ;

Something most luckless, most unhealable,
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me—

WAL. Now she omitted it?

DUCH. [*wiping away her tears after a pause.*] She did embrace
me,

But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had closed upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And pressed me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than tenderness.

WAL. [*seizes her hand soothingly.*] Nay, now collect yourself;
And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there?

DUCH. [*shaking her head.*] I saw none.

WAL. Th' Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me?—

DUCH. Silent, silent!

WAL. These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

DUCH. And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that
Which moved about the Court in buzz and whisper,
But in the country let itself be heard
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In sundry hints and—

WAL. [*eagerly.*] Lamormain! what said he?

DUCH. That you're accused of having daringly
O'erstepped the powers entrusted to you, charged
With traitorous contempt of th' Emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—
That there's a storm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirled you headlong down at Regensburg.
And people talk, said he, of—Ah!— [*Stifling extreme emotion.*]

WAL. Proceed!

DUCH. I cannot utter it!

WAL. Proceed!

DUCH. They talk—

WAL. Well!

DUCH. Of a second— [*Catches her voice and hesitates.*]

WAL. Second—

DUCH. More disgraceful—

Dismission.

WAL. Talk they?

[*Strides across the room in vehement agitation.*]

O! they force, they thrust me
With violence, against my own will, onward!

DUCH. [*presses near to him, in entreaty.*] O! if there yet be
time, my husband! if

By giving way and by submission, this
Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart,
It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor

Before whom you retreat. O ! let no longer
 Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning
 With abhorred venomous glosses. Stand you up
 Shielded and helmed and weaponed with the truth,
 And drive before you into uttermost shame
 These slanderous liars ! Few firm friends have we—
 You know it !—the swift growth of our good fortune
 It hath but set us up, a mark for hatred.
 What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour
 Stand not before us ?

SCENE VIII.—*Enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY, leading in her hand the PRINCESS THEKLA, richly adorned with brilliants. COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.*

COUN. How, sister ? What already upon business,
[Observing the countenance of the DUCHESS.]
 And business of no pleasing kind I see,
 Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first
 Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland ! father !
 This is thy daughter.

[THEKLA approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He receives her in his arms, and remains standing for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.]

WAL. Yes ! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me :
 I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

DUCH. 'Twas but a little child when you departed
 To raise up that great army for the Emperor :
 And after, at the close of the campaign,
 When you returned home out of Pomerania,
 Your daughter was already in the convent,
 Wherein she has remained till now.

WAL. The while
 We in the field here gave our cares and toils
 To make her great, and fight her a free way
 To the loftiest earthly good ; lo ! mother Nature
 Within the peaceful silent convent walls
 Has done her part, and out of her free grace
 Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
 The godlike ; and now leads her thus adorned
 To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

DUCH. *[to THEKLA.]* Thou wouldst not have recognized thy
 father,
 Wouldst thou, my child ? She counted scarce eight years,
 When last she saw your face.

THEK. O yes, yes, mother !
 At the first glance ! My father is not altered.
 The form that stands before me, falsifies
 No feature of the image that hath lived
 So long within me !

WAL. The voice of my child ! *[Then after a pause.]*
 I was indignant at my destiny
 That it denied me a man-child, to be
 Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
 And re-illumine my soon extinguished being,

In a proud line of princes.
I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head
So lovely in its maiden bloom will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it
Transmitted to a regal ornament,
Arcund these beauteous brows.

[He clasps her in his arms, as PICCOLOMINI enters.]

SCENE IX.—*Enter MAX PICCOLOMINI, and some time after COUNT TERTSKY, the others remaining as before.*

COUN. There comes the Paladin who protected us.

WAL. Max! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning star of my best joys!

MAX. My General—

WAL. 'Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

MAX. My prince!
You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equerry
A splendid richly furnished hunting stud,
So to remunerate me for my troubles—
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
It must be, a mere office, not a favour
Which I leaped forward to receive, and which
I came already with full heart to thank you for.
No! 'twas not so intended, that my business
Should be my highest best good fortune!

[TERTSKY enters, and delivers letters to the DUKE, which he breaks open hurriedly.]

COUN. *[to MAX.]* Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—my brother it beseems
To show himself for ever great and princely.

THEK. Then I too must have scruples of his love:
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

MAX. Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving,
And making happy.

[He grasps the hand of the DUCHESS with still increasing warmth.]

How my heart pours out
Its all of thanks to him: O! how I seem
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.
While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name: in it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope.
Inextricably as in some magic ring
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

COUN. [*who during this time has been anxiously watching the DUKE, and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters.*] My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

WAL. [*turns himself round quick, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the DUCHESS.*] Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,

Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max,
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[MAX PICCOLOMINI offers the DUCHESS his arm, the COUNTESS accompanies the PRINCESS.]

TER. [*calling after him.*] Max, we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

SCENE X.—WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

WAL. [*in deep thought to himself.*] She hath seen all things as they are—it is so,

And squares completely with my other notices.
They have determined finally in Vienna,
Have given me my successor already ;
It is the King of Hungary, Ferdinand,
The Emperor's delicate son ! he's now their saviour,
He's the new star that's rising now ! Of us
They think themselves already fairly rid,
And as we were deceased, the heir already
Is entering on possession: therefore—dispatch !

[*As he turns round he observes TERTSKY, and gives him a letter.*]

Count Altringer will have himself excused,
And Galas too—I like not this !

TER. And it
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
One following the other.

WAL. Altringer
Is master of the Tyrole passes. I must forthwith
Send some one to him, that he let not in
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.
Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader
In contraband negotiations, he
Has shown himself again of late. What brings he
From the Count Thur ?

TER. The Count communicates,
He has found out the Swedish chancellor
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,
Who says you've tired him out, and that he'll have
No further dealings with you.

WAL. And why so ?

TER. He says you are never in earnest in your speeches,
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them,
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.

WAL. So then, doubtless,
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last,

On our own soil and native territory,
May be no longer our own lords and masters !
An excellent scheme ! No, no ! They must be off,
Off, off ! away ! we want no such neighbours.

TER. Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—
It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game, what matters it to you who pays it ?

WAL. Off with them, off ! Thou understand'st not this.
Never shall it be said of me, I parcelled
My native land away, dismembered Germany,
Betrayed it to a foreigner, in order
To come with stealthy tread, and filch away
My own share of the plunder. Never ! never !
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,
And least of all, these Goths, these hunger-wolves,
Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances
T'wards the rich blessings of our German lands !
I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
But not a single fish of all the draught
Shall they come in for.

TER. You will deal, however,
More fairly with the Saxons ? They lose patience
While you shift ground and make so many curves.
Say, to what purpose all these masks ? Your friends
Are plunged in doubts, baffled and led astray in you.
There's Oxenstein, there's Arnheim—neither knows
What he should think of your procrastinations.
And in the end I prove the liar ; all
Passes through me. I have not even your handwriting.

WAL. I never give my handwriting ; thou knowest it.

TER. But how can it be known that you're in earnest,
If the act follows not upon the word ?
You must yourself acknowledge, that in all
Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy
You might have done with safety all you have done,
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
For the Emperor's service.

WAL. *[after a pause, during which he looks narrowly on*
TERTSKY.] And from whence dost thou know
That I'm not gulling him for the Emperor's service ?
Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you ?
Dost thou know me so well ! When made I thee
The intendant of my secret purposes ?
I am not conscious that I ever opened
My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is true,
Hath dealt with me amiss ; and if I would,
I could repay him with usurious interest
For the evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my power ; but whether I shall use it,
Of that, I should have thought that thou couldst speak
No wiser than thy fellows.

TER. So hast thou always played thy game with us.

[Enter ILLO.]

SCENE XI.—ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WAL. How stand affairs without ? Are they prepared ?

ILLO. You'll find them in the very mood you wish.
They know about the Emperor's requisitions,
And are tumultuous.

WAL. How hath Isolan
Declared himself?

ILLO. He's yours, both soul and body,
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

WAL. And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

ILLO. What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

WAL. You mean then I may venture somewhat with them?

ILLO. If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

WAL. Not more assured of mine own self.

TER. And yet
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!

WAL. Thou teachest me to know my man?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior.
Besides, I have his horoscope,
We both are born beneath like stars—in short

[With an air of mystery.]

To this belongs its own particular aspect,
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest—

ILLO. There is among them all but this one voice,
You must not lay down the command. I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you.

WAL. If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,
They too must bind themselves to me.

ILLO. Of course.

WAL. Their words of honour they must give, their oaths,
Give them in writing to me, promising
Devotion to my service unconditional.

ILLO. Why not?

TER. Devotion unconditional?
The exception of their duties towards Austria
They'll always place among the premises.
With this reserve—

WAL. *[shaking his head.]* All unconditional!
No premises, no reserve.

ILLO. A thought has struck me.
Does not Count Tertsy give us a set banquet
This evening?

TER. Yes; and all the Generals
Have been invited.

ILLO *[to WALLENSTEIN.]* Say, will you here fully
Commission me to use my own discretion?
I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honour,
Even as you wish.

WAL. Gain me their signatures!
How you come by them, that is your concern.

ILLO. And if I bring it to you, black on white,
That all the leaders who are present here
Give themselves up to you, without condition;
Say, will you then—then will you show yourself
In earnest, and with some decisive action
Make trial of your luck?

WAL. The signatures!
Gain me the signatures.

ILLO. Seize, seize the hour
Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.
To make a great decision possible,
O! many things, all transient and all rapid,
Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met
May by that confluence be enforced to pause
Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,
Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!
This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
Our best, our noblest, are assembled around you,
Their kinglike leader! On your nod they wait,
The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune
Hath woven together in one potent web
Instinct with destiny, O let them not
Unravel of themselves. If you permit
These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
Bring you them not a second time together.
'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
And every individual's spirit waxes
In the great stream of multitudes. Behold
They are still here, here still! But soon the war
Bursts them once more asunder, and in small
Particular anxieties and interests
Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy
Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day
Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,
Will become sober, seeing but himself,
Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
Will face about, and march on in the old
High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,
And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

WAL. The time is not yet come.

TER. So you say always.
But when will it be time?

WAL. When I shall say it.

ILLO. You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your *Venus*! and the sole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you is *doubt*.

WAL. Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft
And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
Mole-eyed, thou mayst but burrow in the earth,
Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan,
Lead-coloured shine lighted thee into life.
The common, the terrestrial, thou mayst see,
With serviceable cunning knit together
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,

And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

[He walks across the chamber, then returns, and, standing still, proceeds.]

The heavenly constellations make not merely
The day and night, summer and spring, not merely
Signify to the husbandman the seasons
Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
That is the seed too of contingencies,
Strewed on the dark land of futurity,
In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.
Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,
To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
What I shall do—only, give way I will not.
Depose me too they shall not. On these points
You may rely.

PAGE *[entering.]* My Lords, the Generals.

WAL. Let them come in

SCENE XII.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO. *To them enter QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO, and MAX PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, and three other Generals. WALLENSTEIN motions QUESTENBERG, who in consequence takes the chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank. There reigns a momentary silence.*

WAL. I have understood, 'tis true, the sum and import
Of your instructions, Questenberg; have weighed them,
And formed my final, absolute resolve;
Yet it seems fitting, that the Generals
Should hear the will of the Emperor from your mouth.
May't please you then to open your commission
Before these noble chieftains.

QUES. I am ready
To obey you; but will first entreat your Highness,
And all these noble chieftains, to consider,
The imperial dignity and sovereign right
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

WAL. We excuse all preface.

QUES. When his Majesty
The Emperor to his courageous armies
Pre-ented in the person of Duke Frickland
A most experienced and renowned commander,
He did it in glad hope and confidence
To give thereby to the fortune of the war

A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
 Was favourable to his royal wishes.
 Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons,
 The Swede's career of conquest checked ! These lands
 Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
 From all the streams of Germany forced hither
 The scattered armies of the enemy,
 Hither invoked as round one magic circle
 'The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstirn,
 Yea, and that never-conquered King himself ;
 Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
 The fearful game of battle to decide.

WAL. May't please you to the point.

QUES. In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
 His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who
 Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland
 After this day of triumph, this proud day,
 Marched toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,
 And vanished from the theatre of war ;
 While the young Weimar hero forced his way
 Into Franconia, to the Danube, like
 Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
 Makes its own channel ; with such sudden speed
 He marched, and now at once 'fore Regenspurg
 Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.
 Then did Bavaria's well deserving Prince
 Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need ;
 The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Friedland,
 Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty :
 He superadds his own, and supplicates
 Where as the sovereign lord he can command,
 In vain his supplication ! At this moment
 The Duke hears only his 'old hate and grudge,
 Barter the general good to gratify
 Private revenge—and so falls Regenspurg.

WAL. Max, to what period of the war alludes he ?
 My recollection fails me here.

MAX. He means
 When we were in Silesia.

WAL. Ay ! Is it so !
 But what had we to do there ?

MAX. To beat out
 The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

WAL. True,
 In that description which the Minister gave
 I seemed to have forgotten the whole war. [To QUESTENBERG]
 Well, but proceed a little.

QUES. Yes ! at length
 Beside the river Oder did the Duke
 Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
 Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
 Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
 The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger
 Delivered that long-practised stirrer-up
 Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
 And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

But he had fallen into magnanimous hands ;
 Instead of punishment he found reward,
 And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
 The arch-foe of his Emperor.

WAL. [*laughs.*] I know,
 I know you had already in Vienna
 Your windows and balconies all forestalled
 To see him on the executioner's cart.
 I might have lost the battle, lost it too
 With infamy, and still retained your graces—
 But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
 Oh ! that the good folks of Vienna never,
 No, never can forgive me.

QUES. So Silesia
 Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke
 Into Bavaria, now pressed hard on all sides.
 And he did put his troops in motion ; slowly,
 Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
 He traverses Bohemia ; but ere ever
 He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
 Breaks up the march, and takes to winter quarters.

WAL. The troops were pitiably destitute
 Of every necessary, every comfort.
 The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
 His troops are made of ? Arn't we men ? subjected
 Like other men to wet and cold, and all
 The circumstances of necessity ?
 O miserable lot of the poor soldier !
 Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
 And when he goes away, the general curse
 Follows him on his route. All must be seized,
 Nothing is given him. And compelled to seize
 From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
 Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa !
 Count Deodate ! Butler ! Tell this man
 How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.

BUT. Already a full year.
 WAL. And 'tis the hire
 That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,
 The soldier's pay is the soldier's covenant.¹
 QUES. Ah ! this is a far other tone from that,
 In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.
 WAL. Yes ! 'tis my fault, I know it : I myself
 Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.
 Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
 I raised him up a force, a mighty force,
 Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
 Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony
 The fury goddess of the war marched on,

¹ The original is not translatable into English ;

—Und sein *sold*
 Mus dem *soldaten* warden, darnach heisst er.
 It might perhaps have been thus rendered :
 " And that for which he sold his services,
 The soldier must receive."
 But a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
 The terrors of his name. That was a time !
 In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine
 Honoured with festival and celebration—
 And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title
 Of the third jewel in his crown !
 But at the Diet, when the Princes met
 At Regensburg, there, there the whole broke out,
 There 'twas laid open, there it was made known,
 Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.
 And what was now my thanks, what had I now,
 That I, a faithful servant of the sovereign,
 Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
 And let the Princes of the empire pay
 The expenses of this war, that aggrandizes
 The Emperor alone—what thanks had I !
 What ? I was offered up to their complaints,
 Dismissed, degraded !

QUES. But your Highness knows
 What little freedom he possessed of action
 In that disastrous Diet.

WAL. Death and hell !
 I had that which could have procured him freedom.
 No ! Since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me
 To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,
 I have been taught far other trains of thinking
 Of the empire, and the Diet of the empire.
 From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,
 But now I hold it as the empire's General—
 For the common weal, the universal int'rest,
 And no more for that one man's aggrandisement !
 But to the point. What is it that's desired of me ?

QUES. First, his Imperial Majesty hath willed
 That without pretexts of delay the army
 Evacuate Bohemia.

WAL. In this season ?
 And to what quarter, wills the Emperor
 That we direct our course ?

QUES. To the enemy.
 His Majesty resolves that Regensburg
 Be purified from the enemy, ere Easter,
 That Luth'ranism may be no longer preached
 In that cathedral, nor heretical
 Defilement desecrate the celebration
 Of that pure festival.

WAL. My Generals,
 Can this be realized ?

ILLO. 'Tis not possible.
 BUT. It can't be realized.

QUES. The Emperor
 Already hath commanded Colonel Suys
 To advance toward Bavaria !

WAL. What did Suys ?

QUES. That which his duty prompted. He advanced !

WAL. What ? he advanced ! And I, his General,
 Had given him orders, peremptory orders,

Not to desert his station ! Stands it thus
 With my authority ? Is this th' obedience
 Due to my office, which being thrown aside
 No war can be conducted ? Chieftains, speak !
 You be the judges, Generals ! What deserves
 That officer, who of his oath neglectful
 Is guilty of contempt of orders ?

ILLO [*raising his voice, as all but ILLO had remained silent,
 and seemingly scrupulous.*] Death.

WAL. Count Piccolomini ! what has he deserved ?

MAX PIC. [*after a long pause.*] According to the letter of the
 law,

Death.

Iso. Death.

BUT. Death, by the laws of war.

[QUESTENBERG rises from his seat, WALLENSTEIN
 follows ; all the rest rise.

WAL. To this the law condemns him, and not I.
 And if I show him favour, 'twill arise
 From the rev'rence that I owe my Emperor.

QUES. If so, I can say nothing further—here !

WAL. I accepted the command but on conditions !
 And thus the first, that to the diminution
 Of my authority no human being,
 Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled
 To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.
 If I stand warrantor of the event,
 Placing my honour and my head in pledge,
 Needs must I have full mastery in all
 The means thereto. What rendered this Gustavus
 Resistless, and unconquered upon earth ?
 This—that he was the monarch in his army !
 A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
 Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
 But to the point ! The best is yet to come.
 Attend now, Generals !

QUES. The Prince Cardinal
 Begins his route at the approach of spring
 From the Milanese ; and leads a Spanish army
 Through Germany into the Netherlands.
 That he may march secure and unimpeded,
 'Tis th' Emperor's will you grant him a detachment
 Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.

WAL. Yes, yes ! I understand ! Eight regiments ! Well,
 Right well concerted, Father Lamermain !
 Eight thousand horse ! Yes, yes ! 'Tis as it should be !
 I see it coming.

QUES. There is nothing coming.
 All stands in front : the counsel of state prudence,
 The dictate of necessity !—

WAL. What then ?
 What my Lord Envoy ? May I not be suffered
 To understand, that folks are tired of seeing
 The sword's hilt in my grasp : and that your Court
 Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use
 The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,

To lead into the empire a new army
 Unsubjected to my control. To throw me
 Plumply aside—I am still too powerful for you
 To venture that. My stipulation runs,
 That all the Imperial forces shall obey me
 Where'er the German is the native language.
 Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals
 That take their route, as visitors, through the empire,
 There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
 No syllable! And so the politic Court
 Steals in a tip-toe, and creeps round behind it;
 First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,
 Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow
 And make short work with me.
 What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy!
 Straightforward, man! His compact with me pinches
 The Emperor. He would that I moved off!—
 Well!—I will gratify him!

*[Here there commences an agitation among the GENERALS,
 which increases continually.]*

It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes!
 I see not yet, by what means they will come at
 The monies they have advanced, or how obtain
 The recompense their services demand.
 Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
 And prior merit superannuates quickly.
 There serve here many foreigners in th' army,
 And were the man in all else brave and gallant,
 I was not wont to make nice scrutiny
 After his pedigree or catechism.
 This will be otherwise, i' the time to come.
 Well—me no longer it concerns. *[He seats himself.]*

MAX PIC. Forbid it, Heaven, that it should come to this!
 Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—
 The Emperor is abused—it cannot be.

ISO. It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

WAL. Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!
 What we with toil and foresight have built up,
 Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.
 What then? another chieftain is soon found,
 Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)
 Will flock from all sides to the Emperor
 At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

*[During this speech, ISOLANI, TERTSKY, ILLO, and
 MARADAS talk confusedly with great agitation.]*

MAX PIC. *[busily and passionately going from one to another,
 and soothing them]* Hear my commander! Hear me,
 Generals!

Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing,
 Till we have met and represented to you
 Our joint remonstrances. Nay, calmer! Friends!
 I hope all may be yet set right again.

TER. Away! let us away! in th' antechamber
 Find we the others.

[They go.]

BUT. *[to QUESTENBERG.]* If good counsel gain
 Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy,

You will be cautious how you show yourself
In public for some hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from maltreatment.

[Commotions heard from without.]

WAL. A salutary counsel. Thou, Octavio!

Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.

Farewell, Von Questenberg! *[QUESTENBERG is about to speak.]*

Nay, not a word,

Not one word more of that detested subject!

You have performed your duty—we know how

To separate the office from the man.

[As QUESTENBERG is going off with OCTAVIO, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, KOLATTO press in; several other GENERALS following them.]

GOETZ. Where's he who means to rob us of our General?

TIEF. *[at the same time.]* What are we forced to hear? That thou wilt leave us?

KOL. *[at the same time.]* We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

WAL. *[pointing to ILLO.]* There! the Field-Marshal knows our will. *[Exit.]*

[While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A small Chamber.*

ILLO and TERTSKY.

TER. Now for this evening's business! How intend you To manage with the Generals at the banquet?

ILLO. Attend! We frame a formal declaration Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves Collectively, to be and to remain His both with life and limb, and not to spare The last drop of our blood for him, provided So doing we infringe no oath nor duty We may be under to the Emp'ror. Mark! This reservation we expressly make In a particular clause, and save the conscience. Now hear! This formula so framed and worded Will be presented to them for perusal Before the banquet. No one will find in it Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further! After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let A counterfeited paper, in the which This one particular clause has been left out, Go round for signatures.

TER. How? think you then That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath, Which we had tricked them into by a juggle?

ILLO. We shall have caught and caged them! Let them then Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave Loud as they may against our treachery, At Court their signatures will be believed Far more than their most holy affirmations. Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely Will make a virtue of necessity.

TER. Well, well, it shall content me ; let but something
Be done, let only some decisive blow
Set us in motion.

ILLO. Besides 'tis of subordinate importance
How, or how far, we may thereby propel
The Generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
The Duke that they are his : let him but act
In his determined mood, as if he had them,
And he will have them. Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

TER. His policy is such a labyrinth,
That many a time when I have thought myself
Close at his side, he's gone at once and left me
Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
To write to them, to Arnheim ; to Sesina
Himself comes forward blank and undisguised ;
Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
And when I think I have him—off at once—
He has slipped from me, and appears as if
He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

ILLO. He give up his old plans ! I'll tell you, friend !
His soul is occupied with nothing else,
Even in his sleep. They are his thoughts, his dreams,
That day by day he questions for this purpose
The motions of the planets—

TER. Ay ! you know
This night, that is now coming, he with Seni
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
To make joint observations—for I hear,
It is to be a night of weight and crisis ;
And something great, and of long expectation,
Is to make its procession in the heaven.

ILLO. Come ! be we bold and make dispatch. The work
In this next day or two must thrive and grow
More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below—
Mark what I say—the right stars too will show themselves.
Come, to the Generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

TER. Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay
And wait here for the Countess Tertsky. Know,
That we too are not idle. Break one string,
A second is in readiness.

ILLO. Yes ! yes !
I saw your lady smile with such sly meaning.
What's in the wind ?

TER. A secret. Hush ! she comes.

[Exit ILLO.]

SCENE II.—*The COUNTESS steps out from a closet.* COUNT and
COUNTESS TERTSKY.

TER. Well—is she coming ? I can keep him back
No longer.

COUN. She will be there instantly.
You only send him.

TER. I am not quite certain,
I must confess it, Countess, whether or not
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You know,
No ray has broken from him on this point.
You have o'erruled me, and yourself know best
How far you dare proceed.

COUN. I take it on me.
[Talking to herself, while she is advancing.]
Here's no need of full powers and commissions—
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first he, and no other, should be chosen
To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom,¹ whom no one knows—no! no!—
This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother!
But it besseems thee not, to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet! It all remains
Mutely delivered up to my finessing—
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke Friedland,
In her who is thy sister.

SERVANT *[enters.]* The commander!

TER. *[to the COUNTESS.]* Take care you heat his fancy and
affections—
Possess him with a reverie, and send him,
Absent and dreaming, to the banquet; that
He may not boggle at the signature.

COUN. Take you care of your guests! Go, send him hither.

TER. All rests upon his undersigning.

COUN. *[interrupting him.]* Go to your guests! Go—

ILLO *[comes back.]* Where art staying, Tertsy?
The house is full, and all expecting you.

TER. Instantly! Instantly! *[To the COUNTESS.]* And let him not
Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion
In the old man—

COUN. A truce with your precautions!
[Exeunt TERTSKY and ILLO.]

SCENE III.—COUNTESS, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. *[peeping in on the stage, slyly.]* Aunt Tertsy! may I
venture?

*[Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him
with uneasiness.]*

She's not here!

Where is she?

COUN. Look but somewhat narrowly
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie
Concealed behind that screen.

MAX. There lie her gloves!

[Snatches at them, but the COUNTESS takes them herself.]
You unkind lady! You refuse me this—
You make it an amusement to torment me.

¹ In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

THE PICCOLOMINI.

481

COUN. And this the thanks you give me for my trouble?

MAX. O, if you felt the oppression at my heart! Since we've been here, so to constrain myself— With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances— These, these are not my habits!

COUN. Many new habits to acquire, young friend! But on this proof of your obedient temper I must continue to insist; and only On this condition can I play the agent For your concerns.

MAX. Where is she? But wherefore comes she not?

COUN. Into my hands you must place it Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed, More zealously affected to your interest? No soul on earth must know it—not your father. He must not, above all.

MAX. Alas, what danger? Here is no face on which I might concentrate All the enraptured soul stirs up within me. O lady! tell me. Is all changed around me? Or is it only I?

I find myself As among strangers! Not a trace is left Of all my former wishes, former joys. Where has it vanished to? There was a time When even, methought, with such a world as this I was not discontented. Now how flat! How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it! My comrades are intolerable to me. My father—even to him I can say nothing. My arms, my military duties—O! They are such wearying toys!

COUN. But, gentle friend! I must entreat it of your condescension, You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour With one short glance or two this poor stale world Where even now much, and of much moment, Is on the eve of its completion.

MAX. Something, I can't but know, is going forward round me. I see it gathering, crowding, driving on, In wild uncustomary movements. Well, In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me. Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay, No railery. The turmoil of the camp, The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in, The pointless jest, the empty conversation, Oppressed and stifled me. I gasped for air—I could not breathe—I was constrained to fly, To seek a silence out for my full heart; And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness. No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.

There is a cloister here to the¹ Heaven's gate.
Thither I went, there found myself alone.
Over the altar hung a holy Mother;
A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend
That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
How oft have I beheld that glorious form
In splendour, 'mid ecstatic worshippers,
Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once
Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

COUN. Enjoy your fortune and felicity!
Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship
Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.
Only be manageable when that friendship
Points you the road to full accomplishment.
How long may it be since you declared your passion?

MAX. This morning did I hazard the first word.

COUN. This morning the first time in twenty days?

MAX. 'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
And Nepomuck, where you had joined us, and—
That was the last relay of the whole journey!
In a balcony we were standing mute,
And gazing out upon the dreary field:
Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
The safeguard which the Duke had sent us—heavy
The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
And trembling ventured I at length these words:
This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
"To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.
A few hours more, and you will find a father,
Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
Lost in the many." "Speak with my Aunt Tertsky!"
With hurrying voice she interrupted me.
She faltered. I beheld a glowing red
Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
Raised slowly up her eye met mine—no longer
Did I control myself.

[The PRINCESS THEKLA appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the COUNTESS, but not by PICCOLOMINI.]

With instant boldness
I caught her in my arms, my mouth touched hers;
There was a rustling in the room close by;
It parted us. 'Twas you. What since has happened,
You know.

COUN. [after a pause, with a stolen glance at THEKLA.] And is
it your excess of modesty;
Or are you so incurious, that you do not
Ask me too of my secret?

MAX. Of your secret?

COUN. Why, yes! When in the instant after you
I stepped into the room, and found my niece there,

¹ I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original:—Es ist ein Kloster hier zur Himmels-pforte.

What she in this first moment of her heart
Ta'en with surprise—

MAX. [*with eagerness.*] Well!

SCENE IV.—THEKLA (*hurries forward*), COUNTESS, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

THEK. [*to the COUNTESS.*] Spare yourself the trouble :
That hears he better from myself.

MAX. [*stepping backward.*] My Princess !
What have you let her hear me say, Aunt Tertsy ?

THEK. [*to the COUNTESS.*] Has he been here long ?

COUN. Yes ; and soon must go.

Where have you stayed so long ?

THEK. Alas ! my mother
Wept so again ! and I—I see her suffer,
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

MAX. Now once again I have courage to look on you.
To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that played round you
Hid the beloved from me.

THEK. Then you saw me
With your eye only—and not with your heart ?

MAX. This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
O ! what an impulse felt I in that moment
To fall upon his neck, to call him father !
But his stern eye o'erpowered the swelling passion—
It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,
That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,
They scared me too ! O wherefore, wherefore should he
At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban
Of excommunication round you, wherefore
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,
And cast upon the light and joyous heart
The mournful burthen of his station ? Fitly
May love dare woo for love ; but such a splendour
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

THEK. Hush ! not a word more of this mummery,
You see how soon the burthen is thrown off. [*To the COUNTESS.*]
He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not ?
'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy !
He had quite another nature on the journey—
So calm, so bright, so joyous, eloquent. [*To MAX.*]
It was my wish to see you always so,
And never otherwise !

MAX. You find yourself
In your great father's arms, beloved lady !
All in a new world, which does homage to you,
And which, wer't only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.

THEK. Yes ; I confess to you
That many things delight me here : this camp,
This motley stage of warriors, which renews
So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,

What hitherto had but been present to me
As a sweet dream !

MAX. Alas ! not so to me,
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the ethereal heights
I've lived for these last days. This mass of men
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.

THEK. The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The inalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which having once reviewed, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

[Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.]

In this short time that I've been present here,
What new unheard-of things have I not seen !
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.

COUN. *[recollecting.]* And what
Can this be then ; methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.

THEK. *[smiling.]* Ay, but the road thereto is watched by spirits.
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

COUN. *[laughs.]* The astrological tower ! How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you even at your approach ?

THEK. A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.

MAX. That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

THEK. He questioned me on many points ; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.

COUN. He wished
To erect a figure for your horoscope.

THEK. My hand too he examined, shook his head
With such sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

COUN. Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower ?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side-glance, and away !

THEK. It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepped in ; and now
The narrowing line of daylight, that ran after
The closing door, was gone ; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star ;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars : all seemed to come from them.
"These are the planets," said that low old man,
"They govern worldly fates, and for that cause

Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,
 Spiteful, and cold, an old man melancholy,
 With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
 He opposite, the king with the red light,
 An armed man for the battle, that is Mars ;
 And both these bring but little luck to man."
 But at his side a lovely lady stood,
 The star upon her head was soft and bright,
 And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
 On the left hand, lo ! Mercury, with wings,
 Quite in the middle glittered silver bright
 A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien :
 And this was Jupiter, my father's star :
 And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

MAX. O never rudely will I blame his faith
 In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely
 The human being's pride that peoples space
 With life and mystical predominance ;
 Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
 This visible nature, and this common world,
 Is all too narrow : yea, a deeper import
 Lurks in the legend told my infant years
 Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
 For fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace :
 Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
 And spirits ; and delightedly believes
 Divinities, being himself divine.
 The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
 The fair humanities of old religion,
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
 Or chasms and wat'ry depths ; all these have vanished ;
 They live no longer in the faith of reason !
 But still the heart doth need a language, still
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,
 Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
 With man as with their friend ; and to the lover
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
 Shoot influence down ; and even at this day
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
 And Venus who brings everything that's fair !

THEK. And if this be the science of the stars,
 I too, with glad and zealous industry,
 Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
 It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
 That in immeasurable heights above us,
 At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
 With sparkling stars for flowers.

COUN. Not only roses,
 But thorns too hath the heaven ; and well for you
 Leave they your wreath of love inviolate ;
 What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
 The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

MAX. Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close.
 Blest be the General's zeal : into the laurel

Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting
 Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
 Will have remained for his great heart! Enough
 Has he performed for glory, and can now
 Live for himself and his. To his domains
 Will he retire; he has a stately seat
 Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg,
 And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—
 Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
 Stretches the chase and covers of his forests:
 His ruling passion, to create the splendid,
 He can indulge without restraint; can give
 A princely patronage to every art,
 And to all worth a Sovereign's protection;
 Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—

COUN. Yet I would have you look, and look again,
 Before you lay aside your arms, young friend!
 A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,
 That you should woo and win her with the sword.

MAX. O, that the sword could win her!

COUN. What was that?
 Did you hear nothing? Seemed, as if I heard
 Tumult and 'larum in the banquet-room. [Exit COUNTESS.]

SCENE V.—THEKLA and MAX PICCOLOMINI.

THEK. [as soon as the COUNTESS is out of sight, in a quick low voice to PICCOLOMINI.] Don't trust them! They are false!

MAX. Impossible!

THEK. Trust no one here but me. I saw at once
 They had a purpose.

MAX. Purpose! but what purpose?
 And how can we be instrumental to it?

THEK. I know no more than you; but yet believe me:
 There's some design in this! to make us happy,
 To realize our union—trust me, love!
 They but pretend to wish it.

MAX. But these Tertskys—
 Why use we them at all? Why not your mother?
 Excellent creature! she deserves from us
 A full and filial confidence.

THEK. She doth love you,
 Doth rate you high before all others—but—
 But such a secret—she would never have
 The courage to conceal it from my father.
 For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
 A secret from her too.

MAX. Why any secret?
 I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.
 I'll throw me at your father's feet—let him
 Decide upon my fortunes! He is true,
 He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—
 He is so good, so noble!

THEK. [falls on his neck]. That are you!

MAX. You knew him only since this morn; but I
 Have lived ten years already in his presence,
 And who knows whether in this very moment
 He is not merely waiting for us both

To own our loves, in order to unite us.

You are silent!—

You look at me with such a hopelessness!

What have you to object against your father?

THEK. I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied—

He has no leisure time to think about

The happiness of us two. *[Taking his hand tenderly.*

Follow me!

Let us not place too great a faith in men.

These Tertsksys—we will still be grateful to them

For every kindness, but not trust them further

Than they deserve; and in all else rely—

On our own hearts!

MAX. O! shall we e'er be happy?

THEK. Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine;

Am I not thine? There lives within my soul

A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me!

I ought to be less open—ought to hide

My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates:

But where in this place couldst thou seek for truth,

If in my mouth thou didst not find it?

SCENE VI.—*To them enters the COUNTESS TERTSKY.*

COUN. *[in a pressing manner.]* Come!

My husband sends me for you. It is now

The latest moment. *[They not appearing to attend to what she says, she steps between them.]*

Part you!

THEK.

O, not yet!

It has been scarce a moment.

COUN.

Ay! Then time

Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece!

MAX. There is no hurry, aunt.

COUN.

Away! away!

The folks begin to miss you. Twice already

His father has asked for him.

THEK.

Ha! his father?

COUN. You understand that, niece!

THEK.

Why needs he

To go at all to that society?

'Tis not his proper company. They may

Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.

In brief, he suits not such society.

COUN. You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?

THEK. *[with energy.]* Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning.

Leave him here wholly! Tell the company—

COUN. What? have you lost your senses, niece?

Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

MAX. *[to THEKLA.]* Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!

[THEKLA turns away from him with a quick motion.]

What say you then, dear lady?

THEK. *[without looking at him.]* Nothing. Go!

MAX. Can I when you are angry—

[He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.]

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

COUN. Off! Heavens! if any one should come!
Hark! What's that noise? It comes this way. Off!
[MAX tears himself away out of her arms, and goes. The
COUNTRESS accompanies him. THEKLA follows him
with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the
room, then stops and remains standing, lost in
thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as
by a sudden emotion, and after she has played awhile
an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls
gradually into the music and sings.]

THEKLA [*plays and sings*].
The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows they tumble with might, with might;
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky;
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day—
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.¹

SCENE VII.—COUNTRESS (*returns*), THEKLA.

COUN. Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him,
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
And so must be flung after him! For you,

¹ I found it not in my power to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic movement; and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA (*spielt und singt*).
Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrubet:
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

Literal Translation.

THEKLA (*plays and sings*).
The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of
the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark
night, her eye discoloured with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and
further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have
enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.
I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of "The Tale
of Rosamond Gray and Blind Margaret" has favoured me, and which appears to me to
have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threatening,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan.
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching.
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
Her eye upward roving:
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss:
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
Both living and loving.

Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought,
It had been more beseeching to have shown yourself
More chary of your person.

THEK. [*rising.*] And what mean you?

COUN. I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten
Who *you* are, and who he is. But perchance
That never once occurred to you.

THEK. What then?

COUN. That you are the daughter of the Prince Duke Friedland.

THEK. Well—and what farther?

COUN. What? a pretty question!

THEK. He was born that which we have but become.
He's of an ancient Lombard family,
Son of a reigning princess.

COUN. Are you dreaming?
Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth!
We shall no doubt right courteously entreat him
To honour with his hand the richest heiress
In Europe.

THEK. That will not be necessary.

COUN. Methinks 'twere well though not to run the hazard

THEK. His father loves him, Count Octavio
Will interpose no difficulty—

COUN. *His!*

His father! *his!* But yours, niece, what of yours?

THEK. Why I begin to think you fear his father.
So anxiously you hide it from the man!

His father, *his*, I mean.

COUN. [*looks at her as scrutinizing.*] Niece, you are false.

THEK. Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

COUN. You hold your game for one already. Do not
Triumph too soon!

THEK. [*interrupting her and attempting to soothe her.*]
Nay now, be friends with me.

COUN. It is not yet so far gone.

THEK. I believe you.

COUN. Did you suppose your father had laid out
His most important life in toils of war,
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,
Had banished slumber from his tent, devoted
His noble head to care, and for this only,
To make a happy pair of you? At length
To draw you from your convent, and conduct
In easy triumph to your arms the man
That chanced to please your eyes! All this, methinks,
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

THEK. That which he did not plant for me might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,
Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—

COUN. Thou seest it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,
For no espousals dost thou find the walls
Decked out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou
That all these thousands are here congregated
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding?
Thou seest thy father's forehead full of thought,
Thy mother's eye in tears; upon the balance
Lies the great destiny of all our house.
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
Thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—*his*
Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
Not to herself the woman must belong,
Annexed and bound to alien destinies.
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
Who can transmute the alien into self:
Meet and disarm necessity by choice,
And what must be, take freely to her heart,
And bear and foster it with mother's love.

THEK. Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!
His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
From the far distance, wakened in my soul
No other thought than this—I am appointed
To offer up myself in passiveness to him.
COUN. That is thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.
I and thy mother gave thee the example.
THEK. My fate hath shown me him, to whom behoves it
That I should offer up myself. In gladness
Him will I follow.

COUN. Not thy fate hath shown him!
Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!
THEK. Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
I am all his! His present—his alone,
Is this new life, which lives in me. He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

COUN. Thou wouldst oppose thy father then, should he
Have otherwise determined with thy person?
[THEKLA remains silent. *The COUNTESS continues.*
Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking?—Child,
His name is Friedland.

THEK. My name too is Friedland.
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

COUN. What? he has vanquished all impediment,
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me: 'tis possible his aims
May have the same direction as thy wish.
But this can never, never be his will
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,
Shouldst e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden;
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself

Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever
Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices
The highest love can bring, must pay for it. *[Exit COUNTESS]*

THEK. *[who, during the last speech, had been lost in her reflections.]*

I thank thee for the hint. It turns
My sad presentiment to certainty.
And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves:
O she said rightly—no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre, where hope abides.
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here.
And love himself, as he were armed in steel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[Music from the banquet-room is heard.]

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
It draws, it pulls me with a godlike power—
And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—
I have no power within me not to move!

[The music from the banquet-room becomes louder.]

O when a house is doomed in fire to perish,
Many a dark heaven drives his clouds together,
Yea, shoots his lightning down from sunny heights,
Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,
¹ And fiends and angels mingling in their fury,
Sling firebrands at the burning edifice.

[Exit THEKLA.]

SCENE VIII.—*A large Saloon lighted up with festal splendour; in the midst of it, and in the centre of the stage, a table richly set out, at which eight GENERALS are sitting, among whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, and MARADAS. Right and left of this, but further back, two other tables, at each of which six persons are placed. The middle door, which is standing open, gives to the prospect a fourth table, with the same number of persons. More forward stands the sideboard. The whole front of the stage is kept open for the PAGES and SERVANTS in waiting. All is in motion. The band of music belonging to TERTSKY'S Regiment march across the stage, and draw up round the tables. Before they are quite off from the front of the stage, MAX. PICCOLOMINI appears, TERTSKY advances towards him with a paper, ISOLANI comes up to meet him with a beaker or service-cup.*

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

ISO. Here, brother, what we love! Why, where hast been?
Off to thy place—quick! Tertsy here has given
The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.

¹ There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a faithful translation. For the readers of German I have added the original:

Blind-wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude
Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude,

Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.
 Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving
 At yonder table ducal crowns in shares ;
 There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,
 With Egenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,
 And all the great Bohemian feodalities.
 Be nimble, lad ! and something may turn up
 For thee—who knows ? off—to thy place ! quick ! march !

TIEFENBACH and GOETZ [*call out from the second and third tables.*] Count Piccolomini !

TER. Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—Read
 This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,
 The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,
 Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe
 His individual signature.

MAX. [*reads.*] "Ingratis servire nefas."

ISO. That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,
 And being interpreted, pray what may't mean ?

TER. No honest man will serve a thankless master.

MAX. "Inasmuch as our supreme Commander the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the Emperor will permit it.* [*These last words are repeated by ISOLANI.*] In testimony of which we subscribe our names."

TER. Now !—are you willing to subscribe this paper ?

ISO. Why should he not ? All officers of honour
 Can do it, ay, must do it.—Pen and ink here !

TER. Nay, let it rest till after meal.

ISO. [*drawing MAX. along.*] Come, Max.

[*Both seat themselves at their table.*]

SCENE IX.—TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

TER. [*beckons to NEUMANN, who is waiting at the side-table, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage.*]

Have you the copy with you, Neumann ? Give it.
 It may be changed for the other ?

NEU. I have copied it
 Letter by letter, line by line ; no eye
 Would e'er discover other difference,
 Save only the omission of that clause,
 According to your Excellency's order.

TER. Right ! lay it yonder, and away with this—
 It has performed its business—to the fire with it !

[*NEUMANN lays the copy on the table, and steps back again to the side-table.*]

SCENE X.—ILLO (*comes out from the second chamber*), TERTSKY.

ILLO. How goes it with young Piccolomini ?

TER. All right, I think. He has started no objection.

ILLO. He is the only one I fear about—
 He and his father. Have an eye on both !

TER. How looks it at your table: you forget not
To keep them warm and stirring?

ILLO. O, quite cordial,
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.
And 'tis as I predicted, too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The Duke in station. "Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,"
Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward,
And make conditions with the Emperor
There in his own Vienna?" Trust me, Count,
Were it not for these said Piccolomini,
We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

TER. And, Butler?
How goes it there? Hush!

SCENE XI.—*To them enter BUTLER from the second table.*

BUT. Don't disturb yourselves.
Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly.
Good luck be to the scheme; and as to me,
[*With an air of mystery.*]

You may depend upon me.

ILLO [*with vivacity.*] May we, Butler?

BUT. With or without the clause, all one to me!
You understand me? My fidelity
The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him!
Tell him so! I'm the Emperor's officer,
As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain
The Emperor's general! and Friedland's servant,
As soon as it shall please him to become
His own lord.

TER. You would make a good exchange.
No stern economist, no Ferdinand,
Is he to whom you plight your services.

BUT. [*with a haughty look.*] I do not put up my fidelity
To sale, Count Tertsy! Half a year ago
I would not have advised you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myself of my own free accord.
But that is past! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,
I bring myself together with my regiment.
And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.

ILLO. Who is ignorant,
That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
As to a light that moves before them?

BUT. Eh?
Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my old good name
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.
Start not at what I say, Sir Generals!
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect

That this you game had crooked my judgment—or
 That fickleness, quick blood, or such light cause,
 Had driven the old man from the track of honour,
 Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my friends !
 I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
 Because I know and have looked steadily
 At that on which I have determined.

ILLO. Say,
 And speak roundly, what are we to deem you ?

BUT. A friend ! I give you here my hand ! I'm yours
 With all I have. Not only men, but money
 Will the Duke want.—Go, tell him, sirs !
 I've earned and laid up somewhat in his service,
 I lend it him ; and is he my survivor,
 It has been already long ago bequeathed him.
 He is my heir. For me, I stand alone,
 Here in the world ; nought know I of the feeling
 That binds the husband to a wife and children.
 My name dies with me, my existence ends.

ILLO. 'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
 Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down millions !

BUT. I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
 To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.
 From lowest stable duty I climbed up,
 Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
 The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
 And Wallenstein too is a child of luck,
 I love a fortune that is like my own.

ILLO. All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

BUT. This is an awful moment ! to the brave,
 To the determined, an auspicious moment.
 The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine
 To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
 That Mansfeld, wanted but a longer life
 To have marked out with his good sword a lordship
 That should reward his courage. Who of these
 Equals our Friedland ? There is nothing, nothing
 So high, but he may set the ladder to it !

TER. That's spoken like a man !

BUT. Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—
 I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.
 Come ! to the company !

TER. Where is the Master of the Cellar ? Ho !
 Let the best wines come up. Ho ! cheerily, boy !
 Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

[*Exeunt, each to his table.*]

SCENE XII.—*The MASTER OF THE CELLAR advancing with NEUMANN.
 SERVANTS passing backwards and forwards.*

MAST. OF THE CEL. The best wine ! O if my old mistress, his lady
 mother, could but see these wild goings on, she would turn herself round
 in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer ! 'tis all down the hill with this noble
 house ! no end, no moderation ! And this marriage with the Duke's sister,
 a splendid connection, a very splendid connection ! but I tell you, sir officer,
 it bodes no good.

NEU. Heaven forbid ! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bud and blossom !

MAST. OF THE CEL. You think so ?—Well, well ! much may be said on that head.

1ST SER. [*comes.*] Burgundy for the fourth table.

MAST. OF THE CEL. Now, sir lieutenant, if this isn't the seventieth flask—

1ST SER. Why, the reason is, that German lord, Ticienbach, sits at that table.

MAST. OF THE CEL. [*continuing his discourse to NEUMANN.*] They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendour ; and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the Count, loiter on the brink. [*To the SERVANTS.*] What do you stand there listening for ? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off ! see to the tables, see to the flasks ! Look there ! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him !

RUNNER [*comes.*] The great service-cup is wanted, sir ; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

MAST. OF THE CEL. Ay ! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

RUNNER. The same !—a health is to go round in him.

MAST. OF THE CEL. [*shaking his head, while he fetches and rinses the cup.*] This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

NEU. Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup, indeed ! How heavy ! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it ! how natural and elegant they look ! There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies ?

MAST. OF THE CEL. The woman whom you see there on horseback is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man ; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

NEU. But what is the cup there on the banner ?

MAST. OF THE CEL. The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege : for the Pope you know will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup ; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

NEU. And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all ?

MAST. OF THE CEL. That signifies the Bohemian letter royal which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermärk has ruled over us, that is at an end ; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown and empire, our faith is without pulpit and altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders ; but the letter royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissors.

NEU. Why, my good Master of the Cellar ! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country !

MAST. OF THE CEL. So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their

ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause though—There! carry it up!

NEU. Stay! let me but look at this second quarter. Look *there!* That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata, were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it. [RUNNER *takes the service-cup and goes off with it.*

MAST. OF THE CEL. O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three-and-twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[*Health drunk aloud at the second table.*

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

[*At the third and fourth table.*

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard! Hurra!

[*Music strikes up.*

1ST SER. Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

2ND SER. [*comes in running.*] Did you hear? They have drunk the Prince of Weimar's health.

3RD SER. The Swedish Chief Commander!

1ST SER. [*speaking at the same time.*] The Lutheran!

2ND SER. Just before when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

MAST. OF THE CEL. Poh, poh! When the wine goes in, strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called.

2ND SER. [*to the RUNNER, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the MASTER OF THE CELLAR, standing between him and the RUNNER.*] Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way!—'tis a flask of Frontignac!—Snapped it up at the third table.—Canst go off with it!

RUN [*hides it in his pocket*] All right! [*Exit the 2ND SERVANT.*

3RD SER. [*aside to the FIRST.*] Be on the hawk, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to Father Quivoga; he will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

1ST SER. For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Ill's chair. He is the man for speeches to make you stare with!

MAST. OF THE CEL. [*to NEUMANN.*] Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats?

NEU. Ay! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

MAST. OF THE CEL. [*impatiently.*] Spaniard! Spaniard! I tell you, friend, nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these outlandish¹ fellows are little better than rogues.

NEU. Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

MAST. OF THE CEL. [*taking the flask out of the RUNNER's pocket.*] My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[TERTSKY *hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a SERVANT for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the stage.*

¹ There is a humour in the original which cannot be given in the translation. "Die *weltschen* alle," &c., which word in classical German means the *Italians* alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the *vulgar* use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word wall-nuts, I suppose, means *outlandish* nuts—*Wallæ nuces*, in German "Welsch-nüsse."

MAST. OF THE CEL. [*to the SERVANTS.*] The Lieutenant-General stands up. Be on the watch. Now! They break up. Off, and move back the forms.

[*They rise at all the tables, the SERVANTS hurry off the front of the stage to the tables; part of the GUESTS come forward.*]

SCENE XIII.—OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI enters in conversation with MARADAS, and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite, MAX PICCOLOMINI, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in anything that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, and KOLATTO.

ISO. [*while the company is coming forward*] Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General!—I should rather say, good morning.

GOETZ [*to TIEFENBACH, making the usual compliment after meals.*] Noble brother!

TIEF. Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

GOETZ. Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, Heaven rest her soul, taught her! Ah! that was a housewife for you!

TIEF. There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

OCT. [*aside to MARADAS.*] Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings-on here worthy of our attentive observation.

[*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.*]

ISO [*on the point of going.*] Lights! lights!

TER. [*advances with the paper to ISOLANI.*] Noble brother! two minutes longer! Here is something to subscribe.

ISO. Subscribe as much as you like; but you must excuse me from reading it.

TER. There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read. Only a few marks of your pen!

[*ISOLANI hands over the paper to OCTAVIO respectfully.*]

TER. Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here.

[*OCTAVIO runs over the paper with apparent indifference.*]

TERTSKY watches him at some distance.

GOETZ [*to TERTSKY.*] Noble Count! with your permission—Good night.

TER. Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. [*To the SERVANTS.*] Ho!

GOETZ. Excuse me—an't able.

TER. A thimbleful!

GOETZ. Excuse me.

TIEF. [*sits down.*] Pardon me, nobles! This standing does not agree with me.

TER. Consult only your own convenience, General!

TIEF. Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

ISO. [*pointing at his corpulence.*] Poor legs! how should they? Such an unmerciful load!

[*OCTAVIO subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to TERTSKY, who gives it to ISOLANI; and he goes to the table to sign his name.*]

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

TIEF. 'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it. I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

GOETZ. Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice inquiries about the season.

TER. *[observing ISOLANI, whose hand trembles excessively, so that he can scarce direct his pen.]* Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother? Despatch it.

ISO. The sins of youth! I have already tried the chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

[TERTSKY gives the paper to MARADAS; he steps to the table to subscribe.]

OCT. *[advancing to BUTLER.]* You are not over-fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle than of a feast.

BUT. I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

OCT. *[stepping nearer to him, friendly.]* Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half-dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste!

BUT. And mine too, when it can be had.

[The paper comes to TIEFENBACH, who glances over it at the same time with GOETZ and KOLATTO. MARADAS in the meantime returns to OCTAVIO; all this takes place, the conversation with BUTLER proceeding interrupted.]

OCT. *[introducing MARADAS to BUTLER.]* Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer. *[BUTLER bows.]*

OCT. *[continuing.]* You are a stranger here—'twas but yesterday you arrived—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place. I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet. What if you moved your lodgings? Come, be my visitor. *[BUTLER makes a low bow.]* Nay, without compliment! For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

BUT. *[coldly.]* Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant-General!

[The paper comes to BUTLER, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the PICCOLOMINIS, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.]

OCT. *[after having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him.]* You were long absent from us, friend.

MAX. I—urgent business detained me.

OCT. And, I observe you are still absent!

MAX. You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

OCT. May I be permitted to ask what business 'twas that detained you?

MAX. What does Tertsy know?

OCT. He was the only one who did not miss you.

ISO. *[who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up.]* Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters; there is something there that should not be.

TER. *[with the paper.]* Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

OCT. All.

TER. *[calling aloud]* Ho! Who subscribes?

BUT. *[to TERTSKY]* Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

TER. Here is a cross.

TIEF. That's my mark.

ISO. He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians

OCT. *[presses on to MAX]* Come, General, let us go. It is late.

TER. One Piccolomini only has signed.

ISO. *[pointing to MAX.]* Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening

[MAX receives the paper from TERTSKY, which he looks upon vacantly.]

SCENE XIV.—*To these enter ILLO from the inner room. He has in his hand the golden service cup, and is extremely distempered with drink*
ing GOETZ and BUTLER follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.

ILLO What do you want? Let me go.

GOETZ and BUT. Drink no more, Illo! For Heaven's sake, drink no more.

ILLO *[goes up to OCTAVIO and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks.]* Octavio! I bring this to you. Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—devil take me! and I never loved you! I am always even with people in that way! Let what's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. *[Embracing him repeatedly]* You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I'll strangle him!—my dear friend!

TER *[whispering to him.]* Art in thy senses? For Heaven's sake, Illo, think where you are!

ILLO *[aloud.]* What do you mean? There are none but friends here, are there? *[Looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.]* Not a sneaker among us, thank Heaven!

TER. *[to BUTLER eagerly.]* Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

BUT. *[to ILLO]* Field Marshal! a word with you!

[Leads him to the sideboard.]

ILLO A thousand for one; fill—fill it once more up to the brim. To this gallant man's health!

ISO *[to MAX, who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes]* Slow and sure, my noble brother? Hast parsed it all yet? Some words yet to go through? Ha?

MAX. *[waking up as from a dream]* What am I to do?

TER. *[and at the same time ISOLANI.]* Sign your name

[OCTAVIO directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety.]

MAX *[returns the paper]* Let it stay till to-morrow. It is business—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

TER. Nay, collect yourself a little

ISO. Awake, man! awake! Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldst be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

TER. *[to OCTAVIO]* Use your influence. Instruct him.

OCT. My son is at the age of discretion

ILLO *[leaves the service cup on the side-board]* What's the dispute?

TER. He declines subscribing the paper.

MAX. I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

ILLO. It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it, and so must you. You must subscribe.

MAX. Illo, good night !

ILLO. No ! You come not off so ! The Duke shall learn who are his friends. *[All collect round ILLO and MAX.]*

MAX. What my sentiments are towards the Duke the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff ?

ILLO. This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners. Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

TER. *[in extreme embarrassment, to the COMMANDERS, who at ILLO's words give a sudden start, as preparing to resent them.]* It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

ISO. *[with a bitter laugh.]* Wine invents nothing : it only tattles.

ILLO. He who is not with me, is against me. Your tender consciences ! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso—

TER. *[interrupting him.]* He is stark mad—don't listen to him !

ILLO *[raising his voice to the highest pitch.]* Unless they can slip out by a proviso. What of the proviso ? The devil take this proviso !

MAX. *[has his attention roused and looks again into the paper.]* What is there here then of such perilous import ? You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

TER. *[in a low voice to ILLO]* What are you doing, Illo ? You are ruining us.

TIEF. *[to KOLATTO.]* Ay, ay ! I observed that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

GOETZ. Why, I seemed to think so too.

ISO. What do I care for that ? Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

TIEF. Before supper there was a certain proviso therein, or short clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.

BUT. *[to one of the COMMANDERS.]* For shame, for shame ! Bethink you. What is the main business here ? The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

ISO. *[to one of the GENERALS.]* Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment ?

TER. *[to GOETZ.]* Or when he gave you the office of army purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles ?

ILLO. He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so, I am his man.

TIEF. Softly, softly ! 'Twas but a word or two.

MAX. *[having read the paper gives it back.]* Till to-morrow, therefore !

ILLO. *[stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to MAX with one hand, and his sword in the other.]* Subscribe—Judas !

ISO. Out upon you, Illo !

OCT., TER., BUT. *[all together.]* Down with the sword !

MAX. *[rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to COUNT TERTSKY.]* Take him off to bed.

[MAX leaves the stage. ILLO cursing and raving is held back by some of the Officers, and amidst a universal confusion the curtain drops.]

THE PICCOLOMINI.

501

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI's Mansion. It is night.*
OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A VALET DE CHAMBRE, with lights.*

OCT. —And when my son comes in conduct him hither.
What is the hour?

VALET.

'Tis on the point of morning.
OCT. Set down the light. We mean not to undress.
You may retire to sleep.

[*Exit VALET.* OCTAVIO *paces, musing, across the chamber.* MAX PICCOLOMINI *enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.*

MAX. Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows
That odious business was no fault of mine.
'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature.
What thou hadst sanctioned, should not, it might seem,
Have come amiss to me. But—'tis my nature—
Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow
My own light, not another's.

OCT. [*goes up to him and embraces him.*] Follow it,
O follow it still further, my best son!
To-night, dear boy, it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than the example of thy father.

MAX. Declare thyself less darkly.

OCT.

I will do so,
For after what has taken place this night, [*Both seat themselves.*
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

MAX. Piccolomini, what think'st thou of
The oath that was sent round for signatures?

MAX. I hold it for a thing of harmless import,
Although I love not these set declarations.

OCT. And on no other ground hast thou refused
The signature they fain had wrested from thee?

MAX. It was a serious business—I was absent—
The affair itself seemed not so urgent to me.

OCT. Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?

MAX. Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.

OCT. Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini:
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

MAX. I know not what thou meanest.

OCT.

I will tell thee.
Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,
The sanction of thy name to villany;

Yea, with a single flourish of thy pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour!

MAX. [*rises.*] Octavio!

OCT.

Patience! seat yourself. Much yet
Hast thou to hear from me, friend!—hast for years
Lived in incomprehensible illusion.
Before thine eyes is treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun for venom:
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

MAX. My father !
 Yet, ere thou speak'st, a moment's pause of thought !
 If your disclosures should appear to be
 Conjectures only—and almost I fear
 They will be nothing further—spare them ! I
 Am not in that collected mood at present,
 That I could listen to them quietly.

OCT. The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,
 The more impatient cause have I, my son,
 To force it on thee. To the innocence
 And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee
 With calm assurance ; but I see the net
 Preparing, and it is thy heart itself
 Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,

[Fixing his eye steadfastly on his son's face.]
 Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.

[MAX attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts his eyes to the ground, embarrassed.]

OCT. *[after a pause.]* Know, then, they are duping thee !—a
 most foul game
 With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—
 The Duke even now is playing. He assumes
 The mask, as if he would forsake the army :
 And in this moment makes he preparations
 That army from the Emperor to steal,
 And carry it over to the enemy !

MAX. That low priest's legend I know well, but did not
 Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

OCT. That mouth,
 From which thou hearest it at this present moment,
 Doth warrant thee that it is no priest's legend.

MAX. How mere a maniac they supposed the Duke ;
 What, he can meditate ?—the Duke ?—can dream
 That he can lure away full thirty thousand
 Tried troops and true, all honourable soldiers,
 More than a thousand noblemen among them,
 From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure them,
 And make them all unanimous to do
 A deed that brands them scoundrels ?

OCT. Such a deed
 With such a front of infamy, the Duke
 Nowise desires—what he requires of us
 Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
 He wishes, but to give the Empire peace.
 And so, because the Emperor hates this peace,
 Therefore the Duke—the Duke will force him to it.
 All parts of the Empire will he pacify,
 And for his trouble will retain in payment
 (What he has already in his gripe) Bohemia !

MAX. Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
 That we—that we should think so vilely of him ?

OCT. What we would think is not the question here.
 The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs !
 Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,
 In what ill credit with the Court we stand.

But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,
What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow
Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed—
Loosed all the bands, that link the officer
To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier
Affectionately to the citizen.

Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers
The state he's bound to guard. To such a height
'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles :
Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
The traitor's poniards, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring—
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
No ; from his own troops hide and hurry them !

MAX. Cease, cease ! thou torturest, shatter'st me. I know
That oft we tremble at an empty terror ;
But the false phantasm brings a real misery.

OCT. It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
Of all the most unnatural and cruel,
Will burst out into flames, if instantly
We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals
Are many of them long ago won over ;
The subalterns are vacillating—whole
Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
To foreigners our strongholds are entrusted ;
To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
Force of Silesia given up : to Tertsky
Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,
To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

MAX. Likewise to both of us—

OCT. Because the Duke
Believes he has secured us—means to lure us
Still further on by splendid promises.
To me he portions forth the principedoms, Glatz
And Sagan ; and too plain I see the angle
With which he doubts not to catch thee.

MAX. No ! no !
I tell thee—no !

OCT. O open yet thine eyes !
And to what purpose think'st thou he has called us
Hither to Pilsen ?—to avail himself
Of our advice ? O when did Friedland ever
Need our advice ? Be calm, and listen to me.
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and,
Decline we that—to be his hostages.
Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof !
Thy father, too, thou wouldst not have seen here,
If higher duties had not held him fettered.

MAX. He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it.
He needs our aidance to maintain himself—
He did so much for us ; and 'tis but fair
That we too should do somewhat now for him.

OCT. And know'st thou what it is which we must do ?

That Illo's drunken mood betrayed it to thee.
 Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen?
 The counterfeited paper—the omission
 Of that partic'lar clause, so full of meaning,
 Does it not prove that they would bind us down
 To nothing good?

MAX. That counterfeited paper
 Appears to me no other than a trick
 Of Illo's own device. These underhand
 Traders in great men's interests ever use
 To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
 They see the Duke at variance with the Court,
 And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
 The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
 The Duke knows nothing of all this.

OCT. It grieves me
 That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter
 A faith so specious; but I may not spare thee!
 For this is not a time for tenderness.
 Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.
 I therefore will confess to thee, that all
 Which I've entrusted to thee now—that all
 Which seems to thee so unbelievable,
 That—yes, I will tell thee—[*A pause.*] Max! I had it all
 From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it.

MAX. [*in excessive agitation.*] No!—no!—never!

OCT. Himself confided to me:
 What I, 'tis true, had long before discovered
 By other means—himself confided to me,
 That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;
 And, at the head of the united armies,
 Compel the Emperor—

MAX. He is passionate,
 The Court has stung him—he is sore all over
 With injuries and affronts; and in a moment
 Of irritation, what if he, for once,
 Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.

OCT. Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me:
 And having construed my astonishment
 Into a scruple of his power, he showed me
 His written evidences—showed me letters,
 Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
 Promise of aidance, and defined th' amount.

MAX. It cannot be!—can *not* be! *can* not be!
 Dost thou not see, it cannot!
 Thou wouldest of necessity have shown him
 Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he
 Had tak'n thee for his better genius, or
 Thou stood'st not now a living man before me.

OCT. I have laid open my objections to him,
 Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness;
 But my abhorrence, the full sentiment
 Of my whole heart—that I have still kept sacred
 To my own consciousness.

MAX. And thou hast been
 So treacherous! That looks not like my father!

I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me
Evil of him; much less can I now do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

OCT. I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.
MAX. Uprightness merited his confidence.

OCT. He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

MAX. Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio!

OCT. Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honour?

MAX. That he did not, evinced his confidence.

OCT. Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.

Still in alarm, for ever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity.

This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms:

I but perform my orders; the Emperor
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all

Obedied the heart at all times; but so doing,
In this our present sojourn with bad men,
We must abandon many an honest object.
'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor,

By what means he can best be served—the heart
May whisper what it will—this is our call!

MAX. It seems a thing appointed, that to-day
I should not comprehend, not understand thee.

The Duke thou say'st did honestly pour out
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose;
And thou dishonestly hast cheated him

For a good purpose! Silence, I entreat thee—
My friend thou stealest not from me—
Let me not lose my father!

OCT. *[suppressing resentment.]* As yet thou know'st not all, my
son. I have
Yet somewhat to disclose to thee.

Duke Friedland *[After a pause.]*
Hath made his preparations. He relies
Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided,
And thinks to fall upon us by surprise.

Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already
The golden circle in his hand. He errs.
We too have been in action—he but grasps

His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!
MAX. O nothing rash, my sire! By all that's good
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!

OCT. With light tread stole he on his evil way,
With light tread Vengeance stole on after him.
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp!
Thou hast seen Quentenberg with me. *[Exit.]*

Thou know'st but his ostensible commission ;
He brought with him a private one, my son !
And that was for me only.

MAX. May I know it ?

OCT. [*seizes the patent.*]

Max ! [*A pause.*]

—In this disclosure place I in thy hands
The Empire's welfare and thy father's life.
Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein :
A powerful tie of love, of veneration,
Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.
Thou nourishest the wise—O let me still
Anticipate thy loitering confidence !
The hope thou nourishest to knit thyself
Yet closer to him—

MAX. Father—

OCT. O my son,

I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I
Equally sure of thy collectedness ?
Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,
To enter this man's presence, when that I
Have trusted to thee his whole fate ?

MAX. According

As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.

[*OCTAVIO takes a paper out of his escritoire, and gives it to him.*]

MAX. What ! how ! a full Imperial patent !

OCT. Read it.

MAX. [*just glances on it.*] Duke Friedland sentenced and
condemned !

OCT. Even so.

MAX. [*throws down the paper.*] O this is too much ! O unhappy
error !

OCT. Read on. Collect thyself.

MAX. [*after he has read further, with a look of affright and
astonishment on his father.*] How ! what ! Thou ! thou !

OCT. But for the present moment, till the King
Of Hungary may safely join the army,
Is the command assigned to me.

MAX. And think'st thou,

Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him ?

O never hope it ! Father ! father ! father !

An inauspicious office is enjoined thee.

This paper here—this ! and wilt thou enforce it ?

The mighty in the middle of his host,

Surrounded by his thousands, him wouldst thou

Disarm—degrade ! Thou art lost, both thou and all of us.

OCT. What hazard I incur thereby, I know.

In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty

Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,

And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.

The Emperor hath true servants still ; and even

Here in the camp there are enough brave men,

Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.

The faithful have been warned—the dangerous

Are closely watched. I wait but the first step,

And then immediately—

MAX.
Immediately?

What! on suspicion?

OCT. The Emperor is no tyrant.
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
He will be silently displaced from office,
And make way to his Emperor's royal son.
An honourable exile to his castles
Will be a benefaction to him rather
Than punishment. But the first open step—

MAX. What callest thou such a step? A wicked step
Ne'er will he take; but thou might'st easily,
Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

OCT. Nay, howsoever punishable were
Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
Which he hath taken openly, permit
A mild construction. It is my intention
To leave this paper wholly unenforced
Till some act is committed which convicts him
Of a high treason, without doubt or plea,
And that shall sentence him.

MAX.

OCT. Thyself.

But who the judge?

MAX.

OCT. For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.
Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.
After the counter-promise of this evening,
It cannot be but he must deem himself
Secure of the majority with us;
And of the army's general sentiment
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition
Which thou deliveredst to him from the regiments.
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave
Hath changed his route, and travels by forced marches
To the Bohemian Forest. What this purports,
Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,
This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.
MAX. I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action
Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

OCT. Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,
Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

MAX. [*with enthusiasm*.] Thy judgment may mistake; my
heart cannot.

[*Moderates his voice and manner.*]
These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;
But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!
Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.
These smokes, at once, will kindle into flame—
The edges of this black and stormy cloud
Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view
The Unapproachable glide out in splendour.

OCT. I will await it.

SCENE II.—OCTAVIO and MAX. *as before.* To them the VALET OF
THE CHAMBER.

OCT. How now, then?

VAL. A despatch is at the door.

OCT. So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

VAL. That he refused to tell me.

OCT. Lead him in :

And hark you—let it not transpire.

[Exit VALET—the CORNET steps in

Ha! Cornet, is it you? and from Count Galas?

Give me your letters.

COR. The Lieutenant-General

Trusted it not to letters.

OCT. And what is it?

COR. He bade me tell you—dare I speak openly here?

OCT. My son knows all.

COR. We have him.

OCT. Whom?

COR. Sesina,

The old negotiator.

OCT. [*eagerly.*] And you have him?

COR. In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrandt

Found and secured him yester morning early :

He was proceeding then to Regensburg,

And on him were despatches for the Swede.

OCT. And the despatches—

COR. The Lieutenant-General

Sent them that instant to Vienna, and

The prisoner with them.

OCT. This is, indeed, a tidings !

That fellow is a precious casket to us,

Inclosing weighty things. Was much found on him?

COR. I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms.

OCT. None in the Duke's own hand?

COR. Not that I know.

OCT. And old Sesina?

COR. He was sorely frightened,

When it was told him he must to Vienna.

But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,

Would he but make a full and free confession.

OCT. Is Altringer then with your lord? I heard

That he lay sick at Linz.

COR. These three days past

He's with my master, the Lieutenant-General,

At Frauemburg. Already have they sixty

Small companies together, chosen men ;

Respectfully they greet you with assurances,

That they are only waiting your commands.

OCT. In a few days may great events take place.

And when must you return?

COR. I wait your orders.

OCT. Remain till evening.

[CORNET signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.

No one saw you—ha?

COR. No living creature. Through the cloister wicket
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in

OCT. Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself concealed ;
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening
I shall despatch you. The development
Of this affair approaches : ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn. [Exit CORNET.

SCENE III.—OCTAVIO and MAX PICCOLOMINI.

OCT. Well—and what now, son ? All will soon be clear ;
For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.

MAX. [*who through the whole of the foregoing scene has been in
a visible struggle of feelings, at length starts as one resolved.*]
I will procure me light a shorter way.
Farewell.

OCT. Where now ! Remain here.

MAX. To the Duke.

OCT. [*alarmed.*] What—

MAX. [*returning.*] If thou hast believed that I shall act
A part in this thy play—
Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.
My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
False with the heart—I may not, cannot be :
Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—
As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience
With such low pleas as these :—“ I asked him not—
He did it all at his own hazard—and
My mouth has never lied to him.” No, no !
What a friend takes me for, that I must be :
I'll to the Duke ; ere yet this day is ended
Will I demand of him that he do save
His good name from the world, and with one stride
Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.
He can, he will ;—I still am his believer.
Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters
May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.
How far may not this Tertskey have proceeded—
What may not he himself too have permitted
Himself to do, to snare the enemy,
The laws of war excusing ? Nothing, save
His own mouth shall convict him—nothing less !
And face to face will I go question him.

OCT. Thou wilt ?

MAX. I will, as sure as this heart beats.

OCT. I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.
I calculated on a prudent son,
Who would have blest the hand beneficent
That plucked him back from the abyss—and lo !
A fascinated being I discover,
Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
Go, question him ! Be mad enough, I pray thee.
The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,
Go, give it up free booty. Force me, drive me
To an open breach before the time. And now,

Now that a miracle of Heaven had guarded
My secret purpose even to this hour,
And laid to sleep suspicion's piercing eyes,
Let me have lived to see that mine own son,
With frantic enterprise, annihilates
My toilsome labours and state policy.

MAX. Ay—this state policy! O how I curse it!
You will some time, with your state policy,
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because ye are determined that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll make him. All retreat cut off
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, ye—ye force him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison. Father! father!
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!
And let it be decided as it may,
I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starred, unblest catastrophe.
For this great monarch-spirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship (that midway on the ocean
Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fixed and mortised to his fortune.
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And ere the daylight dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend

[During his exit the curtain drops.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room fitted up for astrological labours, and provided with celestial charts, with globes, telescopes, quadrants, and other mathematical instruments.—Seven colossal figures, representing the planets, each with a transparent star of a different colour on its head, stand in a semicircle in the background, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the eye.—The remainder of the scene, and its disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a curtain over the figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on occasions.*

[In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.]

WALLENSTEIN at a black table, on which a *Speculum Astrologicum* is described with chalk. SENI is taking observations through a window.

WAL. All well—and now let it be ended, Seni. Come,
The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.
We must give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.

SENI. Your Highness must permit me
Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising:
Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.

WAL. She is at present in her perigree

THE PICCOLOMINI.

And shoots down her strongest influences.

[Contemplating the figure on the table.]
Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter

And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slily-malicious Mars, and thus compel
Into my service that old mischief-founder;
For long he viewed me hostilely, and ever
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.
Now they have conquered the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

SENI. [*who has come down from the window.*] And in a corner
house, your Highness—think of that!
That makes each influence of double strength.

WAL. And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,
The soft light with the veh'ment—so I love it.
Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven,
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

SENI. And both the mighty Lumina by no
Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.

WAL. The empire of Saturnus is gone by:
Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eschew the light.
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance;
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now must we hasten on to action, ere
The scheme, and most auspicious posture
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its fight;
For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.

There's some one knocking there. [There are knocks at the door.]
TERTSKY [*from without.*] Open, and let me in.

WAL. See who it is.

What is there of such urgency? We are busy.

TER. [*from without.*] Lay all aside at present, I entreat you.

It suffers no delaying.

WAL. Open, Seni!

[While SENI opens the doors for TERTSKY, WALLENSTEIN draws the curtain over the figures.]

TER. [*enters.*] Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.
Galas has given him up to the Emperor.
[SENI draws off the black table and exit.]

SCENE II.—WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

WAL. [*to TERTSKY.*] Who has been taken? Who is given up?

TER. The man who knows our secrets, who knows every
Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon,
Through whose hands all and everything has passed—

WAL. [*drawing back.*] Nay, not Sesina? Say, No! I entreat thee.

TER. All on his road for Regensburg to the Swede
He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent,
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.
There must have been found on him my whole packet
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim:
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

SCENE III.—*To them enters ILLO.*

ILLO [*to TERTSKY.*] Has he heard it?

TER.

He has heard it.

ILLO. [*to WALLENSTEIN.*] Thinkest thou still
To make thy peace with the Emp'ror, to regain
His confidence? E'en were it now thy wish
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know
What thou hast wished; then forwards thou must press!
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

TER. They have documents against us, and in hands,
Which show beyond all power of contradiction—

WAL. Of my handwriting—no iota. Thee
I punish for thy lies.

ILLO. And thou believest,
That what this man, that what thy sister's husband,
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning?
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.

TER. In writing thou gav'st nothing. But bethink thee,
How far thou ventur'dst by word of mouth
With this Sesina? And will he be silent?
If he can save himself by yielding up
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?

ILLO. Thyself dost not conceive it possible;
And since they now have evidence authentic
How far thou hast already gone, speak!—tell us,
What art thou waiting for? Thou canst no longer
Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue
Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.

WAL. In the army
Lies my security. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—
And substitute I caution for my fealty,
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

ILLO. The army, Duke, is thine now—for this moment—
'Tis thine: but think with terror on the slow,
The quiet power of time. From open violence
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
To-day—to-morrow; but grant'st thou them a respite,
Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love
On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,
With wily theft will draw away from thee
One after th' other.

WAL. 'Tis a cursed accident !

ILLO. O, I will call it a most blessed one,
If it work on thee as it ought to do,
Hurry thee on to action—to decision.
The Swedish General—

WAL. He's arrived. Know'st thou
What his commission is ?

ILLO. To thee alone
Will he entrust the purpose of his coming.

WAL. A cursed, cursed accident ! Yes, yes,
Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.

TER. He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it ?
And if they put him to the torture, will he—
Will he, that dastardling, have strength enough—

WAL. [*lost in thought.*] Their confidence is lost—irreparably !
And I may act what way I will, I shall
Be and remain for ever in their thought
A traitor to my country. How sincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me—

ILLO. Ruin thee,
That it will do ! Not thy fidelity—
Thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion—

WAL. [*pacing up and down in extreme agitation.*] What ! I
must realize it now in earnest,
Because I toyed too freely with the thought ?
Accursed he who dallies with a devil !
And must I—I must realize it now—
Now, while I have the power, it must take place ?

ILLO. Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it !

WAL. [*looking at the paper of signatures.*] I have the General's
word—a written promise !
Max Piccolomini stands not here—how's that ?

TER. It was—he fancied—

ILLO. Mere self-willedness.
There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.

WAL. He is quite right—there needeth no such thing ;
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,
And openly resist the Imperial orders.
The first step to revolt's already taken.

ILLO. Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy
To lead them over to the enemy
Than to the Spaniard.

WAL. I will hear, however,
What the Swede has to say to me.

ILLO [*eagerly to TERTSKY.*] Go, call him !
He stands without the door in waiting.

WAL. Stay !
Stay yet a little. It hath taken me
All by surprise—it came too quick upon me ;
'Tis wholly novel, that an accident,
With its dark lordship and blind agency,
Should force me on with it.

ILLO. First hear him only,
And after weigh it. [Exeunt TERTSKY and ILLO.]

SCENE IV.—WALLENSTEIN.

WAL. [*in soliloquy.*] Is it possible?
Is't so? I can no longer what I would!
No longer draw back at my liking! I
Must do the deed, because I thought of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream! Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open!
By the great God of Heaven! it was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve:
I but amused myself with thinking of it.
The freewill tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it. Was it criminal
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me?
Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not
The road of duty close beside me—but
One little step, and once more I was in it!
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I muttered
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.

[*Pauses, and remains in deep thought.*]

A punishable man I seem—the guilt,
Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;
The equivocal demeanour of my life
Bears witness on my prosecutor's party;
And even my purest acts from purest motives
Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
Were I that thing for which I pass, that traitor,
A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
Had drawn the cov'rings thick and double round me,
Been calm and chary of my utterance;
But, being conscious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
I gave way to my humours, to my passion:
Bold were my words, because my deeds were not.
Now every planless measure, chance event,
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,
Will they connect, and weave them all together
Into one web of treason; all will be plan,
My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;
And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
So specious that I must myself stand dumb.
I am caught in my own net, and only force,
Nought but a sudden rent, can liberate me. [*Pauses again.*]
How else! since that the heart's unbiassed instinct

Impelled me to the daring deed, which now
 Necessity, self-preservation, orders.
 Stern is the onlook of Necessity,
 Not without shudder many a human hand
 Grasps the mysterious urn-of destiny.
 My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom ;
 Once suffered to escape from its safe corner
 Within the heart, its nursery and birthplace,
 Sent forth into the foreign, it belongs
 For ever to those sly malicious powers
 Whom never art of man conciliated.

[Paces in agitation through the chamber, then pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloquy.]

What is thy enterprise? thy aim? thy object?
 Hast honestly confessed it to thyself?
 Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,
 Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
 Strong in possession, founded in old custom ;
 Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
 Fixed to the people's pious nursery-faith.
 This, this will be no strife of strength with strength :
 That feared I not. I brave each combatant,
 Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
 Who full himself of courage kindles courage
 In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible
 The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
 Which in the human heart opposes me,
 By its coward fear alone made fearful to me ;
 Not that, which, full of life, instinct with power,
 Makes known its present being—that is not
 The true, the perilously formidable.
 O no ! it is the common, the quite common,
 The thing of an eternal yesterday,
 What ever was, and evermore returns,
 Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling !
 For of the wholly common is man made,
 And custom is his nurse ! Woe then to them
 Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
 House furniture, the dear inheritance
 From his forefathers. For time consecrates ;
 And what is grey with age becomes religion.
 Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
 And sacred will the many guard it for thee !

[To the PAGE, who here enters.]

The Swedish officer? Well, let him enter.

[The PAGE exit; WALLENSTEIN fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.]

Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come
 Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
 The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V.—WALLENSTEIN and WRANGEL.

WAL. *[after having fixed a searching look on him.]* Your name
 Wrangel?

WRAN. Gustave Wrangel, General
 Of the Sudermanian Blues.

WAL. It was a Wrangel
Who injured me materially at Stralsund,
And by his brave resistance was the cause
Of th' opposition which that seaport made.

WRAN. It was the doing of the element
With which you fought, my lord, and not my merit.
The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom ;
The sea and land, it seemed, were not to serve
One and the same.

WAL. [*makes a motion for him to take a seat, and seats himself.*] And where are your credentials ?

Come you provided with full powers, Sir General ?

WRAN. There are so many scruples yet to solve—

WAL. [*having read the credentials.*] An able letter ! Ay—he
is a prudent,

Intelligent master whom you serve, Sir General !
The Chancellor writes me that he but fulfils
His late departed sovereign's own idea
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

WRAN. He says the truth. Our great king, now in heaven,
Did ever deem most highly of your grace's
Pre-eminent sense and military genius ;
And always the commanding intellect,
He said, should have command, and be the king.

WAL. Yes, he might say it safely. General Wrangel,
[*Taking his hand affectionately.*]

Come, fair and open—trust me, I was always
A Swede at heart. Ay ! that did you experience
Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg ;
I had you often in my power, and let you
Always slip out by some back door or other.
'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,
Which drives me to this present step : and since
Our interests so run in one direction,
E'en let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.

WRAN. Confidence will come,
Has each but only first security.

WAL. The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me
And, I confess, the gain does not lie wholly
To my advantage. Without doubt he thinks
If I can play false with the Emperor,
Who is my sovereign, I can do the like
With th' enemy, and that the too were
Sooner to be forgiven me than the other.
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General ?

WRAN. I have here an office merely, no opinion.

WAL. The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost :
I can no longer honourably serve him.
For my security, in self-defence,
I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.

WRAN. That I believe. So far would no one go
Who was not forced to it. [After a pause.]

What may have impelled
Your princely highness in this wise to act
Toward your sovereign Lord and Emperor,

Beseems not us to expound or criticize.
 The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,
 With his good sword and conscience. This concurrence,
 This opportunity, is in our favour,
 And all advantages in war are lawful.
 We take what offers without questioning ;
 And if all have its due and just proportions—

WAL. Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?
 Or of my power? I pledged me to the Chancellor,
 Would he trust me with sixteen thousand men,
 That I would instantly go over to them
 With eighteen thousand of th' Emperor's troops.

WRAN. Your grace is known to be a mighty war-chief
 To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.
 'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,
 How some years past, beyond all human faith
 You called an army forth, like a creation ;
 But yet—

WAL. But yet?

WRAN. But still the Chancellor thinks,
 It might yet be an easier thing from nothing
 To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,
 Than to persuade one-sixtieth part of them—

WAL. What now? Out with it, friend !

WRAN.

To break their oaths.

WAL. And he thinks so? He judges like a Swede,
 And like a Protestant. You Lutherans
 Fight for your Bible. You are int'rested
 About the cause ; and with your hearts you follow
 Your banners. Among you, whoe'er deserts
 To the enemy hath broken covenant
 With two Lords at one time. We've no such fancies.

WRAN. Great God in Heaven ! Have then the people here
 No house and home, no fireside, no altar ?

WAL. I will explain that to you, how it stands :
 The Austrian has a country, ay, and loves it,
 And has good cause to love it—but this army,
 That calls itself th' Imperial, this that houses
 Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country ;
 This is an outcast of all foreign lands,
 Unclaimed by town or tribe, to whom belongs
 Nothing except the universal sun.

WRAN. But then the nobles and the officers?
 Such a desertion, such a felony,
 It is without example, my Lord Duke,
 In the world's history.

WAL. They are all mine—
 Mine unconditionally, mine on all terms.
 Not me, your own eyes you must trust.

*[He gives him the paper containing the written oath.
 WRANGEL reads it through, and, having read it, lays
 it on the table, remaining silent.]*

So then?

Now comprehend you?

WRAN. Comprehend who can !
 My Lord Duke ; I will let the mask drop—yes !

I've full powers for a final settlement.
 The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from here
 With fifteen thousand men, and only waits
 For orders to proceed and join your army.
 Those orders I give out, immediately
 We're compromised.

WAL. What asks the Chancellor?

WRAN. [*considerately.*] Twelve regiments, every man a Swede—
 my head

The warrant—¹and all might prove at last
 Only false play—

WAL. [*starting.*] Sir Swede!

WRAN. [*calmly proceeding.*] Am therefore forced
 T' insist thereon, that he do formally,
 Irrevocably break with th' Emperor,
 Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

WAL. Come, brief and open, what is the demand?

WRAN. That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments
 Attached to th' Emperor, that he seize Prague,
 And to the Swedes give up that city, with
 The strong pass Egra

WAL. That is much indeed!
 Prague! Egra's granted. But—but Prague! 'Twon't do.
 I give you every security
 Which you may ask of me in common reason—
 But Prague—Bohemia—these, Sir General,
 I can myself protect.

WRAN. We doubt it not.
 But 'tis not the protection that is now
 Our sole concern. We want security
 That we shall not expend our men and money
 All to no purpose.

WAL. 'Tis but reasonable.

WRAN. And till we are indemnified, so long
 Stays Prague in pledge.

WAL. Then trust you us so little?

WRAN. [*rising.*] The Swede, if he would treat well with the
 German,

Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been called
 Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire
 From ruin—with our best blood have we sealed
 The liberty of faith and gospel truth.
 But now already is the benefaction
 No longer felt, the load alone is felt.
 Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,
 As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
 And would fain send us, with some paltry sum
 Of money, home again to our old forests.
 No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was
 For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
 That we did leave our King by the great stone.¹
 No, not for gold and silver have there bled
 So many of our Swedish nobles—neither
 Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,

¹ A great stone near Lutzen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great king having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

Hoist sail for our own country. Citizens
Will we remain upon the soil, the which
Our monarch conquered for himself, and died.

WAL. Help to keep down the common enemy,
And the fair border-land must needs be yours.

WRAN. But when the common enemy lies vanquished,
Who knits together our new friendship then?
We know, Duke Friedland—though perhaps the Swede
Ought not t' have known it—that you carry on
Secret negotiations with the Saxons.
Who is our warranty, that we are not
The sacrifices in those articles
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

WAL. [*rises.*] Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!
Of Prague no more.

WRAN. Here my commission ends.

WAL. Surrender up to you my capital!
Far liever would I face about, and step
Back to my Emperor.

WRAN. If time yet permits—

WAL. That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

WRAN. Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer—
No longer since Sesina is a prisoner.

[WALLENSTEIN *is struck and silenced.*]

My Lord Duke, hear me. We believe that you
At present do mean honourably by us—
Since yesterday we're sure of that; and now
This paper warrants for the troops there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor
Contents himself with Albstadt, to your Grace
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side.
But Egra above all must open to us,
Ere we can think of any junction.

WAL. You,
You therefore must I trust, and you not me?
I will consider of your proposition.

WRAN. I must entreat that your consideration
Occupy not too long a time. Already
Has this negotiation, my Lord Duke,
Crept on into the second year. If nothing
Is settled this time, will the Chancellor
Consider it as broken off for ever?

WAL. Ye press me hard. A measure such as this
Ought to be thought of.

WRAN. Ay! but think of this too—
That sudden action only can procure it
Success; think first of this, your highness. [*Exit WRANGL.*]

SCENE VI.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, and ILLO (*re-enter*).

ILLO. Is't all right?

TER. Are you compromised?

ILLO. This Swede
Went smiling from you. Yes, you're compromised.

WAL. As yet is nothing settled: and (well weighed)
I feel myself inclined to leave it so.

TER. How? What is that?

WAL. Come on me what will come,
The doing evil to avoid an evil
Cannot be good!

TER. Nay, but bethink you, Duke?

WAL. To live upon the mercy of these Swedes—
Of these proud-hearted Swedes!—I could not bear it.

ILLO. Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest?

SCENE VII.—*To these enter the* COUNTESS TERTSKY.

WAL. Who sent for you? There is no business here
For women.

COUN. I am come to bid you joy.

WAL. Use thy authority, Tertsy; bid her go.

COUN. Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

WAL. Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you.
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed if a woman but attack me.
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex.

COUN. I had already
Given the Bohemians a king.

WAL. [*sarcastically.*] They have one,
In consequence, no doubt.

COUN. [*to the others.*] Ha! what new scruple?

TER. The Duke will not.

COUN. He will not what he must!

ILLO. It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced,
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience
And of fidelity.

COUN. How? Then, when all
Lay in the far-off distance, when the road
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
Now that the dream is being realized,
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?
Planned merely, 'tis a common felony—
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking;
And with success comes pardon hand in hand;
For all event is God's arbitrement.

SER. [*enters*] The Colonel Piccolomini.

COUN. [*hastily.*] Must wait.

WAL. I cannot see him now. Another time.

SER. But for two minutes he entreats an audience.
Of the most urgent nature is his business.

WAL. Who knows what he may bring us? I will hear him.

COUN. [*laughs.*] Urgent for him, no doubt; but thou mayest
wait.

WAL. What is it?

COUN. Thou shalt be informed hereafter.
First let the Swede and thee be compromised. [*Exit* SERVANT.

WAL. If there were yet a choice! if yet some milder
Way of escape were possible—I still
Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

COUN. Desir'st thou nothing further? Such a way
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away
All thy past life ; determine to commence
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
As well as fame and fortune. To Vienna
Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne ;
Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,
Thou didst but wish to prove thy fealty ;
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

ILLO. For that too 'tis too late. They know too much.
He would but bear his own head to the block.

COUN. I fear not that. They have not evidence
To attain him legally, and they avoid
The avowal of an arbitrary power.
They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.
I see how all will end. The King of Hungary
Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself
Be understood, that then the Duke retires.
There will not want a formal declaration.
The young king will administer the oath
To the whole army ; and so all returns
To the old position. On some morrow morning
The Duke departs ; and now 'tis stir and bustle
Within his castle. He will hunt, and build,
Superintend his horses' pedigrees ;
Creates himself a Court, gives golden keys,
And introduceth strictest ceremony
In fine proportions and nice etiquette ;
Keeps open table with high cheer ; in brief,
Commenceth mighty king—in miniature.
And while he prudently demeans himself,
And gives himself no actual importance,
He will be let appear whate'er he likes ;
And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
A mighty prince to his last dying hour?
Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is as others
A fire-new noble, whom the war hath raised
To price and currency, a Jonah's gourd,
An over-night creation of Court favour,
Which with an undistinguishable ease
Makes baron or makes prince.

WAL. [*in extreme agitation.*] Take her away.
Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

COUN. Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee! Canst thou
Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,
So ignominiously to be dried up?
Thy life, that arrogated such a height
To end in such a nothing! To be nothing,
When one was always nothing, is an evil
That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil,
But to become a nothing, having been—

WAL. [*starts up in violent agitation.*] Show me a way out of
this stifling crowd,
Ye powers of aidance! Show me such a way
As I am capable of going. I

Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler ;
 I cannot warm by thinking ; cannot say
 To the good luck that turns her back upon me,
 Magnanimously : " Go ; I need thee not."
 Cease I to work, I am annihilated.
 Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,
 If so I may avoid the last extreme ;
 But ere I sink down into nothingness,
 Leave off so little, who began so great,
 Ere that the world confuses me with those
 Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
 This age and after-ages speak my name
 With hate and dread ; and Friedland be redemption
 For each accursed deed !

COUN. What is there here, then,
 So against nature ? Help me to perceive it !
 O let not superstition's nightly goblins
 Subdue thy clear bright spirit ! Art thou bid
 To murder ?—with abhorred accursed poignard,
 To violate the breasts that nourished thee ?
 That were against our nature, that might aptly
 Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken ;
 Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
 Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it.
 What is there in thy case so black and monstrous ?
 Thou art accused of treason—whether with
 Or without justice is not now the question—
 Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
 Of the power which thou possessest—Friedland ! Duke !
 Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
 That doth not all his living faculties
 Put forth in preservation of his life ?
 What deed so daring, which necessity
 And desperation will not sanctify ?

WAL. Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me :
 He loved me ; he esteemed me ; I was placed
 The nearest to his heart. Full many a time
 We like familiar friends, both at one table,
 Have banqueted together. He and I—
 And the young kings themselves held me the basin
 Wherewith to wash me—and is't come to this ?

COUN. So faithfully preserv'st thou each small favour,
 And hast no memory for contumelies ?
 Must I remind thee, how at Regenspurg
 This man repaid thy faithful services ?
 All ranks and all conditions in the empire
 Thou hadst wronged, to make him great,—hadst loaded on thee,
 On thee, the hate, the curse of the whole world.
 No friend existed for thee in all Germany ;
 And why ? because thou hadst existed only
 For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone
 Clung Friedland in that storm which gathered round him
 At Regenspurg in the Diet—and he dropped thee !
 He let thee fall ! He let thee fall a victim
 To the Bavarian, to that insolent !
 Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity

And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,
 Thou wert let drop into obscurity.
 Say not, the restoration of thy honour
 Hath made atonement for that first injustice.
 No honest goodwill was it that replaced thee,
 The law of hard necessity replaced thee,
 Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.

WAL. Not to their good wishes, that is certain,
 Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted
 For this high office; and if I abuse it,
 I shall therein abuse no confidence.

COUN. Affection! confidence! They needed thee.
 Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!
 Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,
 Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,
 Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
 And at the rudder places him, e'en though
 She had been forced to take him from the rabble—
 She, this necessity, it was that placed thee
 In this high office, it was she that gave thee
 Thy letters patent of inauguration.
 For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
 This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
 With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach
 Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
 Is found a hollow image and no more,
 Then falls the power into the mighty hands
 Of nature, of the spirit giant-born,
 Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
 Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
 And, like the emancipated force of fire,
 Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them,
 Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

WAL. 'Tis true! they saw me always as I am—
 Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
 I never held it worth my pains to hide
 The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

COUN. Nay rather—thou hast ever shown thyself
 A formidable man, without restraint;
 Hast exercised the full prerogatives
 Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
 Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not thou,
 Who hast still remained consistent with thyself,
 But they are in the wrong, who fearing thee,
 Entrusted such a power in hands they feared.
 For, by the laws of spirit, in the right
 Is every individual character
 That acts in strict consistence with itself.
 Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
 Wert thou another being, then, when thou
 Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire
 And sword, and desolation, through the circles
 Of Germany, the universal scourge,
 Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,
 The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,
 Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,

All to extend thy Sultan's domination ?
 Then was the time to break thee in, to curb
 Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
 But no ! the Emperor felt no touch of conscience ;
 What served him pleased him, and without a murmur
 He stamped his broad seal on these lawless deeds.
 What at that time was right, because thou didst it
 For him, to-day is all at once become
 Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed
 Against him,—O most flimsy superstition !

WAL. [*rising.*] I never saw it in this light before.

'Tis even so. The Emperor perpetrated
 Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderly.
 And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
 I owe to what were services to him,
 But most high misdemeanours 'gainst the empire.

COUN. Then betwixt thee and him (confess it, Friedland !)
 The point can be no more of right and duty,
 Only of power and opportunity.

That opportunity, lo ! it comes yonder,
 Approaching with swift steeds ; then with a swing
 Throw thyself up into the chariot seat,
 Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent
 Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest
 Of the now empty seat. *The moment comes—*
 It is already here, when thou must write
 The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
 The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
 The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
 And tell thee, "Now's the time !" The starry courses
 Hast thou thy lifelong measured to no purpose ?
 The quadrant and the circle were they playthings ?

[*Pointing to the different objects in the room.*]

The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,
 Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee
 In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed
 These seven presiding Lords of Destiny—
 For toys ? Is all this preparation nothing ?
 Is there no marrow in this hollow art,
 That even to thyself it doth avail
 Nothing, and has no influence over thee
 In the great moment of decision ?

WAL. [*during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, labouring with passions ; stops suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the COUNTESS*]

Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly
 Despatch three couriers—

ILLO [*hurrying out.*] God in heaven be praised !

WAL. It is his evil genius and mine.
 Our evil genius ! It chastises him
 Through me, the instrument of his ambition ;
 And I expect no less, than that Revenge
 E'en now is whetting for my breast the poignard,
 Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope
 To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
 Has, in the moment of its perpetration,

Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving,
 An ominous sinking at the inmost heart.
 He can no longer trust me: then no longer
 Can I retreat—so come that which must come.
 Still destiny preserves its due relations,
 The heart within us is its absolute
 Vicegerent.

[To TERTSKY.

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel
 To my state-cabinet. Myself will speak to
 The couriers. And despatch immediately
 A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

[To the COUNTESS, who cannot conceal her triumph.
 No exultation!—woman, triumph not!
 For jealous are the Powers of Destiny.
 Joy premature, and shouts ere victory,
 Encroach upon their rights and privileges.
 We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.
 . [While he is making his exit the curtain drops.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*As in the preceding Act.* WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO
 PICCOLOMINI.

WAL. [*coming forward in conversation.*] He sends me word
 from Linz, that he lies sick;
 But I have sure intelligence, that he
 Secrets himself at Frauenberg with Galas.
 Secure them both, and send them to me hither.
 Remember, thou tak'st on thee the command
 Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly
 Make preparation, and be never ready:
 And if they urge thee to draw out against me,
 Still answer yes, and stand as thou wert fettered.
 I know, that it is doing thee a service
 To keep thee out of action in this business.
 Thou lov'st to linger on in fair appearances;
 Steps of extremity are not thy province,
 Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.
 Thou wilt this time be of most service to me
 By thy inertness. The meantime, if fortune
 Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know
 What is to do.

Enter MAX PICCOLOMINI.

Now go, Octavio.
 This night must thou be off, take my own horses;
 Him here I keep with me—make short farewell—
 Trust me, I think we all shall meet again
 In joy and thriving fortune.

OCT. [*to his son.*] I shall see you
 Yet ere I go.

SCENE II.—WALLENSTEIN, MAX PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. [*advances to him.*] My General!

WAL. That am I no longer, if
 Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.

MAX. Then thou wilt leave the army, General?

WAL. I have renounced the service of the Emperor.

MAX. And thou wilt leave the army?

WAL. Rather hope I

To bind it nearer still and faster to me. *[He seats himself.]*

Yes, Max, I have have delayed to open it to thee,

Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.

Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily

The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is

To exercise the single apprehension

Where the sums square in proof;

But where it happens, that of two sure evil.

One must be taken, where the heart not wholly

Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,

There 'tis a blessing to have no election,

And blank necessity is grace and favour.

This is now present: do not look behind thee,—

It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards;

Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!

The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,

Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.

We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,

And our good friends.

[He stops himself, expecting PICCOLOMINI'S answer.]

I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.

I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[He rises, and retires at the back of the stage. MAX remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion WALLENSTEIN returns, and places himself before him.]

MAX. My General, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person,
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
With most implicit unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

WAL. Soft cradled thee thy fortune till to-day;
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

MAX. War! is that the name?

War is as frightful as Heaven's pestilence.

Yet it is good, is it Heaven's will as that is.

Is that a good war, which against the Emperor

Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?

O God of Heaven! what a change is this.

Beseems it me to offer such persuasion

To thee, who like the fixed star of the pole
 Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
 O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
 The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
 The holy habit of obedience,
 Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?
 Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—
 It always was as a god looking at me!
 Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
 The senses still are in thy bonds, although,
 Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

WAL. Max, hear me.

MAX. O! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
 There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
 Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
 Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
 Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
 It will not let itself be driven away
 From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
 Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
 All human creatures to disloyalty
 Against the nobleness of their own nature.
 'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
 Which holdeth nothing noble in freewill,
 And trusts itself to impotence alone
 Made powerful only in an unknown power.

WAL. The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.
 Already have I said to my own self
 All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
 Th' extreme—can he by going round avoid it?
 But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
 Or suffer violence—so stands the case,
 There remains nothing possible but that.

MAX. O that is never possible for thee!
 'Tis the last desperate resource of those
 Cheap souls, to whom their honour, their good name
 Is their poor saving, their last worthless keep,
 Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves
 In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich
 And glorious; with an unpolluted heart.
 Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest;
 But he, who once hath acted infamy,
 Does nothing more in this world.

WAL. [*grasps his hand.*] Calmly, Max!
 Much that is great and excellent will we
 Perform together yet. And if we only
 Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
 Forgotten, Max, by what road we ascended.
 Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
 That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
 To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
 Not to the good. All that the powers divine
 Send from above, are universal blessings:
 Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
 But never yet was man enriched by them:
 In their eternal realm no property

Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
 The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
 From the deceiving powers, depraved in nature,
 That dwell beneath the day and blessed sunlight ;
 Not without sacrifices are they rendered
 Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
 That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

MAX. Whate'er is human, to the human being
 Do I allow—and to the vehement
 And striving spirit readily I pardon
 Th' excess of action ; but to thee, my General,
 Above all others make I large concession.
 For thou must move a world, and be the master—
 He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
 So be it then ; maintain thee in thy post
 By violence. Resist the Emperor,
 And if it must be, force with force repel :
 I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
 But not—not to the traitor—yes !—the word
 Is spoken out——

Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
 That is no mere excess ; that is no error
 Of human nature—that is wholly different ;
 O that is black, black as the pit of hell !

[WALLENSTEIN *betrays a sudden agitation.*

Thou canst not hear it named, and wilt thou do it ?
 O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,
 I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
 I'll make thy peace for thee with th' Emperor.
 He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
 Shall see thee, Duke, with my unclouded eye,
 And I bring back his confidence to thee.

WAL. It is too late. Thou know'st not what has happened.

MAX. Were it too late, and were things gone so far,
 That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
 Then—fall ! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st,
 Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
 Thou canst with splendour do it—do it too
 With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others,
 At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
 My destiny I never part from thine.

WAL. It is too late ! Even now, while thou art losing
 Thy words, one after the other are the milestones
 Left fast behind by my post couriers,
 Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

[MAX *stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance
 expressing the most intense anguish.*

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
 I cannot give assent to my own shame
 And ruin. Thou—no—thou canst not forsake me !
 So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,
 With a firm step. What am I doing worse
 Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
 When he the legions led against his country,
 The which his country had delivered to him ?
 Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,

As I were, if I but disarmed myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit.
Give me his luck, that other thing I'll bear.

[MAX quits him abruptly. WALLENSTEIN, startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when TERTSKY enters.]

SCENE III.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

TER. Max Piccolomini just left you?

WAL. Where is Wrangel?

TER. He is already gone.

WAL. In such a hurry?

TER. It is as if the earth had swallowed him.
He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.
I wished some words with him—but he was gone.
How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,
I half believe it was the devil himself;
A human creature could not so at once
Have vanished.

ILLO. [enters.] Is it true that thou wilt send Octavio?

TER. How, Octavio! Whither send him!

WAL. He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither
The Spanish and Italian regiments.

ILLO. No!

Nay, Heaven forbid!

WAL. And why should Heaven forbid?

ILLO. Him!—that deceiver! Wouldst thou trust to him
The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
Now, in the very instant that decides us—

TER. Thou wilt not do this! No! I pray thee, no!

WAL. Ye are whimsical.

ILLO. O but for this time, Duke,
Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.

WAL. And why should I not trust him only this time,
Who have always trusted him? What, then, has happened,
That I should lose my good opinion of him?
In complaisance to your whims, not my own,
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him
E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

TER. Must it be he—he only! Send another.

WAL. It must be he, whom I myself have chosen;
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore
I gave it him.

ILLO. Because he's an Italian—
Therefore is he well fitted for the business.

WAL. I know you love them not—nor sire, nor son—
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,
Thorns in your footpath. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?
Are they the worse to me because you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me,

ILLO. Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always
Lurking about with this Octavio.

WAL. It happened with my knowledge and permission.

ILLO. I know that secret messengers came to him
From Galas—

WAL. That's not true.

ILLO. O thou art blind
With thy deep-seeing eyes.

WAL. Thou wilt not shake
My faith for me—my faith, which founds itself
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,
Then the whole science of the stars is false.
For know, I have a pledge from fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

ILLO. Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false?

WAL. There exist moments in the life of man
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny :
And such a moment 'twas, when in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lutzen,
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
I looked out far upon the ominous plain.
My whole life, past and future, in this moment
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
And to the destiny of the next morning
The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,
Did knit the most removed futurity.
Then said I also to myself, "So many
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars—
And as on some great number set their all
Upon thy single head, and only man
The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
Will come, when destiny shall once more scatter
All these in many a several direction :
Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee."
I yearned to know which one was faithfullest
Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny,
Give me a sign ! And he shall be the man,
Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first
To meet me with a token of his love :
And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.
Then midmost in the battle was I led
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult !
Then was my horse killed under me : I sank !
And over me away all unconcernedly,
Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
I lay, and panted like a dying man.
Then seized me suddenly a saviour arm :
It was Octavio's—I awoke at once,
'Twas broad day, and Octavio stood before me.
"My brother," said he, "do not ride to day
The dapple, as you're wont ; but mount the horse
Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother,
In love to me. A strong dream warned me so "
It was the swiftness of this horse that snatched me

From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.
My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
And never more saw I or horse or rider.

ILLO. That was a chance.

WAL. [*significantly.*] There's no such thing as chance.
In brief, 'tis signed and sealed that this Octavio
Is my good angel—and now no word more. [*He is retiring.*]

TER. This is my comfort—Max remains our hostage.

ILLO. And he shall never stir from here alive.

WAL. [*stops and turns himself round.*] Are ye not like the
women, who for ever

Only recur to their first word, although
One had been talking reason by the hour?
Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds
Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved.
The inner world, his microcosmus, is
The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally.
They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—
No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
Have I the human kernel first examined?
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S Dwelling-house.* OCTAVIO
PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI (*entering*).

ISO. Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?

OCT. [*with an air of mystery.*] But, first, a word with you,
Count Isolani.

ISO. [*with the same air of mystery.*] Will it explode, ha? Is
the Duke about

To make th' attempt? In me, friend, you may place
Full confidence. Nay, put me to the proof.

OCT. That may happen.

ISO. Noble brother, I am
Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
And when it comes to action skulk away.
The Duke has acted t'wards me as a friend.
God knows it is so; and I owe him all—
He may rely on my fidelity.

OCT. That will be seen hereafter.

ISO. Be on your guard,
All think not as I think; and there are many
Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say
That those stol'n signatures bind them to nothing.

OCT. I am rejoiced to hear it.

ISO. You rejoice!

OCT. That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants,
And loving friends.

ISO. Nay, jeer not, I entreat you,
They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

OCT. I am assured already. God forbid
That I should jest! In very serious earnest
I am rejoiced to see an honest cause
So strong.

ISO. The devil!—what!—why, what means this?
Are you not, then—For what, then, am I here?

OCT. That you may make full declaration, whether

You will be called the friend or enemy
Of th' Emperor.

ISO. [*with an air of defiance.*] That declaration, friend,
I'll make to him in whom a right is placed
To put that question to me.

OCT. Whether, Count,
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

ISO. [*stammering.*] Why—why—what ! This is the Emperor's
hand and seal ! [*Reads*]

"Whereas the officers collectively
Throughout our army will obey the orders
Of the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.
As from ourselves."—Hem !—Yes ! so !—Yes ! yes !—
I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-General !

OCT. And you submit you to the order ?

ISO. I—
But you have taken me so by surprise—
'Time for reflection must one have—

OCT. Two minutes.

ISO. My God ! But then the case is—

OCT. Plain and simple.
You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason 'gainst your lord and sovereign,
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

ISO. Treason ! My God ! But who talks then of treason ?

OCT. That is the case. The Prince-Duke is a traitor—
Means to lead over to the enemy
The Emperor's army. Now, Count !—brief and full—
Say will you break your oath to th' Emperor ?
Sell yourself to the enemy ? Say, will you ?

ISO. What mean you ? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,
To his Imperial Majesty ?
Did I say so ? When, when have I said that ?

OCT. You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant
I wait to hear, Count, whether you will say it.

ISO. Ay ! that delights me now, that you yourself
Bear witness for me that I never said so.

OCT. And you renounce the Duke then ?

ISO. If he's planning
Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

OCT. And are determined, too, to fight against him ?

ISO. He has done me service—but if he's a villain,
Perdition seize him ! All scores are rubbed off.

OCT. I am rejoiced that you're so well disposed.
This night break off in th' utmost secrecy
With all the light-armed troops—it must appear
As came the order from the Duke himself.
At Frauenberg's the place of rendezvous ;
There will Count Galas give you further orders.

ISO. It shall be done. But you'll remember me
With th' Emperor—how well-disposed you found me.

OCT. I will not fail to mention it honourably.

[*Exit ISOLANI. A SERVANT enters.*]
What, Colonel Butler ! Show him up.

ISO. [*returning.*] Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father !
Lord God ! how should I know, then, what a great
Person I had before me.

OCT. No excuses !

ISO. I am a merry lad, and if at time
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the Court
Amidst my wine—you know no harm was meant.

[*Exit.*

OCT. You need not be uneasy on that score.
That has succeeded. Fortune favour us
With all the others only but as much !

SCENE V.—OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER.

BUT. At your command, Lieutenant-General.

OCT. Welcome, as honoured friend and visitor.

BUT. You do me too much honour.

OCT. [*after both have seated themselves.*] You have not
Returned the advances which I made you yesterday—
Misunderstood them, as mere empty forms.
That wish proceeded from my heart—I was
In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time
In which the honest should unite most closely.

BUT. 'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

OCT. True ! and I name all honest men like-minded.
I never charge a man but with those acts
To which his character deliberately
Impels him ; for alas ! the violence
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts
The very best of us from the right track.
You came through Frauenberg. Did the Count Galas
Say nothing to you ? Tell me. He's my friend.

BUT. His words were lost on me.

OCT. It grieves me sorely
To hear it : for his counsel was most wise.
I had myself the like to offer.

BUT. Spare
Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment,
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.

OCT. The time is precious—let us talk openly.
You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein
Meditates treason—I can tell you further—
He has committed treason ; but few hours
Have past, since he a covenant concluded
With th' enemy. The messengers are now
Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.
To-morrow he intends to lead us over
To th' enemy. But he deceives himself ;
For prudence wakes—the Emperor has still
Many and faithful friends here, and they stand
In closest union, mighty though unseen.
This manifesto sentences the Duke—
Recalls the obedience of the army from him,
And summons all the loyal, all the honest,
To join and recognize in me their leader.
Choose—will you share with us an honest cause ;
Or with the evil share an evil lot ?

BUT. [*rises.*] His lot is mine.

OCT. Is that your last resolve

BUT. It is.

OCT. Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler !

As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast
That rashly uttered word remains interred.
Recall it, Butler ! Choose a better party :
You have not chosen the right one.

BUT. [*going.*] Any other
Commands for me, Lieutenant-General ?

OCT. See your white hairs ! Recall that word !

BUT. Farewell !

OCT. What would you draw this good and gallant sword
In such a cause ? Into a curse would you
Transform the gratitude which you have earned
By forty years' fidelity from Austria ?

BUT. [*laughing with bitterness.*] Gratitude from the House of
Austria. [*He is going.*]

OCT. [*permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him.*]
Butler !

BUT. What wish you ?

OCT. How was't with the Count ?

BUT. Count ? what ?

OCT. [*coldly.*] The title that you wished I mean.

BUT. [*starts in sudden passion.*] Hell and damnation !

OCT. [*coldly.*] You petitioned for it—

And your petition was repelled. Was it so ?

BUT. Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunished.
Draw !

OCT. Nay ! your sword to its sheath ! and tell me calmly,
How all that happened. I will not refuse you
Your satisfaction afterwards. Calmly, Butler !

BUT. Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness
For which I never can forgive myself.

Lieutenant-General ! Yes—I have ambition.

Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.

It stung me to the quick, that birth and title
Should have more weight than merit has in th' army.

I would fain not be meaner than my equal,
So in an evil hour I let myself

Be tempted to that measure. It was folly !

But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.

It might have been refused ; but wherefore barb
And venom the refusal with contempt ?

Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn

The grey-haired man, the faithful veteran ?

Why to the baseness of his parentage

Refer him with such cruel roughness, only

Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself !

But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm

Which wanton power treads on in sport and insult.

OCT. You must have been calumniated. Guess you
The enemy, who did you this ill service ?

BUT. Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,
Some vile Court minion must it be, some Spaniard,
Some young squire of some ancient family,
In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,
Stung to his soul by my fair self-earned honours !

OCT. But tell me ? Did the Duke approve that measure ?

BUT. Himself impelled me to it, used his interest
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

OCT. Ay? Are you sure of that?

BUT. I read the letter.

OCT. And so did I—but the contents were different.

[BUTLER is suddenly struck.

By chance I'm in possession of that letter—

Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

[He gives him the letter.

BUT. Ha! what is this?

OCT. I fear me, Colonel Butler,
An infamous game have they been playing with you.
The Duke, you say, impelled you to this measure?
Now, in this letter talks he in contempt
Concerning you, counsels the Minister
To give sound chastisement to your conceit,
For so he calls it.

[BUTLER reads through the letter, his knees tremble, he
seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.

You have no enemy, no persecutor;
There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe
The insult you received to the Duke only,
His aim is clear and palpable. He wished
To tear you from your Emperor—he hoped
To gain from your revenge what he well knew
(What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)
He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.
A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
Use you, as means of most abandoned ends.
He has gained his point. Too well has he succeeded
In luring you away from that good path
On which you had been journeying forty years!

BUT. [his voice trembling.] Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty
forgive me?

OCT. More than forgive you. He would fain compensate
For that affront, and most unmerited grievance
Sustained by a deserving, gallant veteran.
From his free impulse he confirms the present,
Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.
The regiment, which you now command, is yours.

[BUTLER attempts to rise, sinks down again. He labours
inwardly with violent emotions; tries to speak and
cannot. At length he takes his sword from the belt,
and offers it to PICCOLOMINI.

OCT. What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.

BUT. Take it.

OCT. But to what purpose? Calm yourself.

BUT. O take it!

I am no longer worthy of this sword.

OCT. Receive it then anew from my hands—and
Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.

BUT. Perjure myself to such a gracious sovereign!

OCT. You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the Duke!

BUT. Break off from him!

OCT. What now? Bethink thyself.

BUT. [no longer governing his emotion.] Only break off from
him? He dies! he dies!

OCT. Come after me to Frauenberg, where now

All who are loyal are assembling under
 Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others
 I've brought to a remembrance of their duty.
 This night be sure that you escape from Pilsen.

BUT. [BUTLER *strides up and down in excessive agitation, then steps up to OCTAVIO with resolved countenance.*]

Count Piccolomini! Dare that man speak
 Of honour to you, who once broke his troth.

OCT. He who repents so deeply of it, dares.

BUT. Then leave me here. upon my word of honour!

OCT. What's your design?

BUT. Leave me and my regiment.

OCT. I have full confidence in you. But tell me
 What are you brooding?

BUT. That the deed will tell you.
 Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.

Ye may trust safely. By the living God

Ye give him over not to his good angel!

Farewell.

[*Exit BUTLER.*]

SER. [*enters with a billet.*] A stranger left it, and is gone.

The Prince-Duke's horses wait for you below. [*Exit SERVANT.*]

OCT. [*reads.*] "Be sure, make haste! Your faithful Isolan."

O that I had but left this town behind me.

To split upon a rock so near the haven!

Away! this is no longer a safe place for me!

Where can my son be tarrying?

SCENE VI.—OCTAVIO and MAX PICCOLOMINI.—MAX *enters in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.*

OCT. [*advances to MAX.*] I am going off, my son.

[*Receiving no answer, he takes his hand.*]

My son, farewell.

MAX. Farewell.

OCT. Thou wilt soon follow me?

MAX. I follow thee?

Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.

[OCTAVIO *drops his hand, and starts back.*]

O hadst thou been but simple and sincere,
 Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.

He had not done that foul and horrible deed,

The virtuous had retained their influence o'er him:

He had not fallen into the snares of villains.

Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice,

Didst creep behind him—lurking for thy prey?

O, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil!

Thou misery-making demon, it is thou

That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,

Sustainer of the world, had saved us all!

Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee!

Wallenstein has deceived me—O, most foully !
But thou hast acted not much better.

OCT.

Son !

My son, ah ! I forgive thy agony !

MAX. [*risés and contemplates his father with looks of suspicion.*]

Wast possible? Hadst thou the heart, my father—

Hadst thou the heart to drive it to such lengths

With cold premeditated purpose? Thou—

Hadst thou the heart to wish to see him guilty,

Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.

Octavio, 'twill not please me.

OCT.

God in heaven !

MAX. O woe is me ! Sure I have changed my nature.

How comes suspicion here—in the free soul?

Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all

Lied to me, all that I e'er loved or honoured.

No ! No ! Not all ! She—she yet lives for me,

And she is true, and open as the heavens !

Deceit is everywhere, hypocrisy,

Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury :

The single holy spot is now our love,

The only unprofaned in human nature.

OCT. Max ! we will go together. 'Twill be better.

MAX. What ? ere I've taken a last parting leave,
The very last—no, never !

OCT.

Spate thyself

The pang of necessary separation.

Come with me ! Come, my son !

[*Attempts to take him with him.*]

MAX. No ! as sure as God lives, no !

OCT. [*more urgently.*] Come with me, I command thee ! I,
thy father.

MAX. Command me what is human. I stay here.

OCT. Max ! In the Emperor's name I bid thee come.

MAX. No Emperor has power to prescribe

Laws to the heart ! and wouldst thou wish to rob me

Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,

Her sympathy? Must then a cruel deed

Be done with cruelty? The unalterable

Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,

With stealthy coward flight forsake her? No !

She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,

Hear the complaints of the disparted soul,

And weep tears o'er me. Oh ! the human race

Have steely souls—but she is as an angel.

From the black deadly madness of despair

Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words

Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death !

OCT. Thou wilt not tear thyself away: thou canst not.

O, come, my son ! I bid thee save thy virtue.

MAX. Squander not thou thy words in vain.

The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.

OCT. [*trembling and losing all self-command.*] Max ! Max !

if that most damned thing could be—

If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare I think it?)—

Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,

Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,
Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,
And in unnatural combat shall the steel
Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

MAX. O hadst thou always better thought of men,
Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion !
Unholy miserable doubt ! To him
Nothing on earth remains unwrenched and firm,
Who has no faith.

OCT. And if I trust thy heart,
Will it be always in thy power to follow it ?

MAX. The heart's voice thou hast not o'erpowered—as little
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.

OCT. O Max ! I see thee never more again !

MAX. Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

OCT. I go to Frauenberg—the Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too ; Toskana
And Tiesenbach remain here to protect thee.
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant contest
Than leave their rightful leader and their honour.

MAX. Rely on this: I either leave my life
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

OCT. Farewell, my son !

MAX.

Farewell !

OCT. How ? Not one look
Of filial love ? No grasp of the hand at parting ?
It is a bloody war to which we are going,
And the event uncertain and in darkness.
So used we not to part—it was not so !
Is it then true I have a son no longer ?

[MAX falls into his arms; they hold each other for a long
time in a speechless embrace, then go away at different
sides.]

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

TRANSLATED (1800) BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| WALLENSTEIN, <i>Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.</i> | ILLO, <i>Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.</i> |
| DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, <i>Wife of Wallenstein.</i> | BUTLER, <i>an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons</i> |
| THEKLA, <i>her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.</i> | GORDON, <i>Governor of Egra.</i> |
| THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, <i>Sister of the Duchess.</i> | MAJOR GERALDIN. |
| LADY NEUBRUNN. | CAPTAIN DEVEREUX. |
| OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, <i>Lieutenant-General.</i> | CAPTAIN MACDONALD. |
| MAX PICCOLOMINI, <i>his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.</i> | NEUMANN, <i>Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Tertsky.</i> |
| COUNT TERTSKY, <i>the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.</i> | SWEDISH CAPTAIN. |
| | SENI. |
| | BURGOMASTER of Egra. |
| | ANSPESSADE of the Cuirassiers. |
| | GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, } <i>belonging to</i> |
| | A PAGE, } <i>the Duke.</i> |
| | Cuirassiers, Dragoons, Servants. |

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in the House of the DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND.*
COUNTESS TERTSKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN. *The two latter sit at the same table at work.*

COUN. [*watching them from the opposite side.*] So you have nothing, niece, to ask me? Nothing?

I have been waiting for a word from you.
And could you then endure in all this time
Not once to speak his name?

[THEKLA remaining silent, the COUNTESS rises and advances to her.]

Why comes this?

Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,
And other ways exist, besides through me?
Confess it to me, Thekla! have you seen him?

THEK. To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

COUN. And not heard from him either? Come, be open!

THEK. No syllable.

COUN. And still you are so calm?

THEK. I am.

COUN. May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn!

[*Exit LADY NEUBRUNN.*]

SCENE II.—*The COUNTESS, THEKLA.*

COUN. It does not please me, Princess that he holds
Himself so still exactly at this time

THEK. Exactly at this time?

- COUN. He now knows all.
 'Twere now the moment to declare himself.
- THEK. If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.
- COUN. 'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.
 Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart
 Is now no more in nonage : for you love,
 And boldness dwells with love—that you have proved.
 Your nature moulds itself upon your father's
 More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you
 Hear what were too much for her fortitude.
- THEK. Enough ! No further preface, I entreat you.
 At once out with it ! Be it what it may,
 It is not possible that it should torture me
 More than this introduction. What have you
 To say to me ? Tell me the whole and briefly !
- COUN. You'll not be frightened—
- THEK. Name it, I entreat you.
- COUN. It lies within your power to do your father
 A weighty service—
- THEK. Lies within my power ?
- COUN. Max Piccolomini loves you. You can link him
 Indissolubly to your father.
- THEK. I ?
- What need of me for that ? And is he not
 Already linked to him ?
- COUN. He was.
- THEK. And wherefore
 Should he not be so now—not be so always ?
- COUN. He cleaves to th' Emperor too.
- THEK. Not more than duty
 And honour may demand of him.
- COUN. We ask
 Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour.
 Duty and honour !
 Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.
 You should interpret them for him : his love
 Should be the sole definer of his honour.
- THEK. How ?
- COUN. Th' Emperor or you must he renounce.
- THEK. He will accompany my father gladly
 In his retirement. From himself you heard
 How much he wished to lay aside the sword.
- COUN. He must not lay the sword aside we mean ;
 He must unsheath it in your father's cause.
- THEK. He'll spend with gladness and alacrity
 His life, his heart's blood in my father's cause,
 If shame or injury be intended him.
- COUN. You will not understand me. Well, hear then !
 Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,
 And is about to join the enemy
 With the whole soldiery—
- THEK. Alas, my mother !
- COUN. There needs a great example to draw on
 The army after him. The Piccolomini
 Possess the love and reverence of the troops ;
 They govern all opinions, and wherever
 They lead the way none hesitate to follow.

The son secures the father to our interests—
You've much in your hands at this moment.

THEK. Ah,
My miserable mother! What a death-stroke
Awaits thee! No! She never will survive it.

COUN. She will accommodate her soul to that
Which is and must be. I do know your mother.
The far-off future weighs upon her heart
With torture of anxiety; but is it
Unalterably, actually present,
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.

THEK. O my foreboding bosom! Even now,
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp;
I knew it well—no sooner had I entered,
A heavy ominous presentiment
Revealed to me that spirits of death were hovering
Over my happy fortune. But why think I
First of myself? My mother! O my mother!

COUN. Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting!
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover, all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.

THEK. Prove good? What good?
Must we not part? Part ne'er to meet again?

COUN. He parts not from you. He cannot part from you.

THEK. Alas for his sore anguish! It will rend
His heart asunder.

COUN. If indeed he loves you,
His resolution will be speedily taken.

THEK. His resolution will be speedily taken—
O do not doubt of that! A resolution!
Does there remain one to be taken?

COUN. Hush!
Collect yourself! I hear your mother coming.

THEK. How shall I bear to see her?

COUN. Collect yourself.

SCENE III.—*To them enter the DUCHESS.*

DUCH. [*to the COUNTESS.*] Who was here, sister? I heard
some one talking,
And passionately too.

COUN. Nay! there was no one.

DUCH. I am grown so timorous, every trifling noise
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me
The footstep of some messenger of evil.
And can you tell me, sister, what the event is?
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,
And send the horse regiments to the Cardinal?
Tell me, has he dismissed Von Questenberg
With a favourable answer?

COUN. No, he has not.

DUCH. Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,
The worst that can come! Yes, they will depose him;
The accursed business of the Regensburg Diet
Will all be acted o'er again!

COUN. No! never!
 Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.
 [THEKLA, in extreme agitation, throws herself upon her
 MOTHER, and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.]

DUCH. Yes, my poor child!
 Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother
 In th' Empress. O that stern unbending man!
 In this unhappy marriage what have I
 Not suffered, not endured? For e'en as if
 I had been linked on to some wheel of fire,
 That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,
 I have passed a life of frights and horrors with him,
 And ever to the brink of some abyss
 With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me.
 Nay, do not weep, my child! Let not my sufferings
 Presignify unhappiness to thee,
 Nor blacken with their shade the fate that waits thee.
 There lives no second Friedland; thou, my child,
 Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.

THEK. O let us supplicate him, dearest mother!
 Quick! quick! here's no abiding place for us.
 Here every coming hour broods into life
 Some new affrightful monster.

DUCH. Thou wilt share
 An easier, calmer lot, my child! We too,
 I and thy father, witnessed happy days.
 Still think I with delight of those first years,
 When he was making progress with glad effort,
 When his ambition was a genial fire,
 Not that consuming flame which now it is.
 The Emperor loved him, trusted him: and all
 He undertook could not but be successful.
 But since that ill-starred day at Regenspurg,
 Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,
 A gloomy uncompanionable spirit,
 Unsteady and suspicious, has possessed him.
 His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer
 Did he yield up himself in joy and faith
 To his old luck and individual power;
 But thenceforth turned his heart and best affections
 All to those cloudy sciences, which never
 Have yet made happy him who followed them.

COUN. You see it, sister, as your eyes permit you.
 But surely this is not the conversation
 To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.
 You know he will be soon here. Would you have him
 Find her in this condition?

DUCH. Come, my child!
 Come, wipe away thy tears, and show thy father
 A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here
 Is off—this hair must not hang so dishevelled.
 Come, dearest! dry thy tears up. They deform
 Thy gentle eye. Well now—what was I saying?
 Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini
 Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

COUN. That is he, sister!

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

543

THEK. *[to the COUNTESS, with marks of great oppression of spirits.]* Aunt, you will excuse me?
 COUN. But whither? See, your father comes!
 THEK. I cannot see him now.
 COUN. Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.
 THEK. But he will miss you, will ask after you.
 COUN. What now? Why is she going?
 DUCH. *[anxiously.]* What ails then my beloved child?
 DUCH. *[Both follow the PRINCESS, and endeavour to detain her.]*
 DUCH. *[During this WALLENSTEIN appears, engaged in conversation with ILLO.]*

SCENE IV:—WALLESTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHIESS, THEKLA.
 WAL. All quiet in the camp?
 ILLO. It is all quiet.

WAL. In a few hours may couriers come from Prague
 With tidings that this capital is ours.
 Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops
 Assembled in this town make known the measure
 And its result together. In such cases
 Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost
 Still leads the herd. An imitative creature
 Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other
 Than that the Pilsen army has gone through
 The forms of homage to us; and in Pilsen
 They shall swear fealty to us, because
 The example has been given them by Prague.
 BUTLER, you tell me, has declared himself.
 ILLO. At his own bidding, unsolicited,
 He came to offer you himself and regiment.
 WAL. I find we must not give implicit credence
 To every warning voice that makes itself
 Be listened to in the heart. To hold us back,
 Oft does the lying spirit counterfeit
 The voice of truth and inward revelation,
 Scattering false oracles. And thus have I
 To entreat forgiveness, for that secretly
 I've wronged this honourable gallant man,
 This Butler: for a feeling, of the which
 I am not master (fear I would not call it),
 Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,
 At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.
 And this same man, against whom I am warned,
 This honest man is he who reaches to me
 The first pledge of my fortune.

ILLO. And doubt not
 That his example will win over to you
 The best men in the army.

WAL. Go and send
 Isolani hither. Send him immediately.
 He is under recent obligations to me.
 With him will I commence the trial. Go!

WAL. *[turns himself round to the females.]* Lo, there the mother
 with the darling daughter!
 For once we'll have an interval of rest.

[ILLO exit.]

Come ! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour
In the beloved circle of my family.

COUN. 'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.

WAL. [*to the COUNTESS aside.*] Can she sustain the news? Is she prepared?

COUN. Not yet.

WAL. Come here, my sweet girl ! Seat thee by me,
For there is a good spirit on thy lips.

Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill :

She says a voice of melody dwells in thee

Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice

Will drive away from me the evil demon

That beats his black wings close above my head.

DUCH. Where is thy lute, my daughter ? Let thy father
Hear some small trial of thy skill.

THEK. My mother !

I—

DUCH. Trembling ? Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer
Thy father.

THEK. O my mother ! I—I cannot.

COUN. How ! What is that, niece ?

THEK. [*to the COUNTESS.*] O spare me ! Sing—now—in this
sore anxiety

Of the o'erburthened soul—to sing to him,

Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong

Into her grave !

DUCH. How, Thekla ? Humoursome ?

What ! Shall thy father have expressed a wish
In vain ?

COUN. Here is the lute.

THEK. My God ! how can I—

[*The orchestra plays. During the ritornello THEKLA expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings : and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.*]

DUCH. My child ! O she is ill—

WAL. What ails the maiden ?

Say, is she often so ?

COUN. Since then herself
Has now betrayed it, I too must no longer
Conceal it.

WAL. What ?

COUN. She loves him !

WAL. Loves him ! Whom ?

COUN. Max does she love ! Max Piccolomini.

Hast thou ne'er noticed it ? Nor yet my sister ?

DUCH. Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart ?
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child ! Thou needest
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

COUN. This journey—if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it
To thine own self. Thou shouldst have chosen another
To have attended her.

WAL. And does he know it ?

COUN. Yes, and he hopes to win her.

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

545

WAL.
Is the boy mad.
COUN. Well—hear it from themselves.
WAL. He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter?
Ay? The thought pleases me.
The young man has no grovelling spirit.
COUN. Since
Such and such constant favour you have shown him—
WAL. He chooses finally to be my heir.
And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honour him.
But must he therefore be my daughter's husband?
Is it daughters only? Is it only children
That we must show our favour by?
DUCH. His noble disposition and his manners—
WAL. Win him my heart, but not my daughter.
DUCH.
His rank, his ancestors—
WAL. Ancestors! What?
He is a subject, and my son-in-law
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.
DUCH. O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high,
Lest we should fall too low.
WAL. What? have I paid
A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,
And jut out high above the common herd,
Only to close the mighty part I play
In life's great drama, with a common kinsman?
Have I for this—
[Stops suddenly, repressing himself.]
She is the only thing
That will remain behind of me on earth;
And I will see a crown around her head,
Or die in the attempt to place it there.
I hazard all—all! and for this alone,
To lift her into greatness—
Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking—
[He recollects himself.]
And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,
Couple together in good peasant fashion
The pair, that chance to suit each other's liking—
And I must do it now, even now, when I
Am stretching out the wreath that is to twine
My full accomplished work—no! she is the jewel,
Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,
And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me
For less than a king's sceptre.
DUCH.
You're ever building, building to the clouds,
Still building higher; and still higher building,
And ne'er reflect that the poor narrow basis
Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.
WAL. [to the COUNTESS.] Have you announced the place
of residence
Which I have destined for her?
COUN. No! not yet.
'Twere better you yourself disclosed it to her.
DUCH. How? Do we not return to Karn then?

WAL. No.
 DUCH. And to no other of your lands or seats?
 WAL. You would not be secure there.
 DUCH. Not secure
 In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's
 Protection?
 WAL. Friedland's wife may be permitted
 No longer to hope that.
 DUCH. O God in heaven!
 And have you brought it even to this?
 WAL. In Holland
 You'll find protection.
 DUCH. In a Lutheran country?
 What? And you send us into Lutheran countries?
 WAL. Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.
 DUCH. Duke Franz of Lauenburg?
 The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy!
 WAL. The Emperor's enemies are mine no longer.
 DUCH. [*casting a look of terror on the DUKE and the*
 COUNTESS.] Is it then true! It is. You are degraded?
 Deposed from the command? O God in heaven!
 COUN. [*aside to the DUKE.*] Leave her in this belief.
 Thou seest she cannot
 Support the real truth.

SCENE V.—*To them enter COUNT TERTSKY.*

COUN. —Tertsky,
 What ails him? What an image of affright!
 He looks as he had seen a ghost.
 TER. [*leading WALLENSTEIN aside.*] Is it thy command that all
 the Croats—
 WAL. Mine!
 TER. We are betrayed.
 WAL. What?
 TER. They are off! This night
 The Jagers likewise—all the villages
 In the whole round are empty.
 WAL. Isolani?
 TER. Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.
 WAL. I?
 TER. No! Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodate?
 They are vanished both of them.

SCENE VI.—*To them enter ILLO.*

ILLO. Has Tertsky told thee?
 TER. He knows all.
 ILLO. And likewise
 That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,
 Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee?
 TER. Damnation!
 WAL. [*winks at them.*] Hush!
 COUN. [*who has been watching them anxiously from the dis-*
tance, and now advances to them.] Tertsky! Heaven!
 What is it? What has happened?
 WAL. [*scarcely suppressing his emotions.*] Nothing! let us be
 gone!

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

547

TER. *[following him.]* Theresa, it is nothing.

COUN. *[holding him back.]* Nothing? Do I not see that all the life blood

Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost?

That even my brother but affects a calmness?

PAGE *[enters.]* An Aide-de-Camp inquires for the Count Tertsky. *[TERTSKY follows the PAGE.]*

WAL. Go, hear his business.

[To ILLO.]

So unsuspected without mutiny.

Who was on guard at the gates?

ILLO.

WAL. Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,

And Tertsky's grenadiers relieve him.

'Twas Tiefenbach.

ILLO. Hast thou heard aught of Butler?

Stop!

[ILLO is going.]

He will be here himself immediately.

Him I met.

Butler remains unshaken.

[ILLO exit; WALLENSTEIN is following him.]

COUN. Let him not leave thee, sister! Go, detain him!

DUCH. *[clinging to him.]* Gracious Heaven! What is it?

WAL. Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife!

We are in camp, and this is nought unusual;

Here storm and sunshine follow one another

With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits

Champ the curb angrily, and never yet

Did quiet bless the temples of the leader.

If I am to stay, go you. The complaints of women

Ill suit the scene where men must act.

TER. Remain here. *[He is going; TERTSKY returns.]*

WAL. *[to the COUNTESS.]* Sister, retire!

COUN. No—never.

TER. *[leads the COUNTESS aside, and drawing her attention to the DUCHESS.]* Theresa!

DUCH. 'Tis my will.

Sister, come! since he commands it.

SCENE VII.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WAL. *[stepping to the window.]* What now, then?

TER. There are strange movements among all the troops,

And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,

With gloomy silentness, the several corps

Marshal themselves, each under its own banners.

Tiefenbach's corps makes threatening movements; only

The Pappenheimers still remain aloof

In their own quarters, and let no one enter.

WAL. Does Piccolomini appear among them?

TER. We are seeking him: he is no where to be met with.

WAL. What did the Aide-de-Camp deliver to you?

TER. My regiments had despatched him; yet once more

They swear fidelity to thee, and wait

The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

WAL. But whence arose this 'larum in the camp?

It should have been kept secret from the army,
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

TER. O that thou hadst believed me ! Yester evening
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.
Thou gav'st him thy own horses to flee from thee.

WAL. The old tune still ! Now, once for all, no more
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.

TER. Thou didst confide in Isolani too ;
And lo ! he was the first that did desert thee.

WAL. It was but yesterday I rescued him
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by.
I never reckoned yet on gratitude.
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me ?
He follows still the god whom all his life
He has worshipped at the gaming-table. With
My fortune, and my seeming destiny,
He made the bond and broke it not with me.
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stowed,
And with the which well-pleased and confident
He traversed the open sea ; now he beholds it
In imminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested, he flies off from me :
No human tie is snapped betwixt us two.
Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead.
Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth :
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly ; but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame.

TER. Yet, would I rather
Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrowed one.

SCENE VIII—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO (*who enters
agitated with rage*).

ILLO. Treason and mutiny !

TER. And what further now ?

ILLO. Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders
To go off guard—mutinous villains !

TER. Well !

WAL. What followed ?

ILLO. They refused obedience to them.

TER. Fire on them instantly ! Give out the order.

WAL. Gently ! what cause did they assign ?

ILLO. No other,

They said, had right to issue orders but
Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.

WAL. [*in convulsion of agony*.] What ? How is that !

ILLO. He takes that office on him by commission,
Under sign-manual of the Emperor.

TER. From th' Emperor—hear'st thou, Duke ?

ILLO. At his incitement
The Generals made that stealthy flight—

TER.

Duke! hearest thou?

ILLO. Caraffa too and Montecuculi,
Are missing, with six other Generals,
All whom he had induced to follow him.
This plot he has long had in writing by him
From the Emperor; but 'twas finally concluded
With all the detail of the operation
Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.

[WALLENSTEIN sinks down into a chair and covers his face.]

TER. O hadst thou but believed me!

SCENE IX.—*To them enter the COUNTESS.*

COUN.

This suspense,

This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it,
For Heaven's sake, tell me what has taken place.

ILLO. The regiments are all falling off from us.

TER. Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.

COUN. O my foreboding!

[Rushes out of the room.]

TER.

Hadst thou but believed me!

Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.

WAL. The stars lie not; but we have here a work

Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.

The science is still honest: this false heart

Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.

On a divine law divination rests;

Where Nature deviates from that law, and stumbles

Out of her limits, there all science errs.

True, I did not suspect! Were it superstition

Never by such suspicion t' have affronted

The human form, O may that time ne'er come

In which I shame me of the infirmity.

The wildest savage drinks not with the victim,

Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword.

This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:

'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine;

A bad heart triumphed o'er an honest one.

No shield received the assassin stroke; thou plungest

Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—

Against such weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X.—*To them enter BUTLER.*

TER. [meeting him.] O look there! Butler! Here we've
still a friend!

WAL. [meets him with outspread arms, and embraces him with
warmth.] Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the sun
Looks out upon us more revivingly
In the earliest month of spring,
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

BUT. My General: I come—

WAL. [leaning on BUTLER'S shoulders.] Know'st thou already?
That old man has betrayed me to the Emperor.
What sayst thou? Thirty years have we together
Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.
We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one glass.
One morsel shared! I leaned myself on him,

As now I lean me on thy faithful shoulder.
 And now in the very moment, when, all love,
 All confidence, my bosom beat to his,
 He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife
 Slowly into my heart. [*He hides his face on BUTLER's breast.*]

BUT. Forget the false one.

What is your present purpose?

WAL. Well remembered!

Courage, my soul! I am still rich in friends,
 Still loved by Destiny; for in the moment
 That it unmask the plotting hypocrite,
 It sends and proves to me one faithful heart.
 Of the hypocrite no more! Think not his loss
 Was that which struck the pang: O no! his treason
 Is that which strikes this pang! No more of him!
 Dear to my heart and honoured were they both,
 And the young man—yes—he did truly love me,
 He—he—has not deceived me. But enough,
 Enough of this—swift counsel now beseeems us.
 The courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague,
 I expect him every moment: and whatever
 He may bring with him, we must take good care
 To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then!
 Despatch some messenger you can rely on
 To meet him, and conduct him to me. [*ILLO is going.*]

BUT. [*detaining him.*] My General, whom expect you then?

WAL. The courier

Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

BUT. [*hesitating.*] Hem!

WAL. And what now?

BUT. You do not know it?

WAL. Well?

BUT. From what that 'larum in the camp arose?

WAL. From what?

BUT. That courier—

WAL. [*with eager expectation.*] Well?

BUT. Is already here.

TER. and ILLO [*at the same time.*] Already here?

WAL. My courier?

BUT. For some hours.

WAL. And I not know it?

BUT. The sentinels detain him

In custody.

ILLO [*stamping with his foot.*] Damnation!

BUT. And his letter

Was broken open, and is circulated
 Through the whole camp.

WAL. You know what it contains?

BUT. Question me not.

TER. Illo! alas for us.

WAL. Hide nothing from me—I can hear the worst.
 Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.

BUT. Yes! Prague is lost. And all the several regiments
 At Budweiss, Tabor, Brannau, Konigingratz,
 At Brun and Znaym, have forsaken you,
 And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew

To the Emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Tertsky,
And Illo have been sentenced.

[TERTSKY and ILLO express alarm and fury. WALLENSTEIN remains firm and collected.]

WAL.

'Tis decided !

'Tis well ! I have received a sudden cure
From all the pangs of doubt : with steady stream
Once more my life-blood flows ! My soul's secure !
In the night only Friedland's stars can beam.
Lingering irresolute, with fitful fears
I drew the sword—'twas with an inward strife,
While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife
Is lifted for my heart ! Doubt disappears !
I fight now for my head and for my life.

[Exit WALLENSTEIN ; the others follow him.]

SCENE XI.—COUNTESS TERTSKY (*enters from a side room.*)

I can endure no longer. No !

[Looks around her.]

Where are they ?

No one is here. They leave me all alone,
Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.
And I must wear the outward show of calmness
Before my sister, and shut in within me
The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.
It is not to be borne. If all should fail ;
If—if he must go over to the Swedes,
An empty-handed fugitive, and not
As an ally, a covenanted equal,
A proud commander with his army following ;
If we must wander on from land to land,
Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness
An ignominious monument. But no !
That day I will not see ! And could himself
Endure to sink so low, I would not bear
To see him so low sunken.

SCENE XII.—COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

THEK. [*endeavouring to hold back the DUCHESS.*] Dear
mother, do stay here ?

DUCH.

No ! Here is yet

Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.
Why does my sister shun me ? Don't I see her
Full of suspense and anguish roam about
From room to room ? Art thou not full of terror ?
And what import these silent nods and gestures
Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her ?

THEK.

Nothing :

Nothing, dear mother !

DUCH. [*to the COUNTESS.*] Sister, I will know.

COUN. What boots it now to hide it from her ? Sooner
Or later she must learn to hear and bear it.
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity ;
Courage beseems us now, a heart collected,
And exercise and previous discipline
Of fortitude. One word and over with it !
Sister, you are deluded. You believe

The Duke has been deposed. The Duke is not
Deposed—he is—

THEK. [*going to the COUNTESS.*] What? do you wish to
kill her?

COUN. The Duke is—

THEK. [*throwing her arms round her mother.*] O stand firm!
stand firm, my mother!

COUN. Revolted is the Duke, he is preparing
To join the enemy, the army leave him,
And all has failed.

[*During these words the DUCHESS totters, and falls in a
fainting fit into the arms of her daughter. While
THEKLA is calling for help, the curtain drops.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A spacious Room in the DUKE OF FRIEDLAND'S Palace.*

WAL. [*in armour.*] Thou hast gained thy point, Octavio!
Once more am I

Almost as friendless as at Regensburg.
There I had nothing left me, but myself—
But what one man can do, you have now experience.
The twigs have you hewn off, and here I stand
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;
Beside the Lech sank Tilly, your last hope;
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna
In his own palace did the Emperor tremble.
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude
Follow the luck; all eyes were turned on me,
Their helper in distress; the Emperor's pride
Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.
'Twas I must rise, and with creative word
Assemble forces in the desolate camps.
I did it. Like a god of war, my name
Went through the world. The drum was beat—and, lo!
The plough, the workshop is forsaken, all
Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners;
And as the wood-choir rich in melody
Assembled quick around the bird of wonder,
When first his throat swells with his magic song,
So did the warlike youth of Germany
Crowd in around the image of my eagle.
I feel myself the being that I was.
It is the soul that builds itself a body,
And Friedland's camp will not remain unfilled.
Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true!
They are accustomed under me to conquer,
But not against me. If the head and limbs
Separate from each other, 'twill be soon
Made manifest in which the soul abode.

[*ILLO and TERTSKY enter.*]

Courage, friends! courage! We are still unvanquished;
I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Tertskey,

Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops ;
 And a host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.
 I was not stronger when, nine years ago,
 I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,
 To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

SCENE II.—WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERTSKY. *To them enter NEUMANN, who leads TERTSKY aside and talks with him.*

TER. What do they want ?

WAL.

What now ?

TER.

Ten cuirassiers

From Pappenheim request leave to address you
 In the name of the regiment.

WAL. [*hastily to NEUMANN.*] Let them enter.

[*Exit NEUMANN.*

This

May end in something. Mark you. They are still
 Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE III.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO. *Ten CUIRASSIERS, led by an ANSPESSADE,¹ march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the DUKE, and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again.*

ANS. Halt ! Front ! Present !

WAL. [*after he has run through them with his eye, to the ANSPESSADE.*]

I know thee well. Thou art out of Brügen in Flanders : thy name is Mercy.

ANS. Henry Mercy.

WAL. Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with a hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

ANS. 'Twas even so, General !

WAL. What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit ?

ANS. That which I asked for : the honour to serve in this corps.

WAL. [*turning to a second.*] Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenberg.

2ND CUI. Yes, General !

WAL. I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. [*A pause.*]
 Who sends you ?

ANS. Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

WAL. Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of the service ?

ANS. Because we would first know whom we serve.

WAL. Begin your address.

ANS. [*giving the word of command.*] Shoulder your arms !

WAL. [*turning to a third.*] Thy name is Risbeck, Cologne is thy birth-place.

3RD CUI. Risbeck of Cologne.

WAL. It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Diebald, prisoner, in the camp at Nuremberg.

¹ Anspessade, in German, Gefreiter, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the sentinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

3RD CUI. It was not I, General !

WAL. Perfectly right ! It was thy elder brother : thou hadst a younger brother too. Where did he stay ?

3RD CUI. He is stationed at Olmutz with the Imperial army.

WAL. [*to the ANSPESADE.*] Now then—begin.

ANS. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us—

WAL. [*interrupting him.*] Who chose you ?

ANS. Every company
Drew its own man by lot.

WAL. Now, to the business.

ANS. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us collectively from thee

All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

WAL. And what did you determine ?

ANS. All our comrades
At Brannau, Budweiss, Prague, and Olmutz have
Obeyed already, and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscana, instantly
Did follow their example. But—but we
Do not believe that thou'rt an enemy
And traitor to thy country—hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trumped up Spanish story !

[*With warmth.*]

Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,
For we have found thee still sincere and true:
No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt
The gallant General and the gallant troops.

WAL. Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.

ANS. And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee :

Is it thy purpose merely to preserve
In thy own hands this military sceptre,
Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant ?
Is it thy purpose merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies ?—
We will stand by thee, General ! and guarantee
Thy honest rights against all opposition.
And should it chance that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth
Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces,
Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be
As the Emperor's letter says—if it be true
That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over
To the enemy—which God in heaven forbid !—
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
That letter—

WAL. Hear me, children !

ANS. Yes, or no ?
There needs no other answer.

WAL. Yield attention.
You're men of sense, examine for yourselves ;
Ye think and do not follow with the herd :
And therefore have I always shown you honour
Above all others, suffered you to reason ;

Have treated you as free men, and my orders
Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.

ANS. Most fair and noble has thy conduct been
To us, my General ! With thy confidence
Thou hast honoured us, and shown us grace and favour
Beyond all other regiments ; and thou seest
We follow not the common herd. We will
Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—
Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not
A treason which thou meditatest—that
Thou meanest not to lead the army over
To the enemy ; nor e'er betray thy country.

WAL. Me, me are they betraying. The Emperor
Has sacrificed me to my enemies,
And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
Will rescue me. See ! I confide in you.
And be your hearts my stronghold ! At this breast
The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
Requital for that murderous fight at Lutzen !
For this we threw the naked breast against
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
Our bed and the hard stone our pillow !—never stream
Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious ;
With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfeld
Through all the turns and windings of his flight ;
Yea, our whole life was but one restless march ;
And, homeless as the stirring wind, we travelled
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
That we have well-nigh finished the hard toil,
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
With faithful indefatigable arm
Have rolled the heavy war-load up the hill,
Behold ! this boy of the Emperor's bears away
The honours of the peace, an easy prize !
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
The olive branch, the hard-earned ornament
Of this grey head, grown grey beneath the helmet.

ANS. That shall he not while we can hinder it !
No one but thou, who hast conducted it
With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war.
Thou led'st us out into the bloody field
Of death, thou and no other shalt conduct us home,
Rejoicing, to the lovely plains of peace—
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil—

WAL. What ? Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil ? Believe it not.
Never, no never, will you see the end
Of the contest ! You and me, and all of us,
This war will swallow up ! War, war—not peace—
Is Austria's wish ; and therefore, because I
Endeavoured after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world ?
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin.
And still win new domains.

[The CUIRASSIERS express agitation by their gestures

Ye're moved—I see
 A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors !
 Oh that my spirit might possess you now
 Daring as once it led you to the battle !
 Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,
 Protect me in my rights ; and this is noble !
 But think not that you can accomplish it—
 Your scanty number ! To no purpose will you
 Have sacrificed you for your General. [Confidentially
 No ! let us tread securely, seek for friends ;
 The Swedes have proffered us assistance ; let us
 Wear for awhile the appearance of goodwill,
 And use them for your profit, till we both
 Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
 And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
 Lead peace forth with the garland on her head !
 ANS. 'Tis then but mere appearances which thou
 Dost put on with the Swede ? Thou'lt not betray
 The Emperor ? Wilt not turn us into Swedes ?
 This is the only thing which we desire
 To learn from thee.

WAL. What care I for the Swedes ?
 I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
 And under Providence I trust right soon
 To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.
 My cares are only for the whole ; I have
 A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries
 And piteous groaning of my fellow Germans.
 Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
 With minds not common ; ye appear to me
 Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye
 A little word or two in confidence !
 See now ! already for full fifteen years
 The war-torch has continued burning, yet
 No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,
 Papist and Lutheran: neither will give way
 To the other, every hand's against the other.
 Each one is party, and no one a judge.
 Where shall this end ? Where's he that will unravel
 This tangle, ever tangling more and more.
 It must be cut asunder.
 I feel that I am the man of destiny,
 And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE IV.—*To these enter BUTLER.*

BUT. [*passionately.*] General, this is not right !

WAL. What is not right ?

BUT. It must needs injure us with all honest men.

WAL. But what ?

BUT. It is an open proclamation
 Of insurrection.

WAL. Well, well—but what is it ?

BUT. Count Tertsy's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle
 From off the banners, and instead of it
 Have reared aloft thy arms.

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

557

ANS. [*abruptly to the CUIRASSIERS.*] Right about! March!
WAL. Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it?
[*To the CUIRASSIERS, who are retiring.*]

Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;
Hark!—I will punish it severely. Stop!
They do not hear. [*To ILLO.*] Go after them, assure them,
And bring them back to me, cost what it may. [*ILLO hurries out.*]
This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!
You are my evil genius; wherefore must you
Announce it in their presence? It was all
In a fair way. They were half won those madmen,
With that improvident over-readiness—
A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.
The zeal of friends it is that razes me,
And not the hate of enemies.

SCENE V.—*To these enter the DUCHESS, who rushes into the Chamber.*
THEKLA and the COUNTESS follow her.

O, Albrecht!

DUCH.

What hast thou done?

WAL.

COUN. Forgive me, brother! And now comes this beside!
It was not in my power.

They know all.

DUCH.

What hast thou done?

COUN. [*to TERTSKY.*] Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?

TER. All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands,
The soldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.

COUN. That lurking hypocrite, Octavio!
Count Max is off too?

TER.

Gone over to the Emperor with his father. Where can he be? He's

[*THEKLA rushes out into the arms of her mother, hiding her face in her bosom.*]

DUCH. [*enfolding her in her bosom.*] Unhappy child! and more
unhappy mother!

WAL. [*aside to TERTSKY.*] Quick! Let a carriage stand in
readiness

In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us.

To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow
[*To ILLO, who returns.*]

Thou hast not brought them back?

ILLO.

The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is
Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,
Their Colonel, they require; for they affirm
That he is in the palace here a prisoner,
And if thou dost not instantly deliver him
They will find means to free him with the sword.

[*All stand amazed.*]

TER. What shall we make of this

Said I not so?

WAL.

O my prophetic heart! he is still here.
He has not betrayed me—he could not betray me,
I never doubted of it.

Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance
Succeed—'tis now their turn. I too can throw
All feelings of the man aside—can prove
Myself as much a monster as thy father!

MAX. [*calmly.*] Thou wilt proceed with me as thou hast power.
Thou know'st I neither brave nor fear thy rage.
What has detained me here, that too thou know'st.
[*Taking THEKLA by the hand.*]

See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,
Would have received from thy paternal hand
The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou
Laid waste for ever—that concerns not thee.
Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust
Their happiness, who most are thine. The god
Whom thou dost serve is no benignant deity.
Like as the blind irreconcilable
Fierce element, incapable of compact,
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.¹

WAL. Thou art describing thy own father's heart.
The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpowered me.
He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul
Still to and fro he passed, suspected never!
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been
To Ferdinand what Octavio was to me,
War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,
I never could have done it. The Emperor was
My austere master only, not my friend.
There was already war 'twixt him and me
When he delivered the Commander's staff
Into my hands; for there's a natural
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;
Peace exists only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
The future generations.

MAX. I will not
Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!
Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place, one crime
Drags after it the other in close link.
But we are innocent: how have we fallen
Into this circle of mishap and guilt?
To whom have we been faithless? Wherefore must
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
Of our two fathers twine like serpents round us?
Why must our fathers'
Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,
Who love each other?

WAL. Max, remain with me.
Go you not from me, Max! Hark! I will tell thee—
How when at Prague, our winter quarters, thou
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
Not yet accustomed to the German winters;

¹ I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines, which it is difficult to believe that Schiller could have written.

Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours ;
 Thou wouldst not let them go.
 At that time did I take thee in my arms,
 And with my mantle did I cover thee :
 I was thy nurse, no woman could have been :
 A kinder to thee ; I was not ashamed
 To do for thee all little offices,
 However strange to me ; I tended thee
 Till life returned ; and when thine eyes first opened,
 I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
 Altered my feelings t'wards thee? Many thousands
 Have I made rich, presented them with lands ;
 Rewarded them with dignities and honours ;
 Thee have I loved : my heart, my self I gave
 To thee ! They were all aliens : *thou* wert
 Our child and inmate.¹ Max ! thou canst not leave me !
 It cannot be ; I may not, will not think
 That Max can leave me.

MAX. O my God !

WAL. I have
 Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood.
 What holy bond is there of natural love,
 What human tie, that does not knit thee to me ?
 I love thee, Max ! What did thy father for thee,
 Which I, too, have not done, to the height of duty ;
 Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor ;
 He will reward thee with a pretty chain
 Of gold ; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee ;
 For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
 For that the holiest feeling of humanity
 Was nothing worth to thee.

MAX. O God ! how can I
 Do otherwise? Am I not forced to do it?
 My oath—my duty—honour—

WAL. How? Thy duty?
 Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max ! bethink thee,
 What duties mayst thou have? If I am acting
 A criminal part toward the Emperor,
 It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong
 To thine own self? Art thou thine own own commander?
 Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
 That in thy actions thou shouldst plead free agency?
 On me thou'rt planted—I am thy Emperor ;
 To obey me, to belong to me, this is
 Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee !
 And if the planet, on which thou liv'st
 And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,
 It is not in thy choice whether or no
 Thou'lt follow it—unfelt it whirls thee onward
 Together with his ring and all his moons.
 With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest,
 Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,

¹ This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original :—

Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, *Du* warst
 Das Kind des Hauses.

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger. O si sic omnia !

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

561

For that thou held'st thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more removed.
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subject's.
Not every one doth it beseem to question
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty—let
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

SCENE VII.—*To these enter NEUMANN.*

WAL. What now?

NEU. The Pappenheimers are dismounted,
And are advancing now on foot, determined
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free
The Count, their colonel.

WAL. [*to TERTSKY.*] Have the cannon planted.
I will receive them with chain-shot. [*Exit TERTSKY.*]
Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go, Neumann!
'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.

[NEUMANN *exit*. ILLO *steps to the window*.]
COUN. Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

ILLO [*at the window.*] Hell and perdition! What is it?

WAL. They scale the council-house, the roof's uncovered.
They level at this house the cannon—

MAX. Madmen!
ILLO. They are making preparations now to fire on us.

DUCH. and COUN. Merciful Heaven!

MAX. [*to WALLENSTEIN.*] Let me go to them!

WAL. Not a step!
MAX. [*pointing to THEKLA and the DUCHESS.*] But their life
Thine!

WAL. What tidings bring'st thou, Terisky?

SCENE VIII.—*To these TERTSKY (returning).*

TER. Message and greeting from our faithful reg'ments.
Their ardour may no longer be curbed in.
They entreat permission to commence th' attack,
And if thou wouldst but give the word of onset,
They could now charge the enemy in rear,
Into the city wedge them, and with ease
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

ILLO. O come!

Let not their ardour cool. The soldiery
Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;
We are the greater number. Let us charge them,
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

WAL. What! Shall this town become a field of slaughter,
And brother-killing discord, fire-eyed,
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?
Shall the decision be delivered over
To deaf remorseless rage, that hears no leader?
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,
So let it burst then!

[*Turns to MAX.*]
Well, how is it with thee?

Wilt thou attempt a heat with me? Away!
 Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,
 Front against front, and lead them to the battle;
 Thou'rt skilled in war, thou hast learned somewhat under me,
 I need not be ashamed of my opponent,
 And never hadst thou fairer opportunity
 To pay me for thy schooling.

COUN. Is it then,
 Can it have come to this? What! Cousin! Cousin,
 Have you the heart?

MAX. The regiments that are trusted to my care
 I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen
 True to the Emperor, and this promise will I
 Make good or perish. More than this no duty
 Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,
 Unless compelled; for though an enemy,
 Thy head is holy to me still.

[Two reports of cannon. ILLO and TERTSKY hurry to the window.]

WAL. What's that?

TER He falls.

WAL. Falls! Who?

ILLO. Tiefenbach's corps

Discharged the ordnance.

WAL. Upon whom?

ILLO. On Neumann,

Your messenger.

WAL. [starting up.] Ha! Death and hell! I will—

TER. Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?

DUCH. and COUN. No!

For God's sake, no!

ILLO. Not yet, my General!

COUN. O, hold him! hold him!

WAL. Leave me—

MAX. Do it not;

Not yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them
 Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time—

WAL. Away! Too long already have I loitered.

• They are emboldened to these outrages,
 Beholding not my face. They shall behold
 My countenance, shall hear my voice.
 Are they not my troops? Am I not their General,
 And their long-feared commander! Let me see
 Whether indeed they do no longer know
 That countenance, which was their sun in battle!
 From the balcony (mark!) I show myself
 To these rebellious forces, and at once
 Revolt is mounded, and the high-swoln current
 Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[Exit WALLENSTEIN; ILLO, TERTSKY, and BUTLER follow.]

SCENE IX.—COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX, and TREKLA.

COUN. [to the DUCHESS.] Let them but see him—there is
 hope still, sister.

DUCH. Hope! I have none!

MAX. [who during the last scene has been standing at a distance,
 in a visible struggle of feelings advances.] This can I not
 endure.

With most determined soul did I come hither,
My purposed action seemed unblamable
To my own conscience—and I must stand here
Like one abhorred, a hard inhuman being—
Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!
Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,
Whom I with one word can make happy—O!
My heart revolts within me, and two voices
Make themselves audible within my bosom.
My soul's benighted; I no longer can
Distinguish the right track. O well and truly
Didst thou say, father, I relied too much
On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—
I know not what to do.

COUN. What? You know not?
Does not your own heart tell you? Oh! then I
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,
A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted
Against our General's life, has plunged us all
In misery—and you're his son! 'Tis yours
To make the amends—make you the son's fidelity
Outweigh the father's treason, that the name
Of Piccolomini be not a proverb
Of infamy, a common form of cursing
To the posterity of Wallenstein.

MAX. Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow?
It speaks no longer in my heart. We all
But utter what our passionate wishes dictate:
O that an angel would descend from Heaven,
And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
With a pure hand from the pure fount of Light.
[His eyes glance on THEKLA.]

What other angel seek I? To this heart,
To this unerring heart, will I submit it,
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
The happy man alone, averted ever
From the disquieted and guilty—canst thou
Still love me if I stay? Say that thou canst,
And I am the Duke's—

COUN. Think, niece— Think nothing, Thekla!

MAX. Speak what thou feelest. Think upon your father.
COUN. Think upon your father.

MAX. I did not question thee as Friedland's daughter.
Thee, the beloved and the unerring god
Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?
Not whether diadem of royalty
Be to be won or not—that mightst thou think on.
Thy friend, and his soul's quiet, are at stake;
The fortune of a thousand gallant men,
Who will all follow me; shall I forswear
My oath and duty to the Emperor?
Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp
The parricidal ball? For when the ball
Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,
It is no longer a dead instrument!
It lives, a spirit passes into it,

The avenging furies seize possession of it,
And with sure malice guide it the worst way.

THEK. O! Max—

- MAX. [*interrupting her.*] Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla
I understand thee. To thy noble heart,
The hardest duty might appear the highest.
The human, not the great part, would I act.
Ev'n from my childhood to this present hour,
Think what the Duke has done for me, how loved me,
And think, too, how my father has repaid him.
O likewise the free lovely impulses
Of hospitality, the pious friend's
Faithful attachment, these too are a holy
Religion to the heart; and heavily
The shudderings of nature do avenge
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.
Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,
And let thy heart decide it.

THEK. O, thy own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's first feeling—

COUN. Oh! ill-fated woman!

THEK. Is it possible that that can be the right,
The which thy tender heart did not at first
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,
Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.
Whate'er thou hadst chosen, thou wouldst still have acted
Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

MAX. Then I
Must leave thee, must part from thee!

THEK. Being faithful
To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me:
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide for ever
The houses Piccolomini and Friedland;
But we belong not to our houses. Go!
Quick! quick! and separate thy righteous cause
From our unholy and unblessed one!
The curse of Heaven lies upon our head:
'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
Mourn not for me:
My destiny will quickly be decided.

[MAX clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion. There
is heard from behind the scene a loud, wild, long-
continued cry, "Vivat FERDINANDUS!" accompanied
by warlike instruments. MAX and THEKLA remain-
without motion in each other's embraces.]

CENE X.—To these enter TERTSKY.

COUN. [*meeting him.*] What meant that cry? What was it?

TER. All is lost!

COUN. What! they regarded not his countenance?

TER. 'Twas all in vain.

DUCH. They shouted "Vivat!"

To the Emperor.

TER.

COUN. The traitors !

TER. Nay ! he was not once permitted
Even to address them. Soon as he began,
With deafening noise of warlike instruments
They drowned his words. But here he comes !

SCENE XI.—*To these enter WALLENSTEIN, accompanied by
ILLO and BUTLER.*

WAL. *[as he enters.]* Tertsy !

TER. My General ?

WAL. Let our regiments hold themselves
In readiness to march ; for we shall leave
Pilsen ere evening.

Butler !

[Exit TERTSKY.]

BUT.

WAL. Yes, my General.
The Governor at Egra is your friend
And countryman. Write to him instantly
By a post-courier. He must be advised
That we are with him early on the morrow.
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

BUT. It shall be done, my General !

WAL. *[steps between MAX and THEKLA, who have remained in
each other's arms during this time.]* Part !

MAX.

*[CUIRASSIERS enter with drawn swords, and assemble in
the background. At the same time there are heard
from below some spirited passages out of the "Pappen-
heim March," which seem to address MAX.]*

WAL. *[to the CUIRASSIERS.]* Here he is, he is at liberty : I keep
him

No longer.

*[He turns away, and stands so that MAX cannot pass by
him nor approach the PRINCESS.]*

MAX. Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live
Without thee ! I go forth into a desert,
Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn
Thine eyes away from me ! O once more show me
Thy ever dear and honoured countenance.

*[MAX attempts to take his hand, but is repelled ; he turns
to the COUNTESS.]*

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me ?
*[The COUNTESS turns away from him ; he turns to the
DUCHESS.]*

My mother !

DUCH. Go where duty calls you. Haply
The time may come, when you may prove to us
A true friend, a good angel at the throne
Of the Emperor.

MAX. You give me hope ; you would not
Suffer me wholly to despair. No ! no !
Mine is a certain misery—thanks to Heaven
That offers me a means of ending it.

*[The military music begins again. The stage fills more
and more with armed men. MAX sees BUTLER, and
addresses him.]*

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you

Not follow me? Well, then, remain more faithful
 To your new lord than you have proved yourself
 To the Emperor. Come, Butler, promise me—
 Give me your hand upon it—that you'll be
 The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.
 He is attainted, and his princely head
 Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.
 Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,
 And those whom here I see—

[Casting suspicious looks on ILLO and BUTLER.

ILLO. Go—seek for traitors
 In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here
 Is only one. Away! away! and free us
 From his detested sight. Away!

[MAX attempts once more to approach THEKLA. WALLENSTEIN prevents him. MAX stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish. In the meantime the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from below louder and louder, and each time after a shorter interval.

MAX. Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish trumpets,
 And all the naked swords which I see here
 Were plunged into my breast! What purpose you?
 You come to tear me from this place! Beware,
 Ye drive me not to desperation. Do it not!
 Ye may repent it! [The stage is entirely filled with armed men.
 Yet more!—weight upon weight to drag me down!
 Think what ye're doing. It is not well done
 To choose a man despairing for your leader:
 You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,
 I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!
 For your own ruin you have chosen me:
 Who goes with me must be prepared to perish.

[He turns to the background; there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the CUIRASSIERS; they surround him, and carry him off in wild tumult. WALLENSTEIN remains immovable. THEKLA sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Burgomaster's House at Egra.*—BUTLER.

BUT. [just arrived.] Here then he is, by his destiny conducted.
 Here, Friedland, and no farther! From Bohemia
 Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,
 And here upon the borders of Bohemia
 Must sink.

Thou hast forsworn the ancient colours—
 Blind man!—yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.
 Profaner of the altar and the hearth,
 Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens
 Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, beware—
 The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—
 Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

SCENE II.—BUTLER *and* GORDON.

GOR. Is it you ?
 How my heart sinks ! The Duke a fugitive traitor !
 His princely head attainted ! O my God !
 BUT. You have received the letter which I sent you
 By a post-courier ?

GOR. Yes ; and in obedience to it
 Opened the stronghold to him without scruple.
 For an imperial letter orders me
 To follow your commands implicitly.
 But yet forgive me ; when even now I saw
 The Duke himself, my scruples recommenced.
 For truly, not like an attainted man,
 Into this town did Friedland make his entrance ;
 His wonted majesty beamed from his brow,
 And calm, as in the days when all was right,
 Did he receive from me the accounts of office ;
 'Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension :
 But sparing and with dignity the Duke
 Weighed every syllable of approbation,
 As masters praise a servant who has done
 His duty, and no more.

BUT. 'Tis all precisely
 As I related in my letter. Friedland
 Has sold the army to the enemy,
 And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.
 On this report the regiments all forsook him,
 The five excepted that belong to Tertskey,
 And which have followed him as thou hast seen.
 The sentence of attainder is passed on him,
 And every loyal subject is required
 To give him in to justice, dead or living.

GOR. A traitor to the Emperor—such a noble !
 Of such high talents ! What is human greatness !
 I often said, this can't end happily.
 His might, his greatness, and this obscure power
 Are but a covered pitfall. The human being
 May not be trusted to self-government.
 The clear and written law, the deep trod footmarks
 Of ancient custom, are all necessary
 To keep him in the road of faith and duty.
 The authority entrusted to this man
 Was unexampled and unnatural ;
 It placed him on a level with his Emperor,
 Till the proud soul unlearned submission. Woe is me
 I mourn for him ! for where he fell, I deem
 Might none stand firm. Alas ! dear General,
 We in our lucky mediocrity
 Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate,
 What dangerous wishes such a height may breed
 In the heart of such a man.

BUT. Spare your laments
 Till he need sympathy ; for at this present
 He is still mighty, and still formidable.
 The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,

And quickly will the junction be accomplished.
This must not be! The Duke must never leave
This stronghold on free footing; for I have
Pledged life and honour here to hold him prisoner,
And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

GOR. O that I had not lived to see this day!
From his hand I received this dignity,
He did himself entrust this stronghold to me,
Which I am now required to make his dungeon.
We subalterns have no will of our own:
The free, the mighty man alone may listen
To the fair impulse of his human nature.
Ah! we are but the poor tools of the law,
Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at!

BUT. Nay, let it not afflict you, that your power
Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error!
The narrow path of duty is securest.

GOR. And all then have deserted him, you say?
He has built up the luck of many thousands;
For kingly was his spirit: his full hand
Was ever open! Many a one from dust

[*With a side glance on BUTLER.*

Hath he selected, from the very dust
Hath raised him into dignity and honour.
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased,
Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.

BUT. Here's one, I see.

GOR. I have enjoyed from him
No grace or favour. I could almost doubt,
If ever in his greatness he once thought on
An old friend of his youth. For still my office
Kept me at distance from him; and when first
He to this citadel appointed me,
He was sincere and serious in his duty.
I do not then abuse his confidence,
If I preserve my fealty in that
Which to my fealty was first delivered.

BUT. Say, then, will you fulfil the attainder on him?

GOR. [*pauses, reflecting, then as in deep dejection.*] If it be so—
if all be as you say—

If he've betrayed the Emperor, his master,
Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver
The strongholds of the country to the enemy—
Yea, truly!—there is no redemption for him!
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine
To be the instrument of his perdition;
For we were pages at the Court of Bergau
At the same period; but I was the senior.

BUT. I have heard so—

GOR. 'Tis full thirty years since then
A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year
Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends:
Yet even then he had a daring soul:
His frame of mind was serious and severe
Beyond his years: his dreams were of great objects.
He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,

Communing with himself : yet I have known him
Transported on a sudden into utterance
Of strange conceptions ; kindling into splendour
His soul revealed itself, and he spake so
That we looked round perplexed upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were craziness
Or whether it were a god that spoke in him

BUT. But was it where he fell two story high
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep,
And rose up free from injury ? From this day
(It is reported) he betrayed clear marks
Of a distempered fancy.

GOR. He became
Doubtless more self-enwrapt and melancholy ;
He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously
His marvellous preservation had transformed him.
Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
And privileged being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizziness or fall,
He ran along the unsteady rope of life.
But now our destinies drove us asunder :
He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,
Was Count, and Prince, Duke-Regent, and Dictator.
And now is all, all this too little for him ;
He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

BUT. No more, he comes.

SCENE III.—*To these enter WALLENSTEIN, in conversation with
the BURGOMASTER OF EGRA.*

WAL. You were at one time a free town. I see
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.
Why the half eagle only ?

BURG. We were free,
But for these last two hundred years has Egra
Remained in pledge to the Bohemian crown,
Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
Being cancelled till the empire ransom us,
If ever that should be.

WAL. Ye merit freedom.
Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears
To no designing whispering Court minions.
What may your imposts be ?

BURG. So heavy that
We totter under them. The garrison
Lives at our costs.

WAL. I will relieve you. Tell me,
There are some Protestants among you still ?

[*The BURGOMASTER hesitates.*

Yes, yes ; I know it. Many lie concealed
Within these walls. Confess now—you yourself—

[*Fixes his eye on him. The BURGOMASTER alarmed.*
Be not alarmed. I hate the Jesuits.
Could my will have determined it, they had
Been long ago expelled the empire Trust me—

Mass-book or Bible—'tis all one to me.
 Of that the world has had sufficient proof.
 I built a church for the reformed in Glogau
 At my own instance. Hark'e, Burgomaster !
 What is your name ?

BURG. Pachhälbel, may it please you.

WAL. Hark'e !—
 But let it go no further, what I now
 Disclose to you in confidence.

[*Laying his hand on the BURGOMASTER'S shoulder with
 a certain solemnity.*

The times
 Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaster !
 The high will fall, the low will be exalted.
 Hark'e ! But keep it to yourself ! The end
 Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy—
 A new arrangement is at hand. You saw
 The three moons that appeared at once in the heaven.

BURG. With wonder and affright !

WAL. Whereof did two
 Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,
 And only one, the middle moon, remained
 Steady and clear.

BURG. We applied it to the Turks.

WAL. The Turks ! That all ? I tell you, that two empires
 Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,
 And Luth'ranism alone remain.

[*Observing GORDON and BUTLER,
 I'faith,*

'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard
 This evening, as we journeyed hitherward ;
 'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here ?

GOR. Distinctly. The wind brought it from the South.

BUT. It seemed to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

WAL. 'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.
 How strong is the garrison ?

GOR. Not quite two hundred
 Competent men, the rest are invalids.

WAL. Good ! And how many in the vale of Jochim ?

GOR. Two hundred arquebussiers have I sent thither
 To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

WAL. Good ! I commend your foresight. At the works, too,
 You have done somewhat ?

GOR. Two additional batteries
 I caused to be run up. They were needless.

The Rhinegrave presses hard upon us, General !

WAL. You have been watchful in your Emperor's service.
 I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel. [To BUTLER.

Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim
 With all the stations in the enemy's route. [To GORDON.

Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
 My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I
 Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival
 Of letters to take leave of you, together
 With all the regiments.

SCENE IV.—*To these enter COUNT TERTSKY.*

TER. Joy, General, joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

WAL. And what may they be?

TER. There has been an engagement
At Neustadt; the Swedes gained the victory.

WAL. From whence did you receive the intelligence?

TER. A countryman from Tirschenseil conveyed it,
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin:
A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp;
The cannonade continued full two hours;
There were left dead upon the field a thousand
Imperialists, together with their Colonel;
Further than this he did not know.

WAL. How came
Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer,
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.
Count Galas' force collects at Frauenberg,
And have not the full complement. Is it possible,
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward?
It cannot be.

TER. We shall soon know the whole,
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V.—*To these enter ILLO.*

ILLO [*to WALLENSTEIN.*] A courier, Duke! He wishes to
speak with thee.

TER. [*eagerly.*] Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

WAL. [*at the same time.*] What does he bring? Whence
comes he?

ILLO. From the Rhinegrave,
And what he brings I can announce to you
Beforehand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes;
At Neustadt did Max Piccolomini
Throw himself on them with the cavalry;
A murderous fight took place! O'erpowered by numbers
The Pappenheimers all, with Max, their leader,
[WALLENSTEIN *shudders and turns pale*
Were left dead on the field.

WAL. [*after a pause, in a low voice.*] Where is the messenger?
Conduct me to him.

[WALLENSTEIN *is going, when* LADY NEUBRUNN *rushes*
into the room. Some SERVANTS follow her and
run across the stage.

NEU. Help! Help!

ILLO and TERTSKY [*at the same time.*] What now?

NEU. The Princess!

WAL. and TER. Does she know it?

NEU. [*at the same time with them.*] She is dying!

[*Hurries off the stage, when* WALLENSTEIN *and*
TERTSKY *follow her.*

SCENE VI.—BUTLER and GORDON.

GOR. What's this?

BUT. She has lost the man she loved—
Young Piccolomini, who fell in the battle.

- GOR. Unfortunate lady!
 BUT. You have heard what Illo Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors, And marching hitherward.
 GOR. Too well I heard it.
 BUT. They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five Close by us to protect the Duke. We have Only my single regiment; and the garrison Is not two hundred strong.
 GOR. 'Tis even so.
 BUT. It is not possible with such small force To hold in custody a man like him.
 GOR. I grant it.
 BUT. Soon the numbers would disarm us, And liberate him.
 GOR. It were to be feared.
 BUT. [*after a pause.*] Know, I am warranty for the event; With my head have I pledged myself for his, Must make my word good, cost it what it will, And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner, Why—death makes all things certain!
 GOR. Butler! What? Do I understand you? Gracious God! You could—
 BUT. He must not live.
 GOR. And you can do the deed!
 BUT. Either you or I. This morning was his last.
 GOR. You would assassinate him!—
 BUT. 'Tis my purpose.
 GOR. Who learns with his whole confidence upon you!
 BUT. Such is his evil destiny!
 GOR. Your General! The sacred person of your General!
 BUT. My General he has been.
 GOR. That 'tis only A "has been" washes out no villany. And without judgment passed?
 BUT. The execution Is here instead of judgment.
 GOR. This were murder, Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.
 BUT. His guilt is clear; the Emperor has passed judgment, And we but execute his will.
 GOR. We should not Hurry to realize a bloody sentence. A word may be recalled, a life can never be.
 BUT. Despatch in service pleases sovereigns.
 GOR. No honest man's ambitious to press forward To the hangman's service.
 BUT. And no brave man loses His colour at a daring enterprise.
 GOR. A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.
 BUT. What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle The inextinguishable flame of war?
 GOR. Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him!
 BUT. Had not the Emperor's army been defeated, I might have done so. But 'tis now past by,

GOR. *O, wherefore opened I the stronghold to him?*

BUT. His destiny and not the place destroys him.

GOR. Upon these ramparts, as beseemed a soldier,
I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!

BUT. Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perished.

GOR. Doing their duty—that adorns the man!

But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.

BUT. [*brings out a paper.*] Here is the manifesto which
commands us

To gain possession of his person. See—

It is addressed to you as well as me.

Are you content to take the consequences,
If through our fault he escape to the enemy?

GOR. I? Gracious God!

BUT. Take it on yourself.

Let come of it what may, on you I lay it.

GOR. O God in Heaven!

BUT. Can you advise aught else

Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose?

Say if you can. For I desire his fall,

Not his destruction.

GOR. Merciful Heaven! what must be
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart

Within my bosom beats with other feelings!

BUT. Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity
In her rough school hath steeled me. And this Illo
And Tertsky likewise, they must not survive him.

GOR. I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts
Impelled them, not the influence of the stars.

'Twas they who strewed the seeds of evil passions
In his calm breast, and with officious villany
Watered and nursed the poisonous plants. May they
Receive their earnest to the uttermost mite!

BUT. And their death shall precede his!
We meant to have taken them alive this evening
Amid the merry-making of a feast,

And kept them prisoners in the citadels.
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant
To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII.—*To these enter ILLO and TERTSKY.*

TER. Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo!
Then straightways for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!
What! meet such news with such a moody face?

ILLO. It lies with us at present to prescribe
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless traitors,
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;
One has already done his bitter penance,
The Piccolomini; be his the fate
Of all who wish us evil! 'Tis flies sure
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long
Fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house
From a Count's title to the name of Prince;
And now must seek a grave for his only son.

BUT. 'Twas pity though! A youth of such heroic

And gentle temperament ! The Duke himself,
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.

ILLO. Hark'e, old friend ! That is the very point
That never pleased me in our General—
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul,
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recall his friend to life.

TER. Hush, hush ! Let the dead rest ! This evening's business
Is, who can fairly drink the other down—
Your regiment, Illo, gives the entertainment.
Come ! we will keep a merry carnival—
The night for once be day, and 'mid full glasses
Will we expect the Swedish avant-garde.

ILLO. Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there's hot work before us, friends. This sword
Shall have no rest till it be bathed to the hilt
In Austrian blood.

GOR. Shame, shame ! What talk is this,
My Lord Field Marshal ? Wherefore foam you so
Against your Emperor ?

BUT. Hope not too much
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs !
How rapidly the wheel of fortune turns ;
The Emperor still is formidably strong.

ILLO. The Emperor has soldiers, no commander,
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a tyro. Galas ? He's no luck,
And was of old the ruiner of armies.
And then this viper, this Octavio,
It excellent at stabbing in the back,
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

TER. Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed ;
Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the Duke !
And only under Wallenstein can Austria
Be conqueror.

ILLO. The Duke will soon assemble
A mighty army ; all come crowding, streaming
To banners dedicate by destiny
To fame and prosperous fortune. I behold
Old times come back again, he will become
Once more the mighty lord which he has been.
How will the fools, who've now deserted him,
Look then ? I can't but laugh to think of them,
For lands will he present to all his friends,
And like a King and Emperor reward
True services ; but we've the nearest claims.
You will not be forgotten, Governor !
He'll take you from this nest, and bid you shine
In higher station : your fidelity
Well merits it.

[To GORDON.]

GOR. I am content already,
And wish to climb no higher ; where great height is,
The fall must needs be great. "Great height, great depth."

ILLO. Here you have no more business, for to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

Come, Tertsky, it is supper-time. What think you?
 Say, shall we have the State illuminated
 In honour of the Swede? And who refuses
 To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

TER. Nay! Nay! Not that, it will not please the Duke—

ILLO. What! we are masters here; no soul shall dare
 Avow himself imperial where we've rule.

Gordon, good-night, and for the last time take
 A fair leave of the place. Send out patrols
 To make secure, the watchword may be altered;
 At the stroke of ten deliver in the keys
 To the Duke himself, and then you're quit for ever
 Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow
 The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

TER. [*as he is going, to BUTLER.*] You come though to the
 castle.

BUT. At the right time. [*Exeunt TERTSKY and ILLO.*]

SCENE VIII.—GORDON and BUTLER.

GOR. [*looking after them.*] Unhappy men! How free from all
 foreboding,

They rush into the outspread net of murder,
 In the blind drunkenness of victory!
 I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
 This overflowing and foolhardy villain,
 That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's blood.

BUT. Do as he ordered you. Send round patrols,
 Take measures for the citadel's security;
 When they are within I close the castle gate,
 That nothing may transpire.

GOR. [*with earnest anxiety.*] Oh! haste not so!
 Nay, stop; first tell me—

BUT. You have heard already,
 To-morrow to the Swedes belongs: this night
 Alone is ours. They make good expedition,
 But we will make still greater. Fare you well!

GOR. Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler,
 I pray you, promise me!

BUT. The sun has set;
 A fateful evening doth descend upon us,
 And brings on their long night! Their evil stars
 Deliver them unarmed into our hands,
 And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes
 The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,
 The Duke was ever a great calculator;
 His fellow-men were figures on his chessboard,
 To move and station, as his game required.
 Other men's honour, dignity, good name
 Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of it:
 Still calculating, calculating still;
 And yet at last his calculation proves
 Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and lo!
 His own life will be found among the forfeits.

GOR. O think not of his errors now; remember
 His greatness, his munificence, think on all

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,
And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen
Arrest the lifted sword.

BUT. It is too late.
I suffer not myself to feel compassion;
Dark thoughts and bloody are my duty now. [Grasping GORDON's hand.

Gordon! 'Tis not my hatred (I pretend not
To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him),
Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
Hostile concurrences of many events
Control and subjugate me to the office.
In vain the human being meditates
Free action. He is but the wire-worked puppet
Of the blind power, which out of his own choice
Creates for him a dread necessity.
What, too, would it avail him, if there were
A something pleading for him in my heart—
Still I must kill him.

GOR. If your heart speak to you,
Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.
Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous
Bedewed with blood—his blood? Believe it not!
BUT. You know not. Ask not. Wherefore should it happen
That the Swedes gained the victory, and hasten
With such forced marches hitherward? Fain would I
Have given him to the Emperor's mercy. Gordon,
I do not wish his blood; but I must ransom
The honour of my word—it lies in pledge—
And he must die, or— [Passionately grasping GORDON's hand.

I am dishonoured if the Duke escape us.
GOR. O to save such a man— What!

BUT. It is worth
GOR. A sacrifice. Come, friend, be noble-minded!

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honour.

BUT. [with a cold and haughty air] He is a great lord,
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance!
This is what you would say. Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blemishes his honour—
So that the man of princely rank be saved.

We all do stamp our value on ourselves.
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man so stationed
That I despise myself compared with him.
Man is made great or little by his own will:
Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.

GOR. I am endeavouring to move a rock.
Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings!
I cannot hinder you, but may some god
Rescue him from you!

[Exit GORDON.]

SCENE IX.—BUTLER *alone*.

I treasured my good name all my life long ;
 The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,
 So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon !
 He prizes above all his fealty ;
 His conscious soul accuses him of nothing ;
 In opposition to his own soft heart
 He subjugates himself to an iron duty.
 Me in a weaker moment passion warped ;
 I stand beside him, and must feel myself
 The worst man of the two. What, though the world
 Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet
 One man does know it, and can prove it too—
 High-minded Piccolomini !
 There lives the man who can dishonour me !
 This ignominy blood alone can cleanse !
 Duke Friedland, thou or I—into my own hands
 Fortune delivers me : the dearest thing a man has is himself.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—BUTLER'S *Chamber*. BUTLER, MAJOR, and GERALDIN.

BUT. Find me twelve strong diagoons, arm them with pikes,
 For there must be no firing.
 Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room ;
 And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in
 And cry, Who is loyal to the Emperor ?
 I will overturn the table—while you attack
 Illo and Tertsy, and despatch them both.
 The castle-palace is well barred and guarded,
 That no intelligence of this proceeding
 May make its way to the Duke. Go instantly.
 Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux
 And the Macdonald ?

GER. They'll be here anon. [*Exit GERALDIN.*]

BUT. Here's no room for delay. The citizens
 Declare for him, a dizzy drunken spirit
 Possesses the whole town. They see in the Duke
 A prince of peace, a founder of new ages
 And golden times. Arms too have been given out
 By the town council, and a hundred citizens
 Have volunteered themselves to stand on guard.
 Despatch then be the word ; for enemies
 Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.—BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, and MACDONALD.

MAC. Here we are, General.

DEV. What's to be the watchword ?

BUT. Long live the Emperor !

BOTH [*recoiling.*] How ?

BUT. Live the house of Austria !

DEV. Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland ?

MAC. Have we not marched to this place to protect him?

BUT. Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy!

DEV. Why, yes; in his name you administered
Our oath.

MAC. And followed him yourself to Egra.

BUT. I did it the more surely to destroy him.

DEV. So then!

MAC. An altered case!

BUT. [*to DEVEREUX.*] Thou wretched man!
So easily leav'st thou thy oath and colours?

DEV. The devil! I but followed your example;
If you could prove a villain, why not we?

MAC. We've nought to do with thinking—that's your business.
You are our General, and give out the orders!

We follow you, though the track lead to hell.

BUT. [*appeased.*] Good, then! We know each other.

MAC. I should hope so.

DEV. Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most,
He has us.

MAC. 'Tis e'en so!

BUT. Well, for the present
Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers.

DEV. We wish no other.

BUT. Ay, and make your fortunes.

MAC. That is still better.

BUT. Listen!

BOTH. We attend.

BUT. It is the Emperor's will and ordinance
To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland
Alive or dead.

DEV. It runs so in the letter.

MAC. Alive or dead—these were the very words.

BUT. And he shall be rewarded from the State
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.

DEV. Ay? That sounds well. The words sound always well!
That travel hither from the Court. Yes! yes!
We know already what Court words import.

A golden chain perhaps in sign of favour,
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,
And such like. The Prince-Duke pays better.

MAC. Yes,
The Duke's a splendid paymaster.

BUT. All over
With that, my friends! His lucky stars are set.

MAC. And is that certain?

BUT. You have my word for it.

DEV. His lucky fortunes all past by?

BUT. For ever.
He is as poor as we.

MAC. As poor as we?

DEV. Macdonald, we'll desert him.

BUT. We'll desert him.
Full twenty thousand have done that already;

We must do more, my countrymen! In short—
We—we must kill him.

BOTH [*starting back.*] Kill him!

- BUT. Yes—must kill him !
And for that purpose have I chosen you.
- BOTH. Us !
- BUT. You, Captain Devereux, and thee, Macdonald.
- DEV. [*after a pause.*] Choose you some other.
- BUT. What? Art dastardly ?
Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—
Thou conscientious of a sudden ?
- DEV. Nay,
To assassinate our Lord and General—
- MAC. To whom we've sworn a soldier's oath—
- BUT. The oath
Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.
- DEV. No, no ! It is too bad !
- MAC. Yes, by my soul !
It is too bad. One has a conscience too—
- DEV. If it were not our chieftain, who so long
Has issued the commands, and claimed our duty
- BUT. Is that the objection ?
- DEV. Were it my own father,
And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,
It might be done perhaps. But we are soldiers,
And to assassinate our chief commander,
That is a sin, a foul abomination,
From which no monk or confessor absolves us.
- BUT. I am your Pope, and give you absolution.
Determine quickiy.
- DEV. 'Twill not do !
- MAC. 'Twon't do.
- BUT. Well, off, then ! and—send Pestalutz to me.
- DEV. [*hesitates.*] The Pestalutz—
- MAC. What may you want with him ?
- BUT. If you reject it, we can find enough—
- DEV. Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty
As well as any other. What think you,
Brother Macdonald ?
- MAC. Why, if he must fall,
And will fall, and it can't be otherwise,
One would not give place to this Pestalutz.
- DEV. [*after some reflection.*] When do you purpose he should
fall ?
- BUT. This night ;
To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.
- DEV. You take upon you all the consequences ?
- BUT. I take the whole upon me.
- DEV. And it is
The Emperor's will, his express absolute will?
For we have instances that folks may like
The murder and yet hang the murderer.
- BUT. The manifesto says—alive or dead.
Alive—it is not possible—you see it is not.
- DEV. Well, dead then ! dead ! But how can we come at him ?
The town is filled with Tertsky's soldiery.
- MAC. Ay ! and then Tertsky still remains, and Illo—
- BUT. With these you shall begin—you understand me ?
- DEV. How ? And must they too perish ?

- BUT. They the first.
 MAC. Hear, Devereux ! A bloody evening this.
 DEV. Have you a man for that ? Commission me—
 BUT. 'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin ;
 This is a carnival night, and there's a feast
 Given at the castle—there we shall surprise them,
 And hew them down. The Pestalutz and Lesley
 Have that commission ; soon as that is finished—
 DEV. Hear, General ! It will be all one to you.
 Hark'e ! let me exchange with Geraldin.
 BUT. 'Twill be the lesser danger with the Duke.
 DEV. Danger ! The devil ! What do you think me, General ?
 'Tis the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.
 BUT. What can his eye do to thee ?
 DEV. Death and hell !
 Thou knowst that I'm no milksop, General !
 But 'tis not eight days since the Duke did send me
 Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat
 Which I have on ! And then for him to see me
 Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,
 That eye of his looking upon this coat—
 Why—why—the devil fetch me ! I'm no milksop !
 BUT. The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,
 And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience
 To run him through the body in return.
 A coat that is far better and far warmer
 Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle.
 How doth he thank the Emperor ? With revolt
 And treason !
 DEV. That is true. The devil take
 Such thankers ! I'll despatch him.
 BUT. And wouldst quiet
 Thy conscience, thou hast nought to do but simply
 Pull off the coat ; so canst thou do the deed
 With light heart and good spirits.
 DEV. You are right.
 That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—
 So there's an end of it.
 MAC. Yes, but there's another
 Point to be thought of.
 BUT. And what's that, Macdonald ?
 MAC. What avails sword or dagger against him ?
 He is not to be wounded—he is—
 BUT. [*starting up.*] What ?
 MAC. Safe against shot, and stab and flash ! Hard frozen,
 Secured, and warranted by the black art !
 His body is impenetrable, I tell you.
 DEV. In Inglestadt there was just such another ;
 His whole skin was the same as steel ; at last
 We were obliged to beat him down with gun-stocks.
 MAC. Hear what I'll do.
 DEV. Well ?
 MAC. In the cloister here
 There's a Dominican, my countryman.
 I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me
 In holy water, and say over them

One of his strongest blessings. That's probatum !
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.

BUT. So do, Macdonald !
But now go and select from out the regiment
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,
And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.
Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds
Are passed, conduct them silently as may be
To the house—I will myself be not far off.

DEV. But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon,
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber ?

BUT. I have made myself acquainted with the place.
I lead you through a back-door that's defended .
By one man only. Me my rank and office
Give access to the Duke at every hour.

I'll go before you—with one poignard-stroke
Cut Hartschier's windpipe, and make way for you.

DEV. And when we are there, by what means shall we gain
The Duke's bed-chamber without his alarming
The servants of the Court ; for he has here
A numerous company of followers ?

BUT. The attendants fill the right wing ; he hates bustle,
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.

DEV. Were it well over—hey, Macdonald ? I
Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows !

MAC. And I too. 'Tis too great a personage.
People will hold us for a brace of villains.

BUT. In plenty, honour, splendour—you may safely
Laugh at the people's babble.

DEV. If the business
Squares with one's honour—if that be quite certain—

BUT. Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand
His Crown and Empire. The reward can be
No small one.

DEV. And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor ?

BUT. Yes ! yes ! to rob him of his crown and life.

DEV. And he must fall by the executioner's hands,
Should we deliver him up to the Emperor
Alive ?

BUT. It were his certain destiny.

DEV. Well ! Well ! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not
Lie long in pain.

[*Exit BUTLER through one door, MACDONALD and
DEVEREUX through the other.*]

CENE III.—*A Gothic and gloomy Apartment at the DUCHESS FRIED-
LAND'S. THEKLA on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The DUCHESS and
LADY NEUBRUNN busied about her. WALLENSTEIN and the
COUNTESS in conversation.*

WAL. How knew she it so soon ?

COUN. She seems to have
Foreboded some misfortune. The report
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen
A colonel of the imperial army, frightened her.
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet
The Swedish courier, and with sudden questioning

Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.
Too late we missed her, hastened after her ;
We found her lying in his arms, all pale
And in a swoon.

WAL. A heavy, heavy blow !
And she so unprepared ! Poor child ! How is it ?
[Turning to the DUCHESS.

Is she coming to herself ?

DUCH. Her eyes are opening.

COUN. She lives.

THEK. [looking around her.] Where am I ?

WAL. [steps to her, raising her up in his arms.]
Come, cheerly, Thekla ! Be my own brave girl !
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in
Thy father's arms.

THEK. [standing up.] Where is he ? Is he gone ?

DUCH. Who gone, my daughter ?

THEK. He—the man who uttered
That word of misery.

DUCH. O ! think not of it,
My Thekla !

WAL. Give her sorrow leave to talk !
Let her complain—mingle your tears with hers,
For she hath suffered a deep anguish ; but
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

THEK. I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.
Why does my mother weep ? Have I alarmed her ?
It is gone by—I recollect myself—

[She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.]
Where is he ? Please you, do not hide him from me.
You see I have strength enough : now I will hear him.

DUCH. No, never shall this messenger of evil
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla !

THEK. My father—

WAL. Dearest daughter !

THEK. I'm not weak—
Shortly I shall be quite myself again.
You'll grant me one request ?

WAL. Name it, my daughter.

THEK. Permit the stranger to be called to me,
And grant me leave, that by myself I may
Hear his report and question him.

DUCH. No, never !

COUN. 'Tis not advisable—assent not to it.

WAL. Hush ! Wherefore wouldst thou speak with him, my
daughter ?

THEK. Knowing the whole I shall be more collected ;
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes
Only to spare me. I will not be spared.
The worst is said already ; I can hear
Nothing of deeper anguish !

COUN. and DUCH. Do it not.

THEK. The horror overpowered me by surprise.
My heart betrayed me in the stranger's presence ;
He was a witness of my weakness—yea,
I sank into his arms, and that has shamed me.

I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

WAL. I see she is in the right, and am inclined
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.

[LADY NEUBRUNN goes to call him.]

DUCH. But I, thy mother, will be present—

THEK.

'Twere

More pleasing to me if alone I saw him;
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more
Collectedly.

WAL. Permit her her own will.

Leave her alone with him: for there are sorrows
Where of necessity the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine.

[Going.]

COUN. [detaining him.] Where art thou going? I heard Tertsky
say

That 'tis thy purpose to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

WAL. Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection
Of gallant men.

COUN. O take us with you, brother.

Leave us not in this gloomy solitude
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.

WAL. Who speaks of evil! I entreat you, sister,
Use words of better omen.

COUN. Then take us with you.

O leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart!
These walls breathe on me, like a churchyard vault
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.
Come, sister, join you your entreaty! Niece,
Yours, too. We all entreat you, take us with you.

WAL. The place's evil omens will I change,
Making it that which shields and shelters for me
My best beloved.

LADY NEU. [returning.] The Swedish officer.

WAL. Leave her alone with him.

[Exit.]

DUCH. [to THEKLA, who starts and shivers.] There—pale as
death! Child, 'tis impossible

That thou shouldst speak with him. Follow thy mother.

THEK. The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.

[Exeunt DUCHESS and COUNTESS.]

SCENE IV.—THEKLA, the SWEDISH CAPTAIN, LADY NEUBRUNN.

CAP. [respectfully approaching her.] Princess—I must entreat
your gentle pardon—

My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—

THEK. [*with dignity.*] You did behold me in my agony.
A most distressful accident occasioned
You, from a stranger, to become at once
My confidant.

CAP. I fear you hate my presence,
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.

THEK. The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.
The horror which came o'er me interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,
Continue it to the end.

CAP. Princess, 'twill
Renew your anguish.

THEK. I am firm—
I will be firm. Well—how began the engagement?

CAP. We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,
Entrenched but insecurely in our camp,
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled
Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.
Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,
Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,
And leaped the trenches! But their heedless courage
Had borne them onward far before the others—
The infantry were still at distance, only
The Pappenheimers followed daringly
Their daring leader.

[THEKLA betrays agitation in her gestures. The OFFICER
pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.

Both in van and flanks
With our whole cavalry we now received them;
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
Stretched out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat;
And as they stood on every side wedged in,
The Rhinegrave to their leader called aloud,
Inviting a surrender; but their leader,
Young Piccolomini—

[THEKLA, as giddy, grasps a chair.

Known by his plume
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;
Himself leaped first, the regiment all plunged after;
His charger, by a halbert gored, reared up,
Flung him with violence off, and over him
The horses, now no longer to be curbed—

[THEKLA, who has accompanied the last speech with all the
marks of increasing agony, trembles through her whole
frame, and is falling. The LADY NEUBRUNN runs to
her, and receives her in her arms.

NEU. My dearest lady—

CAP.

I retire.

THEK.

'Tis over.

Proceed to the conclusion.

CAP.

While despair
Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw
Their leader perish, every thought of rescue
Was spurned; they fought like wounded tigers; their
Frantic resistance roused our soldiery;

A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
Finished before their last man fell.

THEK. [*faltering.*] And where—
Where is— You have not told me all. This morning

CAP. [*after a pause.*] We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
Did bear him to interment; the whole army
Followed the bier. A laurel decked his coffin;
The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,
In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's self.
Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us
Many who had themselves experienced
The greatness of his mind and gentle manners:
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have saved him; but himself
Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wished to die.

NEU. [*to THEKLA, who has hidden her countenance.*]
Look up, my dearest lady—

THEK. Where is his grave?
CAP. At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church
Are his remains deposited, until
We can receive directions from his father.

THEK. What is the cloister's name? Saint Catharine's.
CAP. And how far is it thither? Near twelve leagues.

CAP. And which the way? You go by Tirschenreit.
THEK. And Falkenberg through our advanced posts. Who

CAP. Is their commander? Colonel Seckendorf.
CAP. [*THEKLA steps to the table and takes a ring from a casket.*
THEK. You have beheld me in my agony,
And shown a feeling heart. Please you, accept
[*Giving him the ring.*

A small memorial of this hour. Now go!
CAP. Princess—
[*THEKLA silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The CAPTAIN lingers, and is about to speak.* LADY
NEUBRUNN repeats the signal, and he retires.

SCENE V.—THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

THEK. [*falls on LADY NEUBRUNN's neck.*] Now, gentle
Neubrunn, show me the affection
Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!

NEU. Away! and whither?
THEK. Whither! There is but one place in the world—
Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!
NEU. What would you do there?
THEK. What do there?

That wouldst thou not have asked hadst thou e'er loved.
There, there is all that still remains of him;
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

- NEU. That place of death—
 THEK. Is now the only place
 Where life yet dwells for me : detain me not !
 Come and make preparations : let us think
 Of means to fly from hence.
- NEU. Your father's rage—
 THEK. That time is past—
 And now I fear no human being's rage.
- NEU. The sentence of the world—the tongue of calumny !
 THEK. Whom am I seeking ? Him who is no more.
 Am I then hastening to the arms—O God !
 I haste but to the grave of the beloved.
- NEU. And we alone, two helpless feeble women ?
 THEK. We will take weapons : my arms shall protect thee.
- NEU. In the dark night-time.
 THEK. Darkness will conceal us.
- NEU. This rough tempestuous night—
 THEK. Had he a soft bed
 Under the hoofs of his war-horses ?
- NEU. Heaven !
 And then the many posts of the enemy !—
- THEK. They are human beings. Misery travels free
 Through the whole earth.
- NEU. The journey's weary length—
 THEK. The pilgrim travelling to a distant shrine
 Of hope and healing doth not count the leagues.
- NEU. How can we pass the gates ?
 THEK. Gold opens them.
- Go, do but go.
 NEU. Should we be recognized—
 THEK. In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
 Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.
- NEU. And where procure we horses for our flight ?
 THEK. My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.
- NEU. Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord ?
 THEK. He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.
- NEU. Dear lady ! and your mother ?
 THEK. Oh ! my mother !
- NEU. So much as she has suffered too already ;
 Your tender mother—Ah ! how ill prepared
 For this last anguish !
- THEK. Woe is me ! my mother ! [Pauses.
 Go instantly.
- NEU. But think what you are doing !
 THEK. What can be thought already has been thought.
- NEU. And being there, what purpose you to do ?
 THEK. There a divinity will prompt my soul.
- NEU. Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted,
 And this is not the way that leads to quiet.
- THEK. To a deep quiet, such as he has found.
 It draws me on, I know not what to name it,
 Resistless does it draw me to his grave.
 There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.
 O hasten, make no further questioning !
 There is no rest for me till I have left
 These walls—they fall in on me—a dim power

Drives me from hence. Oh mercy! What a feeling!
 What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,
 They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!
 Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm!
 They press on me; they chase me from these walls—
 Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!

NEU. You frighten me so, lady, that no longer
 I dare stay here myself. I go and call
 Rosenberg instantly. [Exit LADY NEUBRUNN.]

SCENE VI.

THEK. His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop
 Of his true followers, who offered up
 Themselves t' avenge his death: and they accuse me
 Of an ignoble loitering—they would not
 Forsake their leader even in his death—they died for him!
 And shall I live!—
 For me too was that laurel garland twined
 That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket:
 I throw it from me. O! my only hope—
 To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—
 That is the lot of heroes upon earth! [Exit THEKLA]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the background. WALLENSTEIN sitting at a table. The SWEDISH CAPTAIN standing before him.*

WAL. Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
 In his good fortune; and, if you have seen me
 Deficient in the expressions of that joy
 Which such a victory might well demand,
 Attribute it to no lack of goodwill,
 For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
 And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
 The citadel shall be surrendered to you
 On your arrival.

[The SWEDISH CAPTAIN retires. WALLENSTEIN sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The COUNTESS TERTSKY enters, stands before him awhile, unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees her, and recollects himself.]

WAL. Comst thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

COUN. My sister tells me she was more collected
 After her conversation with the Swede.
 She has now retired to rest.

WAL. The pang will soften,
 She will shed tears.

COUN. I find thee altered too,
 My brother! After such a victory
 I had expected to have found in thee
 A cheerful spirit. O remain thou firm!
 Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art—
 Our sun.

WAL. Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
Thy husband?

COUN. At a banquet—he and Illo.

WAL. [*rises, and strides across the room.*] The night's far
spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUN. Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee!

WAL. [*moves to the window.*] There is a busy motion in the
- heaven,

The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle¹ of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. [*A pause.*] But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

[*He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into
the distance.*]

COUN. [*looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand.*] What
art thou brooding on?

WAL. Methinks,
If but I saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

COUN. Thou'lt see him again.

WAL. [*remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a
livelier manner, and turns suddenly to the COUNTESS.*]
See him again? O never, never again!

COUN. How?

WAL. He is gone—is dust.

COUN. Whom meanest thou then?

WAL. He, the more fortunate—yea, he hath finished!
For him there is no longer any future,
His life is bright—bright without spot it was
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
With him! But who knows what the coming hour
Veiled in thick darkness brings for us!

COUN. Thou speakst
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?

¹ These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity—

Am Himmel ist geschäftige Bewegung,
Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht
Der Wolken Zug, die Mondes-sichel wankt,
Und durch die Nacht zucht ungewisse Helle.

The word "moon-sickle" reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word "falcated." "The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full, but from full to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *falcated*."

The words "wanken" and "schweben" are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application. So "der Wolken Zug"—the draft, the procession of clouds.—The masses of the clouds sweep onward in swift *stream*.

The courier had just left thee as I came.

[WALLENSTEIN *by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.*

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days,
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead ;
To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

WAL. I shall grieve down this blow, of that I'm conscious :
What does not man grieve down ? From the highest
As from the vilest thing of every day
He learns to wean himself ; for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.
For O ! he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The beautiful is vanished—and returns not.

COUN. O be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lov'st and prizest virtues in him
The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

WAL. [*stepping to the door.*] Who interrupts us now at this
late hour ?

It is the Governor. He brings the keys
Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister !

COUN. O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee—
A boding fear possesses me !

WAL. Fear ! Wherefore ?

COUN. Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking
Never more find thee !

WAL. Fancies !

COUN. O my soul
Has long been weighed down by these dark forebodings ;
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams.
I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife
Sit at a banquet gorgeously attired.

WAL. This was a dream of favourable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUN. To-day I dreamed that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo !
It was no more a chamber—the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will that thou shouldst be
Interred.

WAL. Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

COUN. What, dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us ?

WAL. There is no doubt that there exist such voices.
Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,

Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
 In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
 Of great events stride on before the events,
 And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
 That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
 Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
 Of my own future destiny. The king
 Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
 Long ere Ravallac armed himself therewith.
 His quiet mind forsook him : the phantasma
 Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
 Into the open air : like funeral knells
 Sounded that coronation festival ;
 And still with boding sense he heard the tread
 Of those feet that even then were seeking him
 Throughout the streets of Paris.

COUN. And to thee
 The voice within thy soul bodes nothing ?

WAL. Nothing.
 Be wholly tranquil.

COUN. And another time
 I hastened after thee, and thou ran'st from me
 Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall—
 There seemed no end of it : doors creaked and clapped :
 I followed panting, but could not o'ertake thee ;
 When on a sudden did I feel myself
 Grasped from behind—the hand was cold that grasped me—
 'Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there seemed
 A crimson covering to envelop us.

WAL. That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

COUN. [*gazing on him.*] If it should come to that—if I should
 see thee,
 Who standest now before me in the fulness
 Of life—

[*She falls on his breast and weeps.*]

WAL. The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
 Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

COUN. If he should find them, my resolve is taken—
 I bear about me my support and refuge. [*Exit COUNTESS.*]

SCENE II.—WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

WAL. All quiet in the town ?

GOR. The town is quiet.

WAL. I hear a boisterous music, and the Castle
 Is lighted up. Who are the revellers ?

GOR. There is a banquet given at the Castle
 To the Count Tertsy and Field Marshal Illo.

WAL. In honour of the victory. This tribe
 Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.

[*Rings. The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER enters.*
 Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.

[*WALLENSTEIN takes the keys from GORDON.*
 So we are guarded from all enemies,
 And shut in with sure friends.

For all must cheat me, or a face like this

[*Fixing his eye on GORDON.*]

Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.

[*The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER takes off his mantle, collar, and scarf.*

WAL. Take care—what is that?

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER. The golden chain is snapped in two.

WAL. Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.

[*He takes and looks at the chain.*

'Twas the first present of the Emperor.

He hung it round me in the war of Friule,

He being then Archduke; and I have worn it

Till now from habit—

From superstition if you will. Belike,

It was to be a talisman to me,

And while I wore it on my neck in faith

It was to chain to me all my life long

The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.

Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune

Must spring up for me, for the potency

Of this charm is dissolved.

[*GROOM OF THE CHAMBER retires with the vestments.*

WALLENSTEIN rises, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before GORDON in a posture of meditation.

How the old time returns upon me! I

Behold myself once more at Burgau, where

We two were pages of the Court together.

We oftentimes disputed: thy intention

Was ever good; but thou wert wont to play

The moralist and preacher, and wouldst rail at me—

That I strove after things too high for me,

Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,

And still extol to me the golden mean.

Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend

To thy own self. See, it has made thee early

A superannuated man, and (but

That my munificent stars will intervene)

Would let thee in some miserable corner

Go out like an untended lamp

GOR.

My Prince!

With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,

And watches from the shore the lofty ship

Stranded amid the storm.

WAL.

Art thou already

In harbour then, old man? Well, I am not.

The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows;

My planks still firm, my canvas swelling proudly,

Hope is my goddess still, and youth my inmate;

And while we stand thus front to front, almost,

I might presume to say, that the swift years

Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

[*He moves with long strides across the Saloon, and remains on the opposite side over against GORDON.*

Who now persists in calling Fortune false?

To me she has proved faithful—with fond love

Took me from out the common ranks of men,

And, like a mother goddess, with strong arm

Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.

Nothing is common in my destiny,
 Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
 Interpret then my life for me as 'twere
 One of the undistinguishable many?
 True, in this present moment I appear
 Fall'n low indeed ; but I shall rise again.
 The high flood will soon follow on this ebb ;
 The fountain of my fortune, which now stops
 Repressed and bound by some malicious star,
 Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

GOR. And yet remember I the good old proverb,
 "Let the night come before we praise the day."
 I would be slow from long-continued fortune
 To gather hope ; for hope is the companion
 Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
 Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men ;
 For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

WAL. [*smiling.*] I hear the very Gordon that of old
 Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching ;
 I know well, that all sublunary things
 Are still the vassals of vicissitude.
 The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.
 This long ago the ancient Pagans knew :
 And therefore of their own accord they offered
 To themselves injuries, so to atone
 The jealousy of their divinities,
 And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

[*After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.*
 I too have sacrificed to him—for me
 There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault
 He fell ! No joy from favourable fortune
 Can outweigh the anguish of this stroke.
 The envy of my destiny is glutted :
 Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning
 Was drawn off which would else have shattered me.

SCENE III.—*To these enter SENI.*

WAL. Is not that Seni?—and beside himself,
 If one may trust his looks ! What brings thee hither
 At this late hour, Baptista ?

SENI. Terror, Duke,
 On thy account.

WAL. What now ?

SENI. Flee ere the daybreak !
 Trust not thy person to the Swedes !

WAL. What now
 Is in thy thoughts ?

SENI [*with louder voice.*] Trust not thy person to these
 Swedes !

WAL. What is it then ?

SENI [*still more urgently.*] O wait not the arrival of these
 Swedes !

An evil near at hand is threatening thee
 From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror !
 Near, near at hand the network of perdition—
 Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee !

WAL. Baptista, thou art dreaming ! Fear befools thee.

SENI. Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.
Come, read it in the planetary aspects ;
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee
From false friends !

WAL. From the falseness of my friends
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.
The warning should have come before. At present
I need no revelation from the stars
To know that.

SENI. Come and see ! 'Tis thine own eyes !
A fearful sign stands in the house of life
An enemy ; a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet. O be warned !
Deliver not thyself up to these heathens
To wage a war against our holy church.

WAL. [*laughing gently.*] The oracle rails that way ! Yes, yes !
Now

I recollect. This junction with the Swedes
Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,
Baptista ! Signs like these I do not fear.

GOR. [*who during the whole of this dialogue has shown marks
of extreme agitation, and now turns to WALLENSTEIN.*]

My Duke and General ! May I dare presume ?

WAL. Speak freely.

GOR. What if 'twere no mere creation
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsafed
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,
And made that mouth its organ.

WAL. You're both feverish !
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes ?
They sought this junction with me—'tis their interest.

GOR. [*with difficulty suppressing his emotion.*] But what if the
arrival of the Swedes—
What if this were the very thing that winged
The ruin that is flying to your temples ?

[*Flings himself at his feet.*]

There is yet time, my Prince.

SENI. O hear him ! hear him !

GOR. [*rises.*] The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the
orders,
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.
If then he will besiege us, let him try it.
But this I say : he'll find his own destruction
With his whole force before these ramparts sooner
Than weary down the valour of our spirit.
He shall experience what a band of heros,
Inspired by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy serious wish to make amends
For that which thou hast done amiss—this, this
Will touch and reconcile the Emperor,
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy,
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favour
Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

WAL. [*contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion.*] Gordon—your zeal and servour lead you far.

Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.
 Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
 Can the Emperor pardon me; and if he could,
 Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardoned.
 Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
 That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,
 My first death-offering: and had the heart
 Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,
 It may be I might have bethought myself.
 It may be too, I might not. Might or might not
 Is now an idle question. All too seriously
 Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon!
 Let it then have its course. [*Stepping to the window.*
 All dark and silent—at the castle too
 All is now hushed. Light me, Chamberlain!

[*The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the DUKE's feet.*

And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish
 My reconciliation with the Emperor.
 Poor man! he hath a small estate in Carnthen,
 And fears it will be forfeited because
 He's in my service. Am I then so poor,
 That I no longer can indemnify
 My servants? Well! To no one I employ
 Means of compulsion. If 'tis thy belief
 That fortune has fled from me, go! Forsake me.
 This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,
 And then go over to thy Emperor.
 Gordon, good night! I think to make a long
 Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil
 Of this last day or two were great. May't please you,
 Take care that they awake me not too early.

[*Exit WALLENSTEIN, the GROOM OF THE CHAMBER lighting him. SENI follows, GORDON remains on the darkened Stage following the DUKE with his eye, till he disappears at the farther end of the gallery; then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish, and stands leaning against a pillar.*

SCENE IV.—GORDON, BUTLER (*at first behind the scenes*).

BUT. [*not yet come into view of the stage.*] Here stand in silence till I give the signal.

GOR. [*starts up.*] 'Tis he! He has already brought the murderers.

BUT. The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

GOR. What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him?
 Shall I call up the house? Alarm the guards?

BUT. [*appears, but scarcely on the stage.*] A light gleams hither from the corridor.

It leads directly to the Duke's bed-chamber.

GOR. But then I break my oath to the Emperor ;
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,
Do I not hereby call down on my head
All the dread consequences ?

BUT. [*stepping forward.*] Hark ! Who speaks there ?

GOR. 'Tis better, I resign it to the hands
Of Providence. For what am I, that I
Should take upon myself so great a deed ?
I have not murdered him, if he be murdered ;
But all his rescue were my act and deed ;
Mine—and whatever be the consequences,
I must sustain them.

BUT. [*advances.*] I should know that voice.

GOR. Butler !

BUT. 'Tis Gordon. What do you want here ?
Was it so late then when the Duke dismissed you ?

GOR. Your hand bound up and in a scarf ?

BUT. 'Tis wounded.

That Illo fought as he was frantic, till
At last we threw him on the ground.

GOR. [*shuddering.*] Both dead ?

BUT. Is he in bed ?

GOR. Ah, Butler !

BUT. Is he ? Speak.

GOR. He shall not perish ! not through you ! The Heaven
Refuses your arm. See—'tis wounded !

BUT. There is no need of my arm.

GOR. The most guilty
Have perished, and enough is given to justice.

[*The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER advances from the gallery,
with his finger on his mouth commanding silence.*]

He sleeps ! O murder not the holy sleep !

BUT. No ! he shall die awake. [*Is going.*]

GOR. His heart still cleaves
To earthly things : he's not prepared to step
Into the presence of his God !

BUT. [*going.*] God's merciful !

GOR. [*holds him.*] Grant him but this night's respite.

BUT. [*hurrying off.*] The next moment
May ruin all.

GOR. [*holds him still.*] One hour !

BUT. Unhold me ! What
Can that short respite profit him !

GOR. O, Time
Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out ; and quick as they,
Thought follows thought within the human soul.
Only one hour ! Your heart may change its purpose,
His heart may change its purpose—some new tidings
May come : some fortunate event, decisive,
May fall from Heaven and rescue him. O what
May not one hour achieve !

BUT. You but remind me,
How precious every minute is ! [*He stamps on the floor.*]

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

SCENE V.—*To these enter MACDONALD and DEVEREUX, with the HALBERDIERS.*

GOR. [*throwing himself between him and them.*] No, monster! First over my dead body thou shalt tread.
I will not live to see the accursed deed!

BUT. [*forcing him out of the way.*] Weak-hearted dotard!
[*Trumpets are heard in the distance.*]
Hark! the Swedish trumpets!

DEV. and MAC.

The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!

GOR. [*rushes out.*] O God of mercy!

BUT. [*calling after him.*] Governor, to your post!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER [*hurries in.*] Who dares make
larum here? Hush! The Duke sleeps.

DEV. [*with loud harsh voice*] Friend, it is time now to make
larum.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER. Help!
Murder!

BUT. Down with him!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER. [*run through the body by DEVEREUX,*
falls at the entrance of the gallery.] Jesus Maria!

BUT. Burst the doors open!

[*They rush over the body into the gallery—two doors are heard*
to crash one after the other—voices deadened by the dis-
tance—clash of arms—then all at once a profound silence.

SCENE VI.—COUNTESS TERTSKY (*with a light*).

Her bed-chamber is empty; she herself
Is nowhere to be found! The Neubrunn too,
Who watched by her, is missing. If she should
Be flown! But whither flown? We must call up
Every soul in the house. How will the Duke
Bear up against those worst bad tidings? O
If that my husband now were but returned
Home from the banquet! Hark! I wonder whether
The Duke is still awake! I thought I heard
Voices and tread of feet here! I will go
And listen at the door. Hark! What is that?
'Tis hastening up the steps!

SCENE VII.—COUNTESS, GORDON.

GOR. [*rushes in out of breath*] 'Tis a mistake,
'Tis not the Swedes! Ye must proceed no further!
Butler! O God! Where is he?

[*Then observing the COUNTESS.*
Countess! say—

COUN. You are come then from the castle? Where's my
husband?

GOR. [*in an agony of affright*] Your husband! Ask not!
To the Duke—

COUN. Not till
You have discovered to me—

GOR. On this moment
Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the Duke.
While we are speaking—

[*Calling loudly.*
Butler! Butler! God!

COUN. Why, he is at the castle with my husband.

[BUTLER comes from the gallery.]

GOR. 'Twas a mistake—'tis not the Swedes. It is
The Imperialist's Lieutenant-General
Has sent me hither, will be here himself
Instantly. You must not proceed.

BUT. He comes

Too late. [GORDON dashes himself against the wall.]

GOR. O God of mercy!

COUN. What, too late?

Who will be here himself? Octavio

In Egra? Treason! Treason! Where's the Duke?

[She rushes to the gallery.]

SCENE VIII.—SERVANTS run across the Stage full of terror. The who's
Scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.

SENI. [from the gallery.] O bloody frightful deed!

COUN. What is it, Seni?

PAGE. [from the gallery.] O piteous sight!

[Other SERVANTS hasten in with torches.]

COUN. What is it? For God's sake!

SENI. And do you ask?

Within the Duke lies murdered—and your husband

Assassinated at the Castle. [The COUNTESS stands motionless.]

FEMALE SERVANT [rushing across the stage.] Help! help!
the Duchess!

BURGOMASTER [enters.] What mean these confused
Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house?

GOR. Your house is cursed to all eternity.

In your house doth the Duke lie murdered!

BUR. [rushing out.] Heaven forbid!

1ST SER. Fly! fly! They murder us all!

2ND SER. [carrying silver plate.] That way! The lower
Passages are blocked up.

VOICE FROM BEHIND THE SCENE. Make room for the Lieu-
tenant-General!

[At these words the COUNTESS starts from her stupor, collects
herself, and retires suddenly.]

VOICE FROM BEHIND THE SCENES. Keep back the people!
Guard the door!

SCENE IX.—To these enters OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI with all his train.
At the same time DEVEREUX and MACDONALD enter from out the
Corridor with the HALBERDIERS. WALLENSTEIN'S dead body is
carried over the back part of the Stage, wrapped in a piece of crimson
tapestry.

OCT. [entering abruptly.] It must not be! It is not possible!
Butler! Gordon! I'll not believe it. Say no!

[GORDON, without answering, points with his hand to the body
of WALLENSTEIN as it is carried over the back of the
Stage. OCTAVIO looks that way, and stands overpowered
with horror.]

DEV. [to BUTLER.] Here is the Golden Fleece—the Duke's
sword—

MAC. Is it your order—

BUT. [*pointing to OCTAVIO.*] Here stands he who now
Hath the sole power to issue orders.

[*DEVEREUX and MACDONALD retire with marks of obeisance.
One drops away after the other, till only BUTLER, OCTA-
VIO, and GORDON remain on the Stage.*]

OCT. [*turning to BUTLER.*] Was that my purpose, Butler, when
we parted?

O God of Justice,
To thee I lift my hand ! I am not guilty
Of this foul deed.

BUT. Your hand is pure. You have
Availed yourself of mine.

OCT. Merciless man !
Thus to abuse the orders of thy lord,
And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, most accursed assassination !

BUT. [*calmly.*] I've but fulfilled the Emperor's own sentence.

OCT. O curse of kings,
Infusing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the sudden transient thought
The unchangeable irrevocable deed.
Was there necessity for such an eager
Despatch ? Couldst thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy ? Time is man's good angel.
To leave no interval between the sentence
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem
God only, the immutable !

BUT. For what
Rail you against me ? What is my offence ?
The empire from a fearful enemy
Have I delivered, and expect reward.
The single difference 'twixt you and me
Is this : you placed the arrow in the bow,
I pulled the string. You sowed blood, and yet stand
Astonished that blood is come up. I always
Knew what I did, and therefore no result
Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit.
Have you aught else to order ?—for this instant
I make my best speed to Vienna, place
My bleeding sword before my Emperor's throne,
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying
And punctual obedience may demand
From a just judge.

[*Exit BUTLER.*]

SCENE X.—*To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY, pale and disordered.
Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.*

OCT. [*meeting her.*] O Countess Tertsy ! These are the results
Of luckless unblest deeds.

COUN. They are the fruits
Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappeared.
This house of splendour and of princely glory
Doth now stand desolated : the affrighted servants
Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last
Therein ; I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.

OCT. [*with deep anguish.*] O Countess! my house too is desolate.

COUN. Who next is to be murdered? Who is next To be maltreated? Lo!—the Duke is dead. The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified! Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity Be imputed to the faithful as a crime— The evil destiny surprised my brother Too suddenly: he could not think on them.

OCT. Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment! The Emperor is appeased; the heavy fault Hath heavily been expiated—nothing Descended from the father to the daughter, Except his glory and his services. The Empress honours your adversity, Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you Her motherly arms! Therefore no farther fears! Yield yourself up in hope and confidence To the Imperial grace!

COUN. [*with her eye raised to Heaven.*] To the grace and mercy of a greater Master Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body Of the Duke have its place of final rest? In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found At Gitschin, rests the Countess Wallenstein; And by her side, to whom he was indebted For his first fortunes, gratefully he wished He might sometime repose in death! O let him Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor Is now proprietor of all our castles. This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers!

OCT. Countess, you tremble, you turn pale!

COUN. [*re-assembles all her powers, and speaks with energy and dignity.*] You think More worthily of me, than to believe I would survive the downfall of my house. We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit That to the crown belong! We deem a Courageous death more worthy of our free station Than a dishonoured life. I have taken poison.

OCT. Help! Help! Support her!

COUN. Nay, it is too late. In a few moments is my fate accomplished. [*Exit COUNTESS.*]

GOR. O house of death and horrors!

[*An Officer enters, and brings a letter with the Great Seal.*]

GOR. [*steps forward and meets him.*] What is this? It is the Imperial Seal.

[*He reads the address, and delivers the letter to OCTAVIO with a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.*]

To the Prince Piccolomini.

[OCTAVIO, with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, raises his eyes to Heaven.]

MARY STUART.

TRANSLATED [1801] BY J. C. MELLISH.

THE Author, as well as myself, wished this piece to be acted upon the English stage. It was not yet finished when we made the offer of it, which was not even answered. I hope, however, that my translation will not be found to have so mutilated the merits of the original that the principle of Aristotle will not here, too, maintain its ground. He says: “Ἡ γὰρ τῆς τραγωιδίης δύναμις, καὶ ἀνευ ἀγώνος καὶ ὑποκριτῶν ἔστω” (For the force of tragedy exists even without the help of representation and actors.)

THE TRANSLATOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ELIZABETH, *Queen of England.*
MARY STUART, *Queen of Scots, a prisoner in England.*
ROBERT DUDLEY, *Earl of Leicester*
GEORGE TALBOT, *Earl of Shrewsbury.*
WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH, *Lord High Treasurer.*
EARL OF KENT.
SIR WILLIAM DAVISON, *Secretary of State.*
SIR AMIAS PAULET, *Keeper of MARY.*
SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, *his Nephew.*
COUNT AUBESPINE, *the French Ambassador.*
COUNT BELLIEVRE, *Envoy Extraordinary from France.*

O'KELLY, *MORTIMER's friend.*
SIR DRUGEON DRURY, *another Keeper of MARY.*
SIR ANDREW MELVIL, *her House Steward.*
BURGOYNE *her Physician.*
HANNAH KENNEDY, *her Nurse.*
MARGARET CURL, *her Attendant.*
SHERIFF of the COUNTY.
OFFICER of the GUARD.
FRENCH and ENGLISH LORDS.
SOLDIERS.
SERVANTS OF STATE, *belonging to ELIZABETH.*
SERVANTS and FEMALE ATTENDANTS of the QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A common Apartment in the Castle of Fotheringay.*

HANNAH KENNEDY *contending violently with PAULET, who is about to break open a closet; DRURY, with an iron crow.*

KEN. How now, sir? What's this new temerity?
Back from this closet!

PAUL. Say whence came the jewels?
They from the upper story were thrown down;
They were intended, that we know, to bribe
The gardener—curse on woman's wiles! In spite
Of all my care, my studious care, still treasures
In secret. Where such precious things are hid
Lie, without doubt, still more.

[*Breaks open the closet and searches.*

KEN. Back, bold intruder!
Here are deposited my lady's secrets.

PAUL. 'Tis even that I seek.

[*Pulling papers forth.*

KEN. But trifling papers:

But the amusements of an idle pen,
To shorten the sad tediousness of bondage.

PAUL. In idle hours the evil spirit's busy.

KEN. Those writings are in French.

PAUL. So much the worse !
That is the language of the foe of England.

KEN. Copies of letters to the Queen of England.

PAUL. I will deliver them. What glitters here ?

[*Pulling forth jewels from a secret compartment*

A royal diadem, so richly set

With stones, and with the fleurs-de-lys of France !

[*Giving it to his companion.*

Here, take it, Drury, lay it with the rest.

[*DRURY goes*

And ye have found the means to hide from us

Such costly things, and screen them till this moment

From our inquiring eyes ?

KEN. Oh ! how disgraceful

The violence which we are forced to suffer !

PAUL. As long as she possesses, she is hurtful,

For in her hands all things are turned to arms.

KEN. [*supplicating.*] O, sir, be merciful. Deprive us not

Of this last ornament which graced our life.

Oft can the view of ancient grandeur cheer

The sad depressed captive. All beside

You have despoiled us of.

PAUL. It is preserved

In careful hands, and when the proper time

Is come it will be faithfully restored.

KEN. Who could imagine in these naked walls

A royal residence ? Where is the throne ?

Where the imperial canopy of state ?

Must she then set her tender foot, that's used

To softest treading, on this common floor ?

Ignoble pewter serves the royal table—

No lady in the land but would disdain it.

PAUL. 'Twas thus at Stirling Darnley ate, while she

Quaffed with her paramour the golden cup.

KEN. The poor assistance of a looking-glass

Has been refused.

PAUL. As long as she beholds

Her own vain image, she will never cease

To hope, and crown her hopes with deeds of treason.

KEN. Books are denied her to divert her mind.

PAUL. The Bible's read to her to mend her heart.

KEN. And even her lute is taken from her.

PAUL.

Because

She chose to tune it to lascivious airs.

KEN. Is this a lot for her who has been bred

So tenderly, a queen e'en in her cradle—

Who, reared in Catherine's luxurious court,

Enjoyed the plenitude of every pleasure ?

Suffice it to have robbed her of her power,

Must ye then envy her its paltry tinsel ?

A generous heart may learn at last the lesson

To bow itself beneath its great misfortunes ;

But yet it cuts one to the soul to part

At once with all life's little outward trappings !

PAUL. These are the things that turn the human heart

To vanity, which should collect itself

In penitence; for a lewd vicious life
Want and abasement are the only penance.

KEN. And even if her tender youth did fail,
Her reckoning's with God and her own heart :
There is no judge in England over her.

PAUL. There is she judged where she transgressed the laws.

KEN. Her narrow bonds restrain her from transgression.

PAUL. And yet she found the means to stretch her arm
Into the world from out these narrow bonds,
And, with the torch of civil war, t' inflame
This realm, and 'gainst our queen—whom God preserve !—
To arm her murderous bands. Did she not rouse
From out these walls the malefactor Parry,
And Babington, to the detested deed
Of regicide? And did this iron grate
Prevent her from decoying to her toils
The virtuous heart of Norfolk? Saw we not
The first, best head in all this island, fall
A sacrifice for her upon the block?
The noble house of Howard fell with him.
And did this sad example terrify
These mad adventurers, whose rival zeal
Plunges for her into this deep abyss?
The bloody scaffold bends beneath the weight
Of her new daily victims; and we ne'er
Shall see an end till she herself, of all
The guiltiest, be offered up upon it.
O, curse upon the day, when England stretched
Its hospitable arms towards this Helen!

KEN. Did England then receive her hospitably?—
Her, the unhappy one, who, from the day
When she first set her foot within this realm,
And, as a suppliant, a banished queen,
Came to implore protection from her sister,
Has been imprisoned 'gainst the law of nations
And royal dignity, to weep away
The fairest years of youth in strictest thraldom—
Who now, when she hath suffered everything
Which in imprisonment is hard and bitter,
Is summoned to the bar, like common miscreants,
Accused disgracefully, and forced to plead
For life and honour,—an anointed queen!

PAUL. She came as murderess hither; driven away
By her own people; banished from that throne
Which she with such misdeeds so oft disgraced.
Sworn against England's welfare came she hither,
To call the Spanish times of bloody Mary
Back to this land, to make us Catholics,
And sell us to the false deceitful French.
Say, why disdained she to subscribe the treaty
Of Edinburgh to give up her pretensions
To England, and thus, with one single word,
Traced by her pen, to ope her prison-gates?
No—she had rather live in vile confinement,
And see herself ill treated, than abandon
The hollow dignity of this poor title.

Why did she so? Because she puts her trust
In cunning wiles, and the disgraceful arts
Of treacherous plots; and, spinning mischief, hopes
To conquer from her prison all this island.

KEN. You banter, sir, and add these bitter mockings
To your severity. That she should dream
Such dreams—she, who is here immured alive—
To whom no sound of comfort, not a voice
Of friendship comes from her beloved country;
Who hath so long beheld no human face
But her stern gaolers' brows, and sees herself
Condemned anew to a still harder durance,
And that fresh bars are multiplied around her!

PAUL. No iron grate is proof against her wiles.
How do I know these bars are not filed through?
How that this chamber's floor, these walls, so strong
Without, may not be hollow from within,
And let in felon treachery when I sleep?
Accurséd office, that's entrusted to me,
To guard this cunning mother of all ill!
Fear rouses me from sleep, and in the night
I, like a troubled spirit, roam and try
The strength of every bolt, and put to proof
Each guard's fidelity: I see, with trembling,
The arrival of each morn, which may confirm
My apprehensions. Yet, thank God, thank God!
There's hope that it will now soon have an end;
For rather would I at the gates of hell
Stand sentinel, and guard the devilish host
Of damned souls, than this deceitful queen.

KEN. Here comes the Queen.
PAUL.
Christ's image in her hand,
Pride and all worldly lusts within her heart.

Enter MARY veiled, a Crucifix in her hand.

KEN. [*hastening towards her.*] O Queen! they trample on us
quite; there is
No end of tyranny, of base oppression;
And each new day heaps new indignities,
New sufferings on thy crowned head.

MARY.
Sav, what has happed anew. Be calm.

KEN.
Is forced. Thy papers, and thy only treasure,
Which with such pains we had secured, the last
Poor remnant of thy bridal ornaments,
From France, is in his hands. Thon hast no mark
Of royalty remaining—art quite plundered!

MARY. Hannah, collect your spirits, and believe me
'Tis not this tinsel which can make a queen;
Basely indeed they may behave to us,
But they cannot debase us. I have learnt
To use myself to many a change in England:
I can support this too. Sir, you have ta'en
By force what I this very day intended

To have delivered to you. There's a letter
Amongst these papers for my royal sister
Of England. pledge me, sir, your word of honour,
To give it to her Majesty's own hands,
And not to the deceitful care of Burleigh.

PAUL I shall consider what is right to do.

MARY. Sir, you shall know its contents In this letter
I beg a favour, a great favour of her,
That she herself will give me audience—
She whom I ne'er have seen. I have been summoned
Before a court of men, whom I can never
Consider as my equals, and to whom
My heart denies its confidence: the Queen
Is, of my family, my rank, my sex;
To her the sister, her the queen, the woman,
Can I alone unbosom what I feel

PAUL Too oft, my lady, have you placed your fate
Your honour, in the hands of men who were
By far less worthy your respect than these

MARY I, in the letter, beg another favour;
And sure'y nought but inhumanity
Can here reject my prayer. These many years
Have I, in prison, missed the Church's comfort,
The blessing of the sacraments I cannot
Suppose that she, to whom I owe the loss
Of crown and liberty, who seeks my life,
Would also shut the gates of heaven against me.

PAUL The Dean of Peterborough will attend.

MARY [*interrupting him with vivacity.*] What is the Dean to
me? I ask the aid
Of one of my own Church—a Catholic priest.

PAUL That is against the published laws of England.

MARY. The laws of England are no rule for me.
I am not England's subject, I have ne'er
Consented to its laws, and will not bow
Before their cruel and despotic sway
If you will, to the unexampled rigour
Which I have suffered, add this new oppression,
I must submit to what your power ordains;
Yet will I raise my voice in loud complaints
And I desire a public notary,
And secretaries, to draw up my will—
My sorrows and this tedious sad confinement
Prey on my life—my days, I fear, are numbered;
I feel that I am near the gates of death.

PAUL These serious contemplations well become you.

MARY And know I, then, that some dispatchful hand
May not abridge this tedious work of sorrow?
I would indite my will, and make disposal
Of what belongs to me.

PAUL. This liberty
May be allowed you, for the Queen of England
Will not enrich herself with your poor spoils

MARY I have been parted from my faithful women
And from my servants; tell me, sir, where are they?
What is their fate? I can indeed dispense

At present with their service, yet should I
Be eased by knowing that these faithful ones
Are not exposed to sufferings and want !

PAUL. Your servants you again shall see—again
Shall see whatever has been taken from you ;
All, when the hour is come, shall be restored.

MARY. And will you quit me thus, sir, thus again,
And not relieve my fearful anxious heart
From the fell torments of uncertainty ?
Thanks to the vigilance of your dependents,
I am divided from the world ; no sound
Can reach me through these prison walls ; my fate
Lies in the hands of those who wish my downfall.
A painful tiresome month is passed already,
Since, from the Queen, the High Commissioners
Surprised me in this castle and erected
Quick, with unseemly haste, their dread tribunal ;
They forced me, stunned, amazed, and unprepared,
Without an advocate, from memory,
Before their unexampled court to answer
Artful premeditated accusations.
They came like ghosts—like ghosts again they vanished—
And since that day all mouths are closed to me :
In vain I seek to construe from your brows
Which hath prevailed—my cause's innocence
And my friend's zeal, or my foe's cursed counsel.
O ! break at last your silence—let me know
What I have still to fear, and what to hope.

PAUL. Close your accounts with heaven.

MARY. From heaven I hope
Heaven's mercy, sir ; and from my earthly judges
I hope, and still expect, the strictest justice.

PAUL. Justice, depend upon it, will be done you.

MARY. Is the suit ended, sir ?

PAUL. I cannot tell.

MARY. Am I condemned ?

PAUL. I know of nothing, lady.

MARY. Sir, a good work fears not the light of day.

PAUL. The day will shine upon it, doubt it not.

MARY. Dispatch is here the fashion—is it meant
The murd'rer shall surprise me, like the judges ?

PAUL. Cherish the thought that 'tis so—he will then
Find you prepared much better than at present.

MARY [after a pause.] Sir, nothing can surprise me which a
court,
Inspired by Walsingham's and Burleigh's hatred,
May venture to decree ; I am aware,
At the same time, how far the Queen of England
May dare to act in confirmation of it.

PAUL. The sovereigns of England have no fear
But for their conscience and their Parliament.

What justice hath decreed, her fearless hand
Will execute before collected worlds.

[Going.]

Enter MORTIMER, and, without paying attention to the QUEEN, addresses PAULET.

MORT. You're asked for, uncle.

[He retires in the same manner. The QUEEN remarks it, and turns towards PAULET, who is about to follow him.]

MARY.

Sir, one favour more :

If you have aught to say to me—from you
I can bear much ; I honour your grey head,
But cannot bear that boy's presumptuous boldness—
Screen me in future from his savage manners.

PAUL. I prize him e'en for that which makes you hate him :
He is not, truly, one of those poor fools
Whom a false woman's tear can mollify ;
He has seen much—has been in Rome and Paris,
And brings us back his true old English heart.
Lady, your cunning arts are lost on him. *[Exit.]*

KEN. And dares the ruffian venture to your face
Such language ! O, 'tis hard—'tis past endurance !

MARY *[lost in reflection.]* In the fair moments of our former
splendour

We lent to flatt'ers a too willing ear ;
It is but just and fit that we should now
Be forced to hear the earnest voice of censure.

KEN. How, so depressed, so spiritless, my Queen—
You, who before so gay, so full of hope,
Were used to comfort me in my affliction ?
Till now I rather was obliged to blame
Your levity than your too heavy sadness.

MARY. I know him well—it is the bleeding shade
Of Darnley, of my husband, which arises
From his sepulchral vault, and never will—
No, never will he make his peace with me
Until the measure of my woes is full.

KEN. What thoughts !—

MARY O ! you forget it—I cannot—
I have a faithful mem'ry. 'Tis this day
Another wretched anniversary
Of that regretted, that unhappy action,
Which I must celebrate with fast and penance.

KEN. Dismiss at length in peace this evil spirit.
A penitence of many a heavy year,
Of many a suffering has atoned the deed ;
The Church, which holds the key of absolution,
Pardons the crime, and heaven itself's appeased.

MARY. This long atoned crime arises fresh
And bleeding from its lightly covered grave—
My husband's spirit ranges for revenge ;
No sacring bell can exorcise this spirit—
No Host in holy hands can quiet it.

KEN. You did not murder him—'twas done by others.

MARY. But it was known to me—I suffered it,
And lured him, flattering, to the toils of death.

KEN. Your youth excuses you—your tender years.

MARY. So young, and so untender—to weigh down
My infant years with this so heavy crime !

KEN. You were provoked by bloody injuries,
 And by the rude presumption of that man,
 Whom, out of darkness, like the hand of heaven,
 Your love drew forth, and above all exalted—
 Whom through your bridal chamber you conducted
 Up to your throne, and with your lovely self
 And your hereditary crown distinguished :
 Your work was his existence, and your grace
 Bedewed him like the gentle rains of heaven.
 Could he forget that his so splendid lot
 Was the creation of your gen'rous love?
 Yet did he, worthless as he was, forget it.
 With base suspicions and with brutal manners
 He wearied your affections, and became
 An object of deserved disgust to you :
 Th' illusion, which till now had overcast
 Your judgment, vanished ; angrily you fled
 His foul embrace, and gave him up to scorn.
 And he—did he attempt to win again
 Your favour? Did he implore your pardon?
 Did he, as 'twere his duty so to do,
 Assure you on his knees of his repentance?
 No ; the base wretch defied you : he, who was
 Your bounty's creature, wished to play your king,
 And strove, through fear, to force your inclination.
 Before your eyes he had your fav'rite singer,
 Poor Rizzio, murdered : you did but avenge
 With blood the bloody deed.

MARY. And bloodily,
 I fear, too soon 'twill be avenged on me :
 You seek to comfort me, and you condemn me.

KEN. You were not, when this deed was perpetrated,
 Yourself—belonged not to yourself—the fire
 Of a blind frantic passion then possessed you,
 And bound you to a terrible seducer,
 The wretched Bothwell : the despotic man
 Ruled you with wilful masculine presumption,
 And heated with his philtres, and the arts
 Of hell, your passions.

MARY. All the arts he used
 Were his superior strength and woman's weakness.

KEN. No, no, I say : the most pernicious spirits
 Of hell must have been called upon by him,
 To cast this mist before your waking senses—
 Your ear was no more open to the voice
 Of friendly warnings, and your eyes were shut
 To decency ; soft female bashfulness
 Deserted you ; those cheeks, which were before
 The seat of shame-faced blushing modesty,
 Flowed with the flames of unrestrained desire :
 You cast away the veil of secrecy,
 And the flagitious daring of the man
 O'ercame your nat'ral coyness : you exposed
 To public view, unblushing, your dishonour :
 You let the murd'rer, whom the people followed
 With curses, through the streets of Edinburgh

Before you bear the royal sword of Scotland
 In triumph you with armed bands surrounded
 Your Parliament, and in the very temple
 Of Justice, by this shameless pantomime,
 You forced the judges of the land to clear
 The murderer of murder. You went farther—
 O God !

MARY. Conclude—nay, pause not : say I gave him
 For this my hand in marriage at the altar.

KEN. O let an everlasting silence veil
 This deed !—it is too dreadful, too revolting ;
 It was the deed of a lost profligate :
 Yet you, I know, are no lost profligate :
 'Twas I who reared your youth—your heart is framed
 For tender softness ; open are its feelings
 To shame ; and levity's your only fault
 I do repeat it there are evil spirits
 Who sudden fix in man's defenceless breast
 Their fatal residence, and there delight
 To act their dev'lish deeds ; then hurry back
 Unto their native hell, and leave behind
 Remorse and horror in the sullied bosom
 Since this misdeed, which blackens thus your life,
 You have done nothing ill ; your conduct has
 Been virtuous ; I can witness your amendment
 Take courage, then ; with your own heart make peace.
 Whate'er you may repent of, here in England
 You are not guilty Not Elizabeth,
 Not England's Parliament can be your judge
 Here might oppresses you—you may present
 Yourself before this self-created court
 With all the fortitude of innocence

MARY. I hear a step approaching

KEN 'Tis the nephew ;
 Retire.

Enter MORTIMER, approaching cautiously

MORT. [to KENNEDY] Step to the door, and watch with care ;
 I have important business with the Queen

MARY [with dignity] I charge thee, Hannah, go not hence—
 stay here

MORT. Fear not, my gracious lady, learn to know me

MARY [she examines it and starts back astonished] *[He gives her a card]*
 what is this ?

MORT [to KENNEDY] Retire, good Kennedy ;
 See that my uncle comes not unawares

MARY [to KENNEDY, who hesitates, and looks at the QUEEN
 inquiringly] Go in ; do as he bids you.

[KENNEDY retires with signs of wonder]

MARY. From my uncle
 In France, the worthy Cardinal of Lorraine ? *[She reads]*
 " Confide in Mortimer, who brings you this ;
 You have no truer friend than him in England "

[Looking at him with astonishment]
 Is't possible ? And is it no delusion
 Which cheats my sight ? And find I then a friend

So near, when I conceived myself abandoned
By the whole world? And find I him in you,
The nephew of my gaoler, whom I thought
My most invet'rate enemy?

MORT. [*kneeling.*] O pardon,
My gracious lady, for the hated mask,
Which it has cost me pain enough to wear;
And yet through that alone am I enabled
To see you, and to bring you help and rescue.

MARY. Arise, sir; you astonish me. I cannot
So suddenly emerge from the abyss
Of wretchedness to hope; let me conceive
This happiness, that I may credit it.

MORT. Our time is precious; I expect each moment
My uncle, whom a hated man attends;
Hear then, before his terrible commission
Surprises you, how heaven prepares your rescue.

MARY. A wonder 'tis of heaven's omnipotence.

MORT. Allow me of myself to speak.

MARY. Speak, sir.

MORT. I had already counted twenty years,
Bred up, my Queen, in the most rigid duties,
And having sucked, e'en with my mother's milk,
A deadly hate to Papacy, when, led
By a strong, irresistible desire
For foreign travel, I resolved to leave
My country and its puritanic faith
Far, far behind me: I then flew through France
With rapid speed, and sought with eager wish
The boasted plains of Italy. It was
The time of the great Jubilee: the crowds
Of swarming palmers filled the public roads;
Each image was adorned with garlands; 'twas
As if all human kind were wandering forth
In pilgrimage towards the heavenly kingdom.
The tide of the believing multitude
Bore me, too, onward with resistless force
Into the streets of Rome. What was my wonder,
As the magnificence of stately columns
Rushed on my sight! The vast triumphal arches,
The Colosseum's grandeur, with amazement
Struck my admiring senses; the sublime
Creative spirit held my soul a prisoner
In this fair world of wonders it had framed.
Till now the arts had never worked on me.
The Church that reared me hates the charms of sense:
It tolerates no image, it adores
But the unseen, th' incorporeal word.
What were my feelings then, as I approached
The threshold of the church, and, entering,
Heard heaven's harmonies floating in the air,
While from the walls and high-wrought roofs the forms
Celestial beamed in fulness of perfection—
When the most High, most Glorious pervaded
My captivated sense in real presence!
And when I saw the godlike visions,

The Salutations, the Nativity,
 The Holy Mother, and the Trinity's
 Descent, the luminous Transfiguration !
 At last I glad beheld the Pope, in all
 The glory of his office, bless the people !
 O, what's the pageantry of gold and jewels
 With which the kings of earth adorn themselves !
 He is alone surrounded by the Godhead ;
 His mansion is in truth a heavenly kingdom,
 For not of earthly moulding are these forms !

MARY. O, spare me, sir ; no further—spread no more
 Life's verdant carpet out before my eyes,
 For I am wretched, and a prisoner.

MORT. I was a prisoner too, my Queen ; but quick
 My prison-gates flew open, when at once
 My spirit felt its liberty, and hailed
 The smiling dawn of life. I learned to burst
 Each narrow prejudice of education,
 To crown my brows with never-fading garlands,
 And mix my joy with the rejoicing crowd.
 Full many noble Scots, who saw my zeal,
 Encouraged me, and with the lively French
 They kindly led me to your princely uncle,
 The Cardinal Archbishop. What a man !
 How learned, how clear, how manly, how sublime !
 He's born to regulate the human mind !
 The very model of a royal priest—
 A ruler of the Church without an equal !

MARY. Have you then seen the much-loved, honoured
 man,
 Who was the guardian of my tender years ?
 O speak of him ! Does he remember me ?
 Does fortune favour him ? And blossoms still
 His life ? And does he still majestic stand,
 The rock on which the Church of God is built ?

MORT. The holy man descended from his height,
 And deigned to construe to me the deep lessons
 Of the true Church, and dissipate my doubts.
 He proved to me that man's too plodding reason
 Serves but to lead him to eternal error ;
 That what his heart is called on to believe
 His eye must see ; that he who rules the Church
 Must needs be visible ; and that the spirit
 Of truth informed the councils of the Fathers.
 How vanished then the fond imaginations
 And weak conceptions of my childish soul
 Before his conquering judgment and the soft
 Persuasion of his tongue ! He then led me
 Forth to the altar steps, where I delivered
 Into his holy hands my abjuration.

MARY. You then are one of those so many thousands
 Whom he with his celestial eloquence,
 Like the immortal Preacher of the Mount,
 Has turned and led to everlasting joy !

MORT. The duties of his office called him soon
 To France, and I attended him to Rheims,

Where, piously employed, the brotherhood
 Of Jesus fashion priests for England's Church.
 There, 'mongst the Scots, I found the noble Morgan,
 And your true Lesley, Ross's learned bishop.
 I joined with heartfelt zeal these worthy men,
 And fortified my faith. As I one day
 Roamed through the Bishop's dwelling, I was struck
 With a fair female portrait ; it was full
 Of touching, wondrous charms ; with magic might
 It moved my inmost soul, and there I stood,
 Speechless, and overmastered by my feelings.
 "Well," cried the Bishop, "well may you behold
 This face with such a mournful, fond emotion !
 For the most beautiful of womankind
 Is the most lamentable too of women !
 She suffers for our faith, and 'tis your country
 Which is the sad scene of her sufferings !"

[MARY is in great agitation ; he pauses.]

MARY. The upright man ! No—I have not lost all,
 If such a friend remains in my misfortunes !

MORT. Then with heartrending eloquence he painted
 Your martyrdom, the bloody enmity
 Of your oppressors, and at last he showed me
 Your pedigree, and proved your high descent
 From the great house of Tudor. He convinced me
 That you alone are born to reign in England,
 And not this base pretender, who, the fruit
 Of an adulterous bed, was by her father,
 Henry the Eighth, rejected as a bastard.
 He from my eyes removed delusion's mist,
 And taught me to lament you as a victim,
 To honour you as my true Queen, whom I,
 Deceived, like thousands of my noble fellows,
 Had ever hated as my country's foe.
 I would not trust his evidence alone :
 I questioned learned doctors ; I consulted
 The most authentic books of heraldry ;
 And every man of knowledge whom I asked
 Confirmed to me your claim's validity.
 And now I know the justice of that claim
 To England is the spring of this injustice.
 This realm is your hereditary right,
 In which you innocently pine as prisoner.

MARY. O this unhappy right ! 'Tis this alone
 Which is the source of all my sufferings.

MORT. About this time the news arrived at Rheims
 Of your removal from old Talbot's ward,
 And that you were committed to my uncle.
 It seemed to me that this disposal marked
 The mystic, succouring hand of favouring heaven ;
 It seemed to be a loud decree of fate
 That it had chosen me to rescue you.
 My friends agree with me ; the Cardinal
 Imparts to me his counsel and his blessing,
 And tutors me in the hard task of feigning.
 The plan in haste digested, I commence

My journey homewards, and ten days ago
 I landed, as you must have heard, in England.
 I saw you, gracious Queen ; saw you, yourself—
 Your picture 'twas no more ! O what a treasure
 This castle's walls enclose ! It is no prison !—
 By far more splendid than the royal court
 Of England, 'tis a mansion for the gods.
 Happy, thrice happy he, whose envied lot
 It is to breathe one atmosphere with you !
 Hers is a prudent policy who thus
 Has buried you so deep ! Th' united youth
 Of England would rise up in mutiny,
 And not a sword lie quiet in its sheath—
 Rebellion, with his giant-head, would stalk
 Fierce through this land of peace, if once the Britons
 Beheld their Queen.

[He pauses.]

MARY. O, she indeed were happy
 If every Briton saw her with your eyes !

MORT. Were each, like me, a witness of your sorrows,
 Your meekness, and the noble patient courage
 With which you suffer these indignities—
 Emerge you not from all these bitter trials
 Like a true Queen ? Your prison's infamy,
 Hath it then soiled the splendour of your beauty ?
 You are deprived of all that graces life,
 Yet life and light eternal beam around you.
 I never set my foot upon this threshold
 But that my heart is torn at once with anguish
 And ravished with delight at gazing on you.
 Yet fearfully the fatal time approaches,
 And danger hourly growing presses on :
 I can delay no longer—can no longer
 Disguise the dreadful news.

MARY. Is then my sentence
 Pronounced ? Declare it freely—I can hear it.

MORT. It is pronounced. The two-and-forty judges
 Have given the verdict "Guilty," and the Houses
 Of Lords and Commons, with the citizens
 Of London, eagerly and urgently
 Demand its execution : 'tis the Queen
 Alone who hesitates—but not, believe me,
 From feelings of humanity or mercy :
 'Tis craftiness which guides her ; and she hopes
 To seem obliged to act this cruel part.

MARY [collected.] Sir, I am not astonished—am not frightened :
 I have been long prepared for such a message.
 I know my judges : after the treatment
 Which I have suffered, I can well conceive
 That they cannot restore my liberty.
 I know their aim : they mean to keep me here
 In everlasting bondage, and to bury,
 In the sepulchral darkness of my prison,
 With me, my vengeance and my rightful claims.

MORT. No, Queen—O ! no—no ; they will not stop there.
 Oppression will not be content to do
 Its work by halves : as long as e'er you live,

Lives too the terror of the Queen of England ;
No dungeon can inter you deep enough :
It is your death alone secures her throne.

MARY. Will she then dare to lay disgracefully
My crownéd head beneath the bloody axe ?

MORT. She will most surely dare it, doubt it not.

MARY. And can she thus roll in the very dust
Her own and every monarch's majesty ?

MORT. She thinks on nothing now but present danger,
Nor looks to that which is so far removed.

MARY. And fears she not the dread revenge of France ?

MORT. With France she makes an everlasting peace ;
Gives to the Duke of Anjou throne and hand.

MARY. Will not the King of Spain then arm himself ?

MORT. She fears not a collected world in arms,
If she but be at peace with her own people.

MARY. Were this a spectacle for British eyes ?

MORT. This land, my Queen, has, in these latter days,
Seen many a royal woman from the throne
Descend and mount the scaffold : her own mother,
And Catherine Howard too, were sent this road ;
And was not Lady Grey a crownéd head ?

MARY [*after a pause.*] No, Mortimer, vain fears have blinded
you ;

'Tis but the honest care of your true heart
Which conjures up these empty apprehensions.
It is not, sir, the scaffold that I fear :

There are so many far more quiet means
By which the Queen of England can secure
Her quiet 'gainst my claims : were it not easy,
Before an executioner were found,
To hire a murderer to rid her of me ?

'Tis that which makes me tremble, Mortimer :

I never lift the goblet to my lips
Without an inward shuddering, that the draught
May have been mingled by my sister's love.

MORT. No—neither open nor disguised murder
Shall e'er prevail against you. Fear no more ;

All is prepared : twelve nobles of the land
Are my confederates, and to-day have pledged
Upon the Sacrament their faith to free you,

With dauntless force, from this captivity.

Count l'Aubespine, the French Ambassador,

Knows of our plot, and offers his assistance :

'Tis in his palace that we hold our meetings.

MARY. You make me tremble, sir, but not for joy ;
An evil boding penetrates my heart.

Know you then what you risk ? Are you not scared

By Babington's and Tichburn's bloody heads,

Exposed as warnings upon London Bridge ?

Nor by the ruin of those many victims

Who have in such attempts found certain death,

And only made my chains the heavier ?

Fly hence, deluded, hapless youth !—fly hence

While yet you may, if yet you may : if Burleigh,

That crafty spy, hath not already traced

Your schemes, and mixed his traitors in your plot.
Fly hence—as yet hath no successful champion
Protected Mary Stuart.

MORT. I'm not scared
By Babington's and Tichburn's bloody heads,
Exposed as warnings upon London Bridge ;
Nor by the ruin of those many victims
Who have in such attempts found certain death :
They also found therein immortal honour,
And for your rescue death is happiness.

MARY. It is in vain : nor force nor guile can save me ;
My enemies are watchful, and the might
Is in their hands. It is not Paulet only
And his dependent host : all England guards
My prison gates ; Elizabeth's free will
Alone can open them.

MORT. Expect not that.

MARY. One man alone on earth can open them.

MORT. O ! name me then that name !

MARY. Lord Leicester.

MORT. Leicester ? [*Starts back in wonder.*]

The Earl of Leicester ? Your most bloody foe,
The favourite of Elizabeth ?—through him—

MARY. 'Tis possible to save me, and alone
Through him is't possible. Go to him, sir ;
Freely confide in him, and, as a proof
That you are sent by me, give him this paper.

[*She takes a paper from her bosom: MORTIMER draws back and hesitates to take it.*]

My picture's in this letter : take it, sir ;
I bear it long about me ; for the wary
Attention of your uncle cuts me off
From all communication ; you were sent
By my good angel.

[*He takes it.*]

MORT. O my Queen ! This riddle—
Explain it me.

MARY. Lord Leicester will resolve it :
Confide in him, and he'll confide in you.
Who comes ?

KEN. [*entering hastily.*] 'Tis Paulet, and he brings with him
A nobleman from court.

MORT. It is Lord Burleigh.
Collect yourself, my Queen, and strive to hear
The news he brings you with indifference.

[*He retires through a side door, and KENNEDY follows him.*]

Enter LORD BURLEIGH and PAULET.

PAUL. [*to MARY.*] You wished to-day with certainty to know
Your fate : my Lord of Burleigh brings you now
This certainty : receive it with submission.

MARY. I hope with dignity, as it becomes
My innocence and my exalted station.

BUR. I come deputed from the court of justice.

MARY. Lord Burleigh lends that court his willing tongue,
Which was already guided by his spirit.

PAUL. You speak as if no stranger to the sentence.

MARY STUART.

MARY. Lord Burleigh brings it me: I therefore know it.
PAUL. It would become you better, Lady Stuart,
To listen less to hatred.

MARY. I but name
My enemy: I said not that I hate him.
Sir, to the business.

BUR. You have acknowledged
The jurisdiction of the two-and-forty.

MARY. My lord, excuse me, if I am obliged
So soon to interrupt you. I acknowledged,
Say you, the competence of the commission?
I never have acknowledged it, my lord;
Indeed I could not—could not give away
My own prerogative, the dignity
Of my own people, the inheritance
Of my own son, and every monarch's honour:
The very laws of England say I could not;
It is enacted by an English statute
That every prisoner shall be accused
And tried before a jury of his equals—
Who is my equal in this high commission?
Kings only are my peers.

BUR. But yet you heard
The points of accusation, answered them,
Before the court—

MARY. 'Tis true, I was deceived
By Hatton's crafty counsel: he advised me,
For my own honour, and in confidence
In my good cause and my most strong defence,
To listen to the points of accusation,
And prove their falsehood. This, my lord, I did
From personal respect for the lords' names,
Not their usurped charge, which I disdain.
BUR. Acknowledge you the court or not, that is
Only a point of mere formality,
Which cannot stop the steady course of justice.
You breathe the air of England; you enjoy
The law's protection and its benefits—
You therefore are its subject.

MARY. Sir, I breathe
The air within an English prison's walls:
Is that to live in England—to enjoy
The law's protection? I do scarcely know
These laws, I never pledged my faith to keep them.
I am no member of this realm: I am
An independent and a foreign Queen.

BUR. And think you, then, the hollow name of Queen
Can serve you as a charter to foment
In other countries with impunity
This bloody discord? Where would be the safety
Of government if the good sword of justice
Could not as easy smite the guilty forehead
Of the imperial stranger as the beggar's?

MARY. I do not wish to be exempt from judgment,
My lord; the judges only I disclaim.

BUR. The judges? How, my lady? Are they, then,
Base wretches, snatched at hazard from the crowd

Or shameless wranglers, selling truth and justice—
 Oppression's willing hirelings, and its tools?
 Are they not, then, the chiefest of this land,
 Whose independence teaches them to dare
 Be honest and above the dread of princes,
 Look down disdainfully on all temptations?
 Are they not those who rule a generous people
 In liberty and justice—men, whose names
 I need but mention to destroy each doubt,
 Each mean suspicion, which is raised against them?
 Stands not the rev'rend Primate at their head,
 The pious Archbishop of Canterbury,
 The learned Bromley, Lord High Chancellor,
 And Howard, who conducts our conquering fleets?
 Say, then, could England's sovereign do more
 Than, out of all the monarchy, elect
 The very noblest and appoint them judges
 In this great suit? And were it probable
 That party hatred could corrupt one heart,
 Can forty chosen men unite themselves
 To speak a sentence dictated by passion?

MARY [*after a short pause.*] I hear with wonder that tongue's
 eloquence

Which ever was so ominous to me.
 How shall I, an untutored woman, cope
 With a so learned, subtle orator?
 Yes, truly; were these lords as you describe them,
 I must be mute—my cause, beyond all hope,
 Were lost, if such a court pronounced me guilty.
 But, sir, these names, which you are pleased to praise—
 These very men, whose weight you think will crush me—
 I see performing in the history
 Of these dominions very different parts;
 I see this high nobility of England,
 This grave majestic senate of the realm,
 Like to an Eastern monarch's vilest slaves,
 Flatter my uncle Henry's sultan fancies;
 I see this noble rev'rend House of Lords,
 Venal alike with the corrupted Commons,
 Make statutes and annul them, ratify
 A marriage and dissolve it, as the voice
 Of power commands: to-day it disinherits
 And brands the royal daughters of the realm
 With the vile name of bastards, and to-morrow
 Crowns them as queens, and leads them to the throne.
 I see them in four reigns, with pliant conscience,
 Four times abjure their faith; renounce the Pope
 With Henry, yet retain the old belief;
 Reform themselves with Edward, hear the Mass
 Again with Mary; with Elizabeth,
 Who governs now, reform themselves again.

BUR. You say you are a stranger, Lady Stuart,
 To England's laws; but yet you seem well read
 In the sad history of its misfortunes.

MARY. And these men are my judges?

[*As BURLEIGH seems to wish to speak.*]

Lord High Treasurer,
 Tow'rd's you I will be just, be you but just
 Tow'rd's me. 'Tis said that you consult with zeal
 The good of England and of England's Queen—
 Are honest, watchful, indefatigable:
 I will believe it: you are not conducted
 By private interest; the monarch's welfare,
 The realm's advantage, only governs you:
 Therefore, my noble lord, you should the more
 Distrust your heart—should see that you mistake not
 The welfare of the government for justice.
 I doubt it not that by your side is placed
 Full many an upright man among my judges:
 But they are Protestants, are eager all
 For England's quiet, and they sit in judgment
 On me, the Queen of Scotland and the Papist.
 It is an ancient saying that the Scots
 And English are unjust towards each other,
 And hence the rightful custom that a Scot
 Against an Englishman, an Englishman
 Against a Scot, cannot be heard in judgment.
 Necessity prescribed this cautious law;
 Deep policy oft lies in ancient customs:
 My lord, we must respect them. Nature cast
 Into the ocean these two fiery nations
 Upon this plank, and she divided it
 Unequally, and bade them fight for it.
 The narrow bed of Tweed alone divides
 These daring spirits; often hath the blood
 Of the contending parties dyed its waves.
 Threat'ning, and sword-in-hand these thousand years,
 From both its banks they watch the rival's motions,
 Most vigilant and true confederates
 With every enemy of the neighbour State.
 No foe oppresses England but the Scot
 Becomes his firm ally; no civil war
 Enflames the towns of Scotland but the English
 Add fuel to the fire. This raging hate
 Will never be extinguished till at last
 One Parliament in concord shall unite them,
 One sceptre shall command throughout the isle.

BUR. And from a Stuart, then, should England hope
 This happiness?

MARY. O, why should I deny it?
 Yes, I confess I cherished the fond hope,
 I thought myself the happy instrument
 To join, beneath the olive's shade, in freedom
 And lasting happiness, two generous nations!
 I little thought I should become the victim
 Of their old hate, their long-lived jealousy,
 And the sad flames of that unhappy discord
 I hoped at last to smother, and for ever;
 And as my ancestor, great Richmond, joined
 The rival roses after bloody contest,
 To join in peace the Scotch and English crowns.

BUR. An evil way it was to this good purpose,

To set the realm on fire, and through the flames
Of civil war to strive to mount the throne.

MARY. I wished not that ; by the great God of heaven,
When did I strive at that ? Where are your proofs ?

BUR. I came not hither to dispute ; your cause
Is no more subject to a war of words.
The great majority of forty voices
Hath sentenced that you have transgressed the statute
Enacted the last year, and have incurred
Its penalty. [*Producing the verdict.*]

MARY. Upon this statute, then,
My lord, is built the verdict of my judges ?

BUR. [*reading.*] Last year it was enacted, " If a tumult
Or plot should rise in England, in the name
Or for the benefit of any claimant
To England's crown, that justice should be done
On such pretender, and the guilty party
Be prosecuted unto death." Now, since
It has been proved—

MARY. Lord Burleigh, I can well
Imagine that a law expressly aimed
At me, and only framed for my destruction,
May to my prejudice be used. O, woe
To the unhappy victim, when the tongue
Which dictates executes at once the law.
Can you deny it, sir, that this same statute
Was made for my destruction ?

BUR. It was made
And meant but as a wholesome warning to you ;
By your imprudence it became a pitfall.
You saw the precipice which gaped before you ;
Yet, truly warned, you plunged into the deep.
You were confederate with Babington,
The traitor, and his murderous companions ;
You knew of all, and with a steady plan
Directed from your prison their black treason.

MARY. When did I that, my lord ? Produce me then
The documents.

BUR. Those you have seen already ;
They were before the court presented to you.

MARY. They're copies, written by another hand :
Show me the proof that they were dictated
By me, that they proceeded from my lips,
And in those very terms in which you read them.

BUR. Before his execution, Babington
Confessed they were the same which he received.

MARY. Why was he in his lifetime not produced
Before my face ? Why was he then dispatched
So quickly, that he could not be confronted
With her whom he accused ?

BUR. Besides, my lady,
Your secretaries, Curl and Nau, declare
On oath they are the very self-same letters
Which from your lips they faithfully transcribed.

MARY. And on my menial servants' testimony
I am condemned, upon the word of those

Who have betrayed me—me, their rightful queen?
 Who in that very moment, when they came
 As witnesses against me, broke their faith?

BUR. You said yourself, you held your countryman
 To be an upright conscientious man.

MARY. I thought him such; but 'tis the hour of danger
 Alone which tries the virtue of a man.
 He ever was an honest man, but weak
 In understanding; and his subtle comrade—
 Whose faith, observe, I never answered for—
 Might easily seduce him to write down
 More than he should; the rack may have compelled him
 To say and to confess more than he knew;
 He hoped to save himself by this false witness,
 And thought it could not injure me, a queen.

BUR. The oath he swore was free and unconstrained.

MARY. But not before my face! How now, my lord—
 There are two witnesses who still are living.
 Let them appear against me face to face!
 Let them repeat what they have testified!
Why am I then denied that privilege,
 That right, which e'en the murderer enjoys?
 I know from Talbot's mouth, my former keeper,
 That in this reign a statute has been passed
 Which orders that the plaintiff be confronted
 With the defendant: is it so, Sir Knight?
 I e'er have known you as an honest man:
 Now prove it to me; tell me, on your conscience,
 If such a law exists, or not, in England?

PAUL. 'Tis so, my lady; that's the law in England.
 I must declare the truth.

MARY. Well then, my lord,
 If I am treated by the law of England
 So hardly when that law oppresses me,
 Say, why avoid the law of this same land
 When 'tis for my advantage? Answer me—
 Why was not Babington confronted with me?
 Why not my servants, who are still both living?

BUR. Be not so hasty, lady; 'tis not only
 Your plot with Babington.

MARY. 'Tis that alone
 Which arms the law against me; that alone
 From which I'm called upon to clear myself.
 Stick to the point, my lord; evade it not.

BUR. It has been proved that you have corresponded
 With the Ambassador of Spain, Mendoza—

MARY. Stick to the point, my lord.

BUR. That you have formed
 Conspiracies to overturn the fixed
 Religion of the realm; that you have called
 Into this kingdom foreign powers, and roused
 All kings in Europe to a war with England.

MARY. And were it so, my lord—though 'tis not so—
 But let's suppose it were so: I am kept
 Imprisoned here against all laws of nations.
 I came not into England sword in hand;

I came a fugitive ; and in the arms
 Of my imperial kinswoman I claimed
 The sacred rights of hospitality.
 But violence oppressed me, and prepared
 Chains for me, where I vainly hoped protection.
 Say, is my conscience bound towards this realm ?
 Have I then duties to fulfil towards England ?
 I should but exercise a sacred right,
 Deived from sad necessity, if I strove
 To burst these fetters, to encounter might
 With might, to move and stir up every state
 In Europe to unite for my protection.
 Whatever in a rightful war is just
 And loyal 'tis my right to exercise ;
 Murder alone, the secret bloody deed,
 My pride forbids me, and my honest mind ;
 Murder would stain me, would dishonour me :
 Dishonour me, I say, my lord !—but not condemn me ;
 Not subject me to England's courts of justice :
 For 'tis not justice, 'tis but violence,
 Which is the question between me and England

BUR. [*significantly.*] Talk not, my lady, of the dreadful right
 Of power : 'tis seldom on the prisoner's side.

MARY. I am the weak one ; she the mighty one :
 'Tis well, my lord ; let her then use her power—
 Let her then kill me ; let me be the victim
 Of her security : but let her then
 Confess that she has used her power alone,
 And not contaminate the name of justice.
 Let her not borrow, from the laws, the sword
 To rid her of her hated enemy :
 Let her not clothe, in this religious garment,
 The bloody daring of licentious might :
 Let not these juggling tricks deceive the world.

[*Returning the verdict.*]

Though she may murder me, she cannot judge me :
 Let her no longer strive to join the fruits
 Of vice with virtue's fair and angel-seeming ;
 But let her dare to seem the thing she is.

[*Exit.*]

BUR. She scorns us, she defies us !—will defy us,
 E'en at the scaffold's foot ; we cannot break
 This haughty heart ! Did then the dreadful sentence
 Surprise her ? Did you see her shed one tear,
 Or even change her colour ? She implores not
 Our mercy ; well she knows the wavering mind
 Of Queen Elizabeth : our fears alone
 Inspire her courage.

PAUL. Lord High Treasurer,
 Take the pretext away which buoys it up,
 And you shall see this proud defiance vanish
 That very moment. I must say, my lord,
 Irregularities have been admitted
 In these proceedings ; Babington and Ballard
 Should have been brought, with her two secretaries,
 Before her, face to face.

BUR.

No, Paulet, no !

That was not to be risked ; her influence
 Upon the human heart is too ascendant—
 Too strong the female empire of her tears.
 Her secretary, Curl, if brought before her,
 And called upon to speak the weighty word
 On which her life depends, would straight shrink back,
 And fearfully revoke his own confession.

PAUL. The foes of England then will fill the world
 With odious noises ; the solemnity
 Of these proceedings, to the minds of all,
 Will bear the marks but of more daring outrage.

BUR. That is the greatest torment of our Queen,
 That she can never 'scape the blame. O God !
 Had but this lovely mischief died before
 She set her faithless foot on English ground !

PAUL. Amen, say I !

BUR. Had sickness but consumed her !

PAUL. England had been secured from much misfortune.

BUR. And yet, if she had died in nature's course,
 The world would call us still her murderers.

PAUL. 'Tis true, the world will think, in spite of us,
 Whatever it list.

BUR. Yet could it not be proved !
 And it would make less noise.

PAUL. Why, let it make
 What noise it may ; it is not clam'rous blame,
 'Tis righteous censure only, which can wound.

BUR. We know that holy justice cannot 'scape
 The voice of censure, and the public cry
 Is ever on the side of the unhappy :
 Envy pursues the laurelled conqueror :
 The sword of justice, which adorns the man,
 Is hateful in a woman's hand ; the world
 Will give no credit to a woman's justice,
 If woman is the victim. 'Tis in vain
 That we, the judges, speak what conscience dictates ;
 She has the royal privilege of mercy ;
 She must exert it : 'twere intolerable
 Should she let justice take its full career.

PAUL. And therefore—

BUR. Therefore should she live ? O ! no,
 She must not live ; impossible ! 'Tis this,
 E'en this, my friend, which thus torments the Queen :
 This scares all slumber from her eye ; I read
 Her soul's distracting contest on her brows.
 She fears to speak her wishes, yet her looks,
 Her silent looks, significantly ask :
 "Is there not one amongst my many servants
 To save me from this sad alternative ?
 Must I then tremble in eternal fear
 Upon my throne, or must I sacrifice
 A Queen, my own relation, on the block ?"

PAUL. 'Tis even so ; nor can it be avoided.

BUR. Well might it be avoided, thinks the Queen,
 If she had only more attentive servants.

PAUL. How more attentive ?

BUR. Such as could interpret
A silent mandate!

PAUL. What? A silent mandate!

BUR. Who, when a poisonous adder is delivered
Into their hands, would keep the treacherous charge,
As if it were a sacred precious jewel?

PAUL. A precious jewel is the Queen's good name
And spotless reputation: good, my lord,
One cannot guard it with sufficient care.

BUR. When, out of Shrewsbury's hand, the Queen of Scots
Into Sir Amias Paulet's care was given,
The meaning was—

PAUL. I hope to God, my lord,
The meaning was to give the hardest charge
Into the purest hands. My lord, my lord!
By heavens, I had disdained this bailiff's office,
Had I not thought the weighty service asked
The vigilance of the best man in England.
Let me not think I am indebted for it
To anything but my unblemished name.

BUR. Spread the report, she wastes; grows sicker still
And sicker; and expires at last in peace:
Thus will she perish in the world's remembrance,
And your good name is pure.

PAUL. But not my conscience.

BUR. Though you refuse us, sir, your own assistance,
You will not, sure, prevent another's hand.

PAUL. No murderer shall e'er approach her threshold
Whilst she's protected by my household gods.
Her life's a sacred trust; to me the head
Of Queen Elizabeth is not more sacred.
Ye are the judges; judge, and break the staff;
And when 'tis time, then let the carpenter,
With axe and saw, appear, to build the scaffold—
My castle's portals shall be oped to him,
The sheriff, and the executioners:
As yet, she is entrusted to my care;
And, be assured, I will fulfil my trust.
She shall nor do nor suffer what's unjust.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE.—*London: a Hall in the Palace of Westminster. The EARL OF KENT and SIR WILLIAM DAVISON, meeting.*

DAV. Is that my Lord of Kent? Returned already?
Is then the tourney, the carousal over?

KENT. How now? Were you not present at the tilt?

DAV. My office hindered me.

KENT. Why then, Sir Knight,
You've lost the fairest show which ever taste
Devised or graceful dignity performed;
For Beauty's virgin fortress was presented,
As by Desire invested; the Earl Marshal,
The Lord High Admiral, and ten other knights,
Belonging to the Queen, defended it,

And France's cavaliers led the attack.
A herald marched before the gallant troop,
And summoned, in a madrigal, the fortress,
And from the walls the Chancellor replied :
And then the artillery was played, and nosegays,
Breathing delicious essences, were shot
From neat field-pieces ; but in vain—the storm
Was valiantly resisted, and Desire
Was forced, unwillingly, to raise the siege.

DAV. A sign of evil boding, good, my lord,
For the French suitors.

KENT. Why, you know that this
Was but in sport ; when the attack's in earnest
The fortress will, no doubt, capitulate.

DAV. Believe you that ? I never can believe it.

KENT. The hardest article of all is now
Arranged, and France consents. Anjou's Duke
Is satisfied to be allowed to hold
His holy worship in a private chapel,
And openly he promises to honour
And to protect the realm's established faith.
Had you but heard the bursts of satisfaction
Which, as this news was publicly announced
Through London's streets, in joyful shouts resounded !
'Twas e'er their fear that the good Queen might die
Without immediate issue of her body,
And England bear again the chains of Rome,
If Mary Stuart should ascend the throne.

DAV. This fear appears superfluous : she goes
Into the bridal chamber ; Mary Stuart
Enters the gates of death.

KENT. The Queen approaches.

*Enter ELIZABETH, led in by LEICESTER, COUNT AUBESPINE, BEL-
LIEVRE, LORDS SHREWSBURY and BURLEIGH, with other FRENCH
and ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.*

ELIZ. [*to AUBESPINE.*] Count, I am sorry for these noble-
men,
Whose gallant zeal hath brought them over sea
To these our coasts, that they must miss, with us,
The splendour of the Court of St. Germain :
Such pompous festivals of godlike state
I cannot furnish as the royal Court
Of France. A sober and contented people,
Which crowds around me with a thousand blessings,
As often as I publicly appear :
This is the spectacle which I can show,
And not without some pride, to foreign eyes.
The splendour of the noble ladies who
In Catherine's beauteous garden bloom would serve
But to hide me and my more modest merits.

AUB. The Court of Westminster has but one lady
To show the astonished stranger ; but whatever
In the accomplished sex can charm the heart
Is seen united in her single person.

BEL. Great Majesty of England, suffer us

To take our leave, that we to Anjou's Duke,
Our royal master, bear the happy news.
The hot impatience of his heart would not
Permit him to remain at Paris ; he
At Amiens awaits the joyful tidings,
And far as Calais reach his posts, to bring
With wingéd swiftness the consent which, still
We hope, your royal lips will graciously
Pronounce to his intoxicated ear.

ELIZ. Press me no further now, Count Bellievre.
It is not now a time, and I repeat it,
To kindle here the joyful marriage torch :
The heavens hang black and heavy o'er this land ;
The garb of mourning would become me better
Than the magnificence of bridal garments ;
A fatal blow is aimed against my heart—
A blow which threatens to oppress my house.

BEL. Give us your promise only, gracious Queen ;
Let us not shape our course in desperation
Homewards ; let better days fulfil our hopes.

ELIZ. Monarchs are but the slaves of their condition,
They dare not hear the dictates of their hearts ;
My wish was ever to remain unmarried,
And I had placed my greatest pride—my glory—
In this, that it might be hereafter read
Upon my tomb, "*Here rests the Virgin Queen.*"
But yet my subjects will not this : they think,
E'en now they often think upon the time
When I shall be no more : 'tis not enough,
That blessings now are showered on this land,
They ask a sacrifice for future blessings,
And I must offer up my liberty,
My virgin liberty, my sovereign good,
Unto my people's welfare, and a master
Is thus imposed upon me. 'Tis by this
I see that I am nothing but a woman
In their regard ; and yet I thought that I
Had governed like a man, and like a king.
Well wot I that it is not serving God
To quit the laws of Nature, and that those
Who here have ruled before me merit praise
That they have oped the cloister gates, and given
Thousands of victims of ill-taught devotion
Back to the duties of humanity.
But yet a Queen, who hath not spent her days
In fruitless, idle contemplation—who,
Without a murmur, indefatigable
Performs the hardest of all duties, she
Should be exempted, surely, from this law
Of Nature, which commands that the one half
Of human kind be subject to the other.

AUB. Great Queen, you have upon your throne done honour
To every virtue ; nothing now remains,
But to the sex, whose greatest boast you are,
To be the leading star, and give the great
Example of its most appropriate duties.

'Tis true, the man exists not who deserves
That you should sacrifice your freedom to him;
Yet, can descent, and rank, and manly beauty,
With an heroic soul, make mortal man
Deserving of this honour—

ELIZ. Without doubt,
My Lord Ambassador, a marriage union
With France's royal son would do me honour:
Yes, I acknowledge it without disguise;
If it must be, if I cannot prevent it,
If I must yield unto my people's prayers—
And much I fear they will overpower me—
I do not know in Europe any prince
To whom I'd sacrifice, with less reluctance,
My greatest treasure, my dear liberty.
Let this confession satisfy your master.

BEL. It gives the fairest hope, and yet it gives
Nothing but hope; my master wishes more.

ELIZ. What wishes he? [*she takes a ring from her finger, and
thoughtfully examines it.*] In this a Queen has not
One privilege above all other women.

This common token hints at common duty
And common servitude; the ring denotes
Marriage, and 'tis of rings a chain is formed.

Convey this present to his Highness; 'tis
As yet no chain, it binds me not as yet,
But it may, perhaps, become a link to bind me.

BEL. [*kneeling.*] This present, in his name, upon my knees
I do receive, great Queen, and beg to press
The kiss of homage on the gracious hand
Which deigns to give it.

ELIZ. [*to the EARL OF LEICESTER, whom she, during the last
speeches, had continually regarded.*] By your leave, my lord—
[*She takes the Blue Ribbon from his neck,¹ and invests
BELLIEVRE with it.*]

Invest his Highness with this ornament,
As I invest you with it, and receive you
Into the duties of my gallant order.
And "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Thus perish
All jealousy between the two allies,
And let the bond of confidence unite
Henceforth the crowns of Britain and of France.

BEL. Most sovereign Queen, this is a day of joy;
O could it but be so for all, and that
No sufferer might sorrow in this island!
See! mercy beams upon thy brow! O, lady,
Let the reflection of its cheering light
Fall on a wretched princess, who concerns
Britain and France alike.

ELIZ. No further, Count!
Let us not mix two inconsistent things;
If France desires in earnest my alliance,

¹ Till the time of Charles the First the Knights of the Garter wore the Blue Ribbon with the George about their necks, as they still do the collar, on great days.—
TRANSLATOR.

It must partake my cares—indeed it must—
Nor join in friendship with my foes.

AUB.

It would

Act most unworthily, e'en in thy eyes,
If it, in this alliance, should forget
This hapless Queen, the widow of its king,
In whose behalf its honour and its faith
Are bound to plead for grace.

ELIZ.

In this respect

I know, as it becomes me, how to value
This intercession : France therein fulfils,
As friend, his duties ; and he too, no doubt,
Will now permit me to behave as Queen.

*[She bows to the FRENCH AMBASSADORS, who, with the other
GENTLEMEN, retire respectfully.]*

Enter BURLEIGH, LEICESTER, and TALBOT. The QUEEN takes her seat.

BUR. Illustrious Sovereign, thou crown'st to-day
The fervent wishes of thy people : now
We can rejoice in the propitious days
Which thou bestow'st upon us, and we look
No more with fear and trembling towards the time
Which, charged with storms, futurity presented :
Now but one only care disturbs this land :
It is a sacrifice which every voice
Demands. O ! grant but this, and England's peace
Will be established now and evermore.

ELIZ. What wish they still, my lord ? Speak.

BUR.

They demand

The head of Mary Stuart ; if thou wilt
Secure thy people in the high enjoyment
Of liberty, and the fair light of truth,
So lately and so dearly earned, then she
Must be no more ; if you will ease our minds
Of these eternal fears for thy dear life,
The enemy must fall : for well thou know'st
That all thy Britons are not true alike :
Roman idolatry has still its friends
In secret in this island, who foment
The hatred of our enemies : their hearts
All turn towards this Stuart ; they are leagued
With the two plotting brothers of Lorraine,
Th' inveterate foes both of thy name and realm.
'Gainst thee this raging faction hath declared
A war of desolation, and they wage it
With the deceitful instruments of hell.
At Rheims, the Cardinal Archbishop's see,
There is the arsenal from which they dart
These lightnings ; there's the school of regicide ;
Thence, in a thousand shapes disguised, are sent
Their secret missionaries to this island—
Their bold and daring zealots ; for from thence
Have we not here beheld the third assassin ?
And inexhausted is the direful breed
Of secret enemies in this abyss.
And there, in Fotheringay Castle, sits

The Até¹ of this everlasting war,
Who, with the torch of love, spreads flames around ;
For her, who flatters each with the fair hope
Of once possessing her—for her it is
That love-intoxicated youth devotes
Itself to certain death ; her rescue is
The watchword, and to place her on thy throne
The aim ; for this accursed house of Lorraine
Denies thy sacred right ; to them thou art
A robber of the throne, and crowned by fortune.
By them this silly woman was deluded
Proudly to call herself the Queen of England :
There is no peace with her and with her house—
Their hatred is too bloody, their offences
Too heavy ; thou must either act, or suffer :
Her life is death to thee, her death thy life.

ELIZ. My lord, you bear a melancholy office ;
I know the purity which guides your zeal,
Know too that unadulterated wisdom
Informs you ; yet this wisdom, where it calls
For blood, I hate it in my inmost soul.
Think of a milder counsel. Good, my Lord
Of Shrewsbury, now give us your opinion.

TAL. Desire you but to know, most gracious Queen,
What is for your advantage, then I have
Nought to add to what my Lord High Treasurer
Has urged. For your welfare, let the sentence
Be then confirméd—this is proved already,
There is no surer method to avert
The danger from your head and from the State.
If you'll not be advised concerning this,
You can dismiss your Council. We are placed
Here as your counsellors but to consult
The welfare of this land, and with our knowledge,
With our experience, are we bound to serve you !
But what is good and just—for this, my Queen,
You have no need of counsellors ; your conscience
Knows it full well, and it is written there.
Nay, it were overstepping our commission
If we attempted to instruct you in it.

ELIZ. Yet speak, my worthy Lord of Shrewsbury ;
'Tis not our frail intelligence alone,
Our heart, too, feels it wants some safe advice.

TAL. Well did you praise the upright zeal which fires

¹ The picture of Até, the Goddess of Mischief, we are acquainted with from Homer. She is a daughter of Jupiter, and eager to prejudice every one, even the immortal gods. She counteracted Jupiter himself, on which account he seized her by her beautiful hair and hurled her from heaven to the earth, where she, now striding over the heads of men, excites them to evil, in order to involve them in calamity.—HERDER.

Shakspeare has, in "Julius Cæsar," made a fine use of this image :

"And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."

I need not point out to the reader the beautiful propriety of introducing this evil spirit on this occasion.—TRANSLATOR.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

Lord Burleigh's loyal breast ; my bosom too,
 Although my tongue be not so eloquent,
 Beats with no weaker, no less faithful pulse.
 Long may you live, my Queen, to be the joy
 Of your delighted people, to prolong
 Peace and its envied blessings to this realm.
 This island never saw so happy days
 Since it was governed by its native kings.
 O let it never purchase its advantage
 With its good name ; at least, may Talbot's eyes
 Be closed ere this shall happen !

ELIZ.

God forbid

That we should ever sully our good name.
 TAL. If so, you must adopt some other mean
 To save these kingdoms, for the execution
 Of Mary Stuart is an unjust mean.
 You cannot upon her pronounce a sentence
 Who is not subject to you.

ELIZ.

Then it seems

My Council and my Parliament have erred—
 Each bench of justice in this land 's in error
 Which gave me, with one voice, this sovereign right.

TAL. *[after a pause.]*

The proof of justice lies not in the voice
 Of numbers ; England 's not the world, nor is
 Thy Parliament the focus which collects
 The vast opinion of the human race.

This present England is no more the future
 Than 'tis the past ; as inclination changes
 Thus ever ebbs and flows the unstable tide
 Of public judgment. Say not, then, that thou
 Must act as stern necessity compels thee—
 That thou must yield to the importunate
 Petitions of thy people ; every moment
 Thou canst experience that thy will is free.
 Attempt it, and declare to them thou hatest
 Blood—that thou wilt protect thy sister's life ;
 Show those who wish to give thee other counsels
 That here thy royal anger is not feigned,
 And thou shalt see how quick necessity
 Can vanish, and what was entitled justice
 Into injustice be converted. Thou
 Thyself must judge, and thou alone ; thou canst not
 Lean on this feeble trembling reed, then follow
 The gracious dictates of thy tender heart.
 Hath not God planted rigour in the frame
 Of woman ; and the founders of this realm,
 Who to the female hand have not denied
 The reins of government, seem to intend
 Thereby that rigour should not be the boon
 By which the kings of England should be known.

ELIZ. Lord Shrewsbury's a fervent advocate

For mine and England's enemy ; I must
 Prefer those counsellors who wish my welfare.

TAL. Her advocates have an invidious task.
 None will, by speaking in her favour, venture
 To meet thy anger : suffer, then, an old

MARY STUART.

And faithful counsellor (whom nought on earth
Can tempt, on the grave's brink) to exercise
The pious duty of humanity.
It never shall be said that in thy Council
Passion and interest have given their votes,
And that 'twas mercy only which was silent :
All circumstances have conspired against her :
Thou ne'er hast seen her face, and nothing speaks
Within thy bosom for the foreigner.
I do not take the part of her misdeeds.
They say she planned her husband's murder ; true
It is that she espoused his murderer :
A grievous crime it was, but then it happened
In a distressful, gloomy moment, in
The anxious agony of civil war,
Where she, the weak one, saw herself surrounded
By disrespectful and impetuous vassals,
And sought her refuge in the rude embrace
Of him who seemed the bravest and the strongest.
God knows what arts were used to overcome her !
For woman is a weak and fragile being.

ELIZ. Woman's not weak ; there are heroic souls
Among the sex ; and, in my presence, lord,
I do forbid to speak of woman's weakness.

TAL. Misfortune was for thee a rigid school ;
Thou wast not stationed on the sunny side
Of life ; thou saw'st no throne, from far, before thee—
The grave was gaping for thee at thy feet.
At Woodstock 'twas, and in the Tower's night,
'Twas there the gracious father of this land
Taught thee to know thy duty from misfortune.
No flatterer sought thee there ; there learned thy soul,
Free from the noisy world and its distractions,
To commune with itself, to think apart,
And estimate the real goods of life.
No God protected this poor sufferer :
Transplanted in her early youth, and yet
A tender child, to France, she saw the reign
Of levity and inconsiderate folly ;
There, in the court of constant dissipation,
She never heard the earnest voice of truth ;
She was deluded by the glare of vice,
And driven onward by the stream of ruin.
Her's was the vain possession of a face,
And blooming she outshone all other women,
Not less in beauty than in noble birth.

ELIZ. Collect yourself, my Lord of Shrewsbury ;
Think that we here in solemn Council sit.
Those charms must surely be without compare
Which can engender, in an elder's blood,
Such fire. My Lord of Leicester, you alone
Are silent ; does the subject which has made
Him eloquent deprive you of your speech ?

LEI. Amazement ties my tongue, my Queen, to think
That they should fill thy ears with such alarms,
And that the idle tales, which, in the streets

Of London, terrify the credulous people,
 Should reach the enlightened circle of thy Council,
 And occupy, in earnest, men of wisdom.
 Astonishment possesses me, I own,
 To think this lackland Queen of Scotland—she
 Who could not save her own poor throne, the jest
 Of her own vassals and her country's refuse—
 Who, in her fairest days of freedom, was
 But thy despised puppet—should become
 At once thy terror, when a prisoner.
 What, in the name of God, can make her fearful?
 Is't that she claims these kingdoms : that the Guises
 Will not acknowledge thee as Queen? Did then
 Thy people's loyal fealty await
 These Guises' approbation? Can these Guises,
 With their objections, ever shake the right
 Which birth hath given thee—which, with one consent,
 The votes of Parliament have ratified?
 And is not she, by Henry's will, passed o'er
 In silence? Is it probable that England,
 As yet so blessed in the new light's enjoyment,
 Should throw itself into this Papist's arms?—
 From thee, the Sovereign it adores, desert
 To Darnley's murderess! What will they then,
 These urgent men, who e'en in thy lifetime
 Torment thee with a successor—who think
 They cannot soon enough dispose of thee
 In marriage, to deliver Church and State?
 Stand'st thou not blooming there in youthful prime,
 While each step leads her tow'ards the expecting tomb?
 By heavens, I hope thou wilt full many a year
 Walk o'er her grave, and that without becoming
 Thyself the instrument of her sad end.

BUR. Lord Leicester hath not always held this tone.

LEI. 'Tis true, I in the court of justice gave
 My verdict for her death : here, in the Council,
 I can consistently speak otherwise :
 Here, right is not the question, but advantage ;
 Is this a time for dread of her, when France,
 Her only succour, has abandoned her?—
 When thou preparest with thy hand to bless
 The royal son of France, when the fair hope
 Of a new, glorious stem of sovereigns
 Begins again to blossom in this land?
 Why hasten then her death? She's dead already.
 Contempt for her's the only death ; let not
 Ill-timed compassion call her into life.
 'Tis, therefore, my advice to leave the sentence
 By which her life is forfeit in full force.
 Let her then live ; but let her trembling live
 Beneath the axe, and, from the very hour
 One arm be lifted for her, let it fall.

ELIZ. [*risés.*] My lords, I now have heard your several thoughts,
 And give you my best thanks for this your zeal.
 With God's assistance, who the hearts of kings
 Illumines, I will weigh your arguments,]

And choose what seems to me the best. [To BURLEIGH.
My Lord]

High Treasurer, your honest fears, I know it,
Are but the offspring of your faithful care ;
But yet, my Lord of Leicester has said well ;
There is no need of haste : our enemy
Hath lost already her most dangerous sting—
The mighty arm of France. The fear that she
Might quickly be the victim of their zeal
Will curb the blind impatience of her friends.

Enter SIR AMIAS PAULET and MORTIMER.

ELIZ. There is Sir Amias Paulet. Noble sir,
What bring you to us ?

PAUL. Most gracious Sovereign,
My nephew, who but lately is returned
From foreign travel, kneels before thy feet,
And offers thee his earliest homage.
Grant him thy royal grace, and let him grow
And flourish in the sunshine of thy favour.

MORT. *[kneeling on one knee.]* Long live my royal mistress !
Happiness

And glory form a crown to grace her brows !

ELIZ. Arise, Sir Knight, and welcome here in England !
You've made, I hear, the tour, have been in France
And Rome, and tarried too some time at Rheims :
Tell me, then, what our enemies are spinning.

MORT. May God confound them all ! and may the darts
Which they are aiming at my Sovereign,
Recoiling, strike their own perfidious breasts !

ELIZ. Saw you Morgan, and the wily Bishop
Of Ross ?

MORT. My Queen, I saw all Scottish exiles
Who forge at Rheims their plots against this isle.
I stole into their confidence, in hopes
To learn what mischief they were brooding o'er.

PAUL. Private despatches they entrusted to him,
In ciphers, for the Queen of Scots, which he,
With loyal hand, hath given up to us.

ELIZ. Say, what are then their latest plans of treason ?

MORT. It struck them, as it were a thunderbolt,
That France should leave them, and with England close
This firm alliance ; now they turn their hopes
Towards Spain—

ELIZ. This Walsingham hath written us.

MORT. Besides, a bull, which from the Vatican
Pope Sixtus lately levelled at thy throne,
Arrived at Rheims as I was leaving it ;
With the next ship we may expect it here.

LEI. England no more is frightened by such arms,

BUR. They're always dangerous in bigots' hands.

ELIZ. *[looking steadfastly at MORTIMER.]* Your enemies have
said that you frequented

The schools at Rheims, and have abjured your faith.

MORT. 'Tis true, I seemed to do so ; I cannot
Deny it ; thus far went my zeal to serve thee.

ELIZ. [*to PAULET, who presents papers to her.*] What have you there?

PAUL. It is from Lady Stuart.
'Tis a petition, and to thee addressed.

BUR. [*hastily catching at it.*] Give me the letter.

PAUL. [*giving it to the QUEEN.*] By your leave, my Lord
High Treasurer, the lady ordered me
To bring it to her Majesty's own hands.
She says I am her enemy: I am
Only the enemy of her offences,
And that which is consistent with my duty
I will, and readily, oblige her in.

[*The QUEEN takes the letter: as she reads it, MORTIMER and LEICESTER speak some words in private.*]

BUR. [*to PAULET.*] What may the contents of the letter be?
Idle complaints, from which one ought to screen
The Queen's too tender heart.

PAUL. What it contains
She did not hide from me; she begs a boon:
She begs to be admitted to the grace
Of speaking with the Queen.

BUR. It cannot be.

TAL. Why not? Her supplication's not unjust.

BUR. For her, the base encourager of murder—
Her, who hath thirsted for our Sovereign's blood,
The privilege to see the royal presence
Is forfeited: a faithful counsellor
Can never give this treacherous advice.

TAL. And if the Queen is gracious, sir, are you
The man to hinder pity's soft emotions?

BUR. She is condemned; her hated head now lies
Beneath the axe, and it would ill become
The Queen to see a death-devoted head.
The sentence cannot have its execution
If the Queen's Majesty approaches her,
For pardon e'er attends the royal presence,
As sickness flies the health-dispensing hand.

ELIZ. [*having read the letter, dries her tears.*] O, what is man! What is the boast of earth!

To what extremities is she reduced
Who with such proud and splendid hopes began!
Who, called to sit on the most ancient throne
Of Christendom, misled by vain ambition,
Hoped with a triple crown to deck her brows!
How is her language altered, since the time
When she assumed the arms of England—when
She from her flatterers enjoyed the title
Of Sovereign of the two Britannic isles.
Forgive me, lords, my heart is cleft in twain—
Anguish possesses me, and my soul bleeds
To think that earthly goods are so unstable,
And that the dreadful fate which rules mankind
Should threaten mine own house and scowl so near me.

TAL. O, Queen! The God of mercy hath informed
Your heart. O! hearken to this heavenly guidance,
Most grievously, indeed, hath she atoned

Her grievous crime, and it is time that now,
At last, her heavy penance have an end.
Stretch forth your hand towards her who's fallen so low,
And, like the luminous vision of an angel,
Descend into her gaol's sepulchral night.

BUR. Be steadfast, mighty Queen; let no emotion
Of seeming laudable humanity
Mislead thee; take not from thyself the power
Of acting as necessity commands.

Thou canst not pardon her, thou canst not save her;
Then heap not on thyself the odious blame,
That thou, with cruel and contemptuous triumph,
Didst glut thyself with gazing on thy victim.

LET. Let us, my lords, remain within our bounds;
The Queen is wise, and doth not need our counsels
To lead her to the most becoming choice;
This meeting of the Queens hath nought in common
With the proceedings of the court of justice.
The law of England, not the monarch's will,
Condemns the Queen of Scotland, and 'twere worthy
Of the great soul of Queen Elizabeth
To follow the soft dictates of her heart,
Though justice swerve not from its rigid path.

ELIZ. Retire, my lords. We shall perhaps find means
To unite, as fitting, what compassion asks
And what necessity imposes on us.
And now retire.

[*The LORDS retire: she calls SIR EDWARD MORTIMER back.*
Sir Edward Mortimer!

ELIZABETH, MORTIMER.

ELIZ. [*having measured him for some time with her eyes in silence.*] You've shown a spirit of adventurous courage,
And, for your years, uncommon self-command:
Who practises so soon dissimulation's
Hard lessons, is a man before the time,
And shortens his probationary years.
Fate calls you to a lofty scene of action;
I prophesy it, and can, happily
For you, fulfil, myself, my own prediction.

MORT. Illustrious mistress, what I am, and what
I can perform, 's devoted to your service.

ELIZ. You've made acquaintance with the foes of England.
Their hate to me is unappeasable;
Their bloody machinations unexhausted.
As yet, indeed, Almighty Providence
Hath shielded me; but on my brows the crown
For ever trembles, while she lives who fans
Their bigot zeal and nourishes their hopes.

MORT. She lives no more, as soon as you command it.

ELIZ. O sir, I thought I saw my labour's end,
And I am come no farther than at first.
I wished to let the laws of England act,
And keep my own hands pure from blood's defilement.
The sentence is pronounced—what gain I by it?
It must be executed, Mortimer,

And I must authorize the execution.
The blame will ever light on me, I must
Own it, and cannot save appearances.
That is the worst.

MORT. But can appearances
Disturb your mind in the good cause of justice?

ELIZ. You are unpractised in the world, Sir Knight;
What we appear, is subject to the judgment
Of all mankind, and what we are, of no man.
No one will be convinced that I am right;
I must take care that my connivance in
Her death at least be wrapped in endless doubt.
In deeds of such uncertain double visage
Security is only found in darkness.
The worst step 's that which one acknowledges,
And what is not abandoned is not lost.

MORT. [*seeking to learn her meaning.*] Then 'twere perhaps
the best—

ELIZ. [*quick.*] Ay, surely were it
The best; O sir, my better angel speaks
Through you; go on then, worthy sir, conclude;
You are in earnest, you examine deep,
Have quite a different spirit from your uncle's.

MORT. [*surprised.*] Did you discover to the Knight your wish?

ELIZ. I'm sorry that I did.

MORT. Excuse his age,
The old man is grown scrupulous; such bold
Adventures ask the enterprising courage
Of youth.

ELIZ. And may I venture then on you?

MORT. My hand I'll lend thee; save then as thou canst
Thy reputation.

ELIZ. Yes, sir; if you could
But waken me some morning with this news:
"Maria Stuart, your bloodthirsty foe,
Breathed yesternight her last."

MORT. Depend on me.

ELIZ. When shall my head lie down in peace to sleep?

MORT. Thy fears be ended with the next new moon.

ELIZ. And be the self-same happy day the dawn
Of your preferment—so God speed you, sir;
And be not hurt, if chance my thankfulness
Should wear the mask of darkness. Silence is
The happy suitor's god—the closest bonds,
The dearest, are the work of secrecy.

[*Exit.*]

MORTIMER (*alone*).

Go, false, deceitful Queen! as thou deludest
The world, e'en so delude I thee; 'tis right
Thus to betray thee; 'tis a worthy action.
Look I then like a murderer? Hast thou
Read on my brow such base dexterity?
Trust only to my arm, and keep thine own
Back, and assume the pious outward side
Of mercy 'fore the world, the while thou reckon'st
In secret on my murderous aid; and thus

We shall, by gaining time, ensure her rescue.
 Thou wilt exalt me, showest significant,
 From far, a costly prize; and even were
 Thyself the prize, and all thy woman's favour,
 What art thou, poor one, and what caust thou proffer?
 I scorn ambition's avaricious strife,
 With her alone I find the charm of life;
 O'er her, in rounds of endless glory, hover
 Spirits with grace, and youth eternal blessed;
 Celestial joy is throned upon her breast.
 Thou hast but earthly, mortal goods to offer.
 That sovereign good, for which all else be slighted,
 When heart in heart, delighting and delighted,
 Together flow in sweet forgetfulness,—
 Ne'er didst thou woman's fairest crown possess,
 Ne'er hast thou with thy hand a husband's hand requited.
 I must attend Lord Leicester, and deliver
 Her letter to him—'tis a hateful charge.
 I have no confidence in this court puppet;
 I can effect her rescue, I alone;
 Be danger, honour, and the prize my own.

[As he is going PAULET meets him]

MORTIMER, PAULET.

PAUL. What said the Queen to you?

MORT.

'Twas nothing, sir;

Nothing of consequence.

PAUL. *[looking at him earnestly.]* Hear, Mortimer,
 It is a false and slippery ground on which
 You tread—the grace of princes is alluring;
 Youth is ambitious—let not your ambition
 Betray you.

MORT. Did not then yourself present me
 At court?

PAUL. O, would to God I had not done it!
 The honour of our house was never gathered
 In courts. Stand fast, my nephew; purchase not
 Too dear, nor sully with a crime your conscience.

MORT. What are these fears? What are you dreaming of?

PAUL. How high soe'er the Queen may promise you
 To raise you, trust not her alluring words.
 The spirit of the world's a lying spirit,
 And vice is a deceitful, treacherous friend.
 She will deny you, if you listen to her,
 And, to preserve her own good name, will punish
 The bloody deed which she herself commanded.

MORT. The bloody deed!

PAUL. Away, dissimulation!
 I know the deed the Queen proposed to you.
 She hopes that your ambitious youth will be
 More docile than my rigid age; but say,
 Have you then pledged your promise—have you?

MORT. Uncle!

PAUL. If you have done so I abandon you,
 And lay my curse upon you.

LEI. *[entering.]* Worthy sir!

I with your nephew wish a word; the Queen
Is graciously inclined towards him; she
Wills that the person of the Lady Stuart
Be unconditionally unto him
Entrusted—she depends upon his honour.

PAUL. Depends? 'tis well—

LEI.

What say you, sir?

PAUL.

The Queen

Depends on him; and I, my lord, depend
Upon myself, and my two open eyes.

[Exit.

LEICESTER, MORTIMER.

LEI. [*surprised*.] What ailed the Knight?

MORT.

My lord, I cannot tel

What angers him—the confidence, perhaps,
The Queen so suddenly confers upon me.

LEI. Are you deserving then of confidence?

MORT. This question would I put to you, Lord Leicester.

LEI. You said you wished to speak with me in private.

MORT. Assure me first that I may venture it.

LEI. Who gives me an assurance on your side?

Let not my want of confidence offend you.

I see you, sir, exhibit at this court

Two different aspects; one of them must be

A borrowed one; but which of them is real?

MORT. These self-same doubts I have concerning you.

LEI. Which, then, shall pave the way to confidence?

MORT. He who, by doing it, is least in danger.

LEI. Well, that are you—

MORT.

No, you; the evidence

Of such a weighty, powerful peer as you
Can overwhelm my voice; my accusation
Is feeble 'gainst your rank, and 'gainst your favour.

LEI. Sir, you mistake; in everything but this

I'm powerful here; but in this tender point,

Which I am called upon to trust you with,

I am the weakest man of all the court,

And a poor testimony can undo me.

MORT. If the all-powerful Earl of Leicester deigns

To stoop so low to meet me, and to make

Such a confession to me, I may venture

To think a little better of myself,

And go in magnanimity before him.

LEI. Lead you the way of confidence, I'll follow.

MORT. [*producing suddenly the letter*.] Here is a letter from the
Queen of Scotland.

LEI. [*alarmed, catches hastily at the letter*.] Speak softly, sir!—
what see I? Oh, it is

Her picture! [*Kisses and examines it with speechless joy. A pause.*

MORT. [*who has not lost sight of him the whole time*.] Now,
my lord, I can believe you.

LEI. [*having hastily run through the letter*.] You know the
contents of the letter, sir?

MORT.

Not I.

LEI. Indeed! She surely hath informéd you.

MORT. Nothing hath she informed me of. She said
You would explain this riddle to me—'tis
To me a riddle—that the Earl of Leicester,
The far-famed favourite of Elizabeth,
The open, bitter enemy of Mary,
And one of those who spoke her mortal sentence,
Should be the man from whom the Queen, in thralldom,
Expects deliverance ; yet it must be so :
Your eyes express too plainly what your heart
Feels for the hapless lady.

LEI. Tell me, sir ;
First, how it comes that you should take so warm
An interest in her fate ; and what it was
Gained you her confidence ?

MORT. My lord, I can,
And in few words, explain this mystery :
I lately have at Rome abjured my errors,
And stand in correspondence with the Guises.
A letter from the Cardinal Archbishop
Was my credential with the Queen of Scots.

LEI. I am acquainted, sir, with your conversion ;
'Twas that which wak'd my confidence towards you.
Each remnant of distrust be henceforth banished :
Your hand, sir, and forgive me what is passed,
I cannot use enough precaution here.
Burleigh and Walsingham, I know it, hate me,
And, watching me, in secret spread their nets.
You might have been their instrument, their creature,
To lure me to their toils.

MORT. What little steps
So great a nobleman is forced to take
At court ! My lord, I pity you.

LEI. With joy
I rest upon the faithful breast of friendship,
Where I can ease me of this long constraint.
You seem surprised, sir, that my heart is turned
So suddenly towards the captive Queen.
In truth, I never hated her ; the time's
Necessity made me her adversary.
She was intended for me long ago :
You know it, ere she gave her hand to Darnley,
While yet the beams of glory smiled around her.
Then did I coldly push this blessing from me ;
Now, in confinement, at the gates of death,
I claim her, at the hazard of my life.

MORT. That looks magnanimous, my lord.

LEI. The state
Of circumstances since that time is changed.
'Twas my ambition blunted all my feelings
'Gainst youth and beauty. Mary's hand I held
Too insignificant for me ; I hoped
To be the husband of the Queen of England.

MORT. It is notorious that she preferred you
Before all others.

LEI. So it seemed, sir ; yet
Now, after the lost years of tedious courtship,

And hateful self-constraint—O, sir, my heart
 Must ease itself of this long agony.
 They call me happy! Did they only know
 What the chains are for which they envy me!
 When I had sacrificed ten bitter years
 To the proud idol of her vanity;
 Submitted with a slave's humility
 To every change of her despotic fancies;
 The plaything of her little humoursome
 Capricious wilfulness—now by her love
 Caressed, and now, with prudish pride, rejected;
 Alike tormented by her grace and rigour;
 Watched like a prisoner by the Argus-eyes
 Of jealousy; examined like a schoolboy,
 And railed at like a servant. O, no tongue
 Can paint this hell!

MORT. My lord, I feel for you.

LEI. To lose, and at the very goal, the prize!
 Another comes to rob me of the fruits
 Of my so anxious wooing. I must lose
 To her young blooming husband all those rights
 Of which I was so long in full possession;
 And I must from the stage descend, where I
 So long have played the most distinguished part.
 Not of her hand alone, this envious stranger
 Threatens to rob me of her favour too;
 She is a woman, and he's formed to please.

MORT. He is the son of Catherine—he has learnt
 In a good school the arts of flattery.

LEI. Thus fall my hopes; I strove to seize a plank
 To bear me in this shipwreck of my fortunes;
 And my eye turned itself towards the fair hope
 Of former days once more; then Mary's image
 Within me was renewed, and youth and beauty
 Once more asserted all their former rights.
 No more 'twas cold ambition; 'twas my heart
 Which now compared, and with regret I felt
 The value of the jewel I had lost.

With horror I beheld her in the depths
 Of misery, cast down by my transgression;
 Then waked the hope in me, that I might still
 Deliver and possess her; I contrived
 To send her, through a faithful hand, the news
 Of my conversion to her interests;
 And in this letter which you brought me, she
 Assures me that she pardons me, and offers
 Herself as guerdon, if I rescue her.

MORT. But you attempted nothing for her rescue;
 You suffered patiently her condemnation;
 You gave, yourself, your verdict for her death.
 A miracle must happen, and the light
 Of truth must move me—me, her keeper's nephew,
 And Heaven must, in the Vatican at Rome,
 Prepare for her an unexpected succour,
 Else had she never found the way to you!

LEI. O, sir! it has tormented me enough!

About this time it was that they removed her
 From Talbot's castle, and delivered her
 Up to your uncle's stricter custody.
 Each way to her was shut. I was obliged,
 Before the world, to persecute her still ;
 But do not think that I would patiently
 Have seen her led to death. No, sir, I hoped,
 And I hope still, to ward off all extremes,
 Till I can find some certain means to save her.

MORT. That is already found : my Lord of Leicester,
 Your generous confidence in me deserves
 A like return. I will deliver her.
 'That is my object here ; my dispositions
 Are made already, and your powerful aid
 Assures us of success in our attempt.

LEI. What say you ?—you alarm me—how ? You would—

MORT. I'll open forcibly her prison gates ;
 I have confederates, and all is ready.

LEI. You have confederates, accomplices !
 Alas ! in what rash enterprises would you
 Engage me ? and these friends, know they my secret ?

MORT. Fear not ; our plan was laid without your help ;
 Without your help it would have been accomplished,
 Had she not signified her resolution
 To owe to you alone her liberty.

LEI. And can you then with certainty assure me
 That in your plot my name has not been mentioned ?

MORT. You may depend upon it. How, my lord,
 So scrupulous when help is offered you ?
 You wish to rescue Mary and possess her ;
 You find confederates—sudden, unexpected ;
 The readiest means fall, as if it were from heaven,
 Yet you show more perplexity than joy !

LEI. We must avoid all violence, it is
 So dangerous an enterprise.

MORT. Delay
 Is also dangerous.

LEI. I tell you, sir,
 'Tis not to be attempted.

MORT. 'Tis, my lord,
 Too hazardous for you who would possess her
 But we, who only wish to rescue her,
 We are more bold.

LEI. Young man, you are too hasty
 In such a thorny, dangerous attempt.

MORT. And you too scrupulous in honour's cause.

LEI. I see the trammels that are spread around us.

MORT. And I feel courage to break through them all.

LEI. Foolhardiness and madness, is this courage ?

MORT. This prudence is not bravery, my lord.

LEI. You surely wish to end like Babington.

MORT. You not to imitate great Norfolk's virtue.

LEI. Norfolk did never win the bride he wooed.

MORT. But yet he proved himself deserving of her.

LEI. If we are ruined, she must fall with us.

MORT. If we risk nothing, she will ne'er be rescued.

LEI. You will not weigh the matter, hear not, will
With blind and hasty violence destroy
What was already in so fair a way.

MORT. Yes, sure, the way is fair, which you have made.
What have you done then to deliver her?
And how, if I were miscreant enough
To murder her, as was proposed to me
This moment by Elizabeth, and which
She looks upon as certain, only name
The measures you have taken to protect her?

LEI. Did the Queen give you then this bloody order?

MOR. She was deceived in me, as Mary is
In you.

LEI. And you have promised it ; say, have you?

MORT. That she might not engage another's hand,
I offered mine.

LEI. Well done, sir, that was right
This perhaps may give us room, for the relies
Upon your bloody service, and the sentence
Is unfulfilled the while, and we gain time.

MORT. [*angrily.*] No, we are losing time.

LEI.

The Queen depends

On you, and will the readier make a show
Of mercy. Perhaps I may prevail on her
To give an audience to her adversary ;
This step, consents she to it, ties her hands ;
Yes, I will try it, will strain every nerve.

MORT. And what is gained by this? When she discovers
That I am cheating her, that Mary lives,
Are we not where we were? She never will
Be free ; the mildest lot which can await her
At best, is but perpetual confinement.

A daring deed must end the matter ; why
Will you not rather then begin with one?
The power is in your hands : would you but rouse
The might of your dependents roundabout
Your many castles, 'twere an host ; and still
Has Mary many secret friends ; the Howards'
And Percies' noble houses, though their chiefs
Be fallen, are rich in heroes ; they but wait
For the example of some potent lord.

Away with feigning—act an open part,
And, like a loyal knight, protect your fair one ;
Fight a good fight for her ; you know you are
Lord of the person of the Queen of England
Whene'er you will : invite her to your castle—
Oft hath she thither followed you—then show
That you're a man—then speak as master—keep her
Confined till she release the Queen of Scots.

LEI. I am astonished—I am terrified !
Where would your giddy madness hurry you !
Are you acquainted with this country? Know you
The deeps and shallows of this court? With what
A potent spell this female sceptre binds
And rules the vanquished spirits? 'Tis in vain
You seek the heroic energy which once

Was active in this land—it is subdued :
A woman holds it under lock and key,
And every spring of courage is relaxed.
Follow my counsel—venture nothing rashly.
Some one approaches—go !

MORT. And Mary hopes.
Shall I with empty hopes return to her?
LEI. Bring her my vows of everlasting love.

MORT. Bring them yourself. I offered my assistance
As her deliverer, not your messenger.

ELIZABETH, LEICESTER.
ELIZ. Say, who was here? I heard the sound of voices.

LEI. *[turning quickly and perplexed round, on hearing the*
QUEEN.] It was young Mortimer. *[Exit.]*

ELIZ. Why so confused ?
LEI. *[collecting himself.]* Your presence is the cause,
I never saw you yet so full of charms !
Here stand I blinded by your beauty's splendour.

ELIZ. Whence this sigh ?
LEI. Have I no reason then
To sigh ? When I behold you in your glory
I feel anew, with pain unspeakable,
The loss which threatens me.

ELIZ. Your heart—'tis your inestimable self :
LEI. Soon will you feel yourself within the arms
Of your young ardent husband, highly blessed :
He will possess your heart, without a rival.
He is of royal blood—that am not I—
Yet, spite of all the world can say, there lives not
One on this globe who with such fervent zeal
Adores you as the man who loses you.
Anjou hath never seen you, can but love
Your glory and the splendour of your reign ;
But I love you, and were you born of all
The peasant maids the poorest, I the first
Of kings, I would descend to your condition,
And lay my crown and sceptre at your feet !

ELIZ. O, pity me, my Dudley ; do not blame me.
I cannot ask my heart—oh, that had chosen
Far otherwise ; and how I envy others
Who can exalt the object of their love !—
But I am not so happy ! I cannot
Place on the brows of him, who of all men
Is dearest to me, the imperial crown.
The Queen of Scotland was allowed to make
Her hand the token of her inclination—
She hath had every freedom, and hath drunk,
And to the very dregs, the cup of joy.
LEI. And now she drinks the bitter cup of sorrow.
ELIZ. She never did respect the world's opinion ;
Life was to her a sport—she never courted
The yoke to which I willing bowed my neck,

And yet, methinks, I had as just a claim
 As she to please myself and taste the joys
 Of life : but I preferred the rigid duties
 Which royalty imposed on me. Yet she—
 She was the favourite of all the men,
 Because she only strove to be a woman,
 And youth and age became alike her suitors.
 Thus are the men—voluptuaries all !
 The willing slaves of levity and pleasure ;
 Value that least which claims their reverence.
 And did not even Talbot, though grey-headed,
 Grow young again when speaking of her charms ?

LEI. Forgive him—he was once her keeper : she
 With cunning flattery hath bleared his eyes.

ELIZ. And is it really true that she's so fair ?
 So often have I been obliged to hear
 The praises of this wonder—it were well
 If I could learn on what I might depend :
 Pictures are flattering and description lies—
 I will trust nothing but my own conviction.
 Why gaze you at me thus ?

LEI. I placed in thought
 You and Maria Stuart side by side.
 Yes, I could wish, I own, to have the pleasure,
 If it could be but secretly contrived,
 To see you opposite the Scottish Queen.
 Then would you feel, and not till then, the full
 Enjoyment of your triumph : she deserves
 To be thus humbled ; she deserves to see
 With her own eyes—and envy is sharp-sighted—
 How much she is inferior to her
 In majesty of beauty who excels her
 In every other virtue.

ELIZ. She's the younger
 In years.

LEI. Indeed ? I should have never thought it :
 Her sufferings, indeed—'tis possible
 They may have made her old before her time.
 Yes, and 'twould mortify her more to see thee
 As bride—she hath already turned her back
 On each fair hope of life, and she would see thee
 Advancing towards the open arms of joy—
 See thee as bride of France's royal son—
 She who hath always made her marriage union
 With France her pride and greatest boast, and still
 Depends upon its powerful assistance.

ELIZ. [*with a careless air.*] You know I'm teased to see her.

LEI. She requests it

As an indulgence, grant it her as penance ;
 For though you should conduct her to the block,
 Yet would it less torment her than to see
 Herself extinguished by your beauty's splendour.
 Thus can you murder her, as she hath wished
 To murder you : when she beholds your beauty,
 Guarded by modesty, and beaming with
 The glory of unblemished reputation

(Which she with thoughtless levity discarded),
 Exalted by the splendour of the crown,
 And blooming now with tender bridal graces—
 Then is the hour of her destruction come.
 Yes, when I now behold you, you were never—
 No, never were you so prepared to seal
 The triumph of your beauty. As but now
 You entered the apartment I was dazzled
 As by a glorious vision from on high.
 Could you but now—now as you are—appear
 Before her, you could find no better moment.
 ELIZ. Now? No, not now—no, Leicester; this must be
 Maturely weighed. I must with Burleigh—
 Burleigh!

LEI.
 To him you are but Sovereign, and as such
 Alone he seeks your welfare; but your rights
 Derived from womanhood, this tender point,
 Must be decided by your own tribunal,
 Not by the statesman. Yet e'en policy
 Demands that you should see her, and allure,
 By such a generous deed, the public voice.
 You can hereafter act as it may please you,
 To rid you of the hateful enemy.
 ELIZ. But would it then become me to behold
 My kinswoman in infamy and want?
 They say she is not royally attended;
 Would not the sight of her distress reproach me?
 LEI. You need not cross her threshold—hear my counsel:
 A fortunate conjuncture favours it.
 The hunt you mean to honour with your presence
 Is in the neighbourhood of Fotheringay;
 Permission may be given to Lady Stuart
 To take the air; you meet her in the park,
 As if by accident; it must not seem
 To have been planned, and, should you be against it,
 You need not speak.

ELIZ.
 If I commit a folly,
 Be yours the fault, not mine. I would not care
 To-day to cross your wishes, for to-day
 I've grieved you more than all my other subjects.
 Let it then be your fancy, Leicester; hence
 You see the free obsequiousness of love,
 Which suffers that which it cannot approve.
 [LEICESTER prostrates himself before her, and the curtain falls.

[Tenderly.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*In a Park: in the foreground trees, in the background a distant prospect.*

MARY advances, running from behind the trees; HANNAH KENNEDY follows slowly.

KEN. You hasten forwards just as had you wings;
 I cannot follow you so swiftly—wait.
 MARY. Freedom returns! O let me enjoy it!
 Let me be childish—be childish with me!
 Freedom invites me! O let me employ it:

Skimming with winged step light over the lea.
 Have I escaped from this mansion of mourning,
 Holds me no more the sad dungeon of care?
 Let me, with thirsty impatience burning,
 Drink in the free, the celestial air!

KEN. O, my dear lady! But a very little
 Is your sad gaol extended; you behold not
 The wall that shuts us in; these plaited tufts
 Of trees hide from your sight the hated object.

MARY. Thanks to these friendly trees, that hide from me
 My prison walls and flatter my illusion!
 Happy I'll dream myself, and free;
 Why wake me from my dream's so sweet confusion?
 Th' extended vault of heaven around me lies,
 Free and unfettered range my roving eyes
 O'er space's vast immeasurable sea!
 From where yon misty mountains rise on high
 I can my empire's boundaries explore;
 And those light clouds which, steering southwards, fly,
 Seek the mild clime of France's genial shore.

Hastening clouds! ye meteors that fly;
 Could I but with you sail through the sky!
 Tenderly greet me the land of my youth!
 I am a prisoner—I'm in restraint;
 I have none else by to bear my complaint:
 Free in the æther your far path is seen,
 Ye are not subject to this tyrant Queen.

KEN. Alas, dear lady! You're beside yourself;
 This long-lost, long-sought freedom makes you rave.

MARY. Yonder 's a fisher returning home;
 Poor though it be, would he lend me his wherry,
 Quick to congenial shores would I ferry.
 Spare is his trade, and labour 's his doom:
 Rich would I freight his vessel with treasure,
 Such a draught should he find as he never had seen,
 Wealth should he find in his nets without measure,
 Would he but rescue a captive queen.

KEN. Fond, fruitless wishes! See you not from far
 How we are followed by observing spies?
 A dismal, barb'rous prohibition scares
 Each sympathetic being from our ways.

MARY. No, gentle Hannah! Think not that in vain
 My prison gates are opened; this small favour
 Announces me a greater happiness.
 No! I mistake not—'tis the active hand
 Of love to which I owe this kind indulgence:
 I recognize therein the mighty arm
 Of Leicester. They will widen, by degrees,
 My prison; will accustom me through small
 To greater liberty, until at last
 I shall behold the face of him whose hand
 Will loosen soon my fetters, and for ever.

KEN. O, my dear Queen! I cannot reconcile
 These contradictions. 'Twas but very lately
 That they announced your death, and suddenly
 To-day you have such liberty—to those

I have been told the chains are also loosed
Whom everlasting liberty awaits.

MARY. Hear'st thou the bugle?—*[Hunting-horns at a distance.]*
Hear'st thou its blast through the wood and the plain?
Could I once more, on my nimble steed bounding,
Join with the jocund, the frolicsome train!

Again! O sadly pleasing remembrance!
These are the sounds which, so sprightly and clear,
Oft,—when with music the slumbering morn,
Cheerfully wakened the Highlands,—delighted my ear.

To them, PAULET.

PAUL. Well! Have I done at last then right, my lady?
Do I deserve this once, at least, your thanks?
MARY. How say you, sir? Is't you who have procured me
This favour—you!

PAUL. Why should it not be I?
I was at the court, and gave the Queen your letter.
MARY. You gave it her? In sooth, sir, did you so?
And is this freedom which I now enjoy
My letter's consequence?

PAUL. *[significantly.]* Not that alone;
Prepare yourself to see a greater still.
MARY. A greater still! What should that mean, Sir Knight?

PAUL. You heard the bugle-horn?
MARY *[starting back with foreboding apprehension.]* You
frighten me—
PAUL. The Queen is hunting in the neighbourhood—
MARY. In not many moments she's before you.

PAUL. *[hastening towards MARY, who is about to fall.]* How fare
you, gracious lady?—you grow pale.
PAUL. How? Is't not right? Was it not then your prayer?
'Tis granted now, before it was expected;
You ever were before so nimble-tongued;
Now you may use your talent—now's the moment
To speak.

MARY. O, why was I not told of this?
Now I am not prepared for it—now not—
What, as the greatest favour I besought,
Appears now frightful, terrible. Come, Hannah,
Lead me towards the house, that I collect
My spirits.
PAUL. Stay; you must await her here.
Yes! I believe you may be well alarmed
To stand before your judge.

To them, the EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

MARY. 'Tis not for that,
O God! I've other thoughts, and other feelings.
O, worthy Shrewsbury! You come as 'twere
An angel sent from heaven. O help me! help me!
I cannot, will not see her. Save me, save me
From the detested sight!

SHREWS. Collect yourself,
My Queen, and summon up your courage ; this
Is the decisive moment.

MARY. I have waited,
For years have I prepared myself to meet it ;
All have I studied, well have weighed and written
Each word within the tablets of my memory,
How I might touch and move her to compassion.
Forgotten suddenly, effaced is all,
And nothing lives within me at this moment
But the fierce, burning feeling of my sufferings.
My heart is turned to bloody hate against her :
All gentle thoughts, all words of soft persuasion
Are gone, and round me stand with grisly mien
The fiends of hell, and shake their snaky locks !

SHREWS. Command your wild, rebellious blood—constrain
The bitterness which fills your heart ; it brings
No good when hatred is opposed to hatred.
How much soe'er your inmost soul resist,
Yield to the times, obey the moment's laws :
She is the mighty one, be you then humble.

MARY. 'Fore her ? I never, never can.

SHREWS. Yet be so ;
Speak with respect, with calmness ; strive to move
Her magnanimity ; insist not now
Upon your rights—not now : 'tis not the season.

MARY. Ah ! woe is me ! I've prayed for my destruction,
And as a curse to me my prayer is heard.
We never should have seen each other—never !
O, this can never, never come to good.
Rather in love could fire and water meet,
The timid lamb embrace the roaring tiger !
I have been hurt too grievously ; she hath
Too grievously oppressed me ; no atonement
Can make us friends !

SHREWS. First see her, face to face.
Did I not see how she was moved at reading
Your letter ?—how her eyes were drowned in tears ?
No, she is not unfeeling ; only place
More confidence in her. It was for this
That I came on before her, to entreat you
To be collected—to admonish you.

MARY. Is Burleigh with her too, my evil genius ?

SHREWS. No one attends her but the Earl of Leicester.

MARY. Lord Leicester ?

SHREWS. Fear not him ; it is not he
Who wishes your destruction—'twas his work
That here the Queen hath granted you this meeting.

MARY. Ah ! well I knew it.

SHREWS.

What ?

PAUL.

The Queen approaches.

[*They all draw aside ; MARY alone remains, leaning on*
KENNEDY.

To them, ELIZABETH, EARL OF LEICESTER, and Retinue.

ELIZ. [*to LEICESTER.*] What seat 's that, Leicester ?

LEI.

ELIZ. *[To SHREWSBURY.]* My lord, send our retinue back to Fotheringay Castle.
London;
The people crowd too eager in the roads:
We seek a refuge in this silent park.

[TALBOT sends the train away. She looks steadfastly at MARY, as she speaks further with PAULET.]
My honest people love me overmuch;
Idolaters are these loud signs of joy;
Thus should a god be honoured, not a mortal.

MARY *[who the whole time had leaned, almost fainting, on KENNEDY, rises now, and her eyes meet the steady piercing look of ELIZABETH; she shudders and throws herself again upon KENNEDY's bosom.]* O God! from out these features speaks no heart.

ELIZ. What lady's that?
LEI.

My Queen!

ELIZ. *[A general, embarrassed silence. as if surprised, casting an angry look at LEICESTER.]*
Who hath done this? My Lord of Leicester,
You are at Fotheringay,

LEI. 'Tis past, my Queen; and now that heaven hath led
Your footsteps hither, be magnanimous;
Let mercy, royal mercy, be triumphant.

SHREWS. O royal mistress! yield to our entreaties;
O look upon this poor unhappy one,
Who here dissolves before you.

[MARY collects herself and begins to advance towards ELIZABETH, stops shuddering at half-way; her action expresses the most violent contest with herself.]
How, my lords!

ELIZ.
Which of you then announced to me a prisoner
Bowed down by woe? I see a haughty one,
By no means humbled by calamity.

MARY. So be it: I will also stoop to this.
Farewell weak heavings of the generous soul!
I will forget then what I am, and what
I've suffered; I will fall before her feet
Who hurled me down to this indignity.

[She turns towards the QUEEN.]
The voice of heaven decides for you, my sister—
I see your happy brows are crowned with triumph:
The Godhead I adore which thus hath raised you;
But in your turn be you, too, generous, sister;
Let me not lie disgracefully before you;
Stretch forth your hand, your royal hand, to raise
Your sister from a fall so very deep.

ELIZ. *[stepping back.]* You are where it becomes you, Lady
Stuart;

And thankfully I prize my God's protection,
Who hath not suffered me to kneel a suppliant
Thus at your feet, as you now kneel at mine.

MARY *[with increasing energy of feeling.]* Think on all earthly
things—vicissitudes.
Oh! there are gods who punish haughty pride:
Respect them, honour them, the dreadful ones
Who thus before thy feet have humbled me!

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

Before these strangers, who behold us, honour
 Yourself in me : profane not, O, defile not
 The blood of the great Tudors, which pervades
 My veins as well as yours. O God in heaven !
 Stand not there rough, and inaccessible,
 Like the steep cliff, which labouring to embrace
 Struggles in vain the shipwrecked mariner ;
 My all, my life, my fortune all depends
 Upon the influence of my words, my tears.
 That I may move your heart. O ! lighten mine :
 If you regard me with that look of ice
 My shudd'ring heart contracts itself, the stream
 Of tears is dried, and frigid horror chains
 The words of supplication in my bosom !
 ELIZ. [*cold and severe.*] What would you say to me, my Lady

Stuart ?
 You wished to speak with me ; and I, forgetting
 The Queen, although so heavily offended,
 Fulfil the pious duty of the sister,
 And grant you here the comfort of my presence.
 Yet I, in yielding to the generous feelings
 Of magnanimity, expose myself
 To rightful censure, that I stoop so low ;

MARY. O ! how shall I begin ?—how shall I then
 So artfully arrange my cautious words,
 That they may touch, yet not offend, your heart ?
 Strengthen my words, O God ! and take from them
 Whate'er might wound. Alas ! I cannot speak
 In my own cause's favour but I must
 Accuse you heavily, and that I would not.
 You have not, as you ought, behaved to me ;
 For I'm a Queen, like you—yet you have held me
 Confined in prison. As a suppliant
 I came to you, yet you in me insulted
 The pious use of hospitality ;
 Despising, too, the holy law of nations,
 Immured me in a gaol, and tore from me
 My friends and servants ; then was I exposed
 To unbecoming want, and subjected
 To a disgraceful, insolent tribunal.
 No more of this ! In everlasting silence
 Be buried all the cruelties I suffered.
 See—I will throw the blame of all on fate :
 'Twas not your fault, it was not my fault neither ;
 An evil spirit rose from the abyss,
 To nourish in our hearts the flame of hate,
 By which our tender youth had been divided.
 It grew with us, and bad designing men
 Fanned with their ready breath the fatal fire :
 Frantic, enthusiasts, with sword and dagger
 Armed the uncalled-for hand ! That is the curse
 Of kings—that they, divided, tear the world
 In pieces with their hatred, and let loose
 The raging furies of each hellish discord !
 Now is no foreign tongue between us, sister,
 [*Approaching her confidently, and with a flattering tone.*]

We stand now face to face ; now, sister, speak !
Name but my crime, I'll fully satisfy you.
Alas ! had you but then vouchsafed to hear me,
As I so earnest sought to meet your eye,
It never would have come to this, nor would,
Here in this mournful place, have happened now
This so distressful, this so mournful meeting.

ELIZ. My better stars preserved me. I was warned,
And laid not to my breast the poisonous adder !
Accuse not fate ! Your own deceitful heart
As yet no enmities had passed between us,
When your imperious uncle, the proud priest,
Whose shameless hand grasps at all crowns, attacked me
With unprovoked hostility, and taught
You—but too docile—to assume my arms,
To vest yourself with my imperial title,
And meet me in the lists in mortal strife.
What arms employed he not to storm my throne ?—
The curses of the priests, the people's sword,
Here, in my kingdom's peaceful frenzy.
He fanned the flames of civil insurrection.
But God is with me, and the haughty priest
Has not maintained the field : the blow was aimed
Full at my head, but yours it is which falls !

MARY. I am in Heaven's hand : you will not, sure
Exert so bloodily the power it gives you.
ELIZ. Who shall prevent me ? Say, did not your uncle
Set all the kings of Europe the example
How to conclude a peace with those they hate ?
Be mine the school of Saint Bartholomew :
What's kindred then to me, or law of nations ?
The Church can break the bands of every duty—
It consecrates the regicide, the traitor ;
I only practise what your priests have taught.

Say, then, what surety can be offered me,
Should I magnanimously loose your bonds ?
Say, with what lock can I secure your faith
Which by St. Peter's keys cannot be opened ?
Force is my only surety ; no alliance
Can be concluded with a race of vipers.
MARY. O ! this is but your dismal, dark suspicion
For you have constantly regarded me
But as a stranger and an enemy.
I had you declared me heir to your dominions,
As is my right, then gratitude and love
Had fixed for you in me a faithful friend
And kinswoman.

ELIZ. Your friendship is abroad,
Your house is Papacy, the monk's your brother.
Name you my successor ! The treacherous snare !
That in my life you might seduce my people ;
That, like a sly Armida, you might catch
The kingdom's generous youth in your lewdness ;
That all might turn to the new rising sun
And I—

MARY. O sister, rule your realm in peace ;
 I give up every claim to these domains.
 Alas ! the pinions of my soul are lamed :
 Greatness entices me no more : your point
 Is gained ; I am reduced to Mary's shadow.
 My noble spirit is at last broke down
 In base captivity. You've done your worst
 On me ; you have destroyed me in my bloom.
 Now, end your work, my sister ; speak at length
 The word which to pronounce has brought you hither ;
 For I will ne'er believe you hither came
 To mock unfeelingly your hapless victim.
 Pronounce this word ; say, " Mary, you are free :
 You have already felt my power, learn now
 To honour, too, my generosity ;"
 Say so, and I will take my life, will take
 My freedom as a present from your hands.
 One word makes all undone—I wait for it.
 O let me, let me not too long await it :
 Woe to me, end you not with this one word.
 For should you now not health-imparting, noble,
 Like a divinity, go from me, sister,
 Not for this whole rich island, not for all
 The countries which the ocean encloses,
 Would I before you stand as you 'fore me !

ELIZ. Confess you then, at length, that you are conquered ?
 Are all your schemes exhausted ? Is no murderer
 More on the road ? Will no adventurer
 Attempt again, for you, the sad achievement ?
 Yes, Madam, it is over. You'll seduce
 No more : the world at length has other cares ;
 None is ambitious of the dangerous honour
 Of being your fourth husband. You destroy
 Your wooers like your husbands.

MARY [*starting angrily.*] Sister, sister !
 O God ! God ! give me—give me moderation !

ELIZ. [*regards her long, with a look of proud contempt.*] Those
 then, my Lord of Leicester, are the charms
 Which with impunity no man can view,
 Near which no woman dare attempt to stand ?
 In sooth, this honour might be cheaply gained ;
 She who to all is common may with ease
 Become the common object of applause.

MARY. That is too much !

ELIZ. [*laughing insultingly.*] You show us now indeed
 Your real face ; till now 'twas but the mask.

MARY [*burning with rage, yet dignified and noble.*] My sins
 were human and the fruits of youth ;
 Superior force seduced me. I have never
 Denied it, have not hid it : I despised
 With royal openness all false appearance.
 The worst of me is known, and I can say
 That I am better than my reputation.
 Woe to you !—when, in time to come, the world
 Shall draw the robe of honour from your deeds,
 With which, a mistress in hypocrisy,

You've hid the lawless flames of stolen lust.
Virtue was not your portion from your mother ;
Well know we what it was which brought the head
Of Anna Boleyn to the bloody block.

SHREWS. [*stepping between both QUEENS.*] O ! God in heaven !
must it come to this !
Is this the moderation, the submission,
My lady ?

MARY. Moderation ! I've supported
What human nature can support. Farewell,
Faint-hearted resignation, passive patience
Fly to thy native heaven ; burst at length
Thy bonds, come forward from thy dreary cave,
In all thy fury, long-suppressed raucour !
And thou, who to the angered basilisk
Impart'st the murderous glance—O ! arm my tongue
With poisoned darts !

SHREWS. O, she's beside herself !
Forgive the mad exasperated woman.

[ELIZABETH, speechless for anger, casts enraged looks at
MARY.
LEI. [*in the most violent agitation ; he seeks to lead ELIZABETH
away.*] Attend not to her rage—away—away
From this disastrous place !

MARY [*raising her voice.*] A bastard soils,
Profanes, the English throne ! The generous Britons
Are cheated by a juggler, whose whole figure
Is false and painted, heart as well as face !
If right prevailed you now would in the dust
Before me lie, for I'm your rightful monarch !

[ELIZABETH hastily quits the stage ; the LORDS follow
her in the greatest consternation.

MARY, KENNEDY.

KEN. What have you done ? She goes in rage : now all
Is o'er—all hope is lost.
MARY [*still quite beside herself.*] She goes in rage !
She bears the worm of death within her heart !

[*Falling on KENNEDY's bosom*
Now I'm at length at ease—at last, at last,
After whole years of sorrow and abasement,
One moment of victorious revenge ;
A weight falls off my heart, a weight of mountains ;
I plunged the steel in my oppressor's breast !

KEN. Unhappy lady ! Frenzy overcomes you.
Yes, you have wounded your invet'rate foe ;
'Tis she who wields the lightning, she is Queen,
You have insulted her before her minions.

MARY. I have abased her before Leicester's eyes ;
He saw it, he was witness of my triumph :
How did I hurl her from her haughty height :
He saw it, and his presence strengthened me,

To them, MORTIMER.

KEN. O, sir, what an event !

MORT.

I heard it all,

[*Grees the NURSE a sign to repair to her post, and draws nearer; his whole appearance expresses the utmost violence of passion.*]

Thine is the palm; thou trodd'st her to the dust:

Thou wast the Queen, she was the malefactor.

I am transported with thy noble courage;

Yes, I adore thee; like a goddess great

And glorious beam'st thou on me at this moment.

MARY [*with vivacity and expectation.*] You spoke with Leicester, brought my letter to him—

My present too? O speak, sir!

MORT. [*beholding her with glowing greedy looks.*] How thy noble,

Thy royal indignation shone and cast

A glory round thy beauty! Yes, by heavens,

Thou art the fairest woman upon earth!

MARY. Sir, satisfy, I beg you, my impatience;

What says his lordship—say, sir, may I hope?

MORT. Who? He? He is a wretch, a very coward.

Hope not from him; despise him, and forget him.

MARY. What say you?

MORT.

He deliver, and possess you!

Why let him dare it! He!—he must with me

In mortal contest first deserve the prize!

MARY. You gave him not my letter? Then, indeed,

My hopes are lost!

MORT.

The coward loves his life,

Whoe'er would rescue you, and call you his,

Must boldly dare affront e'en death!

MARY.

And will he

Do nothing for me then?

MORT.

No more of him!

What can he do? What need have we of him?

I will release you; I alone.

MARY.

Alas!

What power have you?

MORT.

Deceive yourself no more;

Think not your case is now as formerly:

The moment that the Queen thus quitted you,

That your speech took this turn—that very moment

All hope was lost, each way of mercy shut.

Now deeds must speak, now boldness must decide;

Free must you be before the morning breaks.

MARY. What say you, sir—to-night? Impossible!

MORT. Hear how it is resolved: I led my friends

Into a private chapel, where a priest

Heard our confession, and, for every sin

We had committed, gave us absolution;

He gave us absolution, too, beforehand,

For every crime we might commit in future;

He gave us, too, the final sacrament,

And we are ready for the final journey.

MARY. O! what an awful, dreadful preparation!

MORT. We scale, this very night, the castle's walls;

The keys are in my power; the guards we murder;

Then from thy chamber bear thee forcibly.

Each living soul must die beneath our hands,
That none remain who might disclose the deed.

MARY. And Drury, Paule, my two keepers—they
Would sooner spill their latest drop of blood—

MORT. They fall the very first beneath my steel.

MARY. What, sir!—your uncle? How!—your second father!

MORT. Must perish by my hand; I murder him.

MARY. O, bloody outrage!
Beforehand; I can now commit the utmost—
We have been absolved
I can, I will do so!

MORT. O dreadful, dreadful!
And should I be obliged to kill the Queen,

MARY. No, Mortimer—e'er so much blood for me,
I've sworn it on the Host, it must be done!

MORT. What is the life of all compared to thee
And to my love? The bond which holds the world
Together may be loosed, a second deluge
Come rolling on and swallow all creation!—
I value nothing more; before I quit
My hold on thee the world and time be ended!

MARY [*retiring.*] God! Sir, what language, and what looks!
They frighten—
They scare me!

MORT. [*with unsteady looks, expressive of quiet madness.*]
Life is but a moment—Death
Is but a moment too. Why, let them drag me
To Tyburn, let them tear me limb from limb
With red-hot pincers—

[*Violently approaching her with extended arms.*]
If I clasp but thee
Thou wert my fervently beloved!

MORT. Madman, avaunt!
To rest upon this bosom—
To press upon this love-expiring mouth—

MARY. Leave me, for God's sake, sir! Let me go in.
MORT. He is a madman who neglects to clasp
His happiness in strictest close embrace,

When Heaven has kindly given it to his arms.
I will deliver you, and though it cost
A thousand lives, I will: but I swear too,
As true as God's in heaven, I will possess you!

MARY. O, will no God, no angel then protect me?
Dread destiny! Thou throw'st me, in thy wrath,
From one tremendous terror to the other!
Was I then only born to waken frenzy?

MORT. Yes, glowing as their hatred is my love;
They would behead thee—they would wound this neck,
So dazzling white, with the disgraceful axe!
O! offer to the living god of joy
What thou must sacrifice to bloody hatred!

MARY. Inspire thy happy lover with those charms
Which are no more thine own: those golden locks
Are forfeit to the dismal powers of death,
O, use them to entwine thy slave for ever.

MARY. Alas ! alas ! what language must I hear !
My woe, my sufferings should be sacred to you,
Although my royal brows are so no more.

MORT. The crown is fallen from thy brows, thou hast
No more of earthly majesty ; attempt it,
Raise thy imperial voice, see if a friend,
If a deliverer will rise to save you.

Thy moving form alone remains—the high,
The godlike influence of thy heavenly beauty ;
This bids me venture all, this arms my hand
With might and drives me tow'rd's the hangman's axe !

MARY. O ! who will save me from his raging madness ?

MORT. Service that 's bold demands a bold reward ;
Why shed their blood the daring—is not life
Life's highest good ? A madman, who in vain
Casts life away—first will I take my rest,
Enjoy my transports on its warmest breast !

[He presses her violently to his bosom.]

MARY. Must I then call for help against the man
Who would deliver me !

MORT. Thou'rt not unfeeling,
The world ne'er censured thee for frigid rigour ;
The fervent prayer of love can touch thy heart—
Thou blessed'st formerly thy singer, Rizzio,
And suffered'st Bothwell easily to win thee.

MARY. Presumptuous man !

MORT. He was indeed thy tyrant,
Thou trembled'st at his rudeness, whilst thou loved'st him ;
Well then, if only terror can obtain thee,
By the infernal gods !—

MARY. Away—you're mad !

MORT. I'll teach thee then before me too to tremble.

KEN. *[entering suddenly.]* They're coming—they approach—
the park is filled

With men in arms.

MORT. *[starting and catching at his sword.]* I will defend
you—I—

MARY. O Hannah ! save me, save me from his hands !
Where shall I find, poor sufferer, an asylum ?
O, to what saint shall I address my prayers ?
Force here attacks me, and within is murder !

[She flees towards the house, KENNEDY follows her.]

MORTIMER, PAULET, and DRURY *rush in, in the greatest consternation.*
ATTENDANTS *hasten over the stage.*

PAUL. Shut up the portals—draw the bridges up !

MORT. What is the matter, uncle ?

PAUL. Where is the murd'ress ?
Down with her, down into the darkest dungeon !

MORT. What is the matter ? What has passed ?

PAUL. The Queen !
Accursed hand !—infernal machination !

MORT. The Queen ! What Queen ?

PAUL. What Queen ! The Queen of England :
She has been murdered on the road to London.

[Hastens into the house.]

MORTIMER; *soon after*, O'KELLY.
MORT. [*after a pause.*] Am I then mad? Came not one running by
But now, and cried aloud, "The Queen is murdered?"

No, no—I did but dream: a feverish fancy
Paints that upon my mind as true and real
Which but existed in my frantic thoughts.
Who's there? It is O'Kelly—so dismayed—
O'KELLY [*rushing in.*] Flee, Mortimer—O! flee—for all is lost!

MORT. What then is lost?
O'KELLY. Think but on speedy flight. O! question me not long,
What then?

MORT. That madman, struck the blow. Savage,
O'KELLY. True, true—O! save yourself. It is then true!
MORT. [*exultingly.*] And conquering Mary mounts the English throne!
O'KELLY. Is murdered! Who said that? The Queen is murdered,
MORT. O'KELLY. Yourself.

And I, and you, and all of us are lost. She lives,
MORT. She lives!
O'KELLY. The blow was badly aimed, her cloak
Received it; Shrewsbury disarmed the murderer.

MORT. She lives!
O'KELLY. She lives to overwhelm us all in ruin;
Come, they surround the park already—come!
MORT. Who did this frantic deed?

O'KELLY. It was the monk
From Toulon, whom you saw immersed in thought
As in the chapel the Pope's bull was read
By which the Queen was anathemized—
He wished to take the nearest, shortest way
To free with one bold stroke the Church of God,
And gain the crown of martyrdom: he trusted
His purpose only to the priest, and put it
In execution on the London Road.
MORT. [*after a long silence.*] Alas! a fierce destructive fate
pursues thee,
Unhappy one! Yes—now thy death is fixed;
Thy very angel has prepared thy fall!

O'KELLY. Say, whither you will take your flight? I go
To hide me in the forests of the north.
MORT. Fly thither and may God attend your flight!
But I will strive my love once more to save,
If not, I'll make my bed upon her grave.

[*Exeunt at different sides.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Ante-chamber.*

COUNT AUBESPINE, the EARLS of KENT and LEICESTER.
AUB. How fares her Majesty, my lords? You see me
Still stunned and quite beside myself for terror!

How happened it?—how was it possible
That, in the midst of this most loyal people—

LEI. The deed was not attempted by the people;
The murderer was a subject of your king,
A Frenchman.

AUB. Sure a lunatic !

LEI. A Papist,
Count Aubespine.

To them, BURLEIGH, in conversation with DAVISON.

BUR. Sir, let the death-warrant
Be instantly made out, and pass the seal;
Then let it be presented to the Queen:
Her Majesty must sign it. Hasten, sir;
We have no time to lose.

DAV. It shall be done. [He goes.]

AUB. My Lord High Treasurer, my faithful heart
Partakes the just rejoicings of the realm;
Praised be Almighty God, who hath averted
Assassination from our much-loved Queen !

BUR. Praised be His name, who thus hath turned to scorn
The malice of our foes !

AUB. May God confound
The perpetrator of this cursed deed !

BUR. Its perpetrator and its base contriver !

AUB. Please you, my lord, to bring me to the Queen,
That I may lay the warm congratulations
Of my imperial master at her feet.

BUR. There is no need of this.

AUB. [*officiously.*] My Lord of Burleigh,
I know my duty.

BUR. Sir, your duty is
To quit, and that without delay, this kingdom.

AUB. [*stepping back with signs of wonder.*] How ! What was
that ?

BUR. The sacred character
Of an Ambassador to-day protects you,
But not to-morrow.

AUB. What's my crime ?

BUR. Should I
Once name it, there were then no pardon for it.

AUB. I hope, my lord, my charge's privilege—

BUR. Screens not a traitor.

LEI. and KENT. What was that ?

AUB. My lord,
Consider well—

BUR. Your passport was discovered
In the assassin's pocket.

KENT. Righteous heaven !

AUB. Sir, many passports are subscribed by me;
I cannot know the secret thoughts of men.

BUR. He in your house confesed, and was absolved.

AUB. My house is open—

BUR. To our enemies.

AUB. I claim a strict inquiry—

BUR. Tremble at it !

AUB. My monarch, in my person, is insulted,
He will annul the marriage contract—

BUR. That
My royal mistress has annulled already ;
England will not unite herself with France.
My Lord of Kent, I give it you in charge
To see the Count Aubespine embarked in safety.
The furious populace has stormed his palace,
Where a whole arsenal of arms was found ;
And should they see him they would tear him piecemeal.
Conceal him till their fury is abated :
You answer for his life.

AUB. I go—I leave
This kingdom, where they sport with public treaties,
And trample on the laws of nations ; yet
My monarch, be assured, will vent his rage
In bloody vengeance !

BUR. Let him seek it here.

[*Exeunt KENT and AUBESPINE.*]
LEICESTER, BURLEIGH.

LEI. And thus you loose, yourself, the knot of union
Which you officiously, uncalled for, bound !
You have deserved but little of your country,
My lord ; this trouble was superfluous.

BUR. My aim was good, though fate declared against it ;
Happy is he who has so fair a conscience !

LEI. Well know we the mysterious mien of Burleigh,
When he is on the hunt for deeds of treason.
Now you are in your element, my lord ;
A monstrous outrage has been just committed,
And darkness veils, as yet, its perpetrators :
Now will a court of inquisition rise :
Each word, each look be weighed ; men's very thoughts
Be called before the bar ; and you, my lord,
Are the important man, the mighty Atlas
Of state : all England rests upon your shoulders.

BUR. In you, my lord, I recognize my master ;
For such a victory as your eloquence
Has gained, I cannot boast.

LEI. My lord, your meaning.
BUR. You were the man who knew, behind my back,
To lure the Queen to Fotheringay Castle.

LEI. Behind your back ! when did I fear to act
Before your face ?

BUR. You led her Majesty ?
O, no—you led her not—it was the Queen
Who was so gracious to conduct you thither.

LEI. What mean you, lord, by that ?

BUR. The noble part
You forced the Queen to play ! the glorious triumph
Which you prepared for her ! too gracious princess !
So shamelessly, so wantonly to mock
Thy unsuspecting goodness, to betray thee
So pitiless to thy exulting foe.
This then's the magnanimity, the grace
Which suddenly possessed you in the Council !

This Stuart is for this so despicable,
 So weak an enemy, that it would scarce
 Be worth the pains to stain us with her blood.
 A specious plan! and sharply pointed too;
 'Tis only pity this sharp point is broken.

LEI. Unworthy wretch!—this instant follow me,
 And answer, at the throne, this insolence.

BUR. You'll find me there, my lord; and take but care,
 That there your eloquence may not desert you.

[*Exit.*]

LEICESTER, *alone*; then MORTIMER.

LEI. I am detected! all my plot's disclosed!
 How has my evil genius traced my steps!
 Alas! if he has proofs, if she should learn
 That I have held a secret correspondence
 With her worst enemy, how criminal
 Shall I appear to her! how false and treacherous
 Will seem my counsel, and the fatal pains
 I took to lure the Queen to Fotheringay.
 I've shamefully betrayed, I have exposed her
 To her detested enemy's revilings!
 O! never, never can she pardon that.
 All will appear as if premeditated.
 The bitter turn of this sad interview,
 The triumph and the tauntings of her rival:
 Yes, e'en the murderous hand, which had prepared
 A bloody, monstrous, unexpected fate—
 All, all will be ascribed to my suggestions.
 I see no prospect—nowhere—ha! who comes?

MORTIMER *enters, in the most violent uneasiness, and looks with apprehension round him.*

MORT. Lord Leicester! Is it you? Are we alone?

LEI. Ill-fated wretch, away! what seek you here?

MORT. They are upon our track—upon yours too,
 Be vigilant!

LEI. Away, away!

MORT. They know
 That private conferences have been held
 At L'Aubespine's.

LEI. What's that to me?

MORT. They know too
 That the assassin—

LEI. That is your affair.
 Audacious wretch! to dare to mix my name
 In your detested outrage; go; defend
 Yourself, your bloody deeds!

MORT. But only hear me—

LEI. [*violently enraged.*] Down, down to hell!—why cling you
 at my heels
 Like an infernal spirit? I disclaim you—
 I know you not—I make no common cause
 With murderers!

MORT. You will not hear me then!
 I came to warn you—you too are detected.

LEI. How! what?

MORT. Lord Burleigh went to Fotheringay,
Just as the luckless deed had been attempted;
Searched with verest care the Queen's apartments,
And found there—

LEI. What?

MORT. A letter which the Queen
Had just addressed to you.

LEI. Unhappy woman!
MORT. In which she calls on you to keep your word,
Renews the promise of her hand, and mentions
The picture which she sent you.

LEI. Death and hell!
MORT. Lord Burleigh has the letter.

LEI. I am lost!
[During the following speech of MORTIMER, LEICESTER
goes up and down, as in despair.]

MORT. Improve the moment; be beforehand with him,
And save yourself—save her!—an oath can clear
Your fame; think of excuses to avert
The worst. I am disarmed, can do no more;

'Tis now your turn, my lord—try what your weight,
What bold assurance can effect.

LEI. [stops suddenly, as if resolved.] I will.

Who waits there? Guards! [Goes to the door, opens it, and calls.

[To the OFFICER who comes in with SOLDIERS.
Take in your charge this traitor,
And guard him closely!—a most dreadful plot
Is brought to light. I'll to her Majesty,

And—
MORT. [stands at first immovable for wonder: collects himself
soon, and follows LEICESTER with his looks expressive of the
most sovereign contempt.] Infamous wretch! But I deserve
it all.

Who told me then to trust this practised villain?
Now strides he o'er my head, and o'er my ruins
He builds the bridge of safety! Be it so.
Go, save thyself—my lips are closed for ever.
I will not join e'en thee in my destruction;
I would not own thee, no, not e'en in death;
Life is the faithless villain's only good!

[To the OFFICER OF THE GUARD, who steps forward to
seize him.

What wilt thou, slave of tyranny, with me?
I scorn thy threatenings—I am free!

OFF. He's armed!—rush in, and wrest his weapon from him.
[Drawing a dagger.

MORT. [raising his voice.] And in this latest moment shall my
heart [They rush upon him, he defends himself.

Expand itself in freedom, and my tongue
Shall break this long constraint. Curse and destruction
Upon you all, who have betrayed your God,
And your true sovereign! who, alike estranged,
To earthly Mary false as to the heavenly,
Have sold your duties to this bastard Queen!

OFF. Hear you these blasphemies?—rush forward—seize him!

MORT. Beloved Queen ! I could not set thee free ;
 Yet take from me a lesson how to die.
 Maria, holy one, O pray for me !
 Receive me in thy heavenly arms on high !

[Stabs himself, and falls into the arms of the Guard.]

The apartment of the QUEEN.—ELIZABETH with a letter in her hand,
 BURLEIGH.

ELIZ. To lure me thither ! thus to sport with me !
 The traitor ! thus to lead me, as in triumph,
 To glut the vengeance of his paramour !
 O, Burleigh ! ne'er was woman so deceived.

BUR. I cannot yet conceive what potent means,
 What magic he exerted, to surprise
 My Queen's accustomed prudence.

ELIZ. O, I die
 For shame ! how must he laugh to scorn my weakness !
 I thought to humble her, and was myself,
 Myself the object of her scorn.

BUR. By this
 You see how faithfully I counselled you.

ELIZ. O, I am sorely punished, that I turned
 My ear from your wise counsels ; yet I thought
I might confide in him. Who could suspect,
 Beneath the oath of faithfullest devotion,
 A deadly snare ? Who can I then confide in,
 When he deceives me ?—he, whom I have made
 The greatest of the great, whom I've distinguished
 As next to my own person, whom I've suffered
 To play, at court, the master and the king.

BUR. But in that very moment he betrayed you,
 Betrayed you to this wily Queen of Scots.

ELIZ. O, she shall pay me for it with her blood !
 Is the death warrant ready ?

BUR. 'Tis prepared
 As you commanded it.

ELIZ. Yes ; she shall die.
 He shall behold her fall, and fall himself !
 I've driven him from my heart, my favour's lost ;
 Revenge alone employs me. High as once
 He stood, so low and shameful be his fall !
 A monument of my severity,
 As once the proud example of my weakness.
 Conduct him to the Tower ; let a commission
 Be named to try him. Yes ! the worthless man
 Shall feel the utmost rigour of the law.

BUR. But he will seek thy presence ; he will clear—

ELIZ. How can he clear himself ? does not the letter
 Convict him ! O, his crimes are clear as day !

BUR. But thou art mild and gracious ; his appearance,
 His powerful presence—

ELIZ. I will never see him ;
 No never, never more. Are orders given
 Not to admit him should he come

BUR. 'Tis done.

PAGE *[entering.]* The Earl of Leicester.

ELIZ.

I will not see him ; tell him that I will not.
PAGE. I am afraid to bring my lord this message,
Nor would he credit it.

ELIZ.

So high, that my own servants tremble more
At him than me !
BUR. [*to the PAGE.*] The Queen forbids his presence.

ELIZ. [*after a pause.*] Yet, if it still were possible ? If he
Could clear himself ? Might it not be a snare
Laid by the cunning one to sever me
From my best friend—the treacherous hyæna !

She might have wrote the letter but to raise
Poisonous suspicion in my heart, to ruin
The man she hates.

BUR.

Yet, gracious Queen, consider—
Bursts open the door with violence, and enters
with an imperious air.

To them, LEICESTER. Fain would I see the shameless man who dares
Forbid me the apartments of my Queen !
ELIZ. [*avoiding his sight.*] Audacious slave !

LEI.

If for a Burleigh she be visible,
She is so too for me.

BUR.

My lord, you are
Too bold, without permission, to intrude—
LEI. My lord, you are too arrogant to take
The lead in these apartments. What ! permission !

I know of none who stands so high at court
As to permit my doings, or refuse them.

'Tis from my sovereign lips alone that I—
ELIZ. [*without looking at him.*] Out of my sight, deceitful,
worthless traitor !

LEI. 'Tis not my gracious Queen I hear, but Burleigh,
My enemy, in these unkind expressions.
To my imperial mistress I appeal ;

ELIZ. Speak, shameless wretch ! increase your crime—deny it.

LEI. Dismiss me first this troublesome intruder.
Withdraw, my lord ; it is not of your office
To play the third man here ; between the Queen
And me there is no need of witnesses—

Retire.

ELIZ. [*to BURLEIGH.*] Remain, my lord ; 'tis my command.
LEI. What has a third to do 'twixt thee and me ?
I have to clear myself before my Queen,
My worshipped Queen ; I will maintain the rights
Which thou hast given me ; these rights are sacred,
And I insist upon it that my lord

Retire.

ELIZ. This haughty language well becomes you.

LEI. Yes, well it fits me ; am not I the man,

The happy man, to whom thy gracious favour
Has given the highest station ; this exalts me
Above this Burleigh, and above them all.
Thy heart imparted me this rank, and what
Thy favour gave, by heavens I will maintain
At my life's hazard ! Let him go, it needs
Two moments only to exculpate me.

ELIZ. Think not with cunning words to hide the

LEI. That fear from him, the everlasting talker ;
But what I say, is to the heart addressed ;
And I will justify what I've dared
To do, confiding in thy generous favour,
Before thy heart alone. I recognize
No other jurisdiction.

ELIZ. Base deceiver !
'Tis this, e'en this, which above all condemns you.
My lord, produce the letter.

[To BURLEIGH.

BUR. Here it is.

LEI. [*running over the letter without losing his presence of mind.*] It's Mary Stuart's hand.

ELIZ. Read, and be dumb !

LEI. [*having read it quietly.*] Appearance is against me ; yet
I hope

I shall not by appearances be judged.

ELIZ. Can you deny your secret correspondence
With Mary ? that she sent, and you received
Her picture, that you gave her hopes of rescue ?

LEI. It were an easy matter, if I felt
That I were guilty of a crime, to challenge
The testimony of my enemy.
Yet bold is my good conscience. I confess
That she has said the truth.

ELIZ. Well then, thou wretch !

BUR. His own words sentence him.

ELIZ. Out of my sight—
Away ! Conduct the traitor to the Tower !

LEI. I am no traitor ; it was wrong, indeed,
To make a secret of this step to thee ;
Yet pure was my intention ; it was done
To search into her plots and to confound them.

ELIZ. Vain subterfuge !

BUR. And think you then, my lord—

LEI. I've played a dangerous game, I know it well,
And none but Leicester dare be bold enough
To risk it at this court ; the world must know
How I detest this Stuart, and the rank
Which here I hold, my monarch's confidence,
With which she honours me, must sure suffice
To overturn all doubts of my intentions.
Well may the man thy favour above all
Distinguishes strike out a bolder way
To do his duty !

BUR. Was the way a good one ?
Why then conceal it ?

LEI. You are used, my lord,
To prate before you act, the very chime

Of your own deeds; this is your manner, lord;
But mine, is first to act and then to speak.

BUR. Yes; now you speak, because you must.
LEI. [*measuring him proudly and disdainfully with his eyes.*]

And you
Boast of a wonderful, a mighty action,
That you have saved the Queen, have snatched away
The mask from treachery—all is known to you;
You think, forsooth, that nothing can escape
Your penetrating eyes: poor, idle boaster!
In spite of all your art, Maria Stuart
Was free to-day, had I not hindered it.

BUR. How? You?
LEI. Yes I, my lord: the Queen confided
In Mortimer; she opened to the youth
Her inmost soul; yes, she went farther still;
She gave him too a secret bloody charge,
Which Paulet had before refused with horror,
Say, is it so, or not?

[*The QUEEN and BURLEIGH look at one another with
astonishment.*]

BUR. Whence know you this?
LEI. Is it not so? Well then, my lord, where were
Your thousand eyes, that you discovered not
That this same Mortimer was cheating you;
That he, the Guises' tool, and Mary's creature,
A raging Papist, a resolved fanatic,
Was come to rescue her, was come to murder
The Queen of England!

ELIZ. [*with the utmost astonishment.*] How! this Mortimer?
LEI. 'Twas he through whom our correspondence passed;
This plot it was which introduced me to him.
This very day she was to have been torn
From her confinement; he, this very moment,
Disclosed to me his plan: I took him prisoner,
And gave him to the guard, when in despair
To see his work o'ertuned, himself unmasked,
He put himself to death!

ELIZ. O, I have been
Deceived beyond example! Mortimer!
BUR. This happened then but now, now since we parted.

LEI. I must lament it now, for my own sake,
That he was thus cut off; his testimony,
Had he but lived, had fully cleared my fame,
And freed me from suspicion—'twas for this
That I thus gave him up to open justice.
I thought to choose the most impartial course
To verify and fix before the world
My innocence.

BUR. He killed himself, you say:
LEI. Is't so? or did you kill him?

Vile suspicion!
[*He goes to the door and calls.*]
Hear but the guard who seized him. [*The OFFICER OF THE GUARD comes.*]
Ho! who waits?
Sir, tell the Queen how Mortimer expired.
OFF. I was upon my station in the palace,

As my Lord Leicester sudden oped the door,
And ordered me to take the knight in charge,
Declaring him a traitor : upon this
He grew enraged, and with most bitter curses
Against our Sovereign, and our holy faith,
He drew a dagger, and before the guards
Could hinder his intention, plunged the steel
Into his heart, and fell a lifeless corpse.

LEI. 'Tis well ; you may withdraw, her Majesty
Has heard enough. [The OFFICER withdraws.]

ELIZ. O ' what a deep abyss
Of monstrous deeds !

LEI. Who was it then, my Queen,
Who saved you ? Was it Burleigh ? Did he know
The dangers which surrounded you ? Did he
Avert them from your head ? Your faithful Leicester
Was your good angel.

BUR. But this same Mortimer
Died most conveniently for you, Lord Leicester.

ELIZ. What I should say I know not ; I believe you,
And I believe you not. I think you guilty,
And I think you are not guilty. Curse on her
Who caused me all this anguish !

LEI. She must die—
I now insist myself upon her death.
I formerly advised you to suspend
The judgment, till some arm should rise anew
For her protection ; now the case has happened,
And I demand her instant execution.

BUR. You give this counsel ?—you ?

LEI. Howe'er it wound
My feelings to be forced to this extreme,
Yet now I see most clearly, now I feel
That the Queen's welfare asks this bloody victim.
'Tis my proposal, therefore, that the writ
Be straight drawn up, to fix the execution.

BUR. [to the QUEEN] Since then his lordship shows such
earnest zeal,
Such loyalty, 'twere well were he appointed
To see the execution of the sentence.

LEI. Who ?—I ?

BUR. Yes, you ; you surely ne'er could find
A better means to shake off the suspicion
Which rests upon you still, than to command
Her, whom 'tis said you love, to be beheaded.

ELIZ. [looking steadfastly at LEICESTER.] My lord advises
well : so be it then.

LEI. It were but fit that my exalted rank
Should free me from so mournful a commission,
Which would indeed, in every sense, become
A Burleigh better than the Earl of Leicester.
The man who stands so near the royal person
Should have no knowledge of such fatal scenes ;
But yet, to prove my zeal, to satisfy
My Queen, I waive my charge's privilege,
And take upon me this so hateful duty.

ELIZ. Lord Burleigh shares with you this duty. Let
The warrant be prepared without delay.

[BURLEIGH *withdraws*; a tumult heard without.
[To BURLEIGH.

The QUEEN, LEICESTER, the EARL of KENT.

ELIZ. How now, my Lord of Kent? What's that disturbance
I hear without?

KENT. My Queen, it is thy people,
Which, ranged around the palace, with impatience
Demand to see their sovereign.

ELIZ. What's their wish?
KENT. A panic terror has already spread
Through London, that thy life has been attempted;
That murderers commissioned from the Pope
Beset thee; that the Catholics have sworn
To rescue from her prison Mary Stuart,
And to proclaim her Queen. Thy loyal people
Believe it, and are mad: her head alone
Can quiet them—this day must be her last.

ELIZ. How! Will they force me then?

KENT. They are resolved.
To them, BURLEIGH and DAVISON, with a paper.

ELIZ. Well, Davison?

DAV. [approaches earnestly.] Your orders are obeyed,
My Queen.

ELIZ. What orders, sir? [as she is about to take the paper,
she shudders, and starts back.] O God!

BUR. Obey
Thy people's voice; it is the voice of God.
ELIZ. [irresolute, as if in contest with herself.] O, my good lord,
who can now surely say

If what I hear 's the voice of my whole people,
The meaning of the world; how much I fear,
That, if I now should listen to the wish
Of the majority, a different voice
Might soon be heard; yes—that those very men,
Who now by force oblige me to this step,
May, when 'tis taken, heavily condemn me!

To them, the EARL OF SHREWSBURY (who enters with great emotion).
SHREWS. Hold fast, my Queen, they wish to hurry thee;
Be firm!

Or is it then decided?—is it
Indeed decided? I behold a paper
Of ominous appearance in his hand;
Let it not at this moment meet thy eyes,
My Queen—

ELIZ. Good Shrewsbury! I am constrained.
SHREWS. Who can constrain thee? Thou art Queen of
England!

Here must thy majesty assert its rights:
Command those savage voices to be silent,
Who take upon themselves to put constraint
Upon thy royal will, to rule thy judgment.
Fear only, blind conjecture moves thy people

Thou art thyself beside thyself ; thy wrath
Is grievously provoked : thou art but mortal—
Thou canst not thus ascend the seat of judgment.

BUR. Judgment has long been passed ; it is not now
The time to speak, but execute the sentence.

KENT [*who, on SHREWSBURY's entry, had retired, comes back.*] —

The tumult gains apace ; there are no means
To moderate the people.

ELIZ. [*to SHREWSBURY.*] See, my lord,
How they press on.

SHREWS. I only ask a respite :
A single word traced by thy hand may scare
The peace, the happiness of thy existence !
Thou hast for years considered : let not then
A moment ruled by passion hurry thee.
But a short respite—recollect thyself ;
Wait for a moment of tranquillity.

BUR. [*violently.*] Wait for it—pause—delay—till flames of fire
Consume the realm ; until the fifth attempt
Of murder be successful ! God indeed
Hath thrice delivered thee—thy late escape
Was marvellous, and to expect again
A miracle would be to tempt thy God !

SHREWS. That God, whose potent hand hath thrice preserved
thee,

Who lent my aged feeble arm the strength
To overcome the madman : he deserves
Thy confidence. I will not raise the voice
Of justice now, for now is not the time ;
Thou canst not hear it in this storm of passion.
Yet listen but to this : thou tremblest now
Before this living Mary—tremble rather
Before the murdered, the beheaded Mary.
She will arise and quit her grave, will range
A fiend of discord and a spirit of vengeance
Around thy realm, and turn thy people's hearts
From their allegiance. As yet the Britons
Hate her, because they fear her ; but most surely
They will avenge her when she is no more.
They will no more behold the enemy
Of their belief, they will but see in her
The much-lamented issue of their kings
A sacrifice to jealousy and hatred.
Then quickly shalt thou see the sudden change,
When thou hast done the bloody deed. Then go
Through London, seek thy people, which till now
Delighted swarmed around thee—thou shalt see
Another England, and another people ;
For then no more the godlike dignity
Of justice, which subdued thy subjects' hearts,
Will beam around thee. Fear, the dread attendant
Of tyranny, will shuddering march before thee,
And desolate each path on which thou goest !
The last, extremest crime thou hast committed—
What head is safe, if the anointed fall ?

ELIZ. Ah ! Shrewsbury, you saved my life, you turned

The murderous steel aside ; why let you not
 The dagger take its course ? Then all contentions
 Would have been ended—then, released from doubt,
 And free from blame, I should be now at rest
 In my still peaceful grave. Forsooth with reason
 I'm weary of my life, and of my crown.
 If one of us must perish to secure
 The other's life, and so it is—I must
 Acknowledge it—cannot then I be she
 Who yields ? Then let my people take their choice :
 I give them back their majesty, and call
 My God to witness that I have not lived
 For my own sake, but for my people's welfare.
 If they expect from this false, fawning Stuart,
 The younger sovereign, more happy days,
 I will descend with pleasure from this throne,
 Again repair to Woodstock's quiet bowers,
 Where once I spent my unpretending youth ;
 Where I, removed from all the vanities
 Of earthly greatness, found within myself
 True majesty. I am not made to rule :
 A ruler should be made of sterner stuff ;
 My heart is soft and tender. I have governed
 These many years this kingdom happily,
 But then I only needed to make happy ;
 Now comes the first important kingly duty,
 And now I feel my weakness. Go, my lords.

BUR. Now by my faith, when I must hear my Queen,
 My royal liege, speak such unroyal words,
 I should betray my office, should betray
 My country, were I longer to be silent.
 Thou sayst thou lov'st above thyself thy people :
 Now prove it : choose not peace for thy own heart,
 And leave thy people to the storms of discord.
 Think on the Church : shall, with this Papist Queen,
 The ancient superstition be renewed ?—
 The monks rule here again, the Roman legate
 In pomp march hither, lock our churches up,
 Dethrone our monarchs ? I demand of thee
 The souls of all thy subjects—as thou now
 Shalt act, they all are saved or all are lost !
 Here is no time for mercy : to promote
 Thy people's welfare is thy highest duty
 Well then—if Shrewsbury saved thy life, I too
 Will save both thee and England ; that is more.

ELIZ. I would be left alone ; no consolation,
 No counsel can be drawn in this conjuncture
 From human wisdom. I will lay my doubts
 Before the Highest Judge : I am resolved
 To act as He directs. Withdraw, my lords.

[To DAVISON, who lays the paper on the table.

You, sir, remain in waiting—go not far.

[The LORDS withdraw ; SHREWSBURY alone stands for a few moments before the QUEEN, regards her significantly, then withdraws slowly, and with an expression of the deepest anguish.

ELIZABETH (*alone*).

O, servitude of popularity !
 Disgraceful slavery ! How weary am I
 Of flattering this idol, which my soul
 Despises. When shall I again be free
 Upon this throne ? The public voice I must
 Respect ; to gain the multitude's applause
 I must abase myself, must suit my actions
 To please the fancies of a mob, which nought
 But jugglers' tricks delight. O call not him
 A king who is forced to please the world—'tis he
 Alone who in his actions need not count
 The fickle approbation of mankind.
 Have I then practised justice, all my life
 Shunned each despotic deed—have I done this,
 Only to bind my hands against this first,
 This necessary act of violence ?
 The example, which I gave myself, condemns me ;
 Had I but been a tyrant, like my sister,
 My predecessor, I could fearless then
 Have shed this royal blood. But was I then
 Just by my own free choice ? No ; I was forced
 By stern necessity to use this virtue—
 Necessity, which binds e'en monarchs' wills.
 Surrounded by my foes, my people's love
 Alone supports me on my envied throne.
 All powers of Europe seek but my destruction ;
 The Pope's inveterate decree declares me
 Accurst and excommunicated ; France
 Betrays me with a kiss, and Spain prepares
 At sea a fierce exterminating war :
 Thus stand I, in contention with the world,
 A poor defenceless woman. I must seek
 To hide the spot in my imperial birth
 By which my father once himself disgraced me.
 In vain with princely virtues would I hide it :
 The envious hatred of my enemies
 Uncovers it, and places Mary Stuart
 Before me, an eternal threatening fiend !

[*Walking up and down, with quick and agitated steps.*]

O no ! this fear must end—her head must fall !
 I will have peace. She is the very fury
 Of my existence—a tormenting demon,
 Which destiny has fastened on my soul.
 Wherever I had planted me a comfort,
 A flattering hope, my way was ever crossed
 By this infernal viper ! She has torn
 My favourite from me, and my bridegroom too ;
 The hated name of every ill I feel
 Is Mary Stuart. Be but she no more
 On earth, I shall be free as mountain air.
 With what disdain did she look down on me,
 As if her eye should blast me like the lightning !
 Poor feeble wretch ! I bear far other arms—
 Their touch is mortal, and thou art no more.

[*Standing still.*]

[*Advancing to the table with hasty strides, and taking the pen.*]

Thou sayst I am a bastard. Well, a bastard !
Thy death may make my birth legitimate :
The moment I destroy thee is the doubt
Destroyed which hangs o'er my imperial right ;
As soon as England has no other choice,
My mother's honour and my birthright triumph !
[*She signs with resolution ; lets her pen then fall, and steps
back with an expression of terror. After a pause,
she rings.*

ELIZABETH, DAVIDSON.
ELIZ. Where are their lordships ?
DAV. They are gone to quell

The tumult of the people. The alarm
Was instantly appeased as they beheld
The Earl of Shrewsbury. "That's he !" exclaimed
A hundred voices ; "that's the man—he saved
The Queen. Hear him—the noblest man in England !"
And now began the gallant Talbot, blamed
In gentle words the people's violence,
And spoke so strong, so forcibly persuasive,
That all were pacified, and silently
They stole away.

ELIZ. The fickle multitude !
Which turns with every wind. Unhappy he
Who leans upon this reed ! 'Tis well, Sir William :
You may retire again. [As he is going towards the door.

And, sir, this paper,
Receive it back ; I place it in your hands.
DAV. [casts a look upon the paper and starts back.] My gracious
Queen—thy name ! 'Tis then decided.

ELIZ. I had but to subscribe it—I have done so :
A paper sure cannot decide—a name
Kills not.

DAV. Thy name, my Queen, beneath this paper
Is most decisive—kills ! 'Tis like the lightning,
Which takes its flight and blasts ! This fatal scroll
Commands the Sheriff and Commissioners
Straight to proceed to Fotheringay Castle,
And to announce unto the Queen of Scots
Her death, which sentence must be executed
Ere the next morning breaks. Here is no respite—
As soon as I have parted with this writ
Her race is run.

ELIZ. Yes, sir, the Lord has placed
This weighty business in your feeble hands ;
Seek Him in prayer, to light you with His wisdom :
I go—and leave you, sir, to do your duty.
DAV. No ; leave me not, my Queen, till I have heard [Going.
Your will. The only wisdom that I need
Is, word for word, to follow your commands.
Say, have you placed this paper in my hands
To put it into instant execution ?

ELIZ. That you must do, as your own prudence dictates.
DAV. [interrupting her quickly and alarmed.] Not mine—O
God forbid ! My only prudence

Is my obedience. No point must here
 Be left to be decided by your servant ;
 A small mistake would here be regicide—
 A monstrous crime, a crime past all expression !
 Permit me, in this weighty act, to be
 Your passive instrument, without a will :
 Tell me in plain undoubted terms your pleasure,
 What with the bloody mandate I should do.

ELIZ. Its name declares its meaning.

DAV. Will you then
 That it should instantly be executed ?

ELIZ. I said not that ; I tremble but to think it.

DAV. That I should keep it then till further orders ?

ELIZ. At your own risk ; you answer the event.

DAV. I ! God in heaven ! O speak, my Queen, your pleasure !

ELIZ. My pleasure is that this unhappy business
 Be no more mentioned to me ; that at last
 I may be freed from it, and that for ever.

DAV. It costs you but a word—determine then
 What shall I do with this mysterious scroll.

ELIZ. I have declared it—plague me then no longer.

DAV. You have declared it, say you ? O my Queen,
 You have said nothing. Please, my gracious mistress,
 But to remember—

ELIZ. [*stamps on the ground.*] Insupportable !

DAV. O, be indulgent to me ! I have entered
 Unwittingly, not many months ago,
 This weighty office ; I know not the language
 Of courts and kings ; I ever have been reared
 In simple, open wise—a plain blunt man.
 Be patient with me ; nor deny your servant
 A light to lead him clearly to his duty.

[*He approaches her in a supplicating posture ; she turns
 back on him ; he stands in despair, then speaks with
 a tone of resolution.*]

Take, take again this paper—take it back.

Within my hands it is a glowing fire.

Select not me, my Queen—select not me

To serve you in this terrible conjuncture.

ELIZ. Go, sir ; fulfil the duty of your office.

[*Exit.*]

DAVISON, then BURLEIGH.

DAV. She goes—she leaves me doubting, and perplexed
 With this dread paper ! How to act I know not :
 Should I retain it, should I forward it ?

[*To BURLEIGH, who enters.—*]

Oh ! it is well that you are here, my lord,
 'Tis you who have preferred me to this charge ;
 Now free me from it, for I undertook it
 Unknowing how responsible it made me.
 Let me then seek again the solitude
 In which you found me ; this is not my place.

BUR. How now ? Take courage, sir. Where is the warrant ?
 The Queen was with you.

DAV. She has quitted me
 In bitter anger. O advise me, help me,

Save me from this fell agony of doubt !
My lord, here is the warrant : it is signed !

BUR. Indeed ? O give it, give it me.
DAV.

BUR. How !

DAV.

She has not as yet explained her pleasure.
BUR. Explained ! She has subscribed it. Give it me.

DAV. I am to execute it—I am not
To execute it. God ! I know not what !

BUR. [*urging more violently.*] It must be now, this moment,
executed :
The warrant, sir ! You're lost if you delay.

DAV. So am I also if I act too rashly.
BUR. What strange infatuation ! Give it me.

DAV. [*Snatches the paper from him, and goes off with it.*
What mean you ? Stop—you plunge me in destruction !

ACT V.

The SCENE the same as in the FIRST ACT.

HANNAH KENNEDY in deep mourning, her eyes still red from weeping, in great but quiet anguish, is employed in sealing letters and parcels. Her sorrow often interrupts her occupation, and she is seen at such intervals to pray in silence. PAULET and DRURY, also in mourning, enter, followed by many servants, who bear golden and silver vessels, mirrors, paintings, and other valuables, and fill the back part of the stage with them. PAULET delivers to the NURSE a box of jewels and a paper, and seems to inform her by signs that it contains the inventory of the effects the QUEEN had brought with her. At the sight of these riches, the anguish of the NURSE is renewed; she sinks into a deep, gloomy melancholy, during which DRURY, PAULET, and the SERVANTS silently retire.

MELVIL enters.

KEN. [*screams aloud, as soon as she observes him.*] Melvil !
Is't you ? Behold I you again ?

MEL. Yes, faithful Kennedy, we meet again.

KEN. After this long, long, painful separation !

MEL. A most deplorable, most painful meeting !

KEN. You come—

MEL.

To take an everlasting leave,
To bid the last farewell to my dear Queen.

KEN. And now at length, now on the fatal morn
Which brings her death, they grant our royal lady
The presence of her friends. O, worthy sir,

I will not question you how you have fared,
Will not tell you the sufferings which we suffered
Since you were torn away from us. Alas !

There will be time enough for this hereafter.
O, Melvil, Melvil—why was it our fate

To see the dawn of this unhappy day !
MEL. Let us not melt each other with our grief.
Throughout my whole remaining life, as long

As ever it may be, I'll sit and weep :
A smile shall never more light up these cheeks,
This sable garment never will I more

Lay off, will live in everlasting mourning ;
 But this one day will I be firm ; and you,
 Pledge me your faith to moderate your sorrow ;
 And when the others, all deprived of comfort,
 Abandoned to despair, wail round her, we
 Will lead her with heroic resolution,
 And be her staff upon the road to death !

KEN. Melvil ! you are deceived if you suppose
 The Queen has need of our support to meet
 Her death with firmness. She it is, my friend,
 Who will present us with the fair example
 Of noble courage. Trust me, Mary Stuart
 Will as a queen and heroine expire !

MEL. Received she then with firmness the sad tidings
 Of death ? 'Tis said that she was not prepared.

KEN. She was not ; yet they were far other terrors
 Which made our lady shudder : 'twas not death,
 But her deliverer, which made her tremble.
 Freedom was promised us ; this very night
 Had Mortimer engaged to bear us hence :
 And thus the Queen, perplexed 'twixt hope and fear,
 And doubting still if she should trust her honour
 And royal person to th' advent'rous youth,
 Sat waiting for the morning : on a sudden
 We hear a boist'rous tumult in the castle ;
 Our ears are startled by repeated blows
 Of many hammers, and we think we hear
 The approach of our deliverers ; hope salutes us,
 And, suddenly and unresisted, wakes
 The sweet desire of life. And now at once
 The portals are thrown open : it is Paulet,
 Who comes to tell us that the carpenters
 Erect beneath our feet the murd'rous scaffold !

[She turns aside, overpowered by excessive anguish.]

MEL. O God in heaven ! O tell me then, how bore
 The Queen this terrible vicissitude ?

KEN. *[after a pause, in which she has somewhat collected herself.]*

Not by degrees can we relinquish life :
 Quick, sudden, in the twinkling of an eye
 The separation must be made—the change
 From temp'ral to eternal life ; and God
 Imparted to our mistress at this moment
 His grace, to cast away each earthly hope,
 And firm and full of faith to mount the skies.
 No sign of pallid fear dishonoured her ;
 No word of mourning, till she heard the tidings
 Of Leicester's shameful treachery, the sad fate
 Of the deserving youth who sacrificed
 Himself for her : the deep, the heartfelt anguish
 Of the old Knight, who lost, through her, his last,
 His only hope. Till then she shed no tear—
 'Twas then her tears began to flow : 'twas not
 Her own, 'twas others' woe which forced them from her.

MEL. Where is she now ? Can you not lead me to her ?

KEN. She spent the last remainder of the night
 In prayer, and from her dearest friends she took

Her last farewell in writing : then she wrote
Her will with her own hand. She now enjoys
A moment of repose, the latest slumber
Refreshes her weak spirits.

MEL. Who attends her?
KEN. None but her women and physician Burgoyne.
You seem to look around you with surprise ;
Your eyes appear to ask me what should mean
This show of splendour in the house of death ?
O, sir, we suffered in our lifetime want ;
With death alone returns abundance to us.

To them, MARGARET CURL.
KEN. How, madam, fares the Queen ? Is she awake ?
CURL. [*drying her tears.*] She is already dressed—she asks for
you.
KEN. I go [*to MELVIL, who seems to wish to accompany her.*]
But follow not, until the Queen
Has been prepared to see you.
CURL. The ancient steward ?
MEL. Melvil, sure,
CURL. Yes ; 'tis he. [She goes.]

O, sir,
This is a house which needs no steward now.
Melvil, you come from London ; can you give
No tidings of my husband ?
MEL. It is said
He will be set at liberty, as soon—
CURL. As soon as our dear Queen shall be no more.
O, the unworthy, the disgraceful traitor !
He is our lady's murderer—'tis said
It was his testimony which condemned her.
MEL. 'Tis true.
CURL. O, curse upon him ! be his soul
Condemned for ever !—he has borne false witness.

MEL. Think, madam, what you say.
CURL. I will maintain it
With every sacred oath, before the court ;
I will repeat it in his very face ;
The world shall hear of nothing else. I say
That she dies innocent !
MEL. God grant it true !

To them, HANNAH KENNEDY.
KEN. [*to CURL.*] Go, madam, and require a cup of wine—
'Tis for our lady.
MEL.

Is the Queen then sick ?
KEN. She thinks that she is strong ; she is deceived
By her heroic courage ; she believes
She has no need of nourishment ; yet still
A hard and painful task's allotted her.
Her enemies shall not enjoy the triumph ;
They shall not say that fear hath bleached her cheeks,
When her fatigues have conquered human weakness.
MEL. May I approach her ?
KEN.

She will come herself.

To them, BURGOYN, two WOMEN OF THE CHAMBER follow him, weeping, and in deep mourning.

BURG. O, Melvil !

MEL. O, Burgoyn ! *[They embrace silently.]*

FIRST WOMAN *[to the NURSE.]* She chose to be
Alone ; she wishes at this awful moment,
For the last time, to commune with her God.

To them, MARGARET CURL, bearing a golden cup of wine ; she places it hastily upon the table and leans, pale and trembling, against a chair.

MEL. How, madam ! what has frightened you ?

KEN.

O God !

BURG. Speak, madam.

CURL. What, alas ! have I beheld !

MEL. Come to yourself, and say what you have seen.

CURL. As I went down the staircase which conducts
To the great hall below, a door stood open ;
I looked into the chamber, and I saw—
O God !—

MEL. What saw you ?

CURL. All the walls were covered
With black ; a spacious scaffold too, o'erspread
With sable cloth, was raised above the floor,
And in the middle of the scaffold stood
A dreadful sable block !—upon it lay
A naked, polished axe ; the hall was full
Of cruel people, crowding round the scaffold,
Who, with a horrid thirst for human blood,
Seemed waiting for the victim !

THE WOMEN.

God in heaven

Protect our Queen !

MEL.

Be calm ; the Queen approaches.

To them, MARY, in white, and sumptuously arrayed as for a festival ; she wears, hanging from her neck, on a row of small beads, an Agnus Dei ; a rosary hangs from her girdle ; she bears a crucifix in her hand, and a diadem of precious stones binds her hair ; her large black veil is thrown back. On her entrance, all present fall back on both sides with the most violent expressions of anguish. MELVIL falls involuntarily upon his knees.

MARY *[with quiet majesty, looking round the whole circle.]*

Why these complaints ? Why weep ye ? Ye should rather
Rejoice with me, that now at length the end
Of my long woe approaches ; that my shackles
Fall off, my prison opens, and my soul
Delighted mounts on seraph's wings, and seeks
The land of everlasting liberty.
When I was offered up to the oppression
Of my proud enemy, was forced to suffer
Ignoble taunts, and what is not becoming
A free and sovereign Queen, then was the time
To weep for me ; but, as an earnest friend,
Beneficent and healing death approaches,
All the indignities which I have suffered

On earth are covered by his sable wings.
The most degraded criminal's ennobled
By his last sufferings, by his final exit ;
I feel again the crown upon my brows,
And dignity possess my generous soul !
How ! Melvil here !—my worthy sir, not so ;
Arise ; you rather come in time to see
The triumph of your mistress than her death.

[Advancing a few steps.

One comfort which I never had expected,
Is granted me ; that, after death, my name
Will not be quite abandoned to my foes ;
One friend at least, one partner of my faith,
Will be my witness in the hour of death.
Say, honest Melvil, how you fared the while
In this inhospitable, hostile land ?
For since the time they tore you from my side,

My fears for you have oft depressed my soul.
MEL. No other evil galled me, but my anguish
For thee, and that I wanted power to serve thee.

MARY. How fares old Didier, my chamberlain ?
But sure the faithful servant long has slept
The sleep of death, for he was full of years.
MEL. God hath not granted him as yet this grace ;

He lives to see the grave o'erwhelm thy youth.
MARY. O ! could I but have felt before my death,
The happiness of pressing one descendant
Of the dear blood of Stuart to my bosom.

But I must suffer in a foreign land,
None but my servants to bewail my fate !
Sir, to your loyal bosom I commit
My latest wishes—bear then, sir, my blessing
To the most Christian king, my royal brother,
And the whole Royal Family of France.
I bless the Cardinal, my honoured uncle ;
And also Henry Guise, my noble cousin ;
I bless the Holy Father, the vicegerent
Of Christ on earth, who will, I trust, bless me ;
I bless the King of Spain, who nobly offered
Himself as my deliverer, my avenger.
They are remembered in my will. I hope
That they will not despise, how poor soe'er
They be, the presents of a heart which loves them.

[Turning to her SERVANTS.

I have bequeathed you to my royal brother
Of France ; he will protect you, he will give you
Another country, and a better home ;
And if my last desire have any weight,
Stay not in England, let no haughty Briton
Glut his proud heart with your calamities,
Nor see those in the dust who once were mine.
Swear by this image of our suffering Lord
To leave this fatal land when I'm no more.

MEL. [touching the crucifix.] I swear obedience in the name of
all.
MARY. What I, though poor and plundered, still possess,
Of which I am allowed to make disposal,

Shall be 'mongst you divided ; for I hope,
 In this at least, my will may be fulfilled.
 What, too, I wear upon the path of death
 Is yours ; nor envy me on this occasion
 The pomp of earth upon the road to heaven.

[To the LADIES OF HER CHAMBER.

To you, my Alice, Gertrude, Rosamund,
 I leave my pearls, my garments : ye are young,
 And you may still be pleased with ornament.
 You, Margaret, have on me the nearest claims,
 To you I should be generous : for I leave you
 The most unhappy woman of them all.
 That I have not avenged your husband's fault
 On you, I hope my legacy will prove.
 The worth of gold, my Hannah, charms not thee,
 Nor the magnificence of precious stones ;
 My memory, I know it, is to thee
 The dearest jewel : take this handkerchief,
 I worked it for thee in the hours of sorrow,
 With my own hands, and my hot scalding tears
 Are woven in the texture. You will bind
 My eyes with this when it is time, this last
 Sad service I would wish but from my Hannah.

KEN. O Melvil ! I cannot support it.

MARY.

Come,

Come all then, and receive my last farewell.

[She stretches forth her hands, the women, violently weeping, fall successively at her feet and kiss her outstretched hand.

Margaret, farewell ; my Alice, fare thee well ;
 Thanks, Burgoyne, for thy honest faithful service.
 Thy lips are hot, my Gertrude : I have been
 Much hated, yet have been as much beloved.
 May a deserving husband bless my Gertrude,
 For this warm glowing heart is formed for love.
 Bertha, thy choice is better, thou hadst rather
 Become the chaste and pious bride of heaven.
 O ! haste thee to fulfil thy vows—the goods
 Of earth are all deceitful ; thou mayst learn
 This lesson from thy Queen. No more ; farewell,
 Farewell, farewell, my friends, farewell for ever.

[She turns suddenly from them ; all but MELVIL retire at different sides.

MARY, MELVIL.

MARY [after the others are all gone.] I have arranged all
 temporal concerns,
 And hope to leave the world in debt to none ;
 Melvil, one thought alone there is, which binds
 My troubled soul, nor suffers it to fly
 Delighted, and at liberty, to heaven.

MEL. Disclose it to me ; ease your bosom, trust
 Your doubts, your sorrows to your faithful friend.

MARY. I see eternity's abyss before me ;
 Soon must I stand before the highest Judge,
 And have not yet appeased the Holy One.

A priest of my religion is denied me,
And I disdain to take the sacrament,
The holy, heavenly nourishment, from priests
Of a false faith; I die in the belief
Of my own Church, for that alone can save.

MEL. Compose your heart; the fervent pious wish
Is prized in heaven as high as the performance.
The might of tyrants can but bind the hand,
The heart's devotion rises free to God,
The word is dead—'tis faith which brings to life.

MARY. The heart is not sufficient of itself;
Our faith must have some earthly pledge to ground
Its claims to the high bliss of heaven. For this
Our God became incarnate, and disclosed
Mysteriously His unseen heavenly grace
Within the outward figure of a body.
The Church it is, the holy one, the high one,
Which rears for us the ladder up to heaven.
'Tis called the general, the Catholic Church,
For 'tis but gen'ral faith can strengthen faith;
Where thousands worship and adore, the heart
Breaks out in flame, and, borne on eagle wings,
The soul mounts upwards to the heaven of heavens.
Ah! happy they, who for the glad communion
Of pious prayer, meet in the house of God!
The altar is adorned, the tapers blaze,
The bell invites, the incense smokes around,
The bishop stands enrobed, he takes the cup,
And, blessing it, declares the solemn marvel,
The transformation of the elements;
And the believing people fall delighted
To worship and adore the present Godhead.
Alas!—I only am debarred from this;
The heavenly benediction pierces not
My prison walls: its comfort is denied me.

MEL. Yes! it can pierce them; put thy trust in Him
Who is almighty. In the hand of faith
The withered staff can send forth verdant branches;
And He who from the rock called living water,
He can prepare an altar in this prison,
Can change—

[Seizing the cup, which stands upon the table.]
the earthly contents of this cup
Into a substance of celestial grace.

MARY. Melvil! O yes, I understand you, Melvil!
Here is no priest, no church, no sacrament;
But the Redeemer says, "When two or three
Are in My name assembled, I am with them."
What consecrates the priest? Say, what ordains him
To be the Lord's interpreter?—a heart
Devoid of guile, and a reproachless conduct.
Well, then, though unordained, be you my priest;
To you will I confide my last confession,
And take my absolution from your lips.
MEL. If then thy heart be with such zeal inflamed,
I tell thee that, for thy special comfort,
The Lord may work a miracle. Thou sayst

Here is no priest, no church, no sacrament :
Thou err'st—here is a priest—here is a God ;
A God descends to thee in real presence.

*[At these words he uncovers his head, and shows a Host in
a golden vessel.]*

I am a priest—to hear thy last confession,
And to announce to thee the peace of God
Upon thy way to death. I have received
Upon my head the seven consecrations,
I bring thee, from his Holiness, this Host,
Which, for thy use, himself has deigned to bless.

MARY. Is then a heavenly happiness prepared
To cheer me on the very verge of death !
As an immortal one on golden clouds
Descends, as once the angel from on high
Delivered the apostle from his fetters—
He scorns all bars, he scorns the soldier's sword,
He steps undaunted through the bolted portals,
And fills the dungeon with his native glory ;
Thus here the messenger of heaven appears,
When every earthly champion had deceived me.
And you, my servant once, are now the servant
Of the Most High, and His immortal word !
As before me your knees were wont to bend,
Now humbled before you, I kiss the dust.

[She sinks before him on her knees.]

MEL. *[making over her the sign of the cross.]* Hear, Mary,
Queen of Scotland : In the name
Of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Hast thou examined carefully thy heart ?
Swear'st thou, art thou prepared in thy confession
To speak the truth before the God of truth ?

MARY. Before my God and thee, my heart lies open.

MEL. What calls thee to the presence of the Highest ?

MARY. I humbly do acknowledge to have erred
Most grievously ; I tremble to approach,
Sullied with sin, the God of purity.

MEL. Declare the sin which weighs so heavily
Upon thy conscience since thy last confession.

MARY. My heart was filled with thoughts of envious hate
And vengeance took possession of my bosom.
I hope forgiveness of my sins from God,
Yet could I not forgive my enemy.

MEL. Repent'st thou of the sin ?—art thou, in sooth,
Resolved to leave this world at peace with all ?

MARY. As surely as I wish the joys of heaven.

MEL. What other sin hath armed thy heart against thee ?

MARY. Ah ! not alone through hate ; through lawless love
Have I still more abused the sovereign good,
My heart was vainly turned towards the man
Who left me in misfortune, who deceived me.

MEL. Repent'st thou of the sin ? and hast thou turned
Thy heart from this idolatry to God ?

MARY. It was the hardest trial I have passed,
This last of earthly bands is torn asunder.

MEL. What other sin disturbs thy guilty conscience ?

MARY. A bloody crime, indeed of ancient date,
And long ago confessed; yet with new terrors,
It now attacks me, black and grisly steps
Across my path, and shuns the gates of heaven.
By my connivance fell the king, my husband;
I gave my hand and heart to a seducer;
By rigid penance I have made atonement,
Yet in my soul the worm is still awake.

MEL. Has then thy heart no other accusation,
Which hath not been confessed and washed away?
MARY. All you have heard with which my heart is charged.

MEL. Think on the presence of Omniscience;
Think on the punishments with which the Church
Threatens imperfect and reserved confession.
This is the sin to everlasting death,
For this is sinning 'gainst his Holy Spirit.

MARY. So may eternal grace with victory
Crown my last contest, as I wittingly
Have nothing hid.

MEL. How wilt thou then conceal
The crime from God for which thou art condemned?
Thou tell'st me nothing of the share thou hadst
In Babington's and Parry's bloody treason:
Thou diest for this a temp'ral death, for this
Wilt thou too die the everlasting death?

MARY. I am prepared to meet eternity;
Within the narrow limits of an hour
I shall appear before my Judge's throne;
But, I repeat it, my confession's ended.

MEL. Consider well—the heart is a deceiver,
Thou hast perhaps, with sly equivocation,
The word avoided which would make thee guilty.
Although thy will was party to the crime,
Remember that no juggler's tricks can blind
The eye of fire which darts through every breast.

MARY. 'Tis true that I have called upon all princes
To free me from unworthy chains; yet 'tis
As true, that neither by intent nor deed
I have attempted my oppressor's life.

MEL. Your secretaries then have witnessed falsely?
MARY. It is as I have said; what they have witnessed
The Lord will judge.

MEL. Thou mount'st then, satisfied
Of thy own innocence, the bloody scaffold.

MARY. God suffers me in mercy to atone
By undeserv'd death my youth's transgressions.

MEL. [making over her the sign of the cross.] Go then, and
expiate them all by death;
Sink a devoted victim on the altar,
Thus shall thy blood atone the blood thou spill'dst.
From female frailty were derived thy faults;
Free from the weakness of mortality,
The spotless spirit seeks the blest abodes.
Now then, by the authority which God
Hath unto me committed, I absolve thee
From all thy sins—be as thy faith thy welfare,
[He gives her the Host.

Receive the body which for thee was offered—

[He takes the cup which stands upon the table, consecrates it with silent prayer, then presents it to her; she hesitates to take it, and makes signs to him to withdraw it.]

Receive the blood, which for thy sins was shed—

Receive it—'tis allowed thee by the Pope,

To exercise in death the highest office

Of kings, the holy office of the priesthood.

[She takes the cup.]

And as thou now in this His earthly body

Hast held with God mysterious communion,

So mayst thou henceforth, in His realm of joy,

Where sin no more exists, nor tears of woe,

A fair transfigured spirit, join thyself

For ever with the Godhead, and for ever.

[He sets down the cup; hearing a noise, he covers his head and goes to the door; MARY remains, in silent devotion, on her knees.]

MEL. *[returning.]* A painful conflict is in store for thee;

Feel'st thou within thee strength enough to smother

Each impulse of malignity and hate?

MARY. I fear not a relapse; I have devoted
My hatred and my love to God.

MEL.

Well, then,

Prepare thee to receive the Earl of Leicester

And the Lord Treasurer; they are arrived.

To them, BURLEIGH, LEICESTER, and PAULET. LEICESTER remains in the background, without raising his eyes; BURLEIGH, who remarks his confusion, steps between him and the QUEEN.

BUR. I come, my Lady Stuart, to receive
Your last commands and wishes.

MARY.

Thanks, my lord.

BUR. It is the pleasure of my royal mistress,
That nothing reasonable be denied you.

MARY. My will, my lord, declares my last desires;
I laid it in the hand of Sir Amias,
And humbly beg that it may be fulfilled.

PAUL. Depend upon it.

MARY.

And I beg permission

For all my servants to return to France

Or Scotland undisturbed, as they may wish.

BUR. It shall be done.

MARY.

And since my body here

Is not to rest in consecrated ground,

I pray you suffer this my faithful servant

To bear my heart to France, to my relations—

Alas! 'twas ever there.

BUR.

All shall be done

According to your wishes.

MARY.

To the Queen

Of England bear a sister's salutation;

Tell her, that from the bottom of my heart

I pardon her my death: with penitence

I beg, too, her forgiveness for the passion

With which I spoke to her. May God preserve her,

And bless her with a long and prosp'rous reign!

BUR. Say, have you then not changed your resolution?
Refuse you still all spiritual assistance?
MARY. I have appeased my God.
My worthy sir,

I have unwittingly and innocently [To PAULET.
Caused you much sorrow. I have torn from you
Your age's last support, O let me hope
You do not think of me in bitterness.
PAUL. [giving her his hand.] The Lord be with you; go your
way in peace!

To them, HANNAH KENNEDY, and the other Women of the QUEEN, crowd
into the room, with marks of horror. The SHERIFF follows them, a
white staff in his hand; behind are seen, through the open doors, men
under arms.

MARY. What ails thee, Hannah? Yes—my hour is come.
The Sheriff comes to lead me to my fate,
And part we must—farewell!

KEN. and CURL. We will not leave thee,
We will not part from thee.

MARY [to MELVIL.] You, worthy sir,
And my dear faithful Hannah, shall attend me
In my last moments. I am sure my lord
Will not refuse my heart this consolation.

BUR. For this I have no warrant.
MARY.

How, my lord;
Can you refuse me then this small petition?
Respect my sex; who shall attend me then,
And yield me the last service?—sure it never
Can be my sister's pleasure that in me
My sex should be offended—that these men
With their rude hands should touch my royal person.

BUR. 'Tis ordered that no woman shall ascend
With you the scaffold steps—their tears and moans—

MARY. She shall not weep, my lord, she shall not moan;
I answer for my Hannah's resolution.
Be merciful; divide me not so soon
From my true foster-mother, from my friend.

She bore me on her arms into this life,
Let her then gently lead me to my death.

PAUL. [to BURLEIGH.] Allow it her.
BUR.

MARY.

Have nothing in this world to wish for more.
Then be it so.

I now
My God! my Comforter! my blest Redeemer!
As once Thy arms were stretched upon the cross,
Let them be now extended to receive me!

[She takes the crucifix, and kisses it.
[She turns round to go, at the same moment her eyes fall
upon LEICESTER, who, on her going, starts invol-
untarily and turns his eyes towards her; at this
sight MARY trembles, her knees fail her, she is
about to fall, when LEICESTER catches at her, and
receives her in his arms; she regards him for some
time earnestly and in silence; he cannot support her
looks; at length she speaks.

You keep your word, Lord Leicester, for you promised
 To lend your arm to lead me from this prison.
 And now you lend it me ; at last the day,
 The long desired day's arrived, and what
 Was oft the object of my fondest dreams
 Is now accomplished, and the Earl of Leicester,
 The long expected, the long wished-for friend,
 Appears at length in Fotheringay Castle.
 I see him standing in my prison ; all
 Is ready for the journey ; all the gates
 Stand open, and at length I cross the threshold,
 Conducted by his hand ; and now I leave
 These dismal walls behind me, and for ever.
 All is fulfilled, and you have saved your honour.

[He stands as if annihilated ; she continues, with a gentle voice.]

Yes, Leicester ; not for liberty alone
 I wished to be indebted to your hands,
 You should too have endeared my liberty !
 Led by your hand, and blessed by your affection,
 I hoped once more to taste the joys of life.
 Yes ; now that I'm prepared from all the world
 To part, and to become a happy spirit,
 Whom earthly inclinations tempt no more ;
 Now, Leicester, I may venture to confess
 Without a blush the frailty I have conquered.
 Farewell, my lord : and, if you can, be happy !
 'Twas your distinguished lot to woo two Queens—
 You have disdained a tender, loving heart—
 Betrayed it in the hope to win a proud one ;
 Kneel at the feet of Queen Elizabeth !
 May your reward not prove your punishment.
 Farewell ; I now have nothing more on earth.

*[She goes, preceded by the SHERIFF, at her side MELVIL
 and the NURSE, BURLEIGH and PAULET follow ; the
 others, wailing, follow her with their eyes till she dis-
 appears ; they then retire through the other two doors.]*

LEICESTER (*remaining alone*).

And live I still?—can I support to live?
 Falls not this roof with all its weight upon me?
 Gapes no abyss, to swallow in its gulf
 The veriest wretch on earth? What have I lost?
 To throw away this pearl ! to cast away
 The highest happiness in heaven's store !
 She meets her death, is deified already ;
 And the despair of hell remains for me !
 Where is the purpose which I had to drown
 Unfeeling the voice of my affection?—
 Unmoved to see her murdered? Must remorse,
 Slumbering remorse, be wakened by her presence?
 Must she in death spread toils of love around me?
 Wretch that I am !—no more it suits me now
 To melt away in womanly compassion :
 The bliss of love hath left the paths I tread.
 Let me then arm me with a brazen breastplate,
 A rock of adamant surround my brows !

Would I not lose the price of my misdeeds,
Boldly must I maintain and execute them.
Pity be dumb, my eyes be petrified !
I'll see her fall, I will be witness of it.

[He goes with resolute steps towards the door through which MARY passed, but stops suddenly half-way.
In vain !—the terrors of the damned possess me.
I cannot, cannot see the dreadful deed ;
I cannot see her die. Hear ! What was that ?
They are already there—beneath my feet
The horrid consummation is prepared.
I hear them speaking—God ! Away—away—
Away from this abode of death and terror !
[He attempts to escape by another door ; finds it locked, and returns.

How ! am I riveted upon this spot ?
Must I then hear what I cannot behold ?
I hear the Dean address her ; he exhorts her ;
She interrupts him. Now, I hear her pray.
Her voice is firm—now all is still, quite still :
I hear but broken sighs and women's moans.
Now, they undress her—they remove the stool—
She kneels upon the cushion—lays the head—
[Having spoken these last words, and paused awhile, he is seen with a convulsive motion suddenly to shrink and faint away ; a dull noise of Voices is at once heard from below, and continues for some time.

SCENE changes to the Second Chamber in the FOURTH ACT.
- ELIZ. *[entering from a side door ; her gait and action expressive of the most violent uneasiness.]* No message ! no one here !
Stands the sun still

In its ethereal course ? Must I remain
Longer upon the rack of expectation ?
Is it accomplished ? Is it not ? I shudder
At both ; I am afraid to ask the question.
Leicester and Burleigh are not yet returned,
Whom I appointed to fulfil the sentence :
Are they already gone ? If so, it is
Already done ; the arrow's shot ; it flies ;
It strikes ; it has already hit the mark ;
And, were my realm the price, I could not stop it !
Who's there ?

Enter a PAGE.

ELIZ. Thou com'st alone ! Where are the lords ?
PAGE. My Lord High Treas'rer, and the Earl of Leicester—

ELIZ. Where are they ?

PAGE.

ELIZ.

Where are they then ?

PAGE.

Before the dawn, mysteriously and hasting,
They quitted London.

ELIZ. *[exultingly.]* I am Queen of England !

Go—call me—no, remain—no !—she is dead !
[Walking up and down in the greatest agitation.]

Now I at length have room upon this earth.
 Why tremble I?—why this anxiety?
 My fears are covered by the grave; who dares
 To say I did it? I have tears enough
 In store to weep her fall. Are you still here? [To the PAGE.
 Command the Secretary Davison
 To come to me this instant. Let the Earl
 Of Shrewsbury be summoned! Here he comes. [Exit PAGE.

Enter SHREWSBURY.

ELIZ. Welcome, my noble lord; what brings you?—say—
 It cannot be a trifle which hath led
 Your footsteps hither at so late an hour.

SHREWS. My Queen, in anxious pain for thy renown
 I sought the Tower, where the Secretaries
 Of Mary Stuart are confined. I wished
 Once more to put to proof their evidence.
 On my arrival the Lieutenant seemed
 Embarrassed and perplexed; refused to show me
 His prisoners; but my threats obtained admittance.
 God! what a sight was there! With frantic looks,
 With hair dishevelled, on his pallet lay
 The Scot, like one tormented by a Fury.
 The miserable man no sooner sees me,
 Than, falling at my feet, with screams, embracing
 My knees, and writhing like a worm before me,
 He supplicates, conjures me to relate
 His Sovereign's destiny. A dread report,
 He said, had reached the dungeons of the Tower,
 That she had been condemned to suffer death.
 As I confirmed these tidings, adding too
 That 'twas his evidence which had condemned her,
 Sudden he started up and rudely seized
 His fellow-prisoner; with the giant strength
 Of madness tore him to the ground, and strove
 To strangle him; no sooner had we saved
 The wretch from his fierce grapple, than at once
 He turned his rage against himself, and beat
 With savage fists his bosom; cursed himself
 And his companions to the depths of hell!
 His evidence was false; the fatal letters
 To Babington, which he had testified
 As genuine, were forged; he had transcribed
 Quite different words from those the Queen had spoken;
 The traitor Nare had led him to this treason.
 Then ran he to the window, tore it open
 With frantic violence, and screamed aloud
 Into the street below, that all the people
 Together crowded. "I," cried he, "am he,
 The Secretary of the Queen of Scotland,
 The traitor, who accused his mistress falsely:
 Accurst for ever! I have borne false witness."

ELIZ. You said yourself that he had lost his wits;
 A madman's words prove nothing.

SHREWS. Yet his madness
 Itself proves but the more. O gracious Queen!

Let me conjure thee; be not over-hasty:
 Command the cause to be again examined.
 ELIZ. It shall be done, my lord, because you wish it;
 Not in the meaning that the noble peers
 Can in this case have given a hasty judgment.
 For your tranquillity, my lord, the trial
 Shall be renewed—well, that 'tis not too late—
 'Tis very well—no—not the smallest shade
 Of doubt shall rest upon our royal honour.

Enter DAVISON.

ELIZ. Give me the sentence, sir, which to your care
 I late committed; where is it?

DAV. [*in the utmost astonishment.*] The sentence!

ELIZ. [*more urgent.*] Which lately I entrusted to your keeping.

DAV. Entrusted to my keeping!

ELIZ. As the people
 Pressed me to sign it, I was forced to yield;

I did so, yet forsooth unwillingly,
 And laid the paper in your hand. I wished
 But to gain time; you must remember well
 What I then said to you. Now, sir, where is it?

SHREWS. Give it, good sir; affairs since then have taken
 Another turn, the cause must be renewed.

DAV. Renewed! Eternal mercy!

ELIZ. Why this pause,
 This hesitation? Say, sir, where's the paper?

DAV. I am undone! I am destroyed for ever!

ELIZ. [*interrupting him violently.*] Let me not fancy, sir.

DAV. O, I am lost!

I have it not.

ELIZ. How! What?

SHREWS. O, God in heaven!

DAV. It is in Burleigh's hands since yesterday.

ELIZ. Wretch that you are! Have you then thus obeyed me?
 Was it not my express command to you
 To keep it carefully?

DAV. My Queen, thou gav'st
 No such command.

ELIZ. Vile traitor! will you then
 Accuse me of a falsehood! when did I
 Direct you to deliver it to Burleigh?

DAV. Not in express, plain words; yet—

ELIZ. Dare you then
 Interpret as you list my words, and lay
 Your bloody meaning on them? Woe betide you,
 If evil come of this officious deed!

Yes, sir, your life shall answer the event.
 Earl Shrewsbury, you see how here my name
 Is sported with!

SHREWS. I see! O God in heaven!

ELIZ. What say you?

SHREWS. If the knight has dared to act
 In this upon his own authority,
 Without thy knowledge, he must be convened
 Before the high tribunal of the peers,

For subjecting thy name to the contempt
And loathing of all future generations.

Enter BURLEIGH.

BUR. [*bowing his knee before the QUEEN.*] Long life and glory
to my royal mistress,
And may all enemies of her dominions
End like this Stuart. [SHREWSBURY *hides his face*, DAVISON
wrings his hands in desperation.

ELIZ. Speak, my lord ; received you
From me the fatal warrant ?

BUR. No, my Queen ;
From Davison.

ELIZ. And did he in my name
Deliver it ?

BUR. No, that I cannot say.

ELIZ. And dared you then to execute the writ
Thus hastily, nor wait to know my pleasure ?
For this, my lord, I banish you my presence ;
And as this forward will was yours alone,
Bear you alone the curse of the misdeed !
For you, sir, who have trait'rously o'erstepped
The bounds of your commission and betrayed
A sacred pledge entrusted to your care,
A more severe tribunal is prepared :
Let him be straight conducted to the Tower,
And capital arraignments filed against him.
My honest Talbot, you alone have proved
'Mongst all my counsellors a man of justice,
Be you henceforth my leader and my friend.

[*To DAVISON.*

SHREWS. O ! banish not your most obsequious friends,
Cast not those into prison who for you
Have acted ; those who now for you are silent.
But suffer me, great Queen, to lay the charge
With which twelve years you have entrusted me
Down in your royal hands, and take my leave.

ELIZ. [*surprised.*] No, Shrewsbury, you surely would not now
Desert me ? No, not now.

SHREWS. Excuse me, Lady ;
I am too old, and this right hand is grown
Too stiff to ratify your later actions.

ELIZ. And will he leave me who has saved my life ?

SHREWS. But little have I done ; I could not save
Your nobler part. Live, govern happily !

Your foe is dead, now have you nothing more
To fear, and therefore owe respect to nothing.

[*Exit.*

ELIZ. [*to the EARL OF KENT, who enters.*] Send for the Earl
of Leicester.

KENT. He demands
Excuse ; he is, 'tis said, embarked for France.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

TRANSLATED [1835] BY JOHN ELIOT DRINKWATER-BETHUNE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| CHARLES THE SEVENTH, <i>King of France.</i> | AN ENGLISH HERALD. |
| QUEEN ISABELLA, <i>his Mother.</i> | THEOBALD, <i>a Rich Farmer.</i> |
| AGNES SOREL, <i>his Mistress.</i> | MARGARET |
| PHILIP THE GOOD, <i>Duke of Burgundy.</i> | LOUISA |
| COUNT DUNOIS, <i>Bastard of Orleans.</i> | JOHANNA |
| LAHIRE | STEPHEN |
| DU CHATEL } <i>Officers of the King.</i> | CLAUDE |
| RAOUL, <i>a Knight of Lorraine.</i> | RAYMOND |
| CHATILLON, <i>a Burgundian Knight.</i> | BERTRAND |
| ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS. | CHARCOAL-BURNER, <i>his Wife and Son.</i> |
| TALBOT, <i>General of the English Army.</i> | APPARITION of a KNIGHT. |
| LIONEL | SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, OFFICERS OF |
| FASTOLF | STATE, &c., MUTES in the Proces- |
| MONTGOMERY | sion of the Coronation. |
| COUNCILLORS OF ORLEANS. | |

SCENE.—A COUNTRY LANDSCAPE. ON ONE SIDE A CHAPEL; ON THE OTHER AN OLD OAK TREE.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE I.

THEOBALD OF ARC, MARGARET, LOUISA, JOHANNA, RAYMOND,
STEPHEN, CLAUDE.

THEO. Yes, friends and neighbours, we are yet to-day
Frenchmen and freemen; we are masters still
Of the old ground which our forefathers ploughed:
We know not who may be our lord to-morrow.
On every side the Englishman unfurls
His conquering banner, and his trampling steeds
Tread down and spoil the blooming fields of France.
Paris has welcomed in her conqueror,
And with the ancient crown of Dagobert
Graces the scion of a foreign stem:
The disinherited offspring of our kings
In his own kingdom must be fugitive;
His nearest cousin and his noblest peer
Fights in the armies of his enemy,
And his unnatural mother leads them on.
Cities and villages are burning round;
And to these peaceful and retiréd vales
Still nearer rolls the cloud of desolation.
Therefore, dear friends, my careful thoughts are turned
Towards my daughters, whilst, with the help of God,
I can provide for them; for woman needs
Protection in the miseries of war,
And love makes sorrow lighter which it shares.
Stephen, you woo my daughter Margaret:

Our farms lie close; your hearts are nearer still;
It is a fitting match.—

Claude, you are silent,
And my Louisa turns away her eyes:
Shall I unknit the union of two hearts,
Because you have no wealth to offer me?
Who now has wealth? Our harvests and our homes
Are given to robbers and devouring flames;
A man of true and steadfast heart alone
Can be a safeguard in these perilous times.

LOU. Dear father!

CLAU. My Louisa!

LOU. [*embracing* JOHANNA.] Dearest sister!

THEO. To each I give a farm of thirty acres,
A cottage and a flock; and may a blessing
Come on my children as it came on me!

MAR. [*embracing* JOHANNA] Content our father; take example
from us,
And let one happy day unite us all.

THEO. Go and make ready for the marriage-day,
For all the village shall rejoice with me.

[*Exeunt* STEPHEN and MARGARET, CLAUDE and LOUISA,
arm in arm.]

SCENE II.

THEO. Thy sisters hold their wedding feast, Johanna,
And I am happy when I see their gladness;
But thou, my youngest, bring'st me grief and pain.

RAY. What is this harsh reproof? why chide your daughter?

THEO. This gallant youth, unequalled in the village
For manly virtues, seeks to win thy favour,
And three long years has wooed thee for his bride
With patient wishes and true-hearted love.
Coldly and silently thou dost repel him;
And among all our shepherds there is none
Who wins from thee one look, one kindly smile.
I see thee in the fulness of thy youth,
Thy beauty blossoming in life's early spring:
It is the time of hope, but still in vain
I watch to see the tender bloom of love
Burst from the bud, and with its golden fruit
Fulfil the promise of thy ripening years.
Oh! this can never please me; it betokens
The natural feelings fearfully astray,
If, in the kindly years of generous youth,
The stern, cold heart lives for itself alone.

RAY. Content yourself, sir; let me answer for her:
The incomparable love of my Johanna
Is like the tenderest, richest fruits of heaven,
Which ripen slowly to maturity.
She loves to dwell upon the mountains now,
To wander freely on the open heath,
And dreads to venture down where narrow cares
Are pent beneath the lowly roof of man.
Oft from the valley have I-gazed with wonder
To see her stand amid her grazing herd,

On the steep summit of some beetling brow.
With noble bearing, and with thoughtful eye,
Sunk downwards on the far-diminished fields;
And I have thought she seemed some higher power,
Some mightier creature of the olden time.

THEO. You speak my sorrow; this is the worst of all:
She shuns the happy company of home,
She haunts the barren mountains, and forsakes
Her nightly couch before the dawn of day;
And in the hour of darkness and of fear,
When man seeks gladly fellowship with man,
She steals away, like to the hermit bird,
Into the shadowy kingdoms of the night,
Where spirits and things unholy are abroad.
She loves to wander where the cross-ways meet,
And holds mysterious converse with the air.
Why should she always seek this gloomy spot,
And love to drive her flock to pasture here?
I see her sit and dream the hours away
Beneath yon oak, the well-known Druid tree,
From which good Christians shuddering turn aside;
For it is haunted ground: an evil power
Hath dwelt among its melancholy boughs
From the old darkling times of heathendom.
The old men of the village can tell tales,
Full of strange horror, of this ancient tree:
Unearthly voices have been often heard
To moan and rattle in its hollow limbs.
I once myself, when passing home this way,
Saw by the dusky evening's latest light
A shadowy creature sitting on the ground,
Clothed in wide flowing garments, which stretched out
Its lean and withered arm, and beckoned me;
But with a hasty prayer I hurried home.

RAY. [*pointing to the chapel.*] This holy symbol sheds a blessing round,
And heavenly peace; this draws your daughter hither,
And no communion with unholy powers.

THEO. No, no, not fruitlessly have I been warned
In nightly visions and ill-boding dreams.
Three times have I beheld her in my sleep,
Seated at Rheims upon a royal throne:
A sevenfold diadem of glancing stars
Glittered upon her brow; a golden sceptre,
From which three lilies sprouted, in her hand;
And I, her father, and her sisters here,
The princes and the prelates of the land,
Even the King himself, bowed down before her.
How comes such splendour to my humble home?
Oh! it forbodes a deep and dreadful fall:
These warning visions faintly shadow forth
The idle dreams of an insatiate heart.
She thinks with shame upon her lowly state;
Since God has dressed her body in rich beauty,
And wondrously bestowed His gifts upon her
Above the shepherd maidens of these valleys,

She nourishes in her bosom sinful pride :
And it was pride by which the angels fell,
By which the spirits of hell seduce mankind.

RAY. Who is more humble than your pious daughter,
Or who more modestly fulfils her station?
Does she not cheerfully obey her sisters?
She is more highly gifted than them all,
But, like a household drudge, I see her toil
In irksome service to perform their will ;
And in her charge, with wonderful increase,
Your flocks and herds and harvests multiply ;
On all things which concern her seems to come
An overflowing and mysterious blessing.

THEO. Yes ! too mysterious ; I shudder at it.
No more, I am silent, I perforce am silent.
Can I lay infamy on my dear child ?
I can do nought but warn and pray for her.
But I will warn her. Shun this fearful tree,
Wander no more alone, nor dig for roots
In the dark midnight hour ; prepare no potions ;
And write no magic symbols in the sand.
The world of spirits is lightly conjured here ;
Hovering, they float among us, ill concealed ;
The lightest whisper brings them swarming round.
Go not alone, for in the lonely hour
Bad thoughts have power upon the holiest.

SCENE III.—*Enter BERTRAND, carrying a helmet.*

RAY. Hush ! here comes Bertrand back from Vaucouleurs.
See what he bears.

BER. You look astonished on me ;
You marvel at the merchandise I bring.

THEO. Truly we do ; say whence you had the helmet ?
Why bring an evil emblem of the war
Into this neighbourhood of peace ?

[JOHANNA, *who hitherto has stood apart and inattentive,*
shows signs of interest, and comes nearer.

BER. I scarce can tell how first I came by it :
I had been purchasing at Vaucouleurs
Some iron tools I needed, and I found
There was a throng upon the market-place ;
For fugitives from Orleans had come in,
Bringing bad tidings, and the city rang
With hum of voices hurrying to and fro ;
And as I forced my way amid the crowd
A gipsy woman took me by the arm,
And offered me the helmet which is here.
She held me with a searching look, and said,
“ You seek a helmet, friend ; here I have one,
It shall not cost you dear.” But I replied,
“ Go to the men-at-arms, I need no helmet ;
I am a peaceful shepherd.” Still she followed,
And still she urged me. “ None can know,” said she,
How soon he needs a helmet : in these days,
A roof of iron is safer than of stone.”
So she persisted, following street by street,

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

691

Offering the helmet, which I still refused.
I saw its glittering beauty, that it seemed
Worthy the brow of some adventurous knight;
And doubtfully I poised it in my hand,
Musing upon the strangeness of the adventure:
Scarcely had I touched it, when the rushing throng
Forced suddenly the woman from my sight,
And with the helmet I was left alone.
JOH. Give it to me!

BER. What fancy seizes you?
This is no gear for a young maiden's head.
JOH. [*snatching it from him.*] Mine is the helmet—it belongs
to me.

THEO. What ails the girl?
RAY.

Nay, let her have her will;
Full well the warlike ornament becomes her,
For in her bosom beats a manly heart.
Remember how she overcame the wolf,
The fierce and ravenous beast that thinned our folds,
The terror of our shepherds; she alone,
The lion-hearted maid, encountered him,
And snatched the lamb e'en from his bloody jaws.
If such a prize be won in right of valour,
The helmet cannot grace a worthier brow.
THEO. [*to BERTRAND.*] What is the new disaster of the war?

BER. God help the King and save this helpless land!
What evil tidings did those fugitives bring?
In two great battles we have been defeated.
The enemy is in the midst of France,
And everything is lost beyond the Loire.
Now he has brought his utmost power together,
In preparation to beleaguer Orleans.
THEO. God shield the King!

BER. From all ends of the earth
Are brought the countless implements of war;
And as the bees cluster in dusky swarms
In the hot days of summer round their hives,
Or like a blight which heavily drops down
In darkness from the thick and mildewed air,
While insect myriads blacken all the land,
So is the cloud of war spread over Orleans.
The hum of unintelligible tongues
Mingles in strange confusion through the camp;
For mighty Burgundy has summoned all
Who own allegiance to his powerful name:
From Liège, from Hainault, and from Luxembourg,
The people of Namur, the gay Brabanters,
The haughty upstart citizens of Ghent,
Parading in their silk and satin trappings;
The Zealanders whose floating cities stand
Amid the booming waters of the sea;
The Hollanders have left their milky pastures;
The men of Utrecht, and from far West Friesland,
Who look towards the pole—they all are here,
Beneath the banner of mighty Burgundy,
And bent against devoted Orleans.

THEO. Oh, most unholy, miserable strife,
That turns the arms of France against itself?

BER. And the old Queen is there, our monarch's mother,
Proud Isabel, the princess of Bavaria,
Arrayed in steel; and riding through the camp,
Breathes poisonous words against the son she bore,
And adds new venom to the people's fury.

THEO. A curse be on her! May her fate be such
As fell upon the haughty Jezebel!

BER. The fearful Salisbury leads their army on,
The shatterer of walls; with him brave Lionel,
And bloody Talbot, whose unsparing sword
Mows down the nations in his murderous hand.
In insolence of triumph they have sworn
To give her maidens up to violence,
And to the sword all who the sword have drawn.
They have built up four towers about the town,
Which overlook the walls, and there Earl Salisbury
Scowls sternly down with his bloodthirsty eyes,
And counts the hasty wanderers in the street.
Already many thousand massy balls
Are hurled into the city; churches lie
In ruins; the royal tower of Notre Dame
Bows down its lofty and majestic head.
They have mined down with subterraneous toil,
And, standing on a hellish store of fire,
The quaking city listens for the thunder,
When all flames forth, and all shall burst asunder.

[*helmet.*

[JOHANNA *listens with eager attention and puts on the*

THEO. Where were the swords of Saintrilles and La Hire?
Or his, the brave Dunois, the shield of France,
The Bastard of Orleans, that the proud foe
Could hurry forward thus resistlessly?

Where is the King himself? Does he see tamely
His cities' danger and his kingdom's ruin?

BER. The King holds court at Chinon on the Loire:
He cannot muster force to keep the field.
What serve the leader's heart, the hero's arm,
When pallid fear unmans their follower?

A panic terror, as if sent from heaven,
Weighs down the courage of the boldest hearts;
They hear, but heed no more their prince's summons,
And, like a timorous flock of startled sheep,
When the wolf's howling has disturbed the night,
Frenchmen, forgetful of their old renown,
Look now for safety only to their walls.
A single knight alone, as I have heard,
Has brought together a weak and scanty force
Of sixteen pennons to support the King.

JOH. [*quickly.*] Who is the knight?

BER.

His name is Baudricour:

Hardly will he escape the hot pursuit
Of the two armies which beset his march.

JOH. Where holds he now?

BER.

He lies a short day's march
From Vaucouleurs.

THEO.

Girl, thou dost ask of things which ill become thee?
What matters it to thee?

BER. Now, since the foe's so mighty, and the King
Can give no hope of help, they have resolved
At Vaucouleurs to send to Burgundy
A message of surrender, and so fall
To one whose blood is that of our old kings;
And thus we shall escape the English yoke,
And may come back to the old crown again,
When France and Burgundy are reconciled.

JOH. [*With enthusiasm.*] No messenger! no message! no
surrender!

The saviour is at hand, prepared for battle;
The fortunes of the foe shall fail at Orleans,
His time is full, and he is ripe for harvest.
The Virgin comes, her sickle in her hand,
Who shall mow down the blossoms of his pride;
Who shall pluck down from heaven the warlike fame
Which he has hanged so high among the stars.
Faint not! fly not! for ere the yellow sheaves
Shall glitter in the fulness of the moon,
No English horse shall wet his thirsty lip
In the glad waters of the princely Loire.

BER. Ah! miracles and wonders are gone by.

JOH. Wonders are not gone by! A milk-white dove
Shall soar aloft, and with an eagle's power
Strike down these vultures that devour the land;
Shall tame the traitorous pride of Burgundy,
The heaven-storming, hundred-handed Talbot,
The shameless, sacrilegious Salisbury,
And drive before her face, like hunted sheep,
This reckless swarm of insolent islanders!
The Lord will be with her!—the god of battles!
For He will save His sinking people yet;
And by the hand of a weak innocent maid
Will glorify His everlasting name.

THEO. What frantic spirit seizes on the girl?
RAY. It is the helmet which inspires her.

Look on your daughter—at her lightning eye—
The glowing fire that glances on her cheek.

JOH. Shall this crown fall? This land of old renown,
The fairest which the everlasting sun
Sees in his course, the paradise of lands,
Which God loves as the apple of His eye,
Endure the fetters of a foreign yoke?
Here quailed the heathen's power—here first was raised
The Cross, the symbol of our holy faith!
The dust of sainted Louis is laid there—
Hence went the victors of Jerusalem!

BER. [*astonished.*] Hear what she speaks! whence is the
mighty source
Of her high inspiration? Theobald,

God has bestowed a wondrous daughter on you!
JOH. Shall we have no more kings, no native lords?
Shall he be lost, the King who never dies?
The guardian of his people's industry,

Who brings a blessing on the fruitful land ;
 Who leads his vassals on to liberty ;
 Who builds glad cities round about his throne ;
 Who helps the weak and overawes the bad ;
 Who envies none, for he is first of all ;
 A gracious angel in a human form,
 To bless a suffering world ! Our monarch's throne
 Glitters with gold, but there is more than gold :
 It is the shelter of the shelterless,
 The resting-place where power and mercy meet ;
 The guilty tremble, while the just draw near
 And fondle with the lion on the throne.
 The stranger prince, who quits a foreign shore,
 Whose fathers' graves are not digged in this land,
 How can he love it ? He was never young
 Among our youth ; his tongue is strange to us ;
 Our accents make no echo in his heart ;
 How can he be our father and our king ?

THEO. May God preserve the kingdom and the king !
 But we are peaceful peasants, and unskilled
 To wield the sword and tame the fiery steed ;
 Then let us patiently await the end,
 And take the king whom victory shall give us.
 The fate of war is in the hand of God,
 And he who has received the holy oil
 And crown at Rheims, is lawfully our king.
 Come to our daily toil ; let every one
 Think only on those things which most concern him,
 And leave the cares of power to powerful men.
 The princes of the earth cast lots for it,
 But we may calmly watch the wild uproar.
 The earth still meets our ploughshares as before,
 Our villages may blaze with midnight fire,
 Our harvests rot beneath their reckless ire ;
 New summers bring new crops of waving grain,
 And the frail dwellings lightly rise again.

[*Exeunt all but JOHANNA.*]

SCENE IV.—JOHANNA.

Farewell, ye mountains, and ye much loved paths,
 Ye silent peaceful valleys, fare ye well !
 Johanna now will wander here no more ;
 Johanna bids you now a long farewell !
 Ye meadows that I watered, and ye trees
 That I have planted, flourish as you may !
 Farewell ye caves, cool springs and mountain air,
 And Echo, thou sweet spirit of the dell,
 Which oft made answer to my lonely songs,
 Johanna goes, and never will return.
 Ye scenes of all my early quiet joys,
 I leave you—I shall never find you more.
 Stray forth, my lambs, my own familiar charge,
 Your shepherdess has now abandoned you ;
 For I have now another flock to guard,
 Amid the bloody fields and din of war ;
 A mighty spirit has o'ershadowed mine,

It is no idle earthly vanity:
 The voice which once on Horeb's holy mount
 Was heard by Moses in the bush of fire,
 Which bade him stand unawed by Pharaoh's throne,
 Which strung the heart of Jesse's shepherd son
 To brave the giant might of him of Gath,
 Which to the shepherds brought glad news by night,
 Has whispered to me from this holy tree:
 "Go forth, for thou shalt testify for me.
 Thou shalt gird armour on thy youthful limbs,
 And clothe thy tender breast in angry steel;
 No earthly passion shall debase thy soul,
 No human ties thy destiny control.
 The bridal wreath shall never bind thy hair,
 No laughing child hang cradled on thy arm;
 But in the field of victory and fame
 Thou shalt achieve a never-dying name.
 For when the mightiest men of war give way,
 And ruined France seems tottering to her fall,
 Then shalt thou rear aloft the oriflamme,
 And, like a hasty reaper through the corn,
 Thou shalt cut down the haughty conqueror;
 Thou shalt roll back the fortune of the war,
 Salvation to the sons of France shall bring,
 Deliver Rheims, and crown thy lawful king."
 I asked a sign from heaven, and now, behold,
 Here is the promised sign, the helm of gold;
 My kindling spirit owns the high command,
 The strength of angels nerves my feeble hand,
 And, like a whirlwind, with resistless sway,
 Bears me amid the storm of war away;
 The sounds of battle ringing round me go,
 The war-horse stamps, the brazen trumpets blow!
[*She rushes out.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of KING CHARLES at Chinon; DUNOIS, DU CHATEL.*

DUN. No! I will hear no more! I will renounce
 This King, who shamelessly forsakes himself.
 My heart bleeds—I could weep hot tears of rage,
 That robbers, in the midst of royal France,
 Carve out their portion; that the stately cities
 Which are grown old with the old monarchy,
 Give up their rusty keys, whilst we lie here
 And waste the precious irredeemable hours
 In helpless, heartless inactivity.
 I heard that Orleans was beset, and hurried
 From distant Normandy, in hopes to find
 The King equipped, and at his army's head.
 I find him here with mimes and mountebanks,
 And tinkling troubadours, inventing riddles,
 And giving festivals to Agnes Sorel,
 As if the deepest peace dwelt in the land.
 The Constable is gone, he is worn out

With this foul scandal. I, too, will forsake him ;
I yield him to his fate !

DU CHA.

Here is the King !

SCENE II.—*Enter KING CHARLES and ATTENDANTS.*

CHAR. The Constable returns his sword of state,
And has renounced our service ; be it so :
Then we are rid of a sour, moody man,
Who loved to overbear and thwart our will.

DUN. One man is precious in these costly times,
And not so lightly could I bear to lose him.

CHAR. The spite of contradiction speaks in you ;
While he was here you never were his friend.

DUN. He was a heavy, proud, and peevish fool,
Who never ended. He has ended now :
He has discerned a fitting time to go,
When honour is not gained by those who stay.

CHAR. Cousin, you are in your pleasant mood to-day,
We will not cross you in it. Du Chatel,
Here are some messengers from old King René,
Renowned masters in the joyous science ;
Be it thy care to entertain them well,
And give to each of them a chain of gold.
[To DUNOIS.] Why do you smile ?

DUN.

That from your royal lips
You can drop chains of gold so readily.

DU CHA. Sure, there is no more treasure in thy coffers.

CHAR. Provide some ! noble minstrels must not go
Unhonoured, unrewarded from my court :
They make the withered sceptre bloom, and twine
Unfading wreaths about the barren crown ;
Lordly they stand among the lordliest ;
Their throne is built on fancy's airy dreams,
Their kingdom is not of this troubled world ;
Therefore may minstrels fitly rank with monarchs,
And fix their dwelling high above mankind.

DU CHA. My royal master, I have spared thine ear
While yet the means of help or hope remained ;
Necessity unties my faltering tongue.
Thou hast no more to give ! Alas ! no more
From which thy daily wants can be supplied :
The full tide of thy bounty has flowed on,
And now the ebb is come. Thy troops demand
Their long delayed arrears, and if unpaid
They threaten sullenly to leave thy service.
I scarce have means to keep thy royal house ;
Befitting state has long been laid aside.

CHAR. Engage my royal customs, Du Chatel,
And borrow money of the Lombard merchants.

DU CHA. The incomes of the crown, the royal dues
Are pledged already for three coming years.

DUN. Ay, and meanwhile we lose both loan and land.

CHAR. Many rich fruitful lands are still our own.

DUN. Yes, while it pleases God and Talbot's sword,
When Orleans has fallen, you may go
And learn to follow sheep with King René.

CHAR. You love to try your wit upon this king;
But it is he, this very landless prince,
Who royally has gifted me to-day.

DUN. Not with his crown of Naples, for God's sake!
Men say his kingdom is much fallen in price
Since he has taken to the shepherd's trade.

CHAR. That is a mirthful game, a holiday
Which he indulges to his cheerful heart,
To show the emblem of an innocent world
In these hard times of sad reality;
But his great plan, his kingly aim, is this:
He would restore the good old times, the soft
Supremacy of love, when generous hearts
Of chivalry were trained by love to valour;
When noble ladies judged their knightly deeds,
And tempered all with graceful courtesy.
The blithe old man lives in those early days,
And, as they still survive in minstrels' songs,
Would fain recall them, like a heavenly city
Wreathed round with clouds of light, on earth again.
He has established a fair court of love,
Where noble knights are nobly entertained;
Where love and purity may meet again;
And he has chosen me the Prince of Love.

DUN. I am not yet so rough, so rudely taught,
As not to bow before the shrine of Love;
I am the child of love, and love alone
Is all the heritage that I may claim.
My father was the Prince of Orleans;
He was the conqueror of female hearts,
But he was conqueror of cities too.
Wilt thou be worthily the Prince of Love,
Be bravest of the brave! For I have read
In those old books, that love and chivalry
Went ever hand in hand, and, as I hear,
Heroes, not shepherds, sat by the Round Table.
He merits not the bright reward of beauty
Who cannot guard it in the hour of need.
Here are the lists; fight for thy father's fame
With knightly sword and knightly enterprise;
And when, amid the streams of hostile gore,
Thou hast regained the crown—thy heritage—
Then is the time, then will it best become thee
To twine love's garland round thy royal brow.

Enter a PAGE.

CHAR. How now?

PAGE.

Who crave an audience.

CHAR.

What can I do? They come to ask for aid.
How can I help them? I am helpless too.

Without are deputies from Orleans,
Bring them before me.

[Exit PAGE.]

SCENE III.—*Enter three COUNCILLORS.*

Welcome, my well-trying citizens of Orleans !
 How fares it yet with my good faithful city ?
 Does it continue with its wonted courage
 To brave the hostile force around its walls ?

COUN. Ah, sire ! The utmost misery weighs us down,
 And hourly deeper flows the tide of ruin :
 The outer works are spoiled ; the enemy
 With each attack makes good some nearer point ;
 The walls are scantily manned, for fruitless sallies
 And ceaseless toil have swept away our strength,
 And the dread plague of famine threatens us :
 Therefore the noble Count of Rochepierre,
 Who now commands, in this extremity
 Has made capitulation with the foe,
 And has consented to give up the town
 If in twelve days no succour shall appear
 To keep the field and to prevent its fall.

[DUNOIS makes a violent gesture of anger.]

CHAR. The respite is but short.

COUN. Now we are here,
 Escorted by the foe, to pray for aid.
 Have, then, compassion on thy faithful city ;
 Send timely succour ere the appointed hour,
 Or in twelve days Orleans will be surrendered.

DUN. And could Saintrailles consent to such base terms ?

COUN. No, sire ; while yet the valiant Saintrailles lived
 None dared to speak of terms or of surrender.

DUN. Then he is dead ?

COUN. The noble hero fell
 Upon our rampart in his prince's quarrel.

CHAR. Is Saintrailles dead ? Oh ! in that single arm
 I lose an army !

Enter a KNIGHT ; he whispers DUNOIS.

DUN. That, too !

CHAR. What has happened ?

DUN. Earl Douglas sends me word the Scottish troops
 Are mutinous, and threaten to leave the camp
 If they receive not their arrears to day.

CHAR. Well, Du Chatel ?

DU CHA. Sire, I have nought to say.

CHAR. Pledge, promise what thou wilt, to half my kingdom.

DU CHA. It is in vain ; they have been tried too long.

CHAR. They are the choicest veterans of my army :
 Not now—they must not, shall not leave me now.

COUN. [*kneeling.*] Oh ! help us, sire ! Have mercy on our
 need !

CHAR. [*in a tone of despair.*] Can I stamp armies from the
 earth at will,
 Or scatter plenty from an empty hand ?
 Tear me in pieces, rive my heart away,
 And coin it into gold—my blood is yours,
 But gold I have none ; and I have no soldiers.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

699

SCENE IV.—*Enter AGNES SOREL. He hastens towards her. She carries a casket.*

My love—my Agnes! treasure of my soul!
Thou comest to rescue me from deep despair:
I have thee—I take refuge in thy arms,
And nought is lost while thou art still mine own.

AGNES. My gracious monarch! [*Looking round her anxiously.*]
Dunois, is it true?

Say, Du Chatel.

DU CHA.

Too true.

Is there such need?

There is no pay!—the troops are mutinous!

DU CHA. Ay, it is even so.

AGNES [*offering him the casket.*] Here, here is gold,
And here are jewels: melt my silver down—
Sell all my castles—lay my lands in pawn—
Raise gold on my possessions in Provence;

Turn all to money, and content the troops;
Away, and lose no time!

CHAR.

Now, Dunois, Du Chatel,

Am I so poor, so destitute of all,
When I possess this pearl of womankind?
Her blood flows purely as my own; the race
Of royal Valois is not nobler born.
She would adorn a throne, but she disdains it,
And my beloved one she will be alone.
What costlier gift will she accept from me,
Than some rare fruit or early winter flower?
She will take nought from me; she gives me all,
And offers up, forgetful of herself,
Her riches to sustain my sinking fortunes.

DUN. Yes, she is raving—fitter mate for thee!
She casts her all into a burning house
And pours into the Danaid's empty jar:
She will not save thee; she will plunge herself
With thee into destruction.

AGNES.

Trust him not:

Has he not staked his life ten times for thee?
And now complains that I should venture gold!

What! I have given thee more than gold or pearls,
And shall I keep my riches for myself?

Come, let us cast superfluous pomp aside,
Let me instruct thee to renounce thy splendour:
Exchange thy royal state for warlike stores,
Thy gold for iron; all thou canst command

Venture it manfully upon thy crown.
Come, come, your danger and distress are mine:
Together we will mount the warlike steed,
Together will endure the burning sun;

Worn out with toil, unsheltered we will lie,
The earth our couch, our canopy the clouds:
The rudest soldier will not fear to bear
The hardships of the war when cheerfully

He sees his monarch share them at his side.
CHAR. [*smiling.*] Why, now I see fulfilled the old prediction,

The mystic rhyme, which, in prophetic mood,
 The Abbess of Clermont pronounced upon me :
 For thus it ran : my fortunes should wane low
 Until a woman's arm should rescue me,
 And make me master of my father's crown.
 I sought the riddle in the hostile camp,
 And hoped to reconcile my mother's heart.
 Here stands the heroine who will conquer for me :
 My Agnes' love will lead me on to Rheims.

AGNES. The swords of your brave friends will lead you thither.

CHAR. I have hope, too, from strife among my foes,
 For I have certain tidings that these lords
 Of haughty Britain and my cousin Burgundy
 Regard each other with no looks of love.
 Lahire is gone on embassy from me
 To sound the angry Duke if he perchance
 May be reclaimed to his old sense of honour,
 And hourly I expect him.

DU CHA. [*at the casement.*] He is returned :
 He is dismounting in the court.

CHAR. He is welcome.
 Now we shall know if we must yield or conquer.

SCENE V.—*Enter LAHIRE.*

What news, Lahire?—dost thou bring hope or none?
 Say, briefly, what must I expect from Burgundy?

LAH. Nothing: thy hope is only in thy sword.

CHAR. Will not the haughty Duke be reconciled?
 Oh, say how he received my embassy?

LAH. First he requires, before he can consent
 To lend an ear to aught that thou wilt offer,
 That Du Chatel shall be delivered to him,
 Whom he denounces for his father's murder.

CHAR. If we deny this article of shame?

LAH. Then is the treaty ended ere begun.

CHAR. Didst thou thereon, as I commanded thee,
 Defy him to the combat, at the bridge
 Of Montereau, on which his father fell?

LAH. I threw thy glove before him, and declared
 Thou wouldst descend from thy exalted state
 And fight, in knightly fashion, for thy crown;
 But he replied he had no need to fight
 For that which was already in his grasp,
 But if thou hadst so strong a lust of combat,
 That surely thou wouldst find him at Orleans,
 Where on the morrow he was bent to go;
 And with this sneer he turned himself away.

CHAR. Was there no stir among my parliament?
 Was the pure voice of justice overpowered?

LAH. Justice is dumb among the rage of party:
 The parliament has solemnly proclaimed
 Thou and thy race have forfeited the throne.

DUX. Ha! insolent pride of upstart citizens!

CHAR. Didst thou not seek to touch my mother's heart?

LAH. Thy mother!

CHAR.

Yes: how was the Queen's demeanour?

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

701

LAI. [*after a pause.*] It was the appointed coronation day
When I approached St. Denis: all adorned
Paris poured forth her gay inhabitants;
Triumphal arches rose in every street
Through which the English monarch passed along;
The way was strewed with flowers, and, shouting loud,
As France had then achieved her fairest triumph,
The people ran in crowds about his car.

AGNES. They shouted whilst they trampled so
Upon the heart of their good, gracious king!
LAH. I saw the boy, young Harry Lancaster,
Sit on St. Louis' royal seat; beside him
His haughty uncles stood, Bedford and Gloucester,
And there Duke Philip kneeled before the throne,
Swore fealty, and did homage for his lands.

CHAR. Unworthy cousin and dishonoured peer!
LAH. The child was shy, and stumbled as it went
To climb the lofty steps before the throne;
The people whispered, "An unlucky omen!"
And laughter rose among them, when thy mother,
The Queen, stept forth—it angers me to tell.

CHAR. Say on.
LAH. The boy she lifted in her arms,
And herself placed him on thy father's throne.

CHAR. Oh, mother—mother!
LAH. Even the murderous troops
Of reckless Burgundy glowed red with shame.
The Queen perceived it, turning to the people,
And cried aloud, "Frenclimen, I claim your thanks,
That thus I graft upon a cankered stem
A nobler branch, and from your throne cast off
The spurious son of a distracted father." [*The KING hides his face.*
DUN. The wolfish fiend!—the wild, unnatural fury!
CHAR. [*after a pause, to the COUNCILLORS.*] You see and hear
how fortune stands with me:

Delay no more—return to Orleans,
And bear this message to my faithful city:
I do absolve them of their sworn allegiance;
Let them consult their safety—let them trust
The mercy of the Duke of Burgundy;
He is the Good, he will be merciful.

DUN. What, sire, wilt thou abandon Orleans?
COUN. [*kneeling.*] My royal lord, draw not thy hand away
From our distress; give not thy faithful city
To the hard-hearted sway of pitiless England!
It is a noble jewel in thy crown,
And none more sacredly has kept its faith
To thee and to thy royal ancestors.

DUN. What, are we beaten?—shall we quit the field
And yield the city ere a blow is stricken?
Wilt thou abandon with a little word—
Without one drop of blood wilt thou give up
The noblest city in the heart of France?
CHAR. Blood has been spilled enough, and spilled in vain;
The hand of Heaven weighs heavily upon me;
From each assault my troops are beaten back;

My parliament abandons me; my capital,
Loud shouting, sees my rival enter in;
My nearest kindred traitorously leave me;
My very mother has renounced me now,
And clasps my enemy's children in her arms.
We will go o'er the Loire; we will obey
The powerful hand of Heaven, which fights for England.

AGNES. Now, God forbid that we despairingly
Should turn our backs upon this fruitful land!
That thought came not from thy intrepid soul—
Thy mother's cruel and unnatural act
Has momentarily unmanned my hero's heart:
Thou wilt revive, wilt be thyself again,
And bravely strive against the destiny
Which hangs so gloomily upon thee now.

CHAR. [*lost in thought.*] Is it not true? A dark and fearful fate
Broods o'er the race of Valois. God rejects it!
My mother's shameful deeds have roused the furies
To work their rage on our devoted house:
My father lay insane for twenty years
Three elder brothers death has swept away
Before their time. It is the will of Heaven:
The house of the sixth Charles is near its fall.

AGNES. No: it shall rise again, shall bloom in thee
With renovated youth—trust but thyself!
Oh, not in vain a gracious Providence
Has spared thee from thy brothers' early fate,
And called thee to the unexpected throne.
Thy gentle spirit is ordained by Heaven
To heal the wounds which party rage has made.
Thou wilt tread out the flames of civil war;
My heart foresees thou wilt establish peace,
And found the monarchy in France anew.

CHAR. Not I: this rough and weather-beaten time
Demands a stronger and a sterner guide.
I could have made a peaceful people happy—
A wild tumultuous one I cannot tame.
The sword is powerless to open hearts
Which hate and passion have closed up against me.

AGNES. The people are deceived, bewildered, blinded;
But soon the whirlwind will have passed away.
The reverence for their own legitimate king,
So deeply rooted in the hearts of Frenchmen,
Will wake ere long within their breasts again,
And jealousy revive the ancient hate
Which parts the nations everlastingly.
Even in his conquest shall the conqueror fall.
Be of good cheer; quit not the field too soon;
But struggle there for every inch of ground.
Defend Orleans as thou wouldst guard thy life;
Destroy the boats behind us; burn the bridges
Which lead thee o'er the threshold of thy throne,
Across the Stygian waters of the Loire.

CHAR. What I could do, I have already done;
I would have staked my life upon the crown
In knightly combat: it has been refused.

My subjects waste their lives in vain for me,
And fruitlessly my cities sink in ashes.
Shall I resemble an unnatural mother,
Who would consent to hew her child asunder?
Rather than see it perish, I will renounce it.

DUN. How, sire ! Is this the language of a king ?
Wilt thou give up a crown so easily ?
Thy meanest subject ventures life and land
To gratify his hatred or his love.
Party is all in all : when once abroad
Is hung the bloody sign of civil war,
The ploughman leaves his plough, the wife her distaff ;
Children and hoary veterans arm themselves ;
The reckless citizen burns his city down,
The peasant fires his fields, to help or harm thee,
And to maintain his fixed and obstinate will ;
Spares not himself—expects not to be spared
When honour bids him suffer, when he fights
Or for his idols or his deities.
Away, then, with this soft effeminate pity,
Which ill becomes a monarch ! Let this war
Storm on as fiercely as it rages now :
Thou didst not lightly bid its flames arise.
Still must the people suffer for their king :
That is the law and order of the world ;
Frenchmen know nought, and wish nought otherwise :
Vile would the nation be that could refuse
Gladly to venture all to save its honour.

CHAR. [*to the COUNCILLORS.*] Expect no other answer.
God protect you !
I cannot do so.

DUN. Then may victory
For ever fly thy side, as thou wilt fly
From thine inherited kingdom ! I forsake
Thy fortunes, as thou hast thyself forsaken.
Not Burgundy or England has uncrowned thee ;
Thine own tame spirit hurls thee from the throne.
The kings of France are heroes from their birth ;
Thou art not born to win a warrior's name.

[*To the COUNCILLORS.*]
The King abandons you, but I will go
To Orleans, to my father's faithful city,
And bury me beneath its broken wall.

AGNES [*detaining him.*] Let him not part in anger from thee
thus :

His words are bitter, but his heart is true—
Is true as gold. He is the same Dunois
Who loves thee warmly, who has bled for thee.
Come, Dunois, own that hea. and noble passion
Led you too far ; and do thou, too, forgive
Thy well-tried friend the roughness of his speech.
O, come, let me unite your hearts once more,
Ere the sharp anger of one hasty word
Inflames unquenchable, destructive hatred.

[DUNOIS fixes his eye upon the KING, and seems to expect
an answer.]

CHAR. [*to DU CHATEL.*] We go across the Loire without delay.
 Embark my furniture !
 DUN. [*quickly.*] Agnes, farewell !
 [*Exit ; the COUNCILLORS follow.*]

SCENE VI.—CHARLES, AGNES, DU CHATEL.

AGNES. Oh, if he goes, then are we quite forsaken.
 Follow, Lahire, and seek to soften him. [*Exit LAHIRE.*]

CHAR. Is, then, a crown the first and only good ?
 Is it so hard and bitter to renounce it ?
 I know one thing much harder to endure :
 To be o'ermastered by these fiery lords,
 To live upon the bountiful obedience
 Of these proud, self-willed, domineering vassals—
 That is the hardest for a noble heart,
 A bitterer lot than evil fortune brings.

[*To DU CHATEL, who lingers.*]

Obeys my orders !

DU CHA. [*kneeling*] Oh, my royal master !

CHAR. We are determined : speak not one word more !

DU CHA. Make peace, sire, with the Duke of Burgundy :
 I see no other hope of safety for thee.

CHAR. Is this thy counsel ?—is it not thy blood
 Which is to ratify this new alliance ?

DU CHA. Here is my head : in the full front of battle
 Oft have I ventured it ; and now for thee
 Upon the block I freely lay it down.
 Content the Duke : deliver Du Chatel
 Unto the savage sternness of his wrath,
 And with my blood be the old quarrel ended.

CHAR. [*gazing some time on him in silence.*] Can this be
 real ? Am I then sunk so low
 That even my friends, who read my inmost soul,
 Point out a shameful way of safety for me ?
 Oh, not till now did I perceive my fall—
 For faith upon my honour is no more !

DU CHA. Consider—

CHAR. Not a word ! Urge me no farther !
 If I must turn my back upon ten kingdoms,
 With my friend's life I will not purchase them.
 Do what I ordered ! Let my armament
 Be speedily sent o'er the Loire !

DU CHA. Alas ! it is soon done.

[*Exit DU CHATEL ; AGNES weeps bitterly.*]

SCENE VII.—CHARLES, AGNES.

CHAR. [*taking her hand.*] My Agnes, be not sad !
 There is another France beyond the Loire :
 We hasten to a brighter, happier land.
 A mild, unclouded heaven is smiling there,
 Soft airs and softer manners wait for us :
 It is the home of minstrelsy and song,
 And life and love bloom there more happily.

AGNES. Why am I spared to see this day of sorrow ?

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

705

The King goes into banishment—the son
Must wander from his father's home—the child
Must leave its cradle! Oh, thou pleasant land
Which we forsake, never shall we return
Again to thee in joy!

SCENE VIII.—*Enter LAHIRE.*

You bring him not! You come alone—
What new misfortune have we yet to learn?
LAH. Misfortune is exhausted, and at length
Sunshine appears again.
AGNES. Oh, what has happened?
LAH. [to the KING.] Call back the messengers from Orleans.
CHAR. Why?
LAH. Call them again, for fortune smiles on thee:
A battle has been fought, and thou hast conquered.
AGNES. Conquered! What heavenly music in one word!
CHAR. Lahire, some fabling rumour has deceived thee:
Conquered! I have no faith in conquest now.
LAH. Thou wilt have faith in greater things ere long:
Here the Archbishop comes; he brings Dunois
Back to thy arms.
AGNES. Fair flower of victory,
Which bears such heavenly fruits, peace and forgiveness.

SCENE IX.—*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS, DUNOIS, DU CHATEL, and RAOUL.*

ARCH. [leading DUNOIS to the KING.] Princes, embrace; let
rancour and resentment
Be stilled, since Heaven declares upon your side.
CHAR. Dispel my doubts and my astonishment!
What means this solemn adjuration; say,
How is this sudden change accomplished?
ARCH. [bringing forward RAOUL.] Speak!
RAOUL. We were a company of sixteen pennons,
Men of Lorraine, in march to join thy army;
Our leader was a knight of Vaucouleurs;
But when we reached the heights near Vermentou,
And looked into the valley of the Yonne,
There lay a hostile army in the plain,
And weapons gleamed upon the hills behind us:
We were encompassed by two mighty hosts,
And hope seemed none of victory or flight.
The courage of the boldest fell, and all,
Despairingly, would fain throw down their arms;
But, whilst our leaders sought in vain for counsel,
A mighty miracle appeared before us:
Out of the tangled forest suddenly
A maid came forth; her head was helmeted,
Her countenance was fair, but terrible;
Her dark hair flowed in jetty ringlets down.
There seemed a light from Heaven upon the hill,
When she uplifted her clear voice and cried,
“Why droop ye, valiant Frenchmen? Follow me!”

If they were more than sand on the sea-shore,
 God and the Blessed Virgin are with you!"
 And with these rapid words she snatched a banner,
 And strode majestically to lead us on.
 We, dumb, astonished, and scarce willingly,
 Followed the banner and the inspired maid,
 And like a tempest rushed upon the foe.
 They stood awhile perplexed and motionless,
 Awe-struck and gazing on the miracle
 Thus visibly revealed before us all;
 Then suddenly, as struck with panic fear,
 Turned round to flight, cast spear and shield away,
 And their whole force was scattered o'er the plain.
 There helped no leader's voice, no shout of war,
 But mad with terror, without looking back,
 Plunged man and horse into the foaming flood,
 Or unresistingly were sacrificed.
 It was a butchery, it was not a battle:
 Two thousand English lay upon the field,
 Besides the fugitives swallowed by the Yonne,
 And not a single man of ours was lost.

CHAR. 'Tis strange, by Heaven: most wonderful and strange!

AGNES. And did a woman work this miracle—
 Who is she?

RAOUL. Who she is
 She will declare to no one but the King.
 She calls herself the messenger of God—
 A holy prophetess, and promises
 To save Orleans before the moon shall change.
 The troops believe in her, and thirst for battle:
 She follows me—she will be quickly here.

[*Distant shouts are heard, ringing of bells, &c.*
 Hark to the shouts, the sounds of joy!—'tis she!
 The people greet the messenger of Heaven.

CHAR. [*to DU CHATEL.*] Bring her before me!

[*Exit DU CHATEL.*]

[*To the ARCHBISHOP.*] What must I think of this?
 A maiden brings me victory at an hour
 When nothing but a miracle can save me.
 That is not in the common course of things;
 And may I, Bishop—may I trust in wonders?

[*Several voices behind the scenes.*] Hail to the maiden, the Deliverer!

CHAR. She comes? Take thou my royal seat, Dunois;
 We will make trial of this wondrous maid:
 If her commission be indeed from Heaven,
 She will not fail to recognize the King.

[*DUNOIS seats himself; the KING stands on his right hand, leaving the centre clear.*]

SCENE X.—*Enter JOHANNA, followed by DU CHATEL, the COUNCILLORS, KNIGHTS, and SOLDIERS, who fill up the background. She comes forward and gazes on the KING's circle.*

DUN. Art thou the wordrous maiden—

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

707

JOH. *[interrupting.]* Bastard of Orleans, why wilt thou tempt God?
Stand up and leave that place, which ill beseems thee;
Here stands one greater; I am sent to him.

[She walks towards the KING; drops on one knee, rises instantly, and goes back a few paces. Signs of astonishment among the others. DUNOIS rises.]
CHAR. This is the first time thou hast ever looked Upon my face; whence is thy knowledge of me?

JOH. I saw thee when none else but God beheld thee:
Remember yesternight, when all around
Lay in deep slumber, thou didst leave thy couch,
And earnestly preferred thy prayers to Heaven.
Bid these go forth, and I repeat to thee
The sum of thy petition.

CHAR. What I trusted
To Heaven, I have no need to hide from man:
Declare to me the purport of my prayers,
And I believe the spirit of God is in thee.

JOH. Three supplications thou didst offer up:
Dauphin, give heed if rightly I repeat them:
First, thou didst pray to Heaven, if wrongful gains
Enriched the crown, if heavy guilt of others
Done in the olden time, and unatoned,
Had drawn this fearful war upon the land,
To take thee as an offering for thy people,
And pour the cup of wrath on thee alone.

CHAR. *[starting back with terror.]* Who art thou, and whence comest thou, mighty being? *[All give signs of astonishment.]*
JOH. This was the second prayer thou didst put up:
Were it the high decree and will of Heaven
To shake the inherited sceptre from thy hand,
To leave thee bare and unpossessed of all
Which in this realm thy royal fathers held,
Three blessings thou didst pray might still be thine,
Content, and friendship, and thy Agnes' love.

[The KING hides his face; increasing astonishment among the others.]
Shall I yet need to name thy third prayer to thee?

CHAR. Enough! I believe: this is no human power:
Thou art sent here by an almighty hand.

ARCII. Who art thou, holy and miraculous maid?
Where is thy birthplace? Say, who are the parents
Favoured by Heaven with such a wondrous child?

JOH. My name, most reverend father, is Johanna;
I am a lowly shepherd's humble daughter
In the king's loyal village of Dom Remi,
Which lies within the diocese of Toul.
There from a child I kept my father's flock:
And much I often heard of Englishmen,
The stranger-island race, who had come hither
Across the sea to bring us into thrall,
And to set over us a foreign master
Who does not love the people: I heard, too,
That the great city, Paris, had received them,

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

And that they soon would conquer all the land.
 Then bitterly I prayed unto the Virgin
 That she would save us from this shameful yoke,
 And let us live beneath our native king.
 Hard by the village in which I was born
 There stands an ancient chapel of Our Lady,
 Much visited by pious pilgrims' love ;
 And close beside it is a sacred oak,
 For many wondrous miracles renowned :
 And much I loved to sit and tend my flock
 Beneath the shadow of this holy tree :
 My heart still led me there, and oft it happened,
 If I had lost a lamb on the bleak mountains,
 I saw it in my dreams when I lay down
 And slept beneath the shadow of this tree ;
 And once, when I had spent a weary night
 In lonely thought, and strove with drowsiness,
 The Virgin suddenly appeared before me,
 Bearing a sword and banner, in all else
 A shepherdess like me, and thus she said :
 " It is I : stand up Johanna ; leave thy flock ;
 For other work the Lord has need of thee.
 Take thou this banner, and gird on this sword,
 And overthrow my people's enemies ;
 Thou shalt lead on thy master's son to Rheims,
 And crown him with the royal crown of France."
 I answered her : " How can a helpless girl,
 Unskilled in all the bloody arts of war,
 Take on herself to do such mighty deeds ? "
 Then she replied : " All power on earth is given
 To a pure virgin, who withstands the thrall
 Of earthly love." With that she touched my eyes,
 And I looked up and saw the skies were full
 Of angels, who bore lilies in their hands,
 And so three nights successively she came,
 And thrice she said, " Johanna, leave thy flock,
 The Lord has need of thee ; stand up, Johanna."
 But when the third time she had thus appeared,
 She was displeased, and spoke reprovingly :
 " On earth obedience is a woman's duty ;
 Sorrow and suffering are prepared for thee,
 Which thou must purify by zealous service ;
 She who serves here shall become great above."
 And at these words her shepherd weeds fell off,
 And, glorious in the majesty of Heaven,
 She slowly passed away with dazzling clouds
 Into the realms of everlasting joy.

ARCH. [*after a pause.*] Before such supernatural testimony

Each doubt of earthly wisdom must be dumb ;
 Her acts approve that she has spoken truth,
 For Heaven alone can work such wondrous deeds.

DUN. I trust her eye more than her miracles ;
 Her glance bespeaking her pure innocent soul.

CHAR. I am unworthy of this heavenly grace ;

All-searching eye of Providence !—thou seest
My inmost thoughts and my humility.

JOH. Humility becometh the mighty well :
Thou humblest thyself—thou art exalted.

CHAR. Shall I then once more stand against my foes ?

JOH. I will lay France recovered at thy feet.

CHAR. And thou hast said that Orleans shall not fall ?

JOH. Sooner the Loire run backwards to its source !

CHAR. And I shall enter Rheims a conqueror ?

JOH. I lead thee thither through a thousand foes.

DUN. Place but Johanna at our army's head,
We follow blindly where the heavenly maid
Leads on : her prophet eye shall be our guide,
And this good sword shall ward off danger from her.

LAM. We shall not fear a world in arms united
When she leads on the squadrons of our host :
The God of victory is at her side,
The mighty maiden—let her be our guide.

CHAR. Yes, holy maiden—thou shalt lead my armies ;
The princes of the land shall all obey thee.
~~The Constable, in sudden discontent,~~
Has sent me back his sword of high command ;
Now it has found a worthier hand in thine.
Take it, inspired prophetess, from me,
And be henceforward—

JOH. Not so, noble Dauphin !
The victory has not been promised to me
With arms of earthly dignity like this—
I know another sword wherewith to conquer ;
I will describe it as the spirit showed me,
And do thou send and bring it to me here.

CHAR. Name it, Johanna !

JOH. Send to the old town
Of Fierboys ; there, in St. Catherine's Church,
Great store of armour lies within a vault,
The prize of long forgotten victories ;
There is the only sword which I may use.
It will be known by three gold lilies stamped
Upon the blade—let this be brought to me,
For with this sword I lead thee on to Rheims.

CHAR. Let some one go and do as she has said.

JOH. And let a banner be embroidered for me,
White with a purple fringe, and on the field
Be there displayed the Virgin with the Child,
Floating majestically above the earth ;
For thus the holy vision showed unto me.

CHAR. Be it as thou wilt.

JOH. Now, reverend Bishop,
Stretch out thy priestly hand and bless thy daughter.

[*Kneels before him.*]

ARCH. Thou art come hither to bestow a blessing,
Not to receive one. Go, in the might of God !
We are unworthy, miserable sinners.

[*She stands up.*]

Enter a PAGE.

PAGE. A herald from the English stands without.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

JOH. Give him admittance; God has sent him here.
[The KING signs to PAGE, who goes.]

SCENE XI.—*Enter HERALD.*

CHAR. Herald, what bringest thou? Speak thy message freely.
 HER. Which of you here replies for Charles of Valois,
 The Count of Ponthieu?

DUN. Dog of a herald!
 Presume not on thy painted coat too far.
 What! wilt thou dare deny the King of France
 On his own ground?

HER. France knows no king but one,
 Who lies within the English camp.

CHAR. Have patience, cou-in. Tell thy message, herald!

HER. My noble master, pitying the blood
 Already spilled, and which still yet must flow,
 Holds his victorious sword within the scabbard,
 And ere his fury falls upon Orleans
 He offers thee fair articles of peace.

CHAR. Declare them!

JOH. Sire, permit that in thy stead
 I may make answer to this messenger.

CHAR. Do so, Johanna; speak for peace or war.

JOH. Who sends thee here—in whose name speakest thou?

HER. The English General, the Earl Salisbury.

JOH. Herald, it is false; the Earl speaks not by thee:
 Only the living speak, and not the dead.

HER. My master lives still, in full health and vigour;
 Lives to the common ruin of you all.

JOH. He lived when thou departed; but this morning
 A shot from Orleans stretched him on the ground
 As he was looking down from La Tournelle.
 Thou smilest that I speak of distant things;
 Trust not my saying, trust what thou wilt see—
 His funeral pomp will welcome thy return.

Now, herald, thou mayest speak and tell thy message.
 HER. If thou hast power to see what is concealed
 I need not speak; thou knowest it already.

JOH. I know it well; take thou my answer back;
 Say to the princes who have sent thee here:

"Thou King of England, and ye brother dukes,
 Bedford and Gloucester, who lay waste this land,
 You owe a reckoning to the King of Heaven

For all the blood that you have shed in France!
 Give up forthwith the keys of all the cities
 Which against justice you have overpowered;

The maiden comes, the chosen one of Heaven:
 She offers peace to you or bloody war.
 Choose! for I tell you, be assured of this,
 France is not given by God to be your portion:

And unto Paris, Charles, my lawful king,
 Surrounded by the princes of the land,
 Full royally ere long shall enter in."

Now, herald, hurry back—make no delay!

Sooner than thou canst reach the English camp,
 To bring this message, is the maiden there,
 And plants the flag of victory in Orleans.

[General movement.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Foreground, Rocky Scenery behind.**Enter* TALBOT, LIONEL, DUKE OF BURGUNDY, FASTOLF, CHATILLON,
and SOLDIERS.

TAL. Here let us halt, beside this rocky ground,
And here encamp securely for the night,
If we can bring together the fugitives
Which the first panic-terror has dispersed,
Occupy the heights and keep a careful watch :
The night, indeed, protects us from pursuit,
And if our enemy follow not on wings,
I do not fear attack : yet there is need
Of vigilance, for we have met to-day
A daring foe, and we have been defeated !

[*Exit* FASTOLF with SOLDIERS.]

LIO. Defeated, General ! Name the word no more :
I dare not think on it, that Englishmen
Have fled to-day before the face of Frenchmen ;
Oh ! Orleans, Orleans ! grave of our renown,
Here in thy fields lies buried England's honour.
Disgraceful and ridiculous defeat !
Who will believe the tale in future days ?
The conquerors of Cressy and Poitiers
And Agincourt, defeated by a woman !

BUR. That must console us : we have not been beaten
By men, but foiled by devilish sorcery.

TAL. The sorcery of folly ! How now, Burgundy !
Does then this spectre of the populace,
Which fear has conjured forth, scare princes too ?
But superstition is too thin a veil
To hide your weakness : your troops fled the first.

BUR. No one held ground ; the flight was general.

TAL. No, it began at first upon your wing :
You burst into my camp with shrieks of fear,
Crying, " Hell is loose, and Satan fights for France !"
And so you brought the rest into confusion.

LIO. It cannot be denied : your wing fled first.

BUR. Because the first attack was on that side.

TAL. The maiden knew the weakness of our camp,
And in which quarter she should look for fear.

BUR. What ! must I bear the blame of our misfortune ?

LIO. We Englishmen, had we but been alone,
By God, we never would have lost Orleans !

BUR. No ! for you never would have seen Orleans :
Who paved the way for you into this realm,
Reached out his friendly hand when you first came
And landed on a strange and hostile shore ?
Who but I crowned your Henry king in Paris,
And wrought the hearts of Frenchmen to obey him ?
By Heaven ! if this strong arm had not upheld you
And led you hither, you had never seen
The curling smoke rise from one hearth in France.

LIO. If mighty words would do it, Burgundy,
Long since you would have conquered France alone.

BUR. You are ill pleased that Orleans has escaped us,
And vent the bitterness of your wrath on me,

Your true ally. Why has Orleans escaped us,
But for your greediness of acquisition?
The town was ready to make terms with me :
Your envy was the only obstacle.

TAL. We were not minded to win towns for you.

BUR. How were it with you if I withdrew my troops?

LIO. Not worse, believe me, than at Agincourt,
Where we were ready for you and France together.

BUR. Yet was some value set upon my friendship,
And dearly did the Regent purchase it.

TAL. Dearly, too dearly ! And at Orleans
We paid the price to-day with England's honour.

BUR. Urge me no more, my lord ; you may repent it.
Did I forsake my master's rightful banner,
Entail the curse of treason on my name,
To bear such insolence from foreign scorn ?
Why am I here—why fight I against France ?
If I must choose amongst ungrateful friends,
The thankless one shall be my native king.

TAL. You are in correspondence with the Dauphin ;
We know it well, but we will find a way
To guard ourselves from treason.

BUR. Death and hell !
Shall I be treated thus ? Chatillon, instantly
Draw out my people and prepare to march : [Exit CHATILLON.
We will return.

LIO. Good fortune go with you !
For British glory never glanced so brightly
As when we trusted to no helper's hand,
But forced our way with our good swords alone ;
Let every one fight his own quarrel singly :
For it is sure that French and English blood
Can never mingle cordially together.

SCENE II.—*Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, attended.*

ISA. What must I hear, my lords ? Stay, Burgundy !
What is this strange and fatal influence,
Bewildering even the wisest in the camp ?
Shall hate and bitterness divide you now :
Just now, when only union can uphold you,
Shall your own friends accelerate your fall ?
I pray you, noble Duke, recall the order
So rashly given ; and you, renowned Talbot,
Appease your friend, not without cause incensed.
Come, Lionel, help me with these haughty spirits,
To speak content, and to establish peace.

LIO. Madam, not I ; it matters nought to me :
My notion is, who cannot suit together
Do well and wisely when they separate.

ISA. How ! Are the blind, deceitful arts of hell,
Which we have found so fatal in the field,
Still busy to delude and baffle us ?
Who first began the quarrel ? Noble Talbot,
Didst thou so far forget thy interest
As to insult thy sworn and faithful friend ?
What can you do without this helping arm ?

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

He who has built up your King's unsteady throne,
He holds him or unseats him when he will;
His army strengthens you, still more his name:
If France be but at union with herself,
Not all the might of England, poured forth
From all her coasts, avails to master her:
France can be overcome by France alone.

TAL. We are not slow to honour faithful friends;
The wise will guard from false companions too.

BUR. When gratitude has once become a pain,
Falsehood is ready to excuse the crime.

ISA. What! noble Duke, canst thou so far forget
All sense of honour and of princely shame,
That you will clasp in friendly brotherhood
The murderous hand by which your father died?

Are you so mad as to believe in peace
With that same Dauphin, whom you have hurled down,
And brought so closely to the brink of ruin?
So near his fall, wilt thou uphold him still,
Madly destroying what thyself hast done?

Here are your friends; your glory and your gain
Lie in your faithful fellowship with England.

BUR. My thoughts are far from union with the Dauphin;
But I can ill endure the proud contempt
And overbearing insolence of England.

ISA. Nay! take not seriously one hasty word;
The General is oppressed with heavy sorrow;
Misfortune is the mother of injustice.
Come, come! embrace, and let me reconcile,
Ere it takes lasting root, your hasty quarrel.

TAL. What sayst thou, Burgundy? A noble mind
Yields gladly to the master-voice of reason.
The Queen has spoken well and prudently;
Then let the honest pressure of my hand
Efface the wounds my hasty tongue has made.

BUR. The Queen has spoken truth: my just resentment
Yields to the pressure of necessity.

ISA. Why, this is well; a brotherly embrace
Will seal your new established covenant,
And let the past be given to the winds.

[BURGUNDY and TALBOT embrace.]

LIO. [*aside.*] A blessed peace, established by a fury!
ISA. My lords, we have lost a battle; we have found
An adverse fate to-day; but let not this
Cast down your noble hearts: the reckless Dauphin,
Despairing of the help of Heaven, has called
Satanic arts to save him; but in vain
Has he endangered his immortal weal,
For Hell itself is powerless to protect him.
A conquering maiden leads his army on:
I will lead yours, and I will be to you
In stead of prophetess and sainted maid.

LIO. Madam, go back to Paris; trust our swords;
We need no woman to teach us how to conquer.

TAL. Go, go! no blessing is upon our arms,
But all goes wrong since you were in the camp.

BUR. Go ! for your presence here avails us nothing;
The soldiers are dissatisfied with you.

ISA. You, also, Burgundy ! do you combine
With these ungrateful Englishmen against me ?

BUR. Go ! for the soldier loses half his courage
When he believes he fights upon your side.

ISA. The words of peace are still upon my tongue,
Whilst thus together you conspire against me.

TAL. Go, madam, go, in God's name, I beseech you !
We fear no sorceress when you are gone.

ISA. Why, am I not your true and sworn ally ?
Your cause is mine—

TAL. And yet yours is not ours;
We have embraced an honourable quarrel.

BUR. I would revenge a father's bloody murder;
My arms are sanctified by filial duty.

TAL. Let us speak plain ; your conduct to the Dauphin
Sins against every law of God and man.

ISA. May tenfold curses wither up his limbs,
The impious son, who dared insult his mother !

BUR. He but avenged a father and a husband.

ISA. He made himself my judge and monitor.

LIO. Truly, that was irreverent in a son.

ISA. He dared to drive me into banishment.

TAL. He but obeyed the general cry against you.

ISA. May curses fall on me if I forgive him !
Ere he shall reign upon his father's throne—

TAL. Rather you would sacrifice his mother's honour !

ISA. Your feeble spirits cannot comprehend
The wrath of an offended mother's heart.

I love what does me service, and I hate

What injures me ; and if it be my son

Whom I have borne, my hate is bitterer still.

Shall I not then resent that he to whom

I gave his life, with saucy arrogance

Dares to insult the author of his being ?

You, you, who levy war against my son,

You have no cause, no claim to plunder him.

What crimes has he committed against you ?

What duty to you has he di-regarded ?

Base envy and ambition bring you here :

I have a right to hate him, for I bore him.

TAL. By her revenge he learns to know his mother !

ISA. Mean-spirited hypocrites ! how I do despise you,
Who cheat yourselves as you deceive the world.

You Englishmen stretch out your robber hands

Towards this land of France, where you have not

A title or pretence to so much earth

As lies beneath one horse's hoof. This Duke,

Who loves to be nicknamed "The Good," he sells

His fatherland, the inheritance of his fathers,

To a strange master and a natural foe ;

And yet is justice ever on your tongue !

I do despise such base hypocrisy,

The world shall see me as I am.

BUR. In sooth,
Full gallantly do you redeem this pledge !

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

ISA. What! I have passions! have I not warm blood
As others have? I came into this land,
To be indeed, and not to seem, a Queen.
Must I be doomed then to renounce all joy,
Because the curse of fate had fettered me
In my glad youth to a distracted husband?
I love my freedom better than my life,
And he who threatens it— But why should I
Dispute with you upon the rights I claim?
Slow creeps the thick blood in your heavy veins:
You know the wrath of hate, but not the joy;
And this "Good Duke," whose life has ever been
Midway and halting betwixt right and wrong,
Can neither hate nor love. I go to Melun.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—TALBOT, BURGUNDY, LIONEL.

TAL. What a woman!

LIO. Come, my lords, to counsel;
Must we fly farther, or return again
To wipe away by some bold enterprise
The short-lived shame of our defeat to day?

BUR. We are too weak, the troops are in confusion,
The terror is too recent in the camp.

TAL. Only blind panic has subdued us now;
A rapid, momentary, fleeting impulse;
The spectred vision of the frightened fancy,
Steadfastly gazed upon, will disappear.
Therefore my counsel is, we lead the army
Across the river, back, at break of day,
To face the foe.

BUR. Consider— By your leave,
LIO. There is no room for hesitation here.

We must win speedily what we have lost,
Or shame will rest eternally upon us.

TAL. It is determined: we will fight to-morrow,
And dissipate the phantom of our fear,
Which now unmans and blinds our followers.
We will endeavour, in the coming battle,
To meet this virgin devil face to face;
If she encounters with our sharp-edged swords,
Her powers of sorcery will not save her long;
Or if she shuns us, as she surely will
A real attack, the troops are disabused.

LIO. Be it so; and leave to me, my noble lord,
This easy conquest where no blood shall flow.
I trust to seize our goblin foe alive,
And before Dunois' eyes, her paramour,
To bear her in my arms a prisoner,
Amid the army's scoffs, into our camp.

BUR. Promise not too boldly! If I meet with her
TAL. I do not think so softly to embrace her.

Come now, exhausted nature needs repose:
Let us refresh our strength with gentle slumber,
Then with the break of day to our assault.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Enter JOHANNA over the Rocks; DUNOIS, LAHIRE, KNIGHTS and SOLDIERS: they come down to the front.*

JOH. The pass is gained, and we are in the camp;
Now cast away the veil of silent night,
Which has o'ershadowed your advance so far:
Your presence, fraught with terror to your foes,
Let your loud war-cry tell—God and the Maiden!

[SOLDIERS shouting, with noise of military instruments.

God and the Maiden!

SENTINELS [*behind the scenes.*] Up! awake! the foe!

JOH. Bring torches hither: throw fire among the tents:
Let the flame's fury multiply their fear,
And death encompass them on every side. [Offers to go.

DUN. [*holding her back.*] Johanna, thou hast well performed
thy part,

Hast led us here amid the English camp,
And given the enemy into our hand.
Stay now aloof, forbear the bloody strife,
And leave to us what yet remains to do.

LAH. Yes! show the way of victory to the troops,
And wield the banner in thy blameless hand:
Take not the deadly sword into thy grasp,
Tempt not the false uncertain fate of battle,
Which rages blindly and regardlessly.

JOH. Who shall withhold me? who shall dare withstand
The spirit that drives me on? When once shot forth,
The arrow must fly forward to the goal:
Where danger is, there must Johanna be!
Not now, not here, am I decreed to fall.
On the King's head first I must set the crown;
No enemy has power to work me harm,
Till all that God commanded is fulfilled. [Exit.

LAH. Come, Dunois, let us guard the heroic maid,
And shield her life at peril of our own. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*Enter ENGLISH SOLDIERS in confusion.*

1ST SOLDIER. The Maiden! here in the camp!

2ND SOLDIER. Impossible!—how can it be! How came she
into the camp?

3RD SOLDIER. Through the air; the devil helps her.

4TH and 5TH SOLDIERS. Fly, fly! we are all lost! [Exeunt.

Enter TALBOT.

They will not hear—they will not stand to me!
The bands of discipline are all unloosed,
And as if Hell had vomited its legions
Of damned spirits, one rabble rout of fear
Drives maily forth the coward and the brave.
I cannot rally the smallest troop around me
To face the rushing tide of enemies,
Which pours its swelling strength into the camp.
Am I the only sane one in the army?
Does the same fever rage in all but me?
To fly before these French effeminate,
Whom we have beaten back in twenty battles!

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Who is she then, this irresistible,
This Queen of Terror, who at once can turn
The fate of battles, and change a coward troop
Of trembling deer to lion-hearted heroes?
Shall, then, a cheat, who acts a heroine's part,
Appal true courage with her mimic valour—
A woman rob me of my warlike fame!

SOLDIER [*running.*] The Maiden! Fly! General, fly!
TAL. Fly thou to hell [*Striking him down.*]
Thyself! This sword shall pierce the heart of all
Who speak to me of fear or dastard flight! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the field. The English Camp in flames.*
Alarum.

Enter MONTGOMERY.

Where shall I fly? Death is on every side.
Here Talbot rages, and, with threatening sword,
Forbids our flight, and drives us on destruction;
Yonder the Fearful One, who, like a flame
Of all-consuming fire, deals death around;
And near me is no bush, no secret cave,
Where I may hide my fear. Ah, wretched man!
Why did I cross the sea, fooled with vain hopes
That I might buy in France a cheap renown?
And now an evil fate has led me here
Into this field of blood. Oh! were I far,
Where round my father's peaceful dwelling flows
The glittering Severn, where my mother mourns,
And my soft bride grieves for my safe return.
Alas! what see I? Yonder the terror comes;
Dimly she rises from the lurid fires
Like some dark demon from the throat of hell.
Where can I fly? even now her eyes of flame
Have fastened on me, and she darts this way
Her fascinating and unerring glance.
My feet are fettered, while the magic charm
With which I feel encircled, hems my flight,
I cannot choose but gaze upon her face,
Though fear and loathing chill my fainting heart.
She comes: I will not wait till savagely
She rushes on her prey; I will fall down,
Embrace her feet, and supplicate for life:
She is a woman—tears perhaps will move her.

SCENE VII.—*Enter JOHANNA.*

Thou art lost: a British mother nurtured thee.
MONT. Hold, fearful maiden! pierce not the defenceless!
See, I have cast my sword and shield away;
Unarmed and suppliant at thy feet I fall;
Leave me the light of life—take ransom for me.
Rich and luxuriant is my father's home,
In the fair land of Wales, where, through green valleys,
The winding Severn rolls its silver stream,
And fifty hamlets own him for their lord.
With a rich ransom will he buy my freedom,
When he shall know his son a prisoner.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

JOH. Deluded fool! thou art fallen into the hand
Of the destroying angel, where no hope
Of ransom or of safety can remain.
Had thy fate thrown thee to the crocodile,
Or to the spotted tiger—hadst thou met
The raging lioness seeking for her young,
Then mightest thou hope for mercy and compassion;
But it is certain death to meet the Maiden.
A fearful task is laid upon my soul;
Bound by a stern, irrevocable vow
To slay all living creatures with the sword
Which destiny has given into my hand.

MONT. Thy words are fearful, but thy looks are mild:
Thou art not terrible when I gaze on thee!
My heart pays homage to thy loveliness.
Oh! by the tenderness of thy soft sex,
I do adjure thee, spare my youthful life.

JOH. Call not upon my sex, name me not woman:
Like disembodied spirits, which unrestrained
By earthly ties, go wandering through the air,
I have no sex, this armour hides no heart.

MONT. Oh! I implore thee in the name of love,
The universal law which all obey;
For I have left at home a beauteous bride,
Fair as thyself, blooming in youthful grace,
And tearfully she waits for my return;
If thou hast ever known the name of love
And hoped for happiness, divide not now
Two hearts united by these holy ties.

JOH. Thou callest on strange and earthly deities
Which I know not, nor honour; I know nought
Of ties of love, by which thou dost adjure me,
And pay no homage to its idle shrine.
Defend thy life, for death awaits thee now.

MONT. Have mercy, then, upon the wretched mother
Whom I have left at home. Thou surely, too,
Hast quitted parents sorrowing for thy sake.

JOH. Unhappy wretch!—wilt thou remind me, then,
How many childless mothers in this land,
How many tender infants fatherless,
How many widows you have made desolate!
Let England's mothers taste the deep despair,
And learn to weep the tears which all too long
Have dropped in France unseen and unavenged.

MONT. Oh, it is hard to die unpitied here!

JOH. Who called you here, into this strange land,
To waste the blooming produce of our fields,
To drive us from our own domestic hearths,
To hurl the flames of war where holy peace
Had made her sanctuary within our walls?
You dreamed, in your heart's vain imaginings,
To plunge the free-born Frenchman in the shame
Of slavery, and fetter this great land,
As 'twere a boat, to your proud ocean galley!
Vain fools! the royal shield of France is hung
Fast by the throne of God: as easily
Might you pluck down stars from the firmament

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

As hold one village of this mighty empire,
Eternal, One, and Indivisible.

The day of wrath is come, and ne'er again
Will you return across the hallowed sea
Which God has set the boundary of your land,
And which you impiously have overleaped.

MONT. The bitterness of death is on me now.

JOH. Death, friend! why tremble thus to think of death,
The inevitable fate? Nay, look on me:

I am a lowly maid, a shepherdess:
This hand, familiar with the peaceful crook,
Is unaccustomed to the bloody sword;
But borne away from my paternal home,
My father's love, my sister's dear embrace,
Not my own choice, the warning call of Heaven,
Hath brought me hither; to your bitter loss,
Not to my gain, to wander o'er the field
A phantom of astonishment and fear;
To scatter death, and then—myself to die:
For I shall see no day of glad return;
I shall make many widows, shall destroy
Yet many of your nation, but at length
I shall fulfil my destiny, and die.

Fulfil thine also; grasp thy shield and spear,
And let us struggle for the prize of life.
MONT. Nay, if thou art mortal, and if earthly weapons
Avail to wound thee, mine perchance may be
The appointed arm to send thee to perdition,
And rescue England from her loss and shame.
I trust my fate into the hand of God:
Creature of hell, call thou thy damned spirits
To help thy impious arm: defend thy life!

[*They fight.* MONTGOMERY falls.

SCENE VIII.—JOHANNA.

Thou camest unto thy death: farewell!

[*She turns from him and stands musing.*
Oh, mighty Virgin! thou art strong within me;
Thou strengthenest my unaccustomed arm,
Thou steel'st my heart with unrelenting fury:
My soul melts now with pity, and my hand
Trembles as if its impious violence
Had burst the sanctuary of some holy thing,
When it defaced the handiwork of God.

I shudder but to see this glittering sword:
But when the hour comes, power is on me suddenly;
And in my faltering grasp the unerring blade
Governs my arm as 'twere a living soul.

SCENE IX.—*Enter a KNIGHT, his visor closed.*

Accursed one! thine hour at length is come;
Long have I sought thee o'er the field in vain.
Thou fatal juggle, turn again to hell,
Whence thou and thy deceitful arts are sprung.

JOH. And who art thou whom an unhappy fate
Hath sent to cross my path? Thy bearing seems

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

As of a prince; thou art no Englishman,
For on thy breast is the Burgundian scarf,
To which my blade is lowered in amity.

KNI. Child of perdition! thou hast not deserved
To yield thy breath beneath a princely hand;
The headsman's bloody axe should strike the head
From thy vile body, not the noble sword
Of royal Burgundy.

JOH.

BUR. [*lifting his visor.*] I am. Now tremble, wretch, and now
despair! Then thou art the Duke.
Thy devilish sorcery avails thee not:
Thou hast encountered dastards hitherto:
A man has met thee now.

SCENE X.—*Enter DUNOIS and LAHIRE.*

DUN. Turn, Burgundy,
And fight with men, and not against a girl.
LAH. We guard the holy maiden's sacred life,
And first your sword must pierce this heart of mine.

BUR. I tremble not to meet this vile enchantress,
Nor you whom she has changed so shamefully.
Blush, Bastard, blush! Shame on thee, Lahire!
You have disgraced and stained your old renown
With hellish artifice, and stooped to seem
The attendant squires upon a sorceress quean.
Come on; I dare you all: your trust in heaven
Is gone, since you have called on help from hell.

JOH. Hold!

BUR. Dost thou tremble for thy paramour?
Before thy face shall he—

JOH. Stand back, I say!
Lahire, divide them: no French blood shall flow.
This strife shall be decided not with swords:

Another issue is decreed to it.
Fall back asunder! listen, and obey
The spirit which now inspires and speaks within me.

DUN. Why wilt thou thus restrain my lifted arm,
And stay the bloody judgment of the sword?
The steel is drawn, the blow is all but stricken,
Which reconciles and which revenges France.

JOH. [*between them.*] Stand on one side! [*to LAHIRE*] stir not
in word or deed,

For Burgundy and I must speak together.
What wouldst thou do? Who is the enemy
Whom thine eyes seek with hot desire of blood?
This noble prince, a son of France, as thou art;
This is thy countryman, thy brother in arms;
I am a daughter of thy fatherland;
We all, whom thou art raging to destroy,
Are of thy friends; our arms are open to thee
To welcome thy embrace, our knees are ready
To do thee homage, our swords are powerless
To harm thee: even when clad in steel against us,
We reverence the lineaments which bear
The sacred impress of our native kings.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BUR. False siren, thou wouldst fain entrap thy prey
With the sweet melody of flattering tones :
Deceitful one ! thou canst not so delude me.
My ears are deaf to thy ensnaring words ;
My breast is armed against thy looks of flame,
Which harmlessly glance by. Stand to your arms,
Dunois, and fight with blows, and not with words.

DUN. Words first, then blows : art thou afraid of words ?
Even that is cowardice ; it is the sign
How feebly guarded is the cause of treason.

JOH. We are not driven by hard necessity
To tremble at thy feet ; we are no suppliants
Who stand before thee. Cast thine eyes around :
The English camp lies smouldering in its ashes ;
The field is covered with thy slaughtered friends ;
Thou hearest the trumpets of victorious France ;
God has decided, and the triumph ours.
So come we to thee, offering now to share
The freshly gathered laurel with our friend.

Be one of us ; come, noble proselyte,
Where victory and right go hand in hand.
I offer—I, the messenger of Heaven—
The hand of sisterly love ; I will deliver thee,
And draw thee over to our holy cause.
Heaven is for France ; angels thou canst not see,
Adorned with lilies, combat for the King ;
Our cause is pure and snow-white as this banner,

And its chaste emblem is the Holy Virgin.
BUR. Entangled ever is the glozing phrase
Of falsehood ; but her words are like a child's,
And if foul spirits are speaking by her tongue,
Well do they counterfeit the guise of truth.
I will hear no farther—I demand the combat—
I feel my ear is weaker than my arm.

JOH. Thou sayst I am a sorceress, accusest me
Of devilish arts ; is it the work of hell
To foster peace and to extinguish hate ?
Can concord spring out of the bottomless pit ?
What can be holy, innocent, and good,
If not the struggle for our fatherland ?
And when was Nature yet so far arrayed
Against herself, that Heaven should now forsake
The rightful cause, and demons should defend it ?
If what I utter now is good and true,
Whence can it come to me but from above ?
Who could instruct the humble shepherders,
Among her flocks upon the mountain paths,
To understand and speak of royalty ;
I never stood before the thrones of kings ;
My tongue is unendowed with eloquence
Till now, when I have need to touch thy heart ;
My glance dives freely in futurity ;
The destiny of nations and of kings
Lies clearly open to my untaught eye,
And thunderbolts are flashing from my tongue.

BUR. [*astonished.*] What is this new-born feeling ? Is it from God,

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

This sudden change, that works within me now?
There is no guile in that fair countenance;
Oh, no! if I am dazzled by a charm,
It is the irresistible power of Heaven:

My heart assures me she is sent from God.
JOH. His heart is touched—it is! Oh, not in vain
My prayers and supplications have gone up,
The thunderbolt of wrath clears off his brow,
Melting in dewy tears of tender pity;

And in his eye, which beams with peace once more,
The golden sun of sympathy appears.
Down with your swords! greet him with heart and hand.
He weeps—he is o'erpowered—he is ours!
[DUNOIS and BURGUNDY embrace.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Court of KING CHARLES at Chalons on the Marne.*
Enter DUNOIS and LAHIRE.

DUN. We have been friends, Lahire, brothers in arms;
We have fought side by side in the same quarrel,
In danger and in death knit fast together;
Let not the love of woman burst the ties
Which have outlived the changing lot of fortune.

LAH. Hear me, Dunois.

DUN. You love the wondrous maid;
Well do I guess your purpose; instantly
You mean to seek the King, and to demand
The maiden as your bride, nor can he dare
Withhold your well-earned prize; but first know this:
Ere I will see her in another's arms—

LAH. Prince, hear me!

DUN. It is not the sensual charm
Of fleeting beauty that has caught my eye;
No woman yet had touched my untamed heart,
Until it met with this miraculous maid;
The chosen one of God, decreed of Heaven
To save the empire and to mate with me;
And I have sworn to lead her home a bride.
None but a heroine can a hero love;
My glowing heart pants for an equal soul,
Which comprehends and can endure its fervour.

LAH. How can I dare to match my weak desert
With the proud name of chivalrous Dunois?
Where he thinks fit to enter in the lists
All rivalry is vain; and yet, methinks,
A lowly shepherdess can never stand
Worthily at the altar by your side:
The royal stream which courses in your veins
Disdains the thought of such unequal mixture.

DUN. She is the child of Nature—so am I:
Our births are equal. But shall she be deemed
Unworthy of a prince, who is the bride
Of blessed angels, round whose godlike head
A glory streams brighter than earthly crowns,
Who sees the greatest and the mightiest

Of earthly majesty beneath her feet ?
 Take all these thrones and pile them to the stars ;
 How far are they below the lofty place
 Where in angelic dignity she stands !

LAH. Let the King choose.

DUN. No ! let her choose herself :
 She has given France its freedom : freely now
 Let her bestow her heart.

LAH.

Here is the King.

SCENE II.—*Enter CHARLES, AGNES, DU CHATEL, and CHATILLON.*

CHAR. [*to CHATILLON.*] He comes ! he will acknowledge me
 as king,

And pay to me his lawful homage here !

CHAT. Here, sire, within Chalons, your royal city,
 The Duke, my master, will kneel down before you ;
 From him I greet you as my lord and king ;
 He follows closely and I will soon be here.

AGNES. He comes ! Oh, blessed sun of this fair day,
 That shines on joy and peace, and on forgiveness !

CHAT. The Duke approaches with two hundred knights,
 And offers to kneel down before thy feet ;
 But he expects thou wilt not suffer this,
 But greet him as thy cousin and thy friend.

CHAR. My heart burns with impatience to embrace him.

CHAT. The Duke requests that in this interview
 No word be spoken of the old dispute,
 Which now is ended.

CHAR. Let the past be sunk
 For ever in oblivion ; we look on
 In gladness now to days of coming joy.

CHAT. All who have fought for Burgundy shall be
 Included with him in this amnesty.

CHAR. My kingdom will be doubled ; be it so.

CHAT. If the Queen Isabella wills it so,
 She also shall be party to the treaty.

CHAR. She wages war with me, not I with her ;
 When she has closed our quarrel it is done.

CHAT. Twelve knights shall be the hostage for your word.

CHAR. My word is sacred.

CHAT. And the Archbishop
 Shall share the holy wafer betwixt you two,
 The pledge and symbol of sincere forgiveness.

CHAR. So let my hope of future happiness,
 As heart and hand of mine are true to him !
 What other pledge does the Duke yet demand ?

CHAT. [*looking at DU CHATEL.*] Here I see one whose presence
 might give pain,
 And mar the tone of your first interview.

[DU CHATEL retires silently.]

CHAR. Go, Du Chatel, until the Duke can bear
 To look on thee, thou mayst remain concealed.

[*He follows him with his eyes, then runs to him and embraces him.*]

True friend ! thou wouldst have done much more than this
 To give me comfort.

[*Exit DU CHATEL.*]

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

CHAT. The other articles are in this paper.

CHAR. [*giving it to the ARCHBISHOP.*] Set it in order, we agree to all;

No price can be too precious for a friend.
Go, Dunois, take a hundred noble knights
With you, and meet the Duke besettingly.
Let the troops decorate themselves with laurel
To welcome in their brother warriors;
Proclaim a festival throughout the city;
And every bell shall ring abroad the news
That France and Burgundy are reconciled.

Trumpets. Enter a PAGE.

But, hark! whose are the trumpets that I hear?

PAGE. The Duke is entering.
DUN. Let us haste to meet him.

[*Exeunt DUNOIS, LAHIRE, and CHATILLON.*]
CHAR. Agnes, you weep; I, too, can scarcely bear
The emotion of our coming interview.

How many victims have been doomed to death
Ere we could meet in peace! But now at length
The fury of the storm is hushed to rest:
The darkest night is followed by the dawn;
The tardiest fruits grow ripe in their own time.

ARCH. [*at the casement.*] The Duke can scarcely find a way to
The thronging crowd. They lift him from his horse, [pass
They kiss his feet, they hang upon his mantle.

CHAR. It is a good people—fiery in their love
As in their hate: they have forgotten now
How many sons and fathers he has slain:
One moment swallows up a life gone by.
Agnes, be calm; even extravagant joy
Might be a sting to his repentant soul;
Nothing shall shame or discontent him here.

SCENE III.—*Enter the DUKE of BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LAHIRE, CHATILLON, and other KNIGHTS. The DUKE stands still on entering; the KING makes a step towards him: the DUKE immediately advances, and as he offers to kneel, the KING embraces him.*

CHAR. You have surprised us, cousin; we had thought
To bring you in; but you have nimble steeds.

BUR. They bore me to my duty. By your leave,

Fair cousin: in Arras it is our privilege,
And beauty may not dare gainsay the custom.

CHAR. Men say your city is the court of love,
The mart whence beauty has its stamp and standard.

BUR. Sire, we are traders, and we boast to show,
Upon our fair at Bruges, what men esteem
Most precious and most rare in every clime;
And what should be more highly prized than beauty?

AGNES. A constant heart deserves a higher praise;
But in your market that is never seen.

CHAR. You have an evil reputation, cousin,
That you disdain this brightest female virtue.

BUR. The heresy prepares the punishment

Which it deserves. Your heart has early taught you
What a wild life too late has lessoned me.

[*He turns to the ARCHBISHOP.*]

My reverend father, let me crave your blessing ;
You are encountered ever at your post :
He who would find you must go near to virtue.

ARCH. I wait with patience till my Master calls me ;
My heart is satisfied ; I am content
To go, since I have lived to see this day.

BUR. [*to AGNES.*] Men say that you gave up your treasured
jewels

To forge them into weapons against me.
Were you so hotly bent on my destruction ?
But now our strife is ended ; all is found
That has been counted lost, and, with the rest,
Your jewels find their owner here again ;
Once they were destined to make war against me ;
Receive them now from me in pledge of peace.

[*He takes a casket from an ATTENDANT and offers it to her ; she looks hesitatingly towards the KING.*]

CHAR. Accept the gift ; the pledge is doubly dear,
Of faithful love, and of a friend restored.

BUR. [*Fastening a rose of brilliants in her hair.*]
Why is it not the royal crown of France ?
How gladly should I place the diadem
Upon this beauteous brow ; and count on me [*Taking her hand.*]
If e'er you need a friend.

[*AGNES, overcome with emotion, bursts into tears and turns away. After a pause, BURGUNDY throws himself into the KING's arms.*]

Oh, my King !

How could I hate you—how could I renounce you !

CHAR. Hush ! speak of that no more !

BUR. And I could crown
This Englishman—swear fealty to the stranger,
And you, my king, precipitate in ruin !

CHAR. Forget it now ; all is forgiven and past :
This single moment has atoned for all ;
It was our fate—our ill-starred destiny.

BUR. I will make it good, believe me : all your sorrow
Shall be removed ; your kingdom, unimpaired,
Shall be restored ; no village shall be wanting.

CHAR. We are reconciled ; I fear no enemy now.

BUR. Believe me, whilst I stood in arms against you,
My heart was never glad : did you but know—
Why could I not have seen this mediator ? [*Turning to AGNES.*]
I had not dared to fight against her tears.
No power of hell avails to part us now,
Since we have met in brotherly embrace.
Now I have found my place and proper home,
And all my wanderings are ended here.

ARCH. Princes, your union is accomplished now,
France rises like a phoenix from her ashes,
And smiles towards a fair futurity.
The deep wounds of our country will be healed ;
The desolated villages and towns

Will rise in splendour from their smoking ruins ;
 The fields will clothe themselves anew with green ;
 But those who fell, the victims of your hate—
 The dead, will not return ; the bitter tears
 Which flowed upon your quarrel, have been wept ;
 The coming race will blossom ; but the past
 Has been the spoil of ruin and despair.
 The fathers wake not to their children's joy.
 These are the fruits of your unhallowed strife,
 And let them be to you an awful lesson.
 Tremble before the godhead of the sword
 Ere you unsheath it : monarchs may cast loose
 The fight of war ; but not submissively,
 Not like a falcon stooping from the clouds,
 Will it return to hear the hunter's cry,
 And settle on its master's hand again :
 A second time a saviour will not come
 To reach the hand of Heaven in mercy to you.

BUR. Oh, sire ! you have an angel at your side ;
 Where is she—why is she not with us here ?

CHAR. Where is Johanna ? how can she be absent
 In this fair day of glad festivity,
 Which she has given us ?

ARCH. Sire, the holy maiden
 Loves not the idle splendour of a court ;
 And when her inspiration calls her not
 Into the light of day, she shrinks abashed
 Back from the vulgar gaze of curious eyes.
 Perhaps she intercedes with Heaven for France,
 While resting from her toils of active duty ;
 For blessings still attend and follow her.

SCENE IV.—*Enter JOHANNA.*

CHAR. Thou comest, Johanna, as a priestess now,
 To consecrate the union thou hast made.

BUR. How fearful was the maiden in the battle ;
 How mildly now peace beams upon her brow.
 Have I redeemed my word, Johanna, and art thou
 Content with me ? have I deserved thy praise ?

JOH. Thou hast shown the greatest favour to thyself.
 Now thou art beaming in the blessed light ;
 Before thou wert a blazing prodigy,
 Hung out by Heaven to terrify mankind. [Looking around.
 Here I see many noble knights assembled,
 And every eye is bright with cheerful hope :
 One mourner I encountered on my way,
 Who hides himself amid the general joy.

BUR. And who is conscious of such heavy guilt,
 That he mistrusts my favour and forgiveness ?

JOH. May he approach ? Oh ! tell me that he may ;
 Complete thy work : there can be no forgiveness
 Which does not cleanse the heart from every stain ;
 One drop of hatred in the cup of joy,
 Whilst lingering still behind, infects the whole ;
 No wrong can be so deep which Burgundy
 Will not forgive upon this joyful day.

BUR. Ha! now I understand thee.

JOH. And thou wilt
 Forgive him, Burgundy; come, Du Chatel,
[She beckons to DU CHATEL, who stands irresolute at the entrance.]

The Duke is reconciled with all his foes—
 With thee among the rest.

BUR. What wouldst thou do,
 Johanna? know'st thou what thou askest of me?

JOH. A gracious master opens wide his gates
 To every guest that comes—he turns from none:
 Free as the firmament circles round the globe,
 Mercy must take in all, both friend and foe:
 The sun sends forth his beams alike on all:
 On all alike the dew of heaven drops down,
 On every plant, and tree, and thistly flower:
 That which is truly good, and comes from heaven,
 Knows no exception, keeps no cold reserve;
 But with duplicity is darkness too.

BUR. O, she can turn and rule me as she will;
 My heart is moulded wax within her hand.
 Embrace me, Du Chatel: I pardon you.
 Spirit of my father, frown not on thy son,
 Who clasps the hand of him who took thy life!
 Angels of death, reckon it not to me
 That I recant my deep-sworn vow of vengeance!
 In your dark realms of everlasting night
 No heart beats more: all is eternal there,
 All is immovable and fixed; but here,
 In the glad light of day, it is not so:
 Man is a living and a feeling soul,
 The sport of impulse and of sympathy.

CHAR. Do I not owe thee all, miraculous maid?
 How well hast thou redeemed thy plighted word,
 How swiftly changed the current of my fortune!
 My friends are reconciled, my foes o'erwhelmed
 In dust before me; from a foreign yoke
 My cities are delivered—all through thee:
 Thou hast accomplished all—how can I thank thee?

JOH. Be ever merciful in better fortune
 As in adversity, and in thy greatness
 Forget not all the value of a friend
 Which thou hast proved in thy extremity;
 Withhold not justice and deny not mercy,
 Even to the humblest, for the shepherd's home
 Sent thy deliverer forth. Harmoniously
 Thou wilt unite all France beneath thy sway;
 Wilt be the ancestor of mighty kings;
 Those who come after thee upon the throne
 Surpass in glory those who went before thee;
 Thy race shall flourish and thy kingdom stand,
 Whilst it is strengthened in thy people's love:
 Pride only threatens and prepares its fall;
 And from the lowly huts, from which even now
 Thy safety has gone out, mysteriously
 Impends destruction on thy guilt-stained children.

BUR. Enlightened maid ! if thy prophetic eye
Can search the mystery of coming years,
Speak to me also of my race, and say,
Will it still flourish as it has begun ?

JOH. Thou, Burgundy, hast set thy seat on high,
Even with the throne ; and the unsated heart
Strives to mount higher still, and to the clouds
Tracks its ambitious flight : a mightier hand
Shall curb the impulse of its haughty way.
But fear not, therefore, that thy house shall fall ;
For in a royal daughter it survives,
And sceptre-bearing kings shall spring from her.
Their sway shall be upon two mighty thrones,
All nations of the earth shall hear their law,
And a new world obey them, which lies now
Concealed behind impenetrable seas.

CHAR. Oh, if the spirit of prophecy informs thee,
Say, will the friendship which we now renew,
Unite our children ?

JOH. [*after a pause.*] Kings and potentates !
Tremble at discord ; call not from his cave
The demon where he slumbers : once awaked,
Late is it ere his fury sleeps again.

An iron progeny springs up around him :
One brand inflames another as it burns.
Desire to learn no farther, but enjoy
The present hour : let me conceal the future.

AGNES. Thou, holy maiden, thou has searched my heart,
Thou knowest if idly it aspires to greatness :
Give to me, too, a cheerful oracle.

JOH. The spirit shows me but the fate of empires,
In thine own bosom is thy destiny.

DUN. But say, what destiny awaits thyself,
Exalted maid, thou favourite of Heaven ?
Shall not the purest bliss on earth be thine,
Who art so pure and holy ?

JOH. Happiness
Is in the hand of Heaven, and Heaven alone.

CHAR. Thy fortune be henceforth thy monarch's care,
For I will glorify thy name in France,
And teach our children's children to revere thee.
Kneel down, and rise ennobled ; I exalt thee

[*He lays the sword on her shoulder.*]

Above thy lowly birth. I do ennoble
Thy fathers in their graves : thou shalt display
The royal lilies blazoned on thy shield,
And rank with those who are the proudest born
In France ; none, save the princely blood of Valois
Shall be esteemed more noble than thy own :
The mightiest of my peers shall hold himself
Honoured by thy hand ; and it shall be my care
To match thee worthily with a fitting mate.

DUN. My heart selected her when she was lowly,
And this new honour, which encircles her,
Cannot increase my love or her desert.
Here in the sight and presence of the King,

And of this holy bishop, I offer her
My hand, I take her for my princely bride,
If she esteems me worthy to receive her.

CHAR. Resistless maiden, thou workest wonders still :
Now I believe thou art invincible ;
Thou hast tamed this haughty spirit, which till now
Scoffed at the power and majesty of love.

LAIL. [*advancing.*] If I have read Johanna's heart aright,
Its brightest ornament is modesty ;
The homage of the mightiest she may claim,
But she will not aspire to soar so high ;
She strives not for the giddy pomp of greatness ;
The true devotion of an honest heart
Will better please her, and the peaceful lot
Which, with this hand, I offer to her now.

CHAR. Thou, too, Lahire !—two honourable wooers,
Equal in valour and in warlike fame.
Wilt thou, who hast appeased my enemies,
My realm united, cause disunion now
Among my friends ! One only can possess thee,
And each is worthy of the high reward ;
Speak thou, thy heart alone must here decide.

AGNES. I see the noble maiden is confused,
And modest blushes rise upon her brow :
Give her a season to interrogate
Her heart, then let her choose some faithful friend
To hear the treasured secret of her choice :
Now is the time, when, with a sister's right,
I venture to draw near to this stern maid,
To earn her love, to ask her confidence.
Leave us alone while we in womanly wise
Take counsel here together, and await
What we shall then determine.

CHAR. [*going.*] Be it so.

JOH. Nay, sire ! the emotion mantling in my cheek
Was not the timid blush of bashful shame ;
I have no secrets for this noble lady
Which I would hesitate to speak aloud.
The high-born knights have graced me with their choice ;
But not in quest of earthly dignity
Have I been called to quit my shepherd home ;
Not to twine bridal garlands in my hair
Did I put on this armour. I must do
The work that has been given me to fulfil,
The maiden mission unto which I came :
I am the chosen warrior of high Heaven,
And may not be the bride of living man.

ARCH. Woman was made to be the loving helpmate
Of man, and when she follows Nature's law,
Fulfil most worthily the will of Heaven.
When thou hast satisfied the high command
Which called thee to the field, thou wilt put off
These arms, and to thy softer sex return,
Which now thou hast renounced, which is not called
To be the bloody instrument of war.

JOH. Most reverend father, at this time I know not

What then the spirit will require of me ;
 When the hour comes, its voice will not be dumb,
 And what it teaches me I shall obey.
 But now it calls me to complete my work ;
 My master's forehead wears not yet the crown,
 The consecrated oil has not been poured
 Upon his head—he is not yet “The King.”

CHAR. We are already on our march to Rheims.

JOH. Let us not tarry, for our enemies
 Are busy near thee, and would hem thy path,
 But I will lead thee safely through them all.

DUN. But when at length all shall have been accomplished,
 When we victoriously shall enter Rheims,
 Wilt thou not then, inspired maid, vouchsafe—

JOH. If Heaven hath willed that, crowned with victory,
 I shall return out of this strife of death,
 My work is ended, and the shepherdess
 In the King's palace has no more to do.

CHAR. [*taking her hand.*] The spirit of thy mission is on
 thee now,

Love finds no voice in thy inspired bosom ;
 Trust me, not always will it thus be silent ;
 At length our toils will end, and in her hand
Victory leads peace, then joy returns to all ;
 In every heart soft feelings wake anew,
 And shall they slumber in thy breast alone?
 Then thou wilt weep sweet tears of sympathy,
 Which yet are strange to thee ; thy changing heart,
 Which throbs with heavenly aspirations now,
 Will learn to melt with earthly tenderness.
 Thou hast given happiness to thousands here,
 Then thou wilt learn to live for one alone.

JOH. Dauphin ! art thou so soon dissatisfied
 With the bright apparition thou hast seen ?
 The holy Virgin sent to rescue thee,
 Thou wouldst degrade from heaven into the dust.
 Oh, blinded hearts ! oh, men of little faith !
 The majesty of heaven shines round about you,
 And you see nothing in me but a woman !
 Would a mere woman clothe herself in steel,
 And mingle in the bloody strife of men ?
 Woe, woe ! if while I bear the sword of vengeance,
 My sinful heart looks down on mortal man :
 Better for me I had been never born.
 Urge me no more, lest your rash words inflame
 The kindling spirit of wrath which burns within me.
 The eye of man which looks on me with love,
 Is horror and sacrilege upon my soul.

CHAR. Break off, it is in vain to urge her now.

JOH. Sire, bid the trumpets sound ; the calm of peace
 Vexes and wearies ; I pant to end
 This idle tarrying ; while we linger here,
 The spirit of my destiny is abroad,
 And, sternly beckoning, summons me away.

SCENE V.—*Enter a KNIGHT, hastily.*

CHAR. What now?

KNIGHT. The enemy has crossed the Marne,
And offers battle.

JOHN. [*With fire.*] Now to arms! to arms!
Now soars my soul free from constraint again.
Away! I go to set the troops in order.

[*Exit.*]

CHAR. Follow her, Lahire! before the gates of Rheims
They venture one more struggle for the crown.

DUN. True courage leads them not, it is the last
Insane attempt of impotent despair.

CHAR. I need not spur you, Burgundy; this hour
You may atone for many days gone by.

BUR. You shall be satisfied.

CHAR. I will go first
Myself, to lead you in the way of fame,
And before Rheims, my coronation city,
Win, ere I wear, my crown. Farewell, my Agnes,
Thy knight takes leave of thee.

AGNES. I do not weep, I do not tremble for thee;
My faith is high in heaven, which has not given
So many tokens of its gracious favour
To let us end in sorrow: my heart knows
I shall embrace thee crowned with victory,
Within the conquered citadel of Rheims.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*An open country. Alarm. Skirmish. Several parties
of SOLDIERS pass over.*

Enter TALBOT, leaning on FASTOLF.

TAL. Here set me down beneath these spreading trees,
And turn into the battle once again;
I need no help to teach me how to die.

FAS. O, miserable and ill-omened day!

Enter LIONEL.

To what a sight thou art come hither, Lionel!
Here lies the General, wounded to his death.

LIO. Now, God forbid! Look up, my noble lord,
This is no time to falter and to die:
Yield not to death, but with thy powerful will
Control the course of destiny, and live.

TAL. It is vain: at length the fatal day is come
Which overturns the English throne in France.
I have dared despairingly one struggle more,
To turn aside the evil, but in vain.
Here I sink down, crushed by the thunderbolt,
Never to rise again. Haste, Lionel,
To rescue Paris—Rheims is lost to us.

LIO. Paris capitulates unto the Dauphin;
The tidings are just come into the camp.

TAL. [*tearing off his bandages.*] Then flow afresh, ye fountains
of my blood,
For I am weary of the light of day.

LIO. I cannot stay: Fastolf, do thou provide
Some place of safety for the General:
We can no longer hold our present ground.
Our soldiers fly already on all sides;
Resistlessly the maiden presses on.

TAL. Folly, I yield, and thou art conqueror,
 Even gods dispute the palm with thee in vain.
 Exalted reason, brightest, holiest child
 Of heaven, wise foundress of the steady world,
 Directress of the stars, what art thou, then,
 When forced to follow in the mad career
 Of superstition? Struggling to be free,
 And impotently shrieking, thou art plunged,
 Foreseeing and foreknowing, in destruction.
 Accursed is the man whose life is set
 On greatness and on honour—who contrives
 Wise plans with prudent thought; the reign of folly
 Is o'er the world.

LIO. My lord, the hours are few
 Which yet belong to you; think on your Maker.

TAL. Had we been vanquished, brave men by the brave,
 Our comfort might have been the common fortune,
 Which, ever changing, ever shifts her wheel;
 But to submit to such gross mockery!
 Did not my earnest life of toilsome honour
 Deserve a weightier and a worthier end?

LIO [*taking his hand.*] Farewell, my lord! the tribute of
 my tears

Shall not be wanting to thy memory
 If I survive this day. Fate calls me now,
 Where on the battle-field she sits enthroned,
 And shakes the lots of victory and ruin.
 Farewell, to meet again in yonder world.
 Short is the parting for a long-tried friendship.

[*Exit.*

TAL. It is soon past, and I shall give the earth
 And the eternal elements these atoms,
 Which have been joined in me for weal and woe:
 And of the mighty Talbot, who has filled
 The world with his renown, nought will remain
 Except a handful of light dust. Thus man
 Goes to his end, and all the recompense
 Which by the toil of life we have achieved,
 Is but an insight into nothingness:
 A loathing and contempt of all that seemed
 So full of greatness and so full of glory.

SCENE VII.—*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, DU CHATEL,*
with SOLDIERS.

BUR. The field is won!

DUN. The victory is ours!

CHAR. [*observing TALBOT.*] Sees who lies yonder—who—
 unwillingly

Breathes heavy farewell to the light of day:

His armour seems not of a common man.

Go help him, if your aid avails him still. [*SOLDIERS approach him.*

FAS. Back, stand away! respect the mighty dead,
 Whom living you had dared not come so near.

BUR. What sight is this? Talbot lies in his blood.

[*He goes to him; TALBOT gazes fixedly upon him and dies.*

FAS. Off, Burgundy! the hero's dying glance
 Should not be blasted by the sight of traitors.

DUN. O fearful and unconquerable Talbot,
 Art thou contented with such narrow room?
 Yet the wide realm of France could not contain
 The strivings of thy bold, gigantic spirit!
 Now, sire, at length I hail you King indeed;
 The crown of France still tottered on your brow,
 Whilst in this body breathed a living soul.

CHAR. A mightier power than mine has conquered him:
 He lies on France's turf as heroes lie
 Upon the shield that still they grasp in death.
 Bear him away.

[SOLDIERS remove the body.]

And peace to his remains;
 A worthy monument shall rise for him;
 His bones shall rest here in the midst of France,
 Where like a hero he has run his course.
 So far as his came yet no hostile sword;
 His burial-place shall be his epitaph.

FAS. [*offering his sword.*] I am thy prisoner, sire.

CHAR. Nay, not so; [*Restoring it.*]
 Even rude war can honour pious duty:
 Free shalt thou follow Talbot to his grave.
 Now hasten, Du Chatel, my Agnes trembles;
 Relieve her fear; bring her the welcome news
 That we are safe—that we are conquerors,
 And carry her in triumph into Rheims.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter LAHIRE.*

DUN. Lahire, where is the maiden?

LAH. How! I ask
 Of you; I left her fighting at your side.

DUN. I thought she was protected by your arm,
 And hurried hither to support the King.

BUR. Amid the thickest squadrons of the foe
 But now I saw her snow-white banner fly.

DUN. Alas! where is she? I have fatal bodings.
 Come, let us haste to help her; for I fear
 Her daring soul has led her on too far.
 Perhaps among the foe she fights alone,
 Unaided, and overpowered by multitudes.

CHAR. Fly! save her!

LAH. Come, I go with you.

BUR.

All, all!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*Another part of the field. Rheims in the distance.*

*Enter JOHANNA, sword in hand, following a KNIGHT in black armour,
 his visor closed.*

JOH. Deceitful one! I guess thy crafty scheme:
 With subtlety and counterfeited flight,
 Thou hast withdrawn me from the battle-field,
 And turned off death from many an Englishman;
 But now thine own destruction has o'erta'en thee.

KN. Why dost thou follow me, and give thyself
 With such infuriate rage, to track my course?
 My destiny is not to fall by thee.

JOH. My soul abhors thee utterly, like night,
The colour that thou lovest ; a fierce desire
Drives me to blot thee from the face of day.
What art thou ? Raise thy visor !
Had I not seen the valiant Talbot fall,
In front of battle, I'd say that thou wert Talbot.

KNR. Is thy prophetic spirit silent now ?

JOH. Loudly it warns that evil stands beside me.

KNR. Johanna of Arc ! here, to the gates of Rheims,
On victory's wings, thou hast held on thy way ;
Let thy success content thee ; leave thy fortune,
Which like a slave has followed thee so far,
Before she angrily shakes off thy thrall :
The fickle one serves none unto the end.

JOH. How canst thou hope to check my mid career,
Bid me stand still and leave my work undone ?
My task must be performed, my vow fulfilled.

KNR. Nought can withstand thy power, thou mighty one !
In every battle thou art conqueror :
But go no more to battle ; hear my warning.

JOH. This conquering sword will never leave my grasp,
Till haughty England is bowed down to ruin.

KNR. Look forth where Rheims rises with all her towers,
Thy mark and goal ; where yon cathedral dome,
Glancing in golden light, gives back the sun :
There thou wilt enter with triumphant songs,
Fulfil thy vow, and crown thy lawful King ;
But go not ; hear my warning ; turn in time.

JOH. Who art thou, creature of a double tongue,
Who seekest to bewilder and affright me ?
Whence is thy daring with deceitful speech
To breathe false oracles of my fate ?

[*The KNIGHT offers to go, she crosses him.*

No ! stand ;

Answer me, or thou diest beneath my sword !

[*She aims a blow at him.*

KNR. [*raises his arm towards her ; she stands motionless.*] Kill
what is mortal !

[*Darkness, thunder, and lightning. He disappears.*

JOH. [*at first bewildered, collects herself.*] It was no living
thing ; a false delusion,
An evil spirit out of the fiery gulf,
Raised up to terrify my dauntless heart.
What fear I when I wield the sword of Heaven ?
I will hold on my course in victory :
Though hell's black legions swarm the lists to fill,
My heart stands fast, my faith unshaken still.

[*As she is going out, enter LIONEL.*

SCENE X.—LIONEL, JOHANNA.

LIO. Accursed one, prepare thyself for battle ;
Both of us will not leave this place alive ;
Thou hast destroyed the bravest of my people,
The noble Talbot has breathed forth the life
Of his great soul ; I will revenge his fate,
Or share it ; and that thou mayst learn who now,

Conquered or conqueror, will bring fame to thee,
 Know I am Lionel, the last survivor
 Of all the leaders of our English host,
 And unsubdued is yet this arm of mine.

[He attacks her; after a short combat she strikes the sword from his hand.]

Ha! spite of fortune—

[He struggles with her; JOHANNA seizes his helmet and drags it off.]

JOH. Take the death thou hast sought :
 The Holy Virgin offers thee by me—

[She catches his eye when about to strike; her arm drops slowly.]

LIO. Why dost thou thus withhold the stroke of fate ?
 Take my life, too ; my honour thou hast taken :
 I am in thy hand ; I ask no mercy from thee.

[She motions him with her hand to leave her.]

Fly ! owe my life to thee ? No, rather die.

JOH. *[turning away her face.]* I will not know thy life was in my power.

LIO. I hate thee and thy gift ; I will not have
 Mercy at thy hand : destroy the enemy
 Who does abhor and sought to have destroyed thee.

JOH. Do it, and fly !

LIO. Ha ! what is that ?

JOH. *[hiding her face.]* Woe, woe !

LIO. *[approaching.]* Men say that thou dost slay all English-
 men

Whom thou hast vanquished ; why spare me alone ?

JOH. *[lifts her sword, but drops it again.]* O, Holy Virgin !

LIO. How dardest thou call upon that sacred name !
 She knows thee not : Heaven has no part in thee.

JOH. *[in a tone of despair.]* What have I done !
 Alas ! I have betrayed my deep-sworn vow.

LIO. Unhappy girl ! I feel compassion for thee ;
 Thou hast touched my heart ; thou hast been merciful
 To me alone : I feel my hate is gone ;
 I must have sympathy with thy despair.
 Who art thou, and whence comest thou ?

JOH. Go, begone !

LIO. Thy youth, thy beauty fill my soul with pity ;
 My heart bleeds for thy fate ; how willingly
 Would I preserve thee : tell me that I may.
 Come, come ; renounce thy cursed covenant :
 Throw these arms from thee.

JOH. Alas ! I am not worthy
 To bear them longer.

LIO. Throw them quickly from thee,
 And follow me.

JOH. *[with horror.]* What sayest thou ! follow thee ?

LIO. Thou mayest and shalt be saved ! Away with me :
 I will preserve thee, but make no delay ;
 An overwhelming grief for thy sad fortune
 Is come on me, and the fond hope to save thee. *[Taking her hand]*

JOH. The Bastard comes—they are here—they seek for me :
 If they should meet thee—

LIO. I will guard thee from them.
 JOH. I die if thou shouldst fall beneath their hands.
 LIO. Am I then dear to thee?
 JOH. Holy One of Heaven!
 LIO. Shall I again see thee, and hear from thee?
 JOH. No! never.
 LIO. I bear off this sword—this pledge
 That we shall meet again. [He takes her sword.
 JOH. Madman! darest thou do this?
 LIO. I yield to numbers now—we meet again. [Exit LIONEL.

SCENE XI.—*Enter DUNOIS and LAHIRE.*

LAH. She lives: she's safe!
 DUN. Fear not, thy friends are here!
 LAH. Is not that Lionel who flies?
 DUN. Let him fly safely.
 JOH. The just cause of France prevails;
 Rheims has unbarred her gates? a mighty crowd
 Streams out with shouts of joy to meet the King.
 LAH. What ails the maiden? See, she faints—she falls!
 [JOHANNA totters
 DUN. Ha! she is wounded; loose her breast-plate off.
 It is her arm; the hurt is not severe.
 LAH. Her blood flows.
 JOH. Let it flow, and let my life
 Flow with it. [She faints in their arms.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A decorated Hall. Festoons about the pillars. Music of flutes and hautboys behind the scene.*

Enter JOHANNA.

JOH. The weapons rest, the storm of war is still;
 The bloody slaughter turned to dance and song;
 Each street re-echoes the loud strains of mirth;
 Each church, each altar is with pomp adorned;
 The gates are garlanded with laurel boughs,
 The pillars twined with wreaths of festive flowers:
 All Rheims can scarce contain the rushing tide
 Which hurries in to this triumphant day.
 One lofty feeling of delight prevails,
 One thought is throbbing in the hearts of all:
 And those whom bloody hate so newly sundered,
 Exchange the greetings of their common joy.
 Now every race which France can call her own,
 Boasts of its share in her victorious name:
 The splendour of the monarch revives,
 And France does homage to her native king.
 But I, by whom this glory has been won—
 The common joy comes not to comfort me:
 My heart is changed within me; it shinks back,
 And loathes to look on this festivity:
 My thoughts are absent in the English camp,
 Among the enemies of France and heaven;
 And I must wander from the sight of joy,

To hide the guilty secret of my soul.
 Who ! I !—I bear within my spotless breast
 A mortal image ! Can this heart of mine,
 Filled with the majesty of Heaven, find room
 For earthly passion ! I, love my country's foe !
 I, the appointed saviour of the land,
 The chosen warrior in the cause of Heaven—
 How can I name it in the face of day,
 And not feel crushed with agony and shame !

[Music is heard in the distance.]

Alas ! these tones—how they seduce my ear !
 In each I hear the music of his voice,
 And feel again the magic of his eye ;
 While each high thought, and every stern resolve,
 Melts into tears of tenderness and love.
 The soothing tones of peace which breathe around me
 Fall soft and enervating on my soul.
 Would I were once more in the storm of battle,
 'Mid clanging shields and arrows whistling hail,
 There I might hope to be myself again.
 Should I have slain him ?—could I, when I gazed
 Upon his face ? Slay him !—I could as soon
 Have plunged in my own heart the murderous steel.
 And am I guilty because merciful ?
 Is pity sin ?—Pity ! Did I then hear
 The voice of pity and humanity
 When offering other victims to my sword ?
 Why was it silent when that gentle youth
 Prayed me so bitterly to spare his life ?
 False heart ! thou wouldst deceive the eternal light—
 It was no pity that held back thy hand.
 Why did I look upon his countenance,
 And see the bearing of his noble brow ?
 That look was my transgression : Heaven will have
 A passive instrument and blind obedience.
 When first my eyes were opened, God forsook me,
 And I was compassed in the snares of hell.
 Oh ! had I never changed my peaceful crook
 For the red sword of war, or never seen
 The mighty visions crowding round my sleep !
 High Queen of Heaven ! why didst thou come to me ?
 I cannot merit it ; take back thy crown.
 Alas ! I saw Heaven open, and the joys
 Of Paradise were manifest in my sight :
 The yearnings of my weak rebellious heart
 Drag me from Heaven earthwards, and shrink back
 From the high destiny decreed unto me.
 Why must this fearful burden have been laid
 On me ?—it is too heavy. How could I
 Harden this heart, which God has made to feel ?
 Let spirits come, the deathless and the pure,
 Who feel not, weep not, doubt not, murmur not,
 To do such biddings, and to show such power ;
 Not the poor shepherdess, the gentle maid.
 The fate of battles and the strife of kings
 Concerned me not, whilst, free and innocent,

I drove my lambs upon our silent hills ;
 But I was called into this life of woe,
 To these proud palaces and princely halls—
 It was not of my choosing : must I bear
 The guilt of my transgression ?

SCENE II.—*Enter AGNES ; she hastens to JOHANNA and embraces her :
 then falls at her feet.*

AGNES. No so ; before thee, in the dust—

JOH.

Stand up ! [*Raising her.*

What do you ! You forget yourself and me.

AGNES. Leave me ; it is my overwhelming joy
 Which casts me at your feet. I must pour forth
 The swelling transports of my soul to Heaven,
 And worship the Invisible in thee.
 Thou art the angel who hast led my King
 To Rheims and crowned him with the royal crown.
 All is fulfilled, which I had never dreamed
 To see : the coronation is prepared ;
 The King is ready in his robes of state ;
 The peers and princes of the land assemble
 To bear the ensigns of his royalty ;
 The people rush in crowds to the cathedral :
 One general shout of gladness rings around—
 My joy is full, and I can scarcely bear it.
 But thou art still the same, still sad and stern :
 Thou canst give joy, canst thou not bear it too ?
 Thy heart looks coldly on our happiness ;
 Thou hast beheld the majesty of Heaven,
 And thy pure bosom knows no earthly joy.

[*JOHANNA grasps her hand convulsively, but quickly
 drops it.*

Oh, couldst thou have the feelings of a woman !
 Put off this armour—there is war no more ;
 Return into thine own, thy gentler sex ;
 My loving heart shrinks back in terror from thee
 Whilst thou art clothed in this unnatural steel.

JOH. What wouldst thou ask of me ?

AGNES.

Disarm thyself—

Unclasp this breastplate. Love can never dare
 To come so near a steel-encompassed heart.
 Oh, be a woman, and thou wilt feel love.

JOH. Now, now disarm myself ? I would in battle
 Lay bare my bosom to the welcome sword—
 Not now. Oh, that a sevenfold fence of mail
 Could shield me from your triumph, from myself !

AGNES. Count Dunois seeks thy hand ; his noble heart,
 Which only beats for virtue and for honour,
 Glows with a holy spirit of love towards thee.
 Oh, it is joy to know thyself beloved

By such a man ; more joy it is to love him. [*JOHANNA turns away.*
 Thou hatest him ? No, no !—thou canst not hate him,
 Only not love him : how could hatred come
 Into thy heart ? We do not hate, save those
 Who sever us from him we love ; but thou,

Thou lovest none ; thy heart is calm. If thou
Couldst feel—

JOH. Have mercy—oh, have pity for me !

AGNES. What can be wanting to thy happiness ?
Thou hast redeemed thy promise, France is free ;
Thou hast led on the King with victory
Into the city of his coronation ;
The happy people bless and worship thee ;
By every tongue thy praises are proclaimed ;
Thou art the Goddess of this festival ;
Even the King, encircled with his crown,
Seems not more glorious.

JOH. Would I were hid
In the deep caverns of the earth for ever !

AGNES. What strange emotion vexes and disturbs thee ?
Who can look freely up upon this day
If thou art humbled and dispirited ?
No, let me blush, who feel so weak beside thee,
Who cannot lift my heart to comprehend
And share the heroic nobleness of thine.
Freely to thee let me confess my weakness :
Not all the glory of my fatherland,
Not the recovered splendour of the throne,
Not the high feeling and victorious pride
Of all these multitudes is in my heart,
My feeble heart : there is but one who fills it ;
There is no room for other thought than this :
He is the idol—he, the conqueror,
On whose path flowers are strewed and blessings fall,
Is mine—he whom I honour, whom I love.

JOH. Oh, thou art happy !—blessed is thy lot !
Thou lovest where all love ; thou mayst openly
Reveal thy heart ; thou mayst declare thy joy,
And wear thy gladness in the face of day.
The empire's triumph is thy triumph too,
The never ending, still beginning crowd,
Who pour within these walls unceasingly,
They share thy transports, and they hallow it ;
They shout for thee, for thee they twine the wreath,
The universal rapture is thine own :
Thou lovest the sun, the fountain of all joy,
And seest in all the glory of thy love.

AGNES. Oh, excellent ! How well thou hast understood me.
I misconceived thee—yes, thou dost know love,
And eloquently hast spoken all I feel :
Free from its fear and timid reverence,
My heart clings to thee confidently now. *[Embracing her.]*

JOH. *[turning from her.]* Forsake me ! Fly from me ! Pollute
not thus

Thy purer nature, shun me as a pestilence.
Go and be happy, and leave me to hide,
In the deep gloom of everlasting night,
My shame, my horror, and my dark despair.

AGNES. Thy words fall fraught with terror on my ear :
I understand thee not ; but ever thus,

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

Incomprehensible and wrapt in gloom,
Has been the mystery of thy fearful being.
Who can discern what agitates thee now,
And awes thy holy heart and gentle nature?
JOH. Thou art the pure!—thou art the holy one!
Couldst thou but see my heart thou wouldst recoil
In horror from its black and guilty treason.

SCENE III.—*Enter DUNOIS, LAHIRE, and DU CHATEL, with JOHANNA's banner.*

DUN. We look for thee, Johanna; all is ready.
The King has sent us here: he wills that thou
Shouldst take thy place among the peers of France
In the procession, nearest to himself,
And bear thy holy banner before him there;
For he proclaims, and before all the land
Will testify, that unto thee alone
Is given the glory of this festal day.

LAH. Here is thy banner—take it, noble maid;
The princes wait, the people are impatient.

JOH. I walk before the King—I bear the banner?
DUN. Whom else can it become? What other hand
Is pure enough to bear the hallowed sign?
In battle thou hast waved it, wield it now
To grace this day of triumph and of joy.

[LAHIRE offers her the banner; she shrinks from it.]
JOH. Away! away! What ails thee, thus to shrink

LAH. From thine own banner? Look on it, Johanna; [Unrolling it.]
It is the same which thou hast borne in battle:
The Queen of Heaven is pictured on its folds,
Floating above the dark terrestrial ball,
Just as the Holy Virgin showed to thee.
JOH. [gazing on it with terror.] It is herself—just as she came
to me

See how she looks in anger on me now;
How sternly from the deep-set fringed eye
Her dark glance glows beneath the frowning brow.

AGNES. She is entranced. Come to thyself, Johanna,
Collect thyself; thou lookest on nothing real:
This is the likeness of her earthly form—
She is in heaven.

JOH. Fearful one, art thou come to chide thy creature?
Condemn, destroy me, take thy lightnings to thee,
And dart them down upon my guilty head:

I have forfeited the vow thou laid'st upon me,
Dishonoured and blasphemed thy holy name.

DUN. Alas! what means she?—what unhallowed words!
LAH. [amazed, to DU CHATEL.] Can you conceive the source
of this strange passion?

DU CHA. I only see what I have feared too long.

DUN. Ha! Du Chatel! How sayest thou? What I think

DU CHA.
I dare not utter; but God send that all
Were safely over, and the King were crowned.

LAH. [*to JOHANNA.*] How! Has the terror, offspring of this banner,
Returned again at last unto thyself?
Let England tremble when it sees this sign,
Terrible to the enemies of France,
But of good omen to her faithful children.

JOH. Ay, thou sayest true, it smiles upon her friends
And fills with horror those who have denied her.

[*The Coronation March is heard in the distance.*]

DUN. Then take the banner—they begin the march:
Take it, there is no moment for delay.

[*They press the banner on her; she seizes it with convulsive effort, and exults.*]

SCENE IV.—*An open Square near the Cathedral, the background filled with SPECTATORS; BERTRAND, CLAUDE, and STEPHEN come from among them, afterwards MARGARET and LOUISA. Music in the distance.*

CLAU. Hark to the music! They are coming now.
Which were the best—shall we climb again
Upon the platform, or press through the crowd,
Where we shall lose no part of the procession?
STE. We cannot pass that way—the streets are choked
With carriages, with horses, and with men:
Let us stand rather here, beside these houses;
Here we conveniently, as it goes by,
Can see the whole array.

CLAU. It is as if
Half of the kingdom were assembled here,
Such multitudes pour in from every side:
Even from the distant borders of Lorraine,
Among the rest, we have been hurried here.

BER. Who would sit idly in his chimney nook
When mighty things are done throughout the land?
It has cost labour and cost blood enough
Until the rightful head could wear the crown.
Our King, to whom we give the throne to-day,
Who is the lawful ruler of this land,
Shall not be worse accompanied than he
Whom at St. Denis the Parisians crowned.
He is no Frenchman who is absent now,
And shouts not with the rest, Long live the King!

SCENE V.—*Enter MARGARET and LOUISA.*

LOU. We shall soon see our sister, Margaret;
How my heart beats!

MAR. Yes, we shall see her splendour
And dignity, and whisper to ourselves:
That is our sister—that is our Johanna.

LOU. I cannot yet believe till mine own eyes
Have looked upon her, that this mighty one,
The Maid of Orleans, as men call her now,
Can be Johanna, whom we lost from home.

[*The music comes nearer.*]

MAR. You doubt still—you will see her.

BER.

See, they come!

SCENE VI.—*Procession.* CHILDREN, *in white, with wreaths and flowers*; two HERALDS; HALBERDIERS; MAGISTRATES, *in their robes*; two MARSHALS, *each with his staff*; the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, *with the sword*; DUNOIS, *with the sceptre*; other PEERS, *bearing the crown, ball, and staff of justice*; others *with offerings*; KNIGHTS, *in the robes of their order*; CHORISTERS, *with censers*; two BISHOPS; ARCHBISHOP—OF RHEIMS, *bearing the Ste. Ampoule*; JOHANNA *with her banner—she walks with downcast eyes and faltering steps*; the KING, *under a canopy borne by four BARONS*; COURTIER; SOLDIERS. *When the procession is within the Church the music ceases.*

SCENE VII.

MAR. Saw you our sister?

CLAU. She in golden armour,
Who walked before the King and bore the banner?

MAR. Yes, she; it was Johanna, was our sister.

LOU. And she did not see us! No sympathy
Informed her heart how near her sisters stood!
She gazed upon the earth, and was so pale,
Trembled and tottered so beneath her banner,
I am not glad since I have looked on her.

MAR. Now I have seen my sister in her power
And her magnificence. Who could have guessed—
Even in a dream who could have thought—while yet
She drove her sheep upon our mountain's side,
That we should see her in such majesty!

LOU. My father's dream is true, that here in Rheims
We should bow down ourselves before our sister;
That is the church which in his dream he saw,
And everything most strangely ~~is fulfilled~~.
But he saw melancholy faces too:
It saddens me to see her grown so great.

BER. Why stand we idly here? Come to the church
To see the holy Service.

MAR. Yes—come, come!
We shall perhaps meet with Johanna there.

LOU. We have already seen her; let us turn
Back to our village.

MAR. What! Before we greet—
Before we speak to her?

LOU. She is ours no more;
Her station is with kings and princes now;
And what are we, that we should thrust ourselves
With boastful vanity amid her greatness?
She was strange to us while yet she was at home.

MAR. Will she look proudly on us, and despise us?

BER. The King himself is not ashamed of us;
For every one he had a kindly word,
Even for the least; and great as she is now,
The King is greater.

CLAU. Come into the church! *[Trumpets in the Church.]*

[They return to the background, where they are lost in the crowd.]

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* RAYMOND *and* THEOBALD, *in mourning.*

RAY. Stay, Father Theobald, go not in the crowd;

There are none here but with a cheerful mien :
Your melancholy mars the festival.
Come, let us hasten home.

THEO. Didst thou behold my miserable child ?
Didst thou look on her well ?

RAY. Oh ! let us go.

THEO. Didst thou not see how tremblingly she went,
How pale and altered was her countenance ?
The wretched creature feels her fallen state :
It is the moment to preserve my child ;
I will not lose it.

[He offers to go.]

RAY. Stay ! What would you do ?

THEO. I will confound her—will annihilate
Her empty splendour, and with powerful grasp
Will draw her to the God she has renounced,
Back from perdition.

RAY. Think on what you do ;
Do not precipitate your daughter's ruin.

THEO. Perish her body, so I save her soul.

*[JOHANNA rushes out of the Church, without her banner ;
the crowd gather round her, with signs of adoration ;
she is kept by them in the background.]*

She comes—'tis she ! Pale from the church she comes ;
Her terror drives her from the holy place :
Heaven's doom declares itself.

RAY. Old man, farewell !
Ask me no more to bear you company :
I came in hope, and turn in sadness home ;
I have seen your daughter once again to-day,
And feel again the pang of losing her.

*[Exit RAYMOND. THEOBALD retires back, avoiding
JOHANNA ; she comes forward.]*

SCENE IX.—JOHANNA.

I cannot stay ; dark spirits drive me forth :
Like thunder rolls the organ in my ear :
The vaults bow down to crush my guilty head :
I must have room beneath the open heaven.
I have left my banner in the sanctuary ;
This hand shall never lift or wave it more.
I felt as if my sisters, like a dream,
My Margaret and Louisa, glided by me :
Ah ! it was only a deceitful dream ;
For they are far from me, beyond my reach :
Like infancy and innocence, far away.

MAR. *[coming forward.]* It is she—it is Johanna !

LOU. Oh ! my sister !

JOH. Was it no dream ? You are here ! Do I embrace you ?
Thee, my Louisa—thee, my Margaret !
Here, in this strange and populous wilderness,
I rest upon my sister's faithful bosom !

MAR. She knows us yet—is our good sister still.

JOH. And has your love of me brought you so far—
So far from home ? You do not chide your sister,
Who went, without farewell, unkindly from you ?

LOU. Thy hidden destiny led thee away.

MAR. The fame of thee, that has stirred all the world,
Which bears thy name for ever on its tongue,
Awakened us in our retired village,
And brought us hither to this festival :
We have come here to look upon thy splendour ;
And we are not alone.

JOH. [*quickly.*] My father is with you :
Where is he—why hides he thus from me?

MAR. Our father is not with us.

JOH. No ! Will he not
Look on his child ? You bring me not his blessing ?

LOU. He knows not we are here.

JOH. He knows it not ?
Why not ? You are confused—you will not speak ;
You look upon the ground. Where is my father ?

MAR. Since you have left us—

LOU. [*makes a sign to her.*] Margaret !

MAR. My father
Has become gloomy.

JOH. Gloomy !

LOU. Nay, be comforted ;
You know our father's sad foreboding temper ;
He will recover—be content again,
When we have told him you are well and happy.

MAR. But you are happy—yes, you must be happy ;
So great, so honoured as you are.

JOH. I am,
Now that I look on you again, and feel
Deep in my heart the dear, familiar tones
Which lead my memory to my father's home :
Oh ! when I kept my sheep upon our mountains,
Then I was happy as in Paradise :
So happy I can never be again.

[*She hides her face in LOUISA's arms.*]

*Enter CLAUDE, STEPHEN, and BERTRAND, who remain timidly
in the background.*

MAR. Come hither, Stephen, Bertrand, Claude, come hither !
Our sister is not proud ; she is so mild,
And speaks more kind than she was wont to do
While yet she lived among us in the village.

[*They come forward : JOHANNA looks at them fixedly and
seems in amazement.*]

JOH. Where have I been ?—say, has it been a dream,
A long, sad dream, and now I wake again ?
Have I left Dom Remi ? Is it not true
I have been sleeping by the fairy tree,
And am awake, and you are round me here,
The well-known friendly faces that I love ?
I have but dreamed of all these kings and battles,
And deeds of warlike fame ; they were but shadows,
That floated by my fancy as I slept,
For dreams are lively underneath this tree.
How did you come to Rheims—how came I here
Myself ; I never went from Dom Remi ?
Confess the truth to me and gladden my heart.

LOU. We are at Rheims ; you have not only dreamed
Of all those things, you have indeed performed them.
Collect yourself ; remember, look around you ;
Feel here the bright gold armour that you wear.

[JOHANNA *puts her hand to her breast, recollects herself,
and starts.*

BER. It was my hand from which you took this helmet.

CLAU. It is not strange that you should think to dream,
For all you have taken upon you and fulfilled
Could not be more miraculous in a dream.

JOH. [*quickly.*] Come, let us fly ! I go with you—I turn
Back to our village—to my father's arms !

LOU. Come—come with us, dear sister !

JOH.

All these men

Exalt me far above what I deserve :

You knew me in my childhood, weak and small ;

You love me, but you do not worship me.

MAR. Will you forsake all this magnificence ?

JOH. I throw it from me, this detested splendour,
Which has such power to keep your hearts from mine ;
And I will be a shepherdess again,
Will do your bidding like a lowly servant,
And with the heaviest penance will atone
For my vain strivings from my proper station.

[*Trumpets sound.*

SCENE X.—*Enter from the Church* KING CHARLES, *wearing the crown* ;
AGNES, ARCHBISHOP, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LAHIRE, DU CHATEL,
KNIGHTS, COURTIERS, and PEOPLE.

ALL. Long live the King of France—King Charles the Seventh !

[*Trumpets. On a signal from the KING, the HERALDS
command silence.*

CHAR. Thanks to my people for their honest love :
The crown which Heaven has set upon my head
Has been achieved and conquered by the sword,
And with my subjects' precious blood is stained ;
Yet shall the olive peacefully twine round it.
Thanks be to all who fought upon our side,
And to all those who have withstood our way
Forgiveness : Heaven has mercifully dealt with us,
And our first proclamation is for mercy.

PEOPLE. Long live the King of France—King Charles the
Good !

CHAR. The Kings of France have ever held their crown
From God alone, the ruler over all,
But we have visibly received it from him. [*Turning to JOHANNA.*
Here stands the messenger of Heaven, who gave
Your lineal king back to his native throne,
And burst the chain of foreign tyranny :
Her name should be like that of holy Denis,
The guardian of this highly favoured land,
And altars should be raised to pay her homage.

PEOPLE. Hail to the maiden, the deliverer ! [*Trumpets.*

CHAR. [*to JOHANNA.*] If thou art formed, like us, of mortal
mould,

Say how we best may honour and content thee ;
 But if thy dwelling-place be in the skies,
 If thou concealest thy celestial kind
 In this disguise of maiden purity,
 Unloose the film that hides thee from our sense,
 And let us see thee in thy form of light
 As thou art seen of Heaven, that we may fall
 And worship at thy footstool.

[*General silence, all gazing on JOHANNA.*]

JOH. [*suddenly shrieking out.*] God ! my father !

SCENE XI.—THEORALD, *comes out of the crowd.*

SEVERAL VOICES. Her father !

THEO. Ay, her miserable father !
 Who reared the wretched creature—who comes now,
 Impelled by Heaven, to denounce his child.

BUR. Ha ! what is that ?

DU CHA. Now for a fearful dawning.

THEO. [*to the KING.*] Thou deemest thyself saved by the power
 of Heaven ;

Deluded prince—deluded people of France,

Thou art delivered by the arts of Hell !

DUN. Does the man rave ?

THEO. Not I, but thou dost rave,
 And these around thee, and this holy bishop,
 Who think the Lord of Heaven would condescend
 To manifest himself by a lowly maid.
 See now, if still before her father's face
 She will uphold the daring, impious cheat,
 With which she has deluded king and people.
 Answer me now, if thou art pure and holy,
 By all that is most sacred, I adjure thee.

[*Deep silence, all gazing on her ; she stands motionless.*]

AGNES. God ! she is silent.

THEO. She dares not reply :
 Conjured by words of such deep reverence,
 That they are dreaded in the depths of Hell.
 She holy—she a messenger from Heaven !
 In cursed places, by a haunted tree,
 Where hellish spirits have held their festival
 Time out of mind, did she brood o'er her scheme,
 And pledged her soul to the great enemy
 In compact that he would bestow upon her
 A fleeting recompense of earthly glory.
 Let her stretch forth her arm and show the marks
 By which Hell claims its creature.

BUR. Horrible !
 But who can doubt a father's testimony,
 Who bears unwilling witness against his child ?

DUN. Not so ; the madman cannot be believed,
 Who in his daughter would disgrace himself.

AGNES [*to JOHANNA.*] Oh, speak, Johanna ! Break this
 dreadful silence ;

We will believe thee, we have faith in thee :
 Let thy lips utter but a single word,
 It shall suffice. Oh, speak ! Annihilate

This horrible accusation : only say
That thou art innocent, and we believe thee.

[JOHANNA stands motionless; AGNES turns from her shuddering.

LAH. She is bewildered ; terror and amazement
Have sealed her lips ; even innocence must shudder
When such a fearful charge comes forth against it. [*He goes to her.*
Collect thyself, Johanna ; innocence
Has its own language, and its lightning glance,
Which mightily confounds calumnious tongues.
Rise in thy lofty scorn : look upon us,
Rebuke and put to shame the unworthy doubt
Which dares asperse thy innocent purity.

[JOHANNA stands motionless; LAHIRE goes back; the confusion increases.

DUN. Why shrinks the crowd—why do the princes tremble?
She is not guilty. Here I pledge myself ;
I set upon her cause my princely honour :
Here, in the midst, I throw my knightly glove—
Who amongst all of you dares call her guilty?

[*A violent clap of thunder; all are in consternation.*

THEO. Answer me, by the thundering voice of Heaven !
Say thou art innocent, say my words are false,
Say that foul sin is not upon thy soul !

[*Another thunderclap; the PEOPLE fly in all directions.*

BUR. May God protect us ! These are fearful tokens.

DU CHA. [*to the KING.*] Away, my royal lord ! Avoid this place.

ARCH. [*to JOHANNA.*] I ask, in the name of God, if thou art silent

Beneath the power of guilt or innocence ?
And if these mighty thunderings witness for thee,
Look on this holy cross and give a sign.

[JOHANNA stands motionless ; more thunderings. *Exeunt all but JOHANNA and DUNOIS.*

SCENE XII.—DUNOIS, JOHANNA.

DUN. Thou art my bride ; my heart believed in thee
With the first glance, and still I am unchanged :
I have more faith in thee than all these signs—
Than in the rolling witness of these thunders.
Clothed in the mantle of thy purity,
Silent in noble scorn, thou wilt not stoop
To clear thyself from such disgraceful slander.
Despise it if thou wilt, but trust in me ;
I never doubted in thy innocence :

Speak not a single word ; give but thy hand
In pledge and token that thou wilt rely

On this good arm, and on thy rightful cause,

[*He stretches his hand to her; she turns away with a shudder; he stands in silent horror.*

SCENE XIII.—Enter DU CHATEL.

DU CHA. Johanna of Arc, thou hast the King's safe conduct,
Unquestioned and unharmed, to leave the city :

The gates are open, fear no injury ;
 The King's protection will ensure thy safety.
 Count Dunois, follow me ; you risk your honour
 In tarrying longer. What a fearful ending !

[*Exit DU CHATEL; DUNOIS rouses himself, glances again at JOHANNA, and exit.*]

Enter RAYMOND slowly ; he comes forward and takes her hand.

RAY. Come, lose no time, the streets are empty now ;
 Give me your hand, and I will be your guide.

[*On seeing him, she gives the first sign of consciousness ; gazes on him, looks to Heaven, seizes his hand convulsively, and exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A wild Forest, on one side a Cottage. Thunder and Lightning. Shots are heard. CHARCOAL BURNER and his WIFE, from the Cottage.*

CHAR. BURNER. This is a fearful desolating storm !
 Heaven threatens to rain itself upon the earth
 In streams of fire ; the day is black as night ;
 The tempest rages like a hell let loose ;
 Earth trembles, and the old majestic oaks,
 Groaning, bow down their venerable limbs ;
 And yet this fearful elemental war,
 Which in the wildest beasts breeds gentleness,
 That in their dens they tamely hide themselves,
 Is powerless to bring peace among mankind.
 Between the gusty howlings of the storm
 I hear the sharp and ringing sounds of war :
 The armies stand so near each other now,
 Only the forest parts them, and each hour
 May be the messenger of bloody news.

WIFE. God help us ! Why, the enemies were beat
 And scattered everywhere throughout the land :
 How is it that they trouble us again ?

CHAR. BURNER. That is because they fear the King no more ;
 For since the maiden proved a witch at Rheims,
 The evil one helps us no longer now,
 And everything goes wrong.

WIFE. Hark ! some one comes.

SCENE II.—*Enter RAYMOND and JOHANNA.*

RAY. Here I see cottages—here we shall find
 Some shelter from the tempest's driving fury.
 You can endure no more ; three days already
 You have wandered onwards, shunning the face of man,
 And roots and berries were your only food.

[*The storm ceases ; it becomes clear.*]

They are compassionate peasants, enter here.

CHAR. BURNER. You seem in need of shelter and of rest :
 You are welcome ; all our hut contains is yours.

WIFE. What will the tender maiden thus in arms ?
 But, sooth to say, it is a dismal time,
 And even women go in armour now.
 The Queen herself, the Lady Isabel,

Rides armed, men say, within the enemy's camp ;
And a young girl, a needy shepherd's daughter,
Has fought and conquered for our lord the King.

CHAR. BURNER. Why stand you talking? Go into the hut
And bring refreshment for the lady here.

RAY. [*to JOHANNA.*] You see, not all are cruelly minded to
you ;

Even in the wilderness is found compassion.
Be of good cheer ; the storm has ceased to rave,
And beaming peacefully the sun goes down.

CHAR. BURNER. I think you mean to join the royal army,
Because you travel armed. Look to your road ;
The English are encamped and near at hand,
Their parties ramble daily through the forest.

RAY. How may we best avoid them ?

CHAR. BURNER. Stay with us
Until my son returns home from the town ;
He shall conduct you through the forest paths,
Where you have nought to fear ; we know the passes.

RAY. [*to JOHANNA.*] Lay by your helmet and your armour now ;
It makes you noticed and protects you not.

[*JOHANNA shakes her head.*]

CHAR. BURNER. The maiden is very sad. Hush ! Who comes
here ?

SCENE III.—*Enter WIFE, from the hut, with refreshments, and BOY.*

WIFE [*to JOHANNA*]. It is the boy whom we expected home ;
Drink this, and may it cheer you, noble lady.

CHAR. BURNER. Welcome home. Anet, what news ?

BOY [*notices JOHANNA as she is about to drink, runs to her and
snatches away the jug*]. Mother—mother !

What have you done—whom do you entertain ?
'This is the witch of Orleans !

CHAR. BURNER AND WIFE. God have mercy on us !

[*They cross themselves and run away.*]

SCENE IV.—RAYMOND, JOHANNA.

JOH. [*calmly and mildly.*] You see a curse is on me, all things
shun me.

Care for thyself, and leave me to my fate.

RAY. Shall I forsake thee ? Who, then, shall remain
To bear thee company ?

JOH. I am not alone.
Thou hast heard the thunder roll above my head ;
My destiny is my guide. Fear not for me ;
Without my seeking I shall reach the goal.

RAY. Where wilt thou fly ? The English on one side,
Who, in their wrath, have sworn to wreak on thee
A bloody vengeance ; yonder are our people,
Who have rejected, scorned, and banished thee.

JOH. Nothing will happen which is not decreed.

RAY. Who shall seek food for thee—who shall protect thee
From savage beasts, and still more savage men—
Tend thee in sickness and in misery ?

JOH. I know all herbs and every root that grows ;
My sheep have taught me how to separate

The poisonous and wholesome; I can tell
The courses of the stars, the driving clouds,
And hear the bubbling of the secret springs.
Man's wants are few, and nature is profuse
Of life.

RAY. [*taking her hand.*] Wilt thou not commune with thyself?
Be reconciled to God, and come again,
A penitent, into the Church's bosom.

JOH. Dost thou, too, hold me guilty of this sin?

RAY. Must I not? Was your silence not confession?

JOH. Thou, who hast followed me in misery,
The only one who has been true to me,
Linked thyself to my fate when all beside
Had cast me off—thou thinkest me cursed too,
Renounced of Heaven?—oh, that is hard to bear!

RAY. [*astonished.*] And art thou truly then no sorceress?

JOH. Am I a sorceress!

RAY. These miracles,
Hast thou performed them by the power of God
And of His saints?

JOH. I had no other aid.

RAY. Yet you were dumb beneath the dreadful charge.
Now you speak out; but then, before the King,
When speaking had availed you, you were silent.

JOH. I followed silently the destiny
Which God, my master, had prepared for me.

RAY. You had no answer for your father then.

JOH. What from my father came, came from God too,
And fatherly the chastening will have been.

RAY. Even Heaven itself proclaimed your guiltiness.

JOH. Heaven spoke, and I was silent.

RAY. How! One word
Had then sufficed to clear you, yet you left
The world in this most miserable error.

JOH. It was no error; it was my destiny.

RAY. You suffered innocently all this shame,
And dropped no sound of murmur from your lips!
I stand astonished and awe-struck before you;
My heart is moved deep in my inmost soul:
Oh, gladly would I take your words for truth,
For it was hard for me to think you guilty;
But could I dream that human fortitude
Could bear such dreadful things and answer nothing?

JOH. Should I deserve to be the chosen one,
Unless I blindly honoured His decree?
And I am not so wretched as I seem:
I am in want: that is no strange misfortune
To my condition. I am a fugitive,
But in the desert I have proved myself.
When the false glare of glory was around me,
Then was the struggle in my feeble heart;
I was most miserable when I seemed
A mark for the world's envy. I am healed,
And this wild tempest in the natural world,
Threatening destruction to it, has been my friend:
The air is purified and my heart too.

Peace is upon my soul, and, come what may,
My heart is free of weakness and of shame.

RAY. Oh, come, come—let us hasten to proclaim
Your innocence loudly in the face of day.

JOH. He who has sent confusion, He will end it;
And when the hour is ripe the fruit will fall.
The day will come to justify my name;
And those who now condemn and cast me out
Will sadly recognize their blind delusion,
And tears of pity will drop down for me.

RAY. And must I wait in silence till some chance—

JOH. [*gently taking his hand.*] Thou seest but the outside of
natural things;

An earthly curtain wiaps thy sight around;
But I have looked on immortality:
There's not a single hair falls to the ground
Without the will of God. Seest thou yon sun
Go down in heaven? As surely as to-morrow
The brightness of his beauty will return,
So sure the truth will one day be revealed.

SCENE V.—QUEEN ISABELLA *enters, with SOLDIERS behind.*

ISA. Is this the way into the English camp?

RAY. Alas, the foe!

Enter SOLDIERS; on perceiving JOHANNA they fall back in confusion.

ISA. [*entering.*] Now, what stays the march?

SOLDIERS. May Heaven protect us!

ISA. Have you seen a spectre?
Call yourselves soldiers—you are dastards. Ha!

[*She passes through them, sees JOHANNA, and starts back.*
Whom do I see! [*recovering herself.*] Thou art my prisoner.

JOH. I am. [*RAYMOND escapes, with signs of despair.*

ISA. [*to the SOLDIERS.*] Lay chains upon her!

[*The SOLDIERS approach JOHANNA timidly; she reaches
out her arms to them, and is chained.*

Is this the mighty one, the terrible,
Who chased your armies back like hunted sheep,
Who has no power to guard herself from harm?
Can she work miracles only where is faith,
And a mere woman when a brave man meets her? [*To JOHANNA.*
Why hast thou left the army of the Dauphin?
Where is thy knight and guardian, Count Dunois?

JOH. I am banished.

ISA. How! What! Banished!
Banished by the Dauphin?

JOH. Ask no farther now;
I am in thy power, conduct me where thou wilt.

ISA. Banished! Because you saved him from despair,
Because you set the crown on him at Rheims,
Because you raised him to be King of France.
Banished! How well I recognize my son.
Bring her into the camp, and show the army
The phantom which has caused their fear so long.

She a sorceress ! Her only sorcery
Has been your folly and your cowardice.
She is a fool, who offers up herself
In her king's quarrel, and who now receives
A king's reward. Bring her to Lionel.
I send the fate of France in fetters to him ;
I follow straight myself.

JOH. To Lionel !

Kill me here—send me not to Lionel.

ISA. [*to the SOLDIERS.*] Obey my orders ! Carry her away.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—JOHANNA and SOLDIERS.

JOH. Englishmen, suffer not that I should go
Alive out of your hands ; revenge yourselves,
Draw forth your swords and plunge them in my heart ;
Let Lionel see a bloody corpse before him.
Remember it was I who slew your bravest,
Who showed no mercy to you, who have shed
Rivers of English blood, who have deprived
Your valiant Talbot of his glad return !
Take, then, a bloody vengeance—kill me here—
You have me in your hands. I may not be
Always so feeble as you see me now.

CAPTAIN. Do as the Queen commanded !

JOH.

Must my fate

Become more wretched than it yet has been ?
Thy hand is heavy on me, fearful Virgin !
Hast thou for ever hid thy face from me ?
No angel hears, no pitying saint descends ;
Wonders have ceased, and Heaven is closed against me.

[*Exit with SOLDIERS.*]

SCENE VII.—*The French Camp.* DUNOIS, ARCHBISHOP, DU CHATEL.

ARCH. Prince, overcome your angry discontent—
Return with us, come to your king again ;
In this emergency, do not forsake
The common cause, when France, distressed anew,
Now more than ever needs your warrior arm.

DUN. Distressed ! Why are we so ? Why does the foe
Raise up his front again ? Was not all done ?
France was victorious, and the war was ended.
You have rejected your deliverer,
Deliver now yourselves ; I will not go
Into the camp where she is found no more.

DU CHA. Take better counsel, Prince ; dismiss us not
With such an answer.

DUN.

Du Chatel, be silent.

I hate you ; nothing will I hear from you :
You were the first to breathe a doubt of her.

ARCH. Who had not doubted ?—who was not misled,
And wavered on that miserable day,
When every sign appeared to point against her ?
We were astonished, stupefied ; the blow
Struck on our hearts too straightly. Who could weigh
Reasons and proofs in that wild hour of terror ?

Reflection has returned to us again :
 We see how she has lived and dwelt among us,
 And find no fault in all that we have known.
 We are perplexed ; we fear that we have done
 Bitter injustice. The King is penitent,
 The Duke reproachful of himself, Lahire
 Is comfortless, and every heart is sad.

DUN. She a deceiver ! If the time should be
 That truth must come in a corporeal form,
 It must put on such lineaments as hers ;
 If innocence, if truth, if purity
 Have ever dwelt on earth, they have appeared
 In her bright eye, on her ingenuous tongue.

ARCH. May Heaven, by some miraculous dispensation,
 Dispel the darkness of this mystery,
 Which earthly wisdom cannot penetrate :
 But be the riddle read on either side,
 We must be burthened with the weight of sin.
 We have renounced the messenger of Heaven,
 Or have been helped by hellish sorcery :
 And both will call down wrath and punishment
 From Heaven upon this sad, distracted land.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter a NOBLEMAN.*

NOBLE. A shepherd seeks admission to your highness,
 Imploring earnestly to speak with you.
 He comes, so says he, from the maiden.

DUN. Haste,
 And bring him hither—he comes from her.

Enter RAYMOND.

Where is she—where is the maiden ?

RAY. Hail, renowned prince !
 And well for me, who meet this holy bishop,
 This pious man, the shelter of the oppressed—

DUN. Where is the maiden ?

ARCH. Tell us where, my son ?

RAY. My lord, she is no hellish sorceress.
 I testify, by God and all His saints,
 The people are deceived ; you have cast out
 The chosen one of Heaven, banished the innocent.

DUN. Where is she ? Speak !

RAY. I have been her companion
 To guide her wanderings through the Ardennes forest :
 There she confessed her utmost soul to me ;
 And may I die in torments—be my soul
 Shut out eternally from heavenly bliss,
 If she be not as pure as innocence.

DUN. The sun in heaven is not more pure than she.
 Where is she ? Speak !

RAY. Oh, if your hearts are changed,
 And you believe her guiltless, haste to save her ;
 She is a prisoner in the English camp.

DUN. A prisoner !—ha !

ARCH. O, most unhappy fate !

RAY. In the Ardennes, where we were seeking shelter,
 She was encountered by Queen Isabel,

And is delivered to the Englishmen.
Save her, who was a saviour to you,
From an impending miserable death.

DUN. To arms ! Up—up ! Alarm the camp—beat drums—
Call every man to battle ! Let all France
Rush to the field : our honour lies in pawn—
The crown, the sanctuary is endangered.
Venture your blood, your life, your all to save her :
She must be free before the day is ended.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*The Interior of a Watch-tower ; open above.* JOHANNA,
LIONEL, FASTOLF.

FAS. It is not possible to stay the troops ;
They mutiny, and ask the maiden's death ;
Resistance is in vain. Do justice on her,
And throw her head from these high battlements !
Her blood alone will satisfy the soldiers.

ISA. [*entering.*] They set up ladders ; they prepare to storm.
Appease the people. Will you tamely wait
Till, in their frantic rage, they overturn
The tower, and we shall perish altogether ?
You cannot guard her longer—give her up.

LIO. Let them storm on—let their wild fury rage !
This tower is strong, and I will bury me
Beneath its ruins ere they shall control me.
Answer, Johanna—say thou wilt be mine,
And I protect thee against all the world.

ISA. Are you a man !

LIO. Thine own have driven thee out ;
Thou art released from every duty now
To thine unworthy land. The dastard souls
Who sought thy favour have forsaken thee—
They dared not struggle to uphold thy fame ;
But I preserve thee against mine and thine.
Thou badest me once believe my life was dear
To thee, and then I was thy enemy ;
Now, in the world thou hast no friend but me.

JOH. Thou art my foe, my country's enemy ;
Nought can be common betwixt thee and me :
I cannot love thee ; but if thy heart turns
To me in kindness, let it bring a blessing
Upon my people ; lead thine army home
Far from the borders of my fatherland ;
Render again the keys of all the cities
Which you have mastered ; set your prisoners free ;
Restore your booty ; give us hostages
That thou wilt rightfully perform thy part,
And in the King's name here I offer peace.

ISA. Even in thy fetters wilt thou give us laws.

JOH. Do it betimes—you will be brought to it ;
For France will never wear the yoke of England
While time endures : sooner shall it become
A yawning sepulchre to swallow you.

Your mightiest are fallen : think betimes
How safely to escape on your return ;

Your fame is blighted, and your power is gone.

ISA. Canst thou endure her raving insolence ?

SCENE X.—*Enter OFFICER, hastily.*

OFF. My lord, you must haste to form the troops for battle;
The French are drawing nigh with flying banners,
The valley gleams with armour on all sides.

JOH. [*with enthusiasm.*] The French are drawing nigh! Now,
haughty England,
Out to the battle-field—now hold your own.

FAS. Misguided creature, curb thy senseless joy;
Thou wilt not live to see the closing day.

JOH. My people will be conquerors! I shall die:
The valiant need my arm no longer now.

LIO. I mock at these effeminates! Have we not
Chased them before our face in twenty battles,
Before this heroic maiden fought for them?
I do despise the nation, all but one,
And they have banished her. Come, Fastolf, come!
We will prepare for them a second day
Such as they saw at Cressy and Poitiers:
The Queen will stay to guard the maiden here,
Within this tower, until the fight is over.
I leave with you a guard of fifty knights.

FAS. Shall we, then, go against the enemy,
And leave this furious one behind us here?

JOH. What! Does a fettered woman make you tremble?

LIO. Promise, Johanna, not to free thyself.

JOH. To free myself is now my only wish.

ISA. Lay threefold fetters on her. I pledge my life
To guard her safely; she shall not escape.

[*JOHANNA is heavily fettered.*]

LIO. You will this; you compel this. Still is time:
Renounce thy country, and bear England's banner—
Then thou art free, and all these raging bands,
Who thirst now for thy blood, will worship thee.

FAS. [*impatently.*] General, away!

JOH. Waste not thy words on me;
The French are drawing nigh: look to thyself.

[*Trumpets. Exit LIONEL.*]

FAS. [*coming back to the QUEEN.*] Lady, you know what will
remain for you,
If fortune goes against us; if you see
Our people turn to flight—

ISA. [*showing a dagger.*] Be without fear,
She shall not triumph in our fall.

FAS. [*to JOHANNA.*] You know the fate that waits you, now
implore
A blessing on your army. [*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.—ISABELLA, JOHANNA, SOLDIERS.

JOH. That I will:
Who can have power to hinder me? Hark! hark!
That is my people's march: how full of life
And victory it thrills into my heart;
Ruin to England, victory to France!
On, my brave countrymen—the maiden's near you,
And though she cannot wave her banner now

Before your front, though heavy chains are on her,
Yet from her prison soars her spirit free,
On the glad pinions of your warrior song.

ISA. [*to a SOLDIER.*] Mount yonder tower, which overlooks the field,

And give us tidings how the battle goes.

JOH. Courage, my people!—it is the last encounter;
One victory more and they are lost for ever.

ISA. What dost thou see?

SOL. The armies close already;

A furious knight, on an Arabian steed,
Clothed in a tiger skin, leads on the lances.

JOH. That is Dunois. On, gallant gentleman?
Victory is with thee.

SOL. The Duke of Burgundy
Assails the bridge.

ISA. Would that ten lances met
In his false heart, the doubly perjured traitor!

SOL. Lord Fastolf manfully opposes him.
Now they dismount—now they fight hand to hand,
Our people and the Duke's Burgundians.

ISA. Where is the Dauphin! Canst thou not discern
The royal ensigns?

SOL. All is hid in dust;
I can distinguish nothing in the field.

JOH. Had he my eye, or if I stood where he stands,
There's not a motion should escape my sight.
I count the wild fowl in their airy flight,
And track the falcon when he soars the highest.

SOL. There is a fearful struggle at the ditch,
The first and greatest seem to combat there.

ISA. Seest thee our standard?

SOL. Fluttering in the breeze.

JOH. Could I pierce through these walls, but through a chink,
I would control the battle with a glance.

SOL. Alas! what must I see! Our General
Is hemmed about.

ISA. [*drawing a dagger.*] Die then, unhappy one!

SOL. [*quickly.*] He is free:
The valiant Fastolf falls upon the flank:
He breaks into the thickest hostile strength.

ISA. [*drawing back the dagger.*] There spoke thy angel.

SOL. Victory! They fly!

ISA. Who fly?

SOL. The Frenchmen, the Burgundians fly;
The field is covered o'er with fugitives.

JOH. God!—God! Wilt thou abandon me so far?

SOL. There goes a prisoner, wounded heavily;
A crowd is round him and he seems a prince.

ISA. One of our leaders, or a Frenchman?

SOL. His helmet is unbraced—it is Dunois.

JOH. [*seizing her chains violently.*] And I am nothing but a
fettered girl!

SOL. Stay: who is this who wears the sky-blue mantle
Bordered with gold?

JOH. [*aloud.*] That is my lord the King!

SOL. His horse is startled—stumbles—now he falls;
He labours onwards, slowly and painfully;

[JOHANNA *accompanies these words with sympathetic gestures.*

Our men are following him in hot pursuit—
Now they have reached him—they surround him now.

JOH. Angels of heavenly mercy, where are ye!

ISA. [*laughing scornfully.*] Now is the time—deliver now,
deliverer.

JOH. [*kneeling—agitated.*] Hear me, O God! in my extremest
need;

I send my soul to thee in passionate prayer
Before the footstool of thy heavenly throne.
Thou canst make strong the thin and filmy web
As the tough cable: thy almighty power
Can change to silken threads these iron bands:
Thou wilt it, and these chains shall fall away,
These walls shall crumble. Thou didst succour Samson
When he lay blind and fettered among his foes,
And bore the bitter taunts of their proud scorn:
He put his faith in thee, and mightily
He grasped the pillars of that spacious hall
And bowed himself, and tore the temple down.

SOL. Victory! Triumph!

ISA. Quick! What can you see?

SOL. The King is taken!

JOH. Then God have mercy on me!

[*She seizes her fetters with both hands and dashes them off;
at the same moment she rushes on a SOLDIER, snatches
a sword from him, and runs out. All look after her
in astonishment.*

SCENE XII.—ISABELLA.

ISA. [*after a long pause.*] What was that? Do I dream—how
went she hence?

How did she burst those massive heavy chains?
A world in witness I would not believe
Had I not seen it with these eyes myself.

SOL. [*on the Tower.*] What, has she wings! What hurricane
has borne her
Down to the fight!

ISA. Already!

SOL. Yes; she strides
Amid the battle—she flies more rapidly
Than sight can follow: now she is here, now yonder;
I see her in one moment everywhere.
She bursts the throng; all yields before her way;
The French are checked—are rallying anew.
Alas! what sight is this! Our troops give back,
They cast their weapons down, they sink their banners.

ISA. Ha! Will she wrest our certain triumph from us?

SOL. Straight on the King she drives—she reaches him—
She drags him mightily from out the throng.
Lord Fastolf falls, Lord Lionel is surrounded.

ISA. I will not hear thee farther; come away!

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

SOL. Fly, madam, fly! or you will be surprised :
 A troop of knights are hurrying to the tower. [*He comes down.*
 ISA. [*drawing a sword.*] Then, cowards, fight!

SCENE XIII.—*Enter LAHIRE, with SOLDIERS; the QUEEN's party surrenders.*

LAH. [*approaching her respectfully.*] Lady, submit yourself
 To overpowering force; your soldiers yield,
 And all resistance is impossible.
 Accept my services, and signify
 Where you will be escorted.
 ISA. Every place
 Is equal where I shall not meet the Dauphin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.—*The Field of Battle. SOLDIERS, with flying colours, fill up the background. In the front, the KING and BURGUNDY, supporting JOHANNA, who lies wounded, in their arms, without signs of life.*

Enter AGNES, hastily.

AGNES [*throwing herself into the KING's arms.*] You live!—
 you are free! I see you once again.

CHAR. Yes, I am free and safe: but at this price.
 [*Pointing to JOHANNA.*

AGNES. Johanna! God! She dies! She is dead already.

BUR.
 So should depart an angel: see, she lies
 Quiet, without pain, and like a slumbering child.
 The peace of Heaven smiles upon her face;
 No breath is in her bosom, but the warmth
 Of life is still in her relaxing hand.

CHAR. She is gone, and never will she wake again;
 Her eye no more will look on earthly things;
 She hovers now a blissful saint in Heaven,
 And sees no more our grief and our repentance.

AGNES. She lifts her eyes!—she lives! Will she return
 BUR. Back from the grave—will she o'ermaster death?

She raises herself up! She stands! Where am I now?

JOH. [*standing unsupported.*] Among thy people—with thy friends, Johanna.

CHAR. Supported by thy friends and by thy King.

JOH. [*gazing fixedly on him.*] Oh, no, I am no sorceress
 indeed

I am not.

CHAR. Thou art holy as an angel:
 Our eyes were darkened with a fearful cloud.

JOH. [*looking around cheerfully.*] And am I truly among
 friends again,

And am no more rejected and despised?
 They do not curse me, they look kindly on me—

Yes, now I clearly recollect it all:
 These are my friends, and these are France's standards:
 But mine I do not see. Where is my banner?
 I must not go without my banner hence;
 The Lord has trusted it into my care,

And I must lay it down before His throne :
I may, for faithfully I have borne it here.

CHAR. [*hiding his face*] Give her the banner !

*[It is given her ; she unrolls it ; she stands upright with
it in her hand, gazing on it.]*

JOH. Look on the rainbow in the rosy sky ;
The golden gates of Heaven are lifted up ;
How bright she stands amid angelic choirs,
And clasps the heavenly infant in her arms—
How lovingly she stretches out her hand
To aid my flight ! Light clouds are lifting me—
The heavy armour turns to buoyant robes.
Away ! Heaven opens, and earth disappears :
Short is the pain, eternal is the joy.

*[She drops the banner and falls dead on it. On a sign
from the KING all the banners are lowered over her.]*

ON THE USE OF THE CHORUS IN TRAGEDY.

A POETICAL work must vindicate itself. If the execution be defective, little aid can be derived from commentaries.

On these grounds I might safely leave the Chorus to be its own advocate, if we had ever seen it presented in an appropriate manner. But it must be remembered that a dramatic composition first assumes the character of a whole by means of representation on the stage. The poet supplies only the words, to which, in a lyrical tragedy, music and rhythmical motion are essential accessories. It follows, then, that if the Chorus is deprived of accompaniments appealing so powerfully to the senses, it will appear a superfluity in the economy of the drama, a mere hindrance to the development of the plot, destructive to the illusion of the scene, and wearisome to the spectators.

To do justice to the Chorus (more especially if our aims in poetry are of a grand and elevated character) we must transport ourselves from the actual to a possible stage. It is the privilege of Art to furnish for itself whatever is requisite ; and the accidental deficiency of auxiliaries ought not to confine the plastic imagination of the poet. He aspires to whatever is most dignified ; he labours to realize the ideal in his own mind ; though in the execution of his purpose he must needs accommodate himself to circumstances.

The assertion so commonly made, that the public degrades Art, is not well founded. It is the artist that brings the public to the level of his own conceptions ; and, in every age in which Art has gone to decay, it has fallen through its professors. The people need feeling alone ; and feeling they possess. They take their station before the curtain with an unvoiced longing, with a multifarious capacity. They bring with them an aptitude for what is highest ; they derive the greatest pleasure from what is judicious and true ; and if, with these powers of appreciation, they begin to be satisfied with inferior productions, still, if they have once tasted what is excellent, they will, in the end, insist on having it supplied to them.

It is sometimes objected that the poet may labour according to an ideal, that the critic may judge from ideas, but that mere executive art is subject to contingencies and depends for effect on the occasion. Managers will be obstinate ; actors are bent on display ; the audience is inattentive and unruly. Their object is relaxation, and they are disappointed if mental exertion be required, when they expected only amusement. But if the theatre be made instrumental towards higher objects, the pleasure of the spectator will not be increased, but ennobled. It will be a diversion, but a poetical one. All Art is dedicated to pleasure ; and there can be no higher and worthier end than to make men happy. The true Art is that which provides the highest degree of pleasure ; and this consists in the abandonment of the spirit to the free play of all its faculties.

Every one expects from the imaginative arts a certain emancipation from the bounds of reality : we are willing to give a scope to fancy, and recreate ourselves with the possible. The man who expects it the least will, nevertheless, forget his ordinary pursuits, his everyday existence and individu-

ality, and experience delight from uncommon incidents. If he be of a serious turn of mind, he will acknowledge on the stage that moral government of the world which he fails to discover in real life. But he is, at the same time, perfectly aware that all is an empty show, and that, in a true sense, he is feeding only on dreams. When he returns from the theatre to the world of realities, he is again compressed within its narrow bounds; he is its denizen as before—for it remains what it was, and in him nothing has been changed. What, then, has he gained, beyond a momentary illusive pleasure, which vanished with the occasion?

It is because a passing recreation is alone desired, that a mere show of truth is thought sufficient. I mean that probability, or *vraisemblance*, which is so highly esteemed, but which the commonest workers are able to substitute for the true.

Art has for its object not merely to afford a transient pleasure, to excite to a momentary dream of liberty; its aim is to make us absolutely free; and this it accomplishes by awakening, exercising, and perfecting in us a power to remove to an objective distance the sensible world (which otherwise only burdens us as rugged matter, and presses us down with a brute influence); to transform it into the free working of our spirit, and thus acquire a dominion over the material, by means of ideas. For the very reason, also, that true Art requires somewhat of the objective and real, it is not satisfied with a show of truth. It rears its ideal edifice on truth itself, on the solid and deep foundations of Nature.

But how Art can be at once altogether ideal, yet in the strictest sense real; how it can entirely leave the actual, and yet harmonize with Nature, is a problem to the multitude: and hence the distorted views which prevail in regard to poetical and plastic works; for, to ordinary judgments, these two requisites seem to counteract each other.

It is commonly supposed that one may be attained by the sacrifice of the other. The result is a failure to arrive at either. One to whom Nature has given a true sensibility, but denied the plastic imaginative power, will be a faithful painter of the real; he will adapt casual appearances, but never catch the spirit of Nature. He will only reproduce to us the matter of the world, which, not being our own work, the product of our creative spirit, can never have the beneficent operation of Art, of which the essence is freedom. Serious, indeed, but unpleasing, is the cast of thought with which such an artist and a poet dismisses us; we feel ourselves painfully thrust back into the narrow sphere of reality, by means of the very art which ought to have emancipated us. On the other hand, a writer, endowed with a lively fancy, but destitute of warmth and individuality of feeling, will not concern himself in the least about truth; he will sport with the stuff of the world, and endeavour to surprise by whimsical combinations; and as his whole performance is nothing but foam and glitter, he will, it is true, engage the attention for a time, but build up and confirm nothing in the understanding. His playfulness is, like the gravity of the other, thoroughly unpoetical. To string together at will fantastical images, is not to travel into the realm of the ideal; and the initiative reproduction of the actual cannot be called the representation of Nature. Both requisites stand so little in contradiction to each other that they are rather one and the same thing; that Art is only true inasmuch as it altogether forsakes the actual, and becomes purely ideal. Nature herself is an idea of the mind, and is never presented to the senses. She lies under the veil of appearances, but is heretofore given, the privilege to grasp the spirit of the All, and bind it in a corporeal form.

Yet, in truth, even Art cannot present it to the senses; but, by means of

her creative power, to the imaginative faculty alone; and it is thus that she becomes more true than all reality, and more real than all experience. It follows from these premisses, that the artist can use no single element taken from reality as he finds it—that his work must be ideal in all its parts, if it be designed to have, as it were, an intrinsic reality, and to harmonize with Nature.

What is true of art and poetry, in the abstract, holds good as to their various kinds; and we may apply what has been advanced to the subject of tragedy. In this department, it is still necessary to controvert the ordinary notion of the natural, with which poetry is altogether incompatible. A certain ideality has been allowed in painting; though, I fear, rather for conventional reasons than on grounds of conviction; but, in dramatic works, what is desired is illusion, which, if it could be accomplished by means of the actual, would be, at best, a paltry deception. All the externals of a theatrical representation are opposed to this notion; all is merely a symbol of the real. The day itself in a theatre is an artificial one; the metrical dialogue is itself ideal; yet the conduct of the play must, forsooth, be real, and the general effect sacrificed to a part. Thus the French, who have utterly misconceived the spirit of the ancients, adopted on their stage the unties of time and place in the most common and empirical sense; as though there were any place but the bare ideal one, or any other time than the mere succession of the incidents.

By the introduction of a metrical dialogue, an important progress has been made towards the poetical tragedy. A few lyrical dramas have been successful on the stage; and poetry, by its own living energy, has triumphed over prevailing prejudices. But, so long as these erroneous views are entertained, little has been done; for it is not enough barely to tolerate, as a poetic licence, that which is, in truth, the essence of all poetry. The introduction of the Chorus would be the last and decisive step; and if it only served this end—namely, to declare open and honourable warfare against naturalism in art, it would be for us a living wall which tragedy had drawn around herself, to guard her from contact with the world of reality, and maintain her own ideal soil, her poetical freedom.

It is well known that the Greek tragedy had its origin in the Chorus; and though, in process of time, it became independent, still it may be said that, poetically and in spirit, the Chorus was the source of its existence; and that without these persevering supporters and witnesses of the incident, a totally different order of poetry would have grown out of the drama. The abolition of the Chorus, and the debasement of this sensibly powerful organ into the characterless substitute of a confidant, is, by no means, such an improvement in tragedy as the French, and their imitators, would have it supposed to be.

The old tragedy, which at first only concerned itself with gods, heroes, and kings, introduced the Chorus as an essential accompaniment. The poets found it in nature, and for that reason employed it. It grew out of the poetical aspect of real life. In the new tragedy, it becomes an organ of Art which aids in making the poetry prominent. The modern poet no longer finds the Chorus in nature; he must needs create and introduce it poetically; that is, he must resolve on such an adaptation of his story as will admit of its retrocession to those primitive times, and to that simple form of life.

The Chorus thus renders more substantial service to the modern dramatist than to the old poet; and for this reason, that it transforms the commonplace actual world into the old poetical one; that it enables him to dispense with all that is repugnant to poetry, and conducts him back to the most simple, original, and genuine motives of action. The palaces of kings

are in these days closed—courts of justice have been transferred from the gates of cities to the interior of buildings; writing has narrowed the province of speech; the people itself—the sensibly living mass—when it does not operate as brute force, has become a part of the civil polity, and thereby an abstract idea in our minds; the deities have returned within the bosoms of mankind. The poet must reopen the palaces, place courts of justice beneath the canopy of heaven, restore the gods, reproduce every extreme which the artificial frame of actual life has abolished, throw aside every factitious influence on the mind or condition of man which impedes the manifestation of his inward nature and primitive character (as the statuary rejects modern costume), and, of all external circumstances, adopt nothing but what is palpable in the highest of forms—that of humanity.

But, precisely as the painter throws around his figures draperies of ample volume, to fill up the space of his picture richly and gracefully, to arrange its several parts in harmonious masses, to give due play to colour, which charms and refreshes the eye, and at once to envelop human forms in a spiritual veil, and make them visible; so the tragic poet inlays and entwines his rigidly contracted plot, and the strong outlines of his characters, with a tissue of lyrical magnificence, in which, as in flowing robes of purple, they move freely and nobly; with a sustained dignity, and exalted repose.

In a higher organization, the material, or the elementary, need not be visible; the chemical colour vanishes in the finer tints of the imaginative one. The material, however, has its peculiar effect; and may be included in an artistical composition. But it must deserve its place by animation, fulness, and harmony, and give value to the ideal forms which it surrounds, instead of stifling them with its weight.

In respect of the pictorial art, this is obvious to ordinary apprehension; yet in poetry likewise (and in the tragical kind, which is our immediate subject) the same doctrine holds good. Whatever fascinates the senses alone is mere matter, and the rude element of a work of art: if it take the lead it will inevitably destroy the poetical, which lies at the exact medium between the ideal and the sensible. But man is so constituted that he is ever impatient to pass from what is fanciful to what is common; and reflection must, therefore, have its place even in tragedy. But, to merit this place, it must, by means of delivery, recover what it wants in actual life; for if the two elements of poetry, the ideal and the sensible, do not operate with an inward mutuality, they must at least act as allies, or poetry is out of the question. If the balance be not intrinsically perfect, the equipoise can only be maintained by an agitation of both scales.

This is what the Chorus effects in tragedy. It is, in itself, not an individual, but a general conception; yet it is represented by a palpable body, which appeals to the senses with an imposing grandeur. It forsakes the contracted sphere of the incidents, to dilate itself over the past and the future—over distant times and nations, and general humanity—to deduce the grand results of life, and pronounce the lessons of wisdom. But all this it does with the full power of fancy, with a bold lyrical freedom, which ascends, as with godlike step, to the topmost height of worldly things; and it effects it in conjunction with the whole sensible influence of melody and rhythm, in tones and movements.

The Chorus thus exercises a purifying influence on tragic poetry, inso-much as it keeps reflection apart from the incidents; and, by this separation, arms it with a poetical vigour; as the painter, by means of a rich drapery, changes the ordinary poverty of costume into a charm and an ornament.

But, as the painter finds himself obliged to strengthen the tone of colour

of the living subject, in order to counterbalance the material influences, so the lyrical effusions of the Chorus impose upon the poet the necessity of a proportionate elevation of his general diction. It is the Chorus alone which entitles the poet to employ this fulness of tone, which at once charms the senses, pervades the spirit, and expands the mind. This one giant form on his canvas obliges him to mount all his figures on the Cothurnus, and thus impart a tragical grandeur to his picture. If the Chorus be taken away, the diction of the tragedy must generally be lowered; or, what is now great and majestic, will appear forced and overstrained. The old Chorus, introduced into the French tragedy, would present it in all its poverty, and reduce it to nothing; yet, without doubt, the same accompaniment would impart to Shakespeare's tragedy its true significance.

As the Chorus gives life to the language—so also it gives repose to the action; but it is that beautiful and lofty repose which is the characteristic of a true work of art. For the mind of the spectator ought to maintain its freedom through the most impassioned scenes; it should not become the mere prey of impressions, but calmly and severely detach itself from the emotions which it suffers. The commonplace objection made to the Chorus, that it disturbs the illusion and blunts the edge of the feelings, is what constitutes its highest recommendation; for it is this blind force of the affections which the true artist deprecates—this illusion is what he disdains to excite. If the strokes which tragedy inflicts on our bosoms followed without respite, the passion would overpower the action. We should mix ourselves up with the subject-matter, and no longer stand above it. It is by holding asunder the different parts, and stepping between the passions with its composing views, that the Chorus restores to us our freedom, which would else be lost in the tempest. The characters of the drama need this intermission, in order to collect themselves; for they are no real beings who obey the impulse of the moment, and merely represent individuals—but ideal persons, and representatives of their species, who enunciate the deep things of humanity.

Thus much on my attempt to revive the old Chorus on the tragic stage. It is true that choruses are not unknown to modern tragedy; but the Chorus of the Greek drama, as I have employed it—the Chorus, as a single ideal person, furthering and accompanying the whole plot—is of an entirely distinct character; and when, in discussion on the Greek tragedy, I hear mention made of choruses, I generally doubt the speaker's acquaintance with his subject. In my view, the Chorus has never been reproduced since the decline of the old tragedy.

I have divided it into two parts, and represented it in contest with itself; but this occurs where it acts as a real person, and as an unthinking multitude. As Chorus and an ideal person it is always one and entire. I have also several times dispensed with its presence on the stage. For this liberty I have the example of Æschylus, the creator of tragedy, and Sophocles, the greatest master of his art.

Another licence it may be more difficult to excuse. I have blended together the Christian religion and the Pagan mythology, and introduced recollections of the Moorish superstition. But the scene of the drama is Messina, where these three religions either exercised a living influence, or appealed to the senses in monumental remains. Besides, I consider it a privilege of poetry to deal with different religions as a collective whole, in which everything that bears an individual character, and expresses a peculiar mode of feeling, has its place. Religion itself, the idea of a Divine Power, lies under the veil of all religions; and it must be permitted to the poet to represent it in the form which appears the most appropriate to his subject.

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

TRANSLATED BY ADAM LODGE, M.A. [1841 : THIRD EDITION, 1863.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ISABELLA, *Princess of Messina.*
DON MANUEL } *her Sons.*
DON CÆSAR }
BEATRICE.
DIEGO, *an ancient Servant.*

MESSENGERS.
THE ELDERS OF MESSINA, *mute.*
THE CHORUS, *consisting of the followers of the two Princes.*

SCENE I.—*A spacious Hall, supported on columns, with entrances on both sides ; at the back of the stage a large folding-door leading to a Chapel.*

DONNA ISABELLA, *in mourning*; the ELDERS OF MESSINA.

ISA. Forth from my silent chamber's deep recesses,
Grey fathers of the State, unwillingly
I come, and, shrinking from your gaze, uplift
The veil that shades my widowed brows: the light
And glory of my days is fled for ever,
And best in solitude and kindred gloom
To hide these sable weeds, this grief-worn frame,
Beseeems the mourner's heart. A mighty voice—
Inexorable—duty's stern command,
Calls me to life again.

Not twice the moon
Has filled her orb, since to the tomb ye bore
My princely spouse, your city's lord, whose arm
Against a world of envious foes around
Hurled fierce defiance! Still his spirit lives
In his heroic sons, their country's pride.
Ye marked how sweetly, from their childhood's bloom,
They grew in joyous promise to the years
Of manhood's strength; yet, in their secret hearts,
From some mysterious root accursed, upsprung
Unmitigable deadly hate, that spurned
All kindred ties, all youthful fond affections—
Still ripening with their thoughtful age. Not mine
The sweet accord of family bliss; though each
Awoke a mother's rapture—each alike
Smiled at my nourishing breast! For me alone
Yet lives one mutual thought—of children's love—
In these tempestuous souls, dissevered else
By mortal strife and thirst of fierce revenge.
While yet their father reigned, his stern control
Tamed their hot spirits, and, with iron yoke,
To awful justice bowed their stubborn will:
Obedient to his voice, to outward seeming,
They calmed their wrathful mood, nor in array
E'er met of hostile arms; yet, unappeased,
Sat brooding malice in their bosoms' depths.
(They little reck of hidden springs, whose power
Can quell the torrent's fury.) Scarce their sire

In death had closed his eyes, when, as the spark,
That long in smouldering embers sullen lay,
Shoots forth a towering flame—so, unconfined,
Burst the wild storm of brothers' hate, triumphant
O'er nature's holiest bands. Ye saw, my friends,
Your country's bleeding wounds, when princely strife
Woke discord's maddening fires, and ranged her sons
In mutual, mortal conflict. All around
Was heard the clash of arms, the din of carnage,
And e'en these halls were stained with kindred gore.

Torn was the state with civil rage, this heart
With pangs that mothers feel. Alas ! unmindful
Of aught but public woes, and pitiless,
You sought my widowed chamber ; there, with taunts
And fierce reproaches for your country's ills,
From that polluted spring of brothers' hate
Derived, invoked a parent's warning voice,
And, threatening, told of people's discontent
And princes' crimes. " Ill fated land ! Now wasted
By thy unnatural sons, ere long the prey
Of foeman's sword ! Oh haste," you cried, " and end
This strife ! Bring peace again, or soon Messina
Shall bow to other lords." Your stern decree
Prevailed : this heart, with all a mother's anguish
O'erlaboured, owned the weight of civil cares.
I flew, and at my children's feet, distracted,
A suppliant lay ; till to my prayers and tears
The voice of Nature answered in their breasts !

Here in the palace of their sires, unarmed.
In peaceful guise, Messina shall behold
The long inveterate foes. This is the day !
E'en now I wait the messenger that brings
The tidings of my sons' approach. Be ready
To give your princes joyful welcome home,
With reverence, such as vassals may beseem.
Bethink ye to fulfil your subject duties,
And leave to better wisdom weightier cares.
Dire was their strife—to them and to the State
Fruitful of ills ; yet, in this happy bond
Of peace united, know that they are mighty
To stand against a world in arms, nor less
Enforce their sovereign will—against yourselves !

[*The ELDERS retire in silence: she beckons to an old attendant, who remains.*]

ISA. Diego !

DIE. What commands my honoured mistress ?

ISA. Old faithful servant, thou true heart, come near me ;
Sharer of all a mother's woes, be thine
The sweet communion of her joys. My treasure,
Shrined in thy breast, my dear and holy secret,
Shall pierce the envious veil, and shine triumphant
To cheerful day ; too long by harsh decrees
Silent and overpowered, affection yet
Shall utterance find in Nature's tones of rapture,
And this unprisoned heart leap to the embrace
Of all it holds most dear, returned to glad

My desolate halls,

So bend thy aged steps
To the old cloistered sanctuary that guards
The darling of my soul, whose innocence
To thy true love (sweet pledge of happier days!)
Trusting I gave, and asked from fortune's storm
A resting-place and shrine. O in this hour
Of bliss, the dear reward of all thy cares,
Give to my longing arms my child again!

[*Trumpets are heard in the distance.*]

Haste! Be thy footsteps winged with joy—I hear
The trumpet's blast, that tells in warlike accents
My sons are near.

[*Exit DIEGO. Music is heard in an opposite direction,
and becomes gradually louder.*]

Messina is awake!

Hark! how the stream of tongues, hoarse murmuring,
Rolls on the breeze. 'Tis they!—my mother's heart
Feels their approach, and beats with mighty throes
Responsive to the loud resounding march!
They come! they come! My children!—oh, my children! [*Exit.*]

The CHORUS enters. It consists of two SEMICHORUSES which enter at the same time from opposite sides, and, after marching round the stage, range themselves in rows, each on the side by which it entered. One SEMICHORUS consists of young knights, the other of older ones; each has its peculiar costume and ensigns. When the two CHORUSES stand opposite to each other, the march ceases, and the two leaders speak.¹

FIRST CHORUS (CAJETAN).

I greet ye, glittering halls
Of olden time!
Cradle of kings! Hail! lordly roof,
In pillared majesty sublime!
Sheathed be the sword!
In chains before the portal lies
The fiend, with tresses snake-entwined,
Fell discord! Gently tread the inviolate floor!
Peace to this royal dome!
Thus, by the furies' brood, we swore,
And all the dark avenging deities!

SECOND CHORUS (BOHEMUND).

I rage! I burn! and scarce refrain
To lift the glittering steel on high;
For lo! the Gorgon-visaged train
Of the detested foeman nigh.
Shall I my swelling heart control?—
To parley deign—or still, in mortal strife,
The tumult of my soul?
Dire sister, guardian of the spot, to thee,
Ave-struck, I bend the knee;
Nor dare with arms profane thy deep tranquillity!

¹ The first Chorus consists of Cajetan, Berengar, Manfred, Tristan, and eight followers of Don Manuel. The second of Bohemund, Roger, Hippolyte, and nine others of the party of Don Cæsar.

FIRST CHORUS (CAJETAN).

Welcome the peaceful strain !
 Together we adore the guardiant power
 Of these august abodes !
 Sacred the hour,
 To kindred brotherly ties,
 And reverend holy sympathies—
 Our hearts the genial charm shall own, '
 And melt awhile at friendship's soothing tone.
 But when in yonder plain
 We meet—then peace away !
 Come, gleaming arms, and battle's deadly fray.

THE WHOLE CHORUS.

But when in yonder plain,
 We meet—then peace away !
 Come, gleaming arms, and battle's deadly fray !

FIRST CHORUS (BERENGAR).

I hate thee not—nor call thee foe—
 My brother ! This our native earth,
 The land that gave our fathers birth,
 Of chief's behest the slave decreed,
 The vassal draws the sword at need ;
 For chieftain's rage we strike the blow ;
 For stranger lords our kindred blood must flow.

SECOND CHORUS (BOHEMUND).

Hate fires their souls—we ask not why—
 At honour's call to fight and die :
 Boast of the true and brave !
 Unworthy of a soldier's name
 Who burns not for his chieftain's fame !

THE WHOLE CHORUS.

Unworthy of a soldier's name
 Who burns not for his chieftain's fame !

ONE OF THE CHORUS (BERENGAR).

Thus spoke within my bosom's core
 The thought, as hitherward I strayed,
 And pensive, 'mid the waving store,
 I mused, of Autumn's yellow glade :
 These gifts of Nature's bounteous reign,
 The teeming earth and golden grain,
Yon elms, among whose leaves entwine
 The tendrils of the clustering vine ;
 Gay children of our sunny clime,
 Region of Spring's eternal prime !
 Each charm should woo to love and joy,
 No cares the dream of bliss annoy,
 And pleasure through life's summer day
 Speed every laughing hour away.
 We rage in blood—O dire disgrace !
 For this usurping, alien race ;

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

From some far distant land they came,
Beyond the sun's departing flame,
And owned, upon our friendly shore,
The welcome of our sires of yore.
Alas ! their sons in thralldom pine,
The vassals of this stranger line.

A SECOND (MANFRED).

Yes ; pleased on our land, from his azure way,
The sun ever smiles with unclouded ray ;
But never, fair isle, shall thy sons repose
'Mid the sweets which the faithless waves enclose :
On their bosom they wafted the corsair bold,
With his dreaded barks, to our coast of old.
For thee was thy dower of beauty vain ;
'Twas the treasure that lured the spoiler's train.
Oh, ne'er from these smiling vales shall rise
A sword for our vanquished liberties ;
'Tis not where the laughing Ceres reigns,
And the jocund lord of the flowery plains—
Where the iron lies hid in the mountain cave
Is the cradle of Empire—the home of the brave !
[*The folding-doors at the back of the stage are thrown open.* DONNA ISABELLA appears between her sons,
DON MANUEL and DON CÆSAR.

BOTH CHORUSES (CAJETAN).

Lift high the notes of praise !
Behold ! where like the awakening sun,
She comes, and from her queenly brow
Shoots glad-inspiring rays.
Mistress, we bend to thee !

FIRST CHORUS.

Fair is the moon amid the starry quire
That twinkle o'er the sky—
Shining in silvery, mild tranquillity.
The mother with her sons more fair !
See ! Blooming at her side,
She leads the youthful royal pair ;
With gentle grace, and soft maternal pride,
Attempering sweet their manly fire.

SECOND CHORUS (BERENGAR).

From this fair stem a beauteous tree
With ever springing boughs shall smile,
And with immortal verdure shade our isle ;
Mother of heroes, joy to thee !
Triumphant as the sun, thy kingly race
Shall spread from clime to clime,
And give a deathless name to rolling time !

ISA. [*comes forward with her SONS.*] Look down, benignant
Queen of Heaven, and still
This proud tumultuous heart, that in my breast

Swells with a mother's tide of ecstasy,
 As, blazoned in these noble youths, my image
 More perfect shows. O blissful hour!—the first
 That comprehends the fulness of my joy,
 When long constrained reflection dares to pour,
 In unison of transport from my heart,
 Unchecked, a parent's undivided love:
 Oh! it was ever one—my sons were twain.
 Say—shall I revel in the dream of bliss,
 And give my soul to nature's dear emotions?
 Is this warm pressure of thy brother's hand
 A dagger in thy breast?

[To DON MANUEL.

Or when mine eyes
 Feed on that brow with love's enraptured gaze,
 Is it a wrong to thee?

[To DON CÆSAR.

Trembling, I pause,
 Lest e'en affection's breath should wake the fires
 Of slumbering hate. [After regarding both with inquiring looks.
 Speak! In your secret hearts

What purpose dwells? Is it the ancient feud,
 Unreconciled, that, in your father's halls
 A moment stilled, beyond the castle gates—
 Where sits infuriate war and champs the bit—
 Shall rage anew in mortal bloody conflict?

CHORUS (BOHEMUND).

Concord or strife, the fate's decree
 Is bosomed yet in dark futurity!
 What comes, we little heed to know—
 Prepared for aught the hour may show!

ISA. [*looking round.*] What mean these arms—this warlike
 dread array,

That in the palace of your sires portends
 Some fearful issue? Needs a mother's heart,
 Outpoured, this rugged witness of her joys?
 Say, in these folding arms shall treason hide
 The deadly snare? O these rude pitiless men—
 The ministers of your wrath! Trust not the show
 Of seeming friendship: treachery in their breasts
 Lurks to betray, and long-dissembled hate.
 Ye are a race of other lands; your sires
 Profaned their soil; and ne'er the invader's yoke
 Was easy—never in the vassal's heart
 Languished the hope of sweet revenge—our sway
 Not rooted in a people's love, but owns
 Allegiance from their fears. With secret joy,
 For conquest's ruthless sword, and thralldom's chains,
 From age to age, they wait the atoning hour
 Of princes' downfall. Thus their bards awake
 The patriot strain, and thus, from sire to son
 Rehearsed, the old traditionary tale
 Beguiles the winter's night. False is the world,
 My sons, and light are all the specious ties
 By fancy twined: friendship—deceitful name!
 Its gaudy flowers but deck our summer fortune,
 To wither at the first rude breath of autumn!

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

So, happy to whom Heaven has given a brother,
The friend by Nature signed, the true and steadfast!
Nature alone is honest, Nature only—
When all we trusted strews the wintry shore,
On her eternal anchor lies at rest,
Nor heeds the tempest's rage.

DON MAN.

DON CÆS.

ISA. *[taking their hands.]* Be noble, and forget the fancied wrongs
Of boyhood's age: more godlike is forgiveness
Than victory; and in your father's grave
Should sleep the ancient hate. Oh, give your days,
Renewed, henceforth to peace and holy love.

ISA. *[She recedes one or two steps, as if to give them space to approach each other. Both fix their eyes on the ground, without regarding one another.]*
ISA. *[after awaiting for some time, with suppressed emotion, a demonstration on the part of her SONS.]* I can no more; my prayers, my tears are vain.

'Tis well; obey the demon in your hearts!
Fulfil your dread intent, and stain with blood
The holy altars of our household gods,
These halls that gave you birth, the stage where murder
Shall hold his festival of mutual carnage,
Beneath a mother's eye! Then, foot to foot,
Close, like the Theban pair, with maddening gripe,
And fold each other in a last embrace!
Each press, with vengeful thrust, the dagger home,
And "Victory!" be your shriek of death. Nor then
Shall discord rest appeased: the very flame
That lights your funeral pyre shall tower dis severed
In ruddy columns to the skies, and tell,
With horrid image—"Thus they lived and died!"
[She goes away; the BROTHERS stand as before.]

CHORUS (CAJETAN).

How have her words, with soft control,
Resistless, calmed the tempest of my soul!
No guilt of kindred blood be mine!
Thus with uplifted hands I pray:
Think, brothers, on the awful day,
And tremble at the wrath divine!

DON CÆS. *[without taking his eyes from the ground.]* Thou art
my elder—speak: without dishonour
I yield to thee.

DON MAN. One gracious word, and instant
My tongue is rival in the strife of love!

DON CÆS. I am the guiltier—weaker—
DON MAN.

Who doubts thy noble heart knows thee not well;
Thy words were prouder if thy soul were mean.

DON CÆS. It burns indignant at the thought of wrong,
But thou—methinks, in passion's fiercest mood,
'Twas aught but scorn that harboured in thy breast.

DON MAN. Oh! had I known thy spirit thus to peace
Inclines, what thousand griefs had never torn
A mother's heart!

DON CÆS. I find thee just and true;
Men spoke thee proud of soul.

DON MAN. The curse of greatness!
Ears ever open to the babbler's tale.

DON CÆS. Thou art too proud to meanness—I to falsehood!

DON MAN. And said my mother true—false is the world?

DON CÆS. Believe her; false as air.

DON MAN. Give me thy hand!

DON CÆS. And thine be ever next my heart!

[They stand clasping each other's hands, and regard each other in silence.]

DON MAN. I gaze
Upon thy brow, and still behold my mother
In some dear lineament.

DON CÆS. Her image looks
From thine, and wondrous in my bosom wakes
Affection's springs.

DON MAN. And is it thou?—that smile
Benignant on thy face?—thy lips that charm
With gracious sounds of love and dear forgiveness?

DON CÆS. Is this my brother?—this the hated foe?
His mien all gentleness and truth—his voice,
Whose soft prevailing accents breathe of friendship!

[After a pause.]

DON MAN. We were deceived, betrayed—

DON CÆS. The sport of passion!

DON MAN. Shall aught divide us?

DON CÆS. We are one for ever!

[They rush into each other's arms.]

FIRST CHORUS *(to the SECOND)*.

Why stand we thus, and coldly gaze,
While Nature's holy transports burn?
No dear embrace for happier days,
And discord never to return!
Brothers are they, and thus, by kindred band,
We own their ties of home and native land.

[Both CHORUSES embrace.]

A MESSENGER *enters*.

SECOND CHOR. *[to DON CÆSAR (BOHEMUND).]* Rejoice, my
Prince; thy messenger returns:
And mark that beaming smile, the harbinger
Of happy tidings.

MESS. Health to me! and health
To this delivered State! O sight of bliss,
That lights mine eyes with rapture! I behold,
Their hands in sweet accord entwined, the sons
Of my departed lord—the princely pair,
Dissevered late by conflict's hottest rage.

DON CÆS. Yes, from the flames of hate, a new-born Phoenix,
Our love aspires.

MESS. I bring another joy:
My staff is green with flourishing shoots.

DON CÆS. [*taking him aside.*] Oh, tell me
Thy gladsome message.

MESS. All is happiness
On this auspicious day: long sought, the lost one
Is found.

DON CÆS. Discovered! Oh, where is she? Speak!

MESS. Within Messina's walls she lies concealed.

DON MAN. [*turning to the FIRST SEMICHORUS.*] A ruddy
glow mounts in my brother's cheek,
And pleasure dances in his sparkling eye;
Whate'er the spring, with sympathy of love
My inmost heart partakes it full.

DON CÆS. [*to the MESSENGER.*] Come, lead me,
Farewell, Don Manuel—to meet again,
Enfolded in a mother's arms! I fly
To cares of utmost need. [*He is about to depart.*]

DON MAN. Make no delay;
And happiness attend thee!

DON CÆS. [*after a pause of reflection he returns.*] How thy
looks

Awake my soul to transport! Yes, my brother,
We shall be friends indeed! This hour is bright
With glad presage of ever-springing love,
That in the enlivening beam shall flourish fair,
Sweet recompense of wasted years!

DON MAN. The blossom
Betokens goodly fruit.

DON CÆS. I tear myself
Reluctant from thy arms; yet, though I break
This festal hour, think not my kindred flame
Less cordial glows than thine.

DON MAN. [*with manifest absence of mind.*] Obey the
moment!

Our lives belong to love.

DON CÆS. What calls me hence—

DON MAN. Enough! thou leav'st thy heart.

DON CÆS. No envious secret
Shall part us long; soon the last darkening fold
Shall vanish from my breast. [*Turning to the CHORUS.*]

Attend! For ever
Stilled is our strife; he is my deadliest foe,
Detested as the gates of Hell, who dares
To blow the fires of discord. None may hope
To win my love, that, with malicious tales,
Encroach upon a brother's ear, and point,
With busy zeal of false officious friendship,
The dart of some rash angry word, escaped
From passion's heat. It wounds not from the lips,
But, swallowed by suspicion's greedy ear,
Like a rank poisonous weed, embittered creeps,
And hangs about the heart with thousand shoots,
Perplexing Nature's ties.

[*He embraces his BROTHER again, and goes away, accom-
panied by the SECOND CHORUS.*]

CHOR. (CAJETAN). Wondering, my Prince,
I gaze, for in thy looks some mystery

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

Strange-seeming shows: scarce, with abstracted mien
And cold thou answered'st, when, with earnest heart,
Thy brother poured the strain of dear affection.
As in a dream thou stand'st, and lost in thought,
As though—dissevered from its earthly frame—
Thy spirit roved afar. Not thine the breast
That, deaf to Nature's voice, ne'er owned the throbs
Of kindred love: nay, more—like one entranced
In bliss thou look'st around, and smiles of rapture
Play upon thy cheek.

DON MAN.

How shall my lips declare
The transports of my swelling heart? My brother
Revels in glad surprise, and from his breast,
Instinct with strange, new-felt emotions, pours
The tide of joy; but mine—no hate came with me;
Forgot the very spring of mutual strife!
High o'er this earthly sphere, on rapture's wings
My spirit floats; and in the azure sea,
Above—beneath—no track of envious night
Disturbs the deep serene! I view these halls,
And picture to my thought the timid joy
Of my sweet bride, as, through the palace gates,
In pride of queenly state I lead her home.
She loved alone the loving one, the stranger,
And little deems that on her beauteous brow
Messina's prince shall 'twine the nuptial wreath.
How sweet, with unexpected pomp of greatness,
To glad the darling of my soul! Too long
I brook this dull delay of crowning bliss:
Her beauty's self, that asks no borrowed charm,
Shall shine refulgent, like the diamond's blaze
That wins new lustre from the circling gold!

CHOR. (CAJETAN). Long have I marked thee, Prince, with
curious eyes,

Foreboding of some mystery deep enshrined
Within thy labouring breast. This day, impatient,
Thy lips have burst the seal; and, unconstrained,
A lover's transports tell. The gladdening chase,
The Olympian coursers, and the falcon's flight
Can please no more: soon as the sun declines
Beneath the ruddy west, thou hiest thee quick
To some sequestered path, of mortal eye
Unseen, not one of all our faithful train
Companion of thy solitary way.
Say, why so long concealed the blissful flame?
Stranger to fear, ill-brooked thy princely heart
One thought unuttered.

DON MAN.

Ever on the wing
Is mortal joy; with silence best we guard
The fickle good; but now, so near the goal
Of all my cherished hopes, I dare to speak.
To-morrow's sun shall see her mine! No power
Of Hell can make us twain! With timid stealth
No longer will I creep at dusky eve
To taste the golden fruits of Cupid's tree,
And snatch a fearful, fleeting bliss: to-day

With bright to-morrow shall be one! So smooth,
As runs the limpid brook, or silvery sand
That marks the flight of time, our lives shall flow
In continuity of joy!

CHOR. (CAJETAN). Already
Our hearts, my Prince, with silent vows have blessed
Thy happy love; and now from every tongue,
For her, the royal beauteous bride, should sound
The glad acclaim; so tell, what nook unseen,
What deep umbrageous solitude enshrines
The charmer of thy soul. With magic spells
Almost I deem she mocks our gaze; for oft
In eager chase we scour each rustic path
And forest dell; yet not a trace betrayed
Thy secret haunts, ne'er were the footsteps marked
Of this mysterious fair.

DON MAN. The spell is broke,
And all shall be revealed. Now list my tale:
'Tis five months flown; my father yet controlled
The land, and bowed our necks with iron sway;
Little I knew but the wild joys of arms,
And mimic warfare of the chase.

One day,
Long had we tracked the boar with zealous toil
On yonder woody ridge; it chanced, pursuing
A snow-white hind, far from your train I roved
Amid the forest maze; the timid beast,
Along the windings of the narrow vale,
Through rocky cleft and thick-entangled brake,
Flew onward, scarce a moment lost, nor distant
Beyond a javelin's throw; nearer I came not,
Nor took an aim; when, through a garden's gate,
Sudden she vanished! From my horse quick springing,
I followed: lo! the poor scared creature lay
Stretched at the feet of a young beauteous nun,
That strove, with fond caress of her fair hands,
To still its throbbing heart. Wondering, I gazed,
And motionless—my spear, in act to strike,
High poised; while she, with her large piteous eyes
For mercy sued; and thus we stood in silence,
Regarding one another.

How long the pause
I know not; time itself forgot: it seemed
Eternity of bliss! Her glance of sweetness
Flew to my soul; and quick the subtle flame
Pervaded all my heart.

But what I spoke,
And how this blessed creature answered, none
May ask; it floats upon my thought, a dream
Of childhood's happy dawn! Soon as my sense
Returned, I felt her bosom throb responsive
To mine; then fell, melodious on my ear,
The sound as of a convent bell that called
To vesper song; and, like some shadowy vision,
That melts in air, she flitted from my sight,
And was beheld no more.

CHOR. (CAJETAN). Thy story thrills
My breast with pious awe! Prince, thou hast robbed
The sanctuary, and for the bride of Heaven
Burned with unholy passion! Oh, remember
The cloister's sacred vows!

DON MAN. Thenceforth one path
My footsteps wooed: the fickle train was still
Of young desires—new-felt my being's aim,
My soul revealed!—and, as the pilgrim turns
His wistful gaze, where, from the orient sky,
With gracious lustre beams Redemption's star,
So to that brightest point of Heaven, her presence,
My hopes and longings centred all. No sun
Sank in the western waves but smiled farewell
To two united lovers. Thus, in stillness,
Our hearts were twined—the all-seeing air above us
Alone the faithful witness of our joys!
O golden hours! O happy days! Nor Heaven
Indignant viewed our bliss: no vows enchained
Her spotless soul; nought but the link which bound it
Eternally to mine!

CHOR. (CAJETAN). Those hallowed walls,
Perchance, the calm retreat of tender youth,
No living grave?

DON MAN. In infant innocence
Consigned a holy pledge, ne'er has she left
Her cloistered home.

CHOR. (CAJETAN). But what her royal line?
The noble only spring from noble stem.

DON MAN. A secret to herself; she ne'er has learned
Her name or fatherland.

CHOR. (CAJETAN). And not a trace
Guides to her being's undiscovered springs?

DON MAN. An old domestic, the sole messenger
Sent by her unknown mother, oft bespeaks her
Of kingly race.

CHOR. (CAJETAN). And hast thou won nought else
From garrulous age?

DON MAN. Too much I feared to peril
My secret bliss!

CHOR. (CAJETAN). What were his words? What tidings
He bore—perchance thou know'st.

DON MAN. Oft he has cheered her
With promise of a happier time, when all
Shall be revealed.

CHOR. (CAJETAN). O say—betokens aught
The time is near?

DON MAN. Not distant far the day,
That to the arms of kindred love once more
Shall give the long forsaken, orphaned maid—
Thus with mysterious words the aged man
Has shadowed oft what most I dread; for aught
Of change disturbs the soul supremely blest—
Nay, more; but yesterday, his message spoke
The end of all my joys: this very dawn,
He told, should smile auspicious on her fate,

And light to other scenes :—no precious hour
Delayed my quick resolves—by night I bore her
In secret to Messina.

CHOR. (CAJETAN). Rash the deed
Of sacrilegious spoil ! forgive, my Prince,
The bold rebuke ; thus, to unthinking youth,
Old age may speak in friendship's warning voice.

DON MAN. Hard by the convent of the Carmelites,
In a sequestered garden's tranquil bound,
And safe from curious eyes, I left her, hastening
To meet my brother : trembling there she counts
The slow-paced hours, nor deems how soon, triumphant
In queenly state, high on the throne of Fame,
Messina shall behold my timid bride.
For next, encompassed by your knightly train,
With pomp of greatness in the festal show,
Her lover's form shall meet her wondering gaze !
Thus will I lead her to my mother ; thus—
While countless thousands on her passage wait—
Amid the loud acclaim, the royal bride
Shall reach my palace gates !

CHOR. (CAJETAN). Command us, Prince,
We live but to obey !

DON MAN. I tore myself
Reluctant from her arms ; my every thought
Shall still be hers : so, come along, my friends,
To where the turbaned merchant spreads his store
Of fabrics, gold enwrought with curious art ;
And all the gathered wealth of Eastern climes.
First, choose the well-formed sandals, meet to guard
And grace her delicate feet ; then, for her robe,
The tissue, pure as Etna's snow, that lies
Nearest the sun ; light as the wreathy mist,
At summer dawn ; so, playful let it float
About her airy limbs. A girdle next,
Purple, with gold embroidered o'er, to bind,
With witching grace, the tunic that confines
Her bosom's swelling charms : of silk the mantle,
Gorgeous with like empurpled hues, and fixed
With clasp of gold :—remember, too, the bracelets
To gird her beauteous arms ; nor leave the treasure
Of Ocean's pearly deeps and coral caves.
About her locks entwine a diadem
Of purest gems ; the ruby's fiery glow
Commingle with the emerald's green. A veil,
From her tiara pendent to her feet,
Like a bright fleecy cloud shall circle round.
Her slender form : and let a myrtle wreath
Crown the enchanting whole !

CHOR. (CAJETAN). We haste, my Prince,
Amid the bazar's glittering rows, to cull
Each rich adornment.

DON MAN. From my stables lead
A palfrey, milk-white as the steeds that draw
The chariot of the Sun ; purple the housings,
The bridle sparkling o'er with precious gems ;

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

For it shall bear my queen! Yourselves be ready
With trumpet's cheerful clang, in martial train
To lead your mistress home: let two attend me,
The rest await my quick return; and each
Guard well my secret purpose.

[He goes away accompanied by two of the CHORUS.]

CHORUS (CAJETAN).

Princely strife is o'er, and say,
What sport shall wing the slow-paced hours,
And cheat the tedious day?
With hope and fear's enlivening zest
Disturb the slumber of the breast,
And wake the dull, untroubled sea,
With freshening airs of gay variety.

ONE OF THE CHORUS (MANFRED).

Lovely is Peace! a beauteous boy,
Couched listless by the rivulet's glassy tide,
'Mid Nature's tranquil scene,
He views the lambs that skip with innocent joy,
And crop the meadow's flowering pride:
Then, with his flute's enchanting sound,
He wakes the mountain echoes round,
Or slumbers in the sunset's ruddy sheen,
Lulled by the murmuring melody.
But War for me! my spirit's treasure,
Its stern delight, and wilder pleasure;
I love the peril and the pain,
And revel in the surge of Fortune's boisterous main!

A SECOND (BERENGAR).

Is there not love, and beauty's smile,
That lures with soft resistless wile?
'Tis thrilling hope! 'tis rapturous fear!
'Tis Heaven upon this mortal sphere.
When at her feet we bend the knee,
And own the glance of kindred ecstasy!
For ever on life's chequered way,
'Tis Love that tints the darkening hues of care
With most benignant ray:
The mirthful daughter of the wave,
Celestial Venus, ever fair,
Enchants our happy spring with fancy's gleam,
And wakes the airy forms of passion's golden dream.

FIRST CHORUS (MANFRED).

To the wild woods away!
Quick, let us follow in the train
Of her, chaste huntress of the silver bow,
And from the rocks amain,
Track through the forest gloom the bounding roe.
The War-God's merry bride,

The chase recalls the battle's fray,
And kindles victory's pride.
Up with the streaks of early morn,
We scour with jocund hearts the misty vale,
Loud echoing to the cheerful horn,
Over mountain—over dale ;
And every languid sense repair,
Bathed in the rushing streams of cold reviving air.

SECOND CHORUS (BERENGAR).

Or, shall we trust the ever-moving sea,
The azure goddess, blithe and free,
Whose face, the mirror of the cloudless sky,
Lures to her bosom wooingly ?
Quick, let us build on the dancing waves
A floating castle gay ;
And merrily, merrily, swim away !
Who ploughs, with venturous keel, the brine
Of the ocean crystalline ;
His bride is Fortune, the world his own,
For him a harvest blooms unsown :
Here, like the wind that swift careers
The circling bound of earth and sky,
Flits ever changeful destiny !
Of airy Chance 'tis the sportive reign,
And Hope ever broods on the boundless main !

A THIRD (CAJETAN).

Nor, on the watery waste alone,
Of the tumultuous, heaving sea ;
On the firm earth, that sleeps secure,
Based on the pillars of eternity.
Say, when shall mortal joy endure ?
New bodings in my anxious breast,
Waked by this sudden friendship, rise ;
Ne'er would I choose my home of rest
On the stilled lava stream that cold
Beneath the mountain lies :
Not thus were Discord's fires controlled ;
Too deep the rooted hate ; too long
They brooded, in their sullen hearts,
O'er unforgotten, treasured wrong ;
In warning visions oft dismayed,
I read the signs of coming woe :
And now, from this mysterious maid,
My bosom tells, the dreaded ills shall flow.
Unblest, I deem, the bridal chain
Shall knit their secret loves, accurst
With holy cloisters' spoil profane :
No crooked paths to virtue lead ;
Ill fruit has ever sprung from evil seed !
BER. And thus, to sad unhallowed rites
Of an ill-omened nuptial tie,
Too well ye knew their father bore
A bride of mournful destiny,—

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

Torn from his sire, whose awful curse has sped
Heaven's vengeance on the impious bed !
This fierce unnatural rage atones
A parent's crime—decreed by Fate—
Their mother's offspring, Strife and Hate !

The scene changes to a Garden opening on the Sea. BEATRICE (steps forward from an alcove. She walks to and fro with an agitated air, looking round in every direction. Suddenly she stands still and listens).

No ! 'tis not he : 'twas but the playful wind
Rustling the pine-tops. To his ocean bed
The sun declines ; and, with o'erwearied heart,
I count the lagging hours : an icy chill
Creeps through my frame ; the very solitude
And awful silence fright my trembling soul !
Where'er I turn nought meets my gaze ; he leaves me
Forsaken and alone !
And, like a rushing stream, the city's hum
Floats on the breeze, and dull the mighty sea
Rolls murmuring to the rocks : I shrink to nothing,
With horrors compassed round, and, like the leaf
Borne on the autumn blast, am hurried onward,
Through boundless space.

Alas ! that e'er I left
My peaceful cell ; no cares, no fond desires,
Disturbed by breast, unruffled as the stream
That glides in sunshine through the verdant mead.
Nor poor in joys. Now, on the mighty surge
Of fortune, tempest-tossed, the world enfolds me
With giant arms ! Forgot my childhood's ties,
I listened to the lover's flattering tale—
Allured, and trusted ! From the sacred dome,
Enchained my frenzied sense—I fled with him,
The invader of religion's dread abodes !
Where art thou, my beloved ? Haste—return ;
With thy dear presence calm my struggling soul !
Hark ! the sweet voice !—No ! 'twas the echoing surge,
That beats upon the shore ; alas ! he comes not.
More faintly, o'er the distant waves, the sun
Gleams with expiring ray ; a deathlike shudder
Creeps o'er my heart ; and sadder, drearier grows
E'en desolation's self. [She walks to and fro, then listens again.

Yes ! from the thicket shade
A voice resounds ! 'Tis he !—the loved one !
No fond illusion mocks my listening ear ;
'Tis louder—nearer : to his arms I fly—
To his breast !

[She rushes with outstretched arms to the extremity of the garden. DON CÆSAR meets her.

DON CÆSAR, BEATRICE.

BEA. [starting back in horror.] What do I see ?
[At the same moment the CHORUS comes forward.

DON CÆS. Angelic sweetness I fear not. [To the CHORUS.
Retire ! your gleaming arms and rude array
Affright the timorous maid. [To BEATRICE.

Fear nothing !—beauty
And virgin shame are sacred in my eyes.
[The CHORUS steps aside. He approaches and takes her
hand.

Where hast thou been ? for sure some envious power
Has hid thee from my gaze : long have I sought thee ;
E'en from the hour, when, 'mid the funeral rites
Of the dead prince, like some angelic vision,
Lit with celestial brightness, on my sight
Thou shon'st, no other image in my breast,
Waking or dreaming, lives ; nor to thyself
Unknown thy potent spells ; my glance of fire,
My faltering accents, and my hand that lay
Trembling in thine, bespoke my ecstasy !
Aught else, with solemn majesty the rite
And holy place forbade.

The bell proclaimed
The awful sacrifice ! with downcast eyes,
And kneeling, I adored : soon as I rose,
And caught with eager gaze thy form again,
Sudden it vanished ; yet, with mighty magic
Of love enchained, my spirit tracked thy presence ;
Nor ever, with unwearied quest, I cease,
At palace gates, amid the temple's throng,
In secret paths retired, or public scenes,
Where beauteous innocence perchance might rove,
To mark each passing form : in vain ; but, guided
By some propitious deity, this day,
One of my train, with happy vigilance,
Espied thee in the neighbouring church.

[BEATRICE, who had stood trembling, with averted eyes,
here makes a gesture of terror.

I see thee

Once more ; and may the spirit from this frame
Be severed, e'er we part ! Now, let me snatch
This glad auspicious moment, and defy
Or chance, or envious demon's power, to shake
Henceforth my solid bliss ; here I proclaim thee,
Before this listening warlike train, my bride,
With pledge of knightly honours ! [He shows her to the CHORUS.

Who thou art

I ask not : thou art mine ! But that thy soul
And birth are pure alike, one glance informed
My inmost heart ; and though thy lot were mean,
And poor thy lowly state, yet would I strain thee
With rapture to my arms : no choice remains ;
Thou art my love, my wife ! Know too, that lifted
On fortune's height, I spurn control ; my will
Can raise thee to the pinnacle of greatness.
Enough my name—I am Don Cæsar ! none
Is nobler in Messina !

[BEATRICE starts back in amazement. He remarks her
agitation, and after a pause continues.

What a grace
Lives in thy soft surprise and modest silence !
Yes ! gentle humbleness is beauty's crown—
The beautiful for ever hid, and shrinking
From its own lustre ; but thy spirit needs
Repose, for aught of strange—e'en sudden joy—
Is terror-fraught. I leave thee— [Turning to the CHORUS.

From this hour
She is your mistress, and my bride ; so teach her,
With honours due, to entertain the pomp
Of queenly state. I will return with speed,
And lead her home as fits Messina's Princess ! [He goes away.

BEATRICE and the CHORUS.

CHOR. (BOHEMUND). Fair maiden—hail to thee,
Thou lovely Queen !
Thine is the crown, and thine the victory !
Of heroes, to a distant age,
The blooming mother thou shalt shine,
Preserver of this kingly line.
ROGER. And thrice I bid thee hail,
Thou happy fair !
Sent in auspicious hour to bless
This favoured race—the gods' peculiar care.
Here twine the immortal wreaths of fame,
And evermore, from sire to son,
Rolls on the sceptred sway,
To heirs of old renown, a race of deathless name !
BOH. The household gods exultingly
Thy coming wait ;
The ancient, honoured sires,
That on the portals frown sedate,
Shall smile for thee !
There blooming Hebe shall thy steps attend,
And golden Victory, that sits
By Jove's eternal throne, with waving plumes
For conquest ever spread—
To welcome thee from Heaven descend.
ROGER. Ne'er from this queenly bright array
The crown of beauty fades ;
Departing to the realms of day,
Each to the next, as good and fair,
Extends the zone of feminine grace,
And veil of purity :
O happy race !
What vision glads my raptured eye !
Equal in Nature's blooming pride,
I see the mother and the virgin bride.
BEA. [awaking from her reverie.] O luckless hour !
Alas ! ill-fated maid !
Where shall I fly
From these rude warlike men ?
Lost and betrayed !
A shudder o'er me came,

When of this race accurst, the brothers twain—
Their hands embrued with kindred gore—

I heard the dreaded name;
Oft told, their strife and serpent hate
With terror thrilled my bosom's core;
And now, oh, hapless fate!
I tremble, 'mid the rage of discord thrown,
Deserted and alone!

[*She runs into the alcove.*]

CHOR. (BOHEMUND). Son of the immortal deities,
And blest is he, the lord of power:
His every joy the world can give;
Of all that mortals prize
He culls the flower.

ROGER. For him, from Ocean's azure caves,
The diver bears each pearl of purest ray;
Whate'er from Nature's boundless field.
Or toil or art has won,
Obsequious at his feet we lay;

His choice is ever free;
We bow to chance, and Fortune's blind decree.

BOH. But this of Prince's lot I deem
The crowning pleasure, joy supreme—
Of love the triumph and the prize,
The beauty, star of neighbouring eyes!
She blooms for him alone,
He calls the fairest form his own.

ROGER. Armed for the deadly fray,
The corsair bounds upon the strand,
And drags, amid the gloom of night, away,
The shrieking captive train,
Of wild desires the hapless prey:
But ne'er his lawless hands profane
The gem—the peerless flower—
Whose charms shall deck the sultan's bower.

BOH. Now haste, and watch with curious eye,
These hallowed precincts round;
That no presumptuous foot come nigh
The secret, solitary gound:
Guard well the maiden fair;
Your chieftain's dearest treasure owns your care.

[*The CHORUS withdraws to the background.*]

The scene changes to a Chamber in the interior of the Palace. DONNA
ISABELLA between DON MANUEL and DON CÆSAR.

ISA. The long expected festal day is come,
My children's hearts are twined in one, as thus,
I fold their hands. Oh, blissful hour! when first
A mother dares to speak in Nature's voice,
And no rude presence checks the tide of love.
The clang of arms affrights mine ear no more;
And as the owls, ill-omened brood of night,
From some old shattered homestead's ruined walls,
Their ancient reign, fly forth, a dusky swarm,
Darkening the cheerful day; when, absent long,

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

The dwellers home return, with joyous shouts,
To build the pile anew ; so Hate departs,
With all his grisly train ;—pale Envy, scowling Malice,
And hollow-eyed Suspicion, from our gates,
Hoarse murmuring to the realms of Night ; while Peace,
By Concord and fair Friendship led along,
Comes smiling in his place.

[*She pauses.*]

But not alone
This joyful day to each restores a brother ;
It brings a sister ! Wonderstruck you gaze !
Yet now the truth, in silence guarded long,
Bursts from my soul—attend ! I have a daughter !
A sister lives, ordained by Heaven to bind ye
With ties unknown before.

DON CÆS.

What hast thou said, my mother ?—never told
Her being till this hour !

DON MAN.

In childhood's years,
Oft of a sister we have heard, untimely
Snatched in her cradle by remorseless death ;
So ran the tale.

ISA.

She lives !

DON CÆS.

And thou wert silent.
ISA. Hear how the seed was sown in early time,
That now shall ripen to a joyful harvest :
Ye bloomed in boyhood's tender age, e'en then,
By mutual deadly hate, the bitter spring
Of grief to this torn anxious heart dissevered :
Oh—may your strife return no more—a vision,
Strange and mysterious, in your father's breast
Woke dire presage : it seemed, that from his couch,
With branches intertwined two laurels grew,
And, in the midst, a lily all in flames,
That, catching swift the boughs and knotted stems,
Burst forth with crackling rage, and, o'er the house,
Spread in one mighty sea of fire : perplexed
By this terrific dream, my husband sought
An Arab, skilled to read the stars, and long
The trusted oracle, whose counsels swayed
His inmost purpose : thus the boding sage
Spoke Fate's decrees ; if I a daughter bore,
Destruction to his sons and all his race
From her should spring : soon, by Heaven's will, this child
Of dreadful omen saw the light ; your sire
Commanded instant in the waves to throw
The new-born innocent : a mother's love
Prevailed, and, aided by a faithful servant,
I snatched the babe from death.

DON CÆS.

Blest be the hands,
The ministers of thy care ! O, ever rich
Of counsels was a parent's love !

ISA.

But more
Than Nature's mighty voice—a warning dream
Impelled to save my child : while, yet unborn,
She slumbered in my womb, sleeping I saw
An infant, fair as of celestial kind,

That played upon the grass ; soon from the wood
 A lion rushed, and from his gory jaws,
 Caressing, in the infant's lap let fall
 His prey, new caught ; then through the air down swept
 An eagle, and with fond caress alike
 Dropt from his claws a trembling kid ; and both
 Cowered at the infant's feet, a gentle pair.
 A monk, the saintly guide, whose counsels poured,
 In every earthly need, the balm of Heaven
 Upon my troubled soul, my dream resolved.
 Thus spoke the man of God ; a daughter, sent
 To knit the warring spirits o' my sons,
 In bonds of tender love, should recompense
 A mother's pains ! Deep in my heart I treasured
 His words, and, reckless of the pagan seer,
 Preserved the blessed child, ordained of Heaven
 To still your growing strife ; sweet pledge of hope,
 And messenger of peace !

DON MAN. [*embracing his BROTHER.*] There needs no sister
 To join our hearts ; she shall but bind them closer !

ISA. In a lone spot obscure, by stranger hands
 Nurtured, the secret flower has grown—to me,
 Denied the joy to mark each infant charm,
 And opening grace, from that sad hour of parting ;
 These arms ne'er clasped my child again ; her sire,
 To jealousy's corroding fears a prey,
 And brooding dark suspicion, restless tracked
 Each day my steps.

DON CÆS. Yet three months flown, my father
 Sleeps in the tranquil grave ; say, whence delayed
 The joyous tidings ? why so long concealed
 The maid, nor earlier taught our hearts to glow
 With brother's love ?

ISA. The cause—your frenzied hate,
 That, raging unconfined, e'en on the tomb
 Of your scarce buried father, lit the flames
 Of mortal strife. What ! could I throw my daughter
 Betwixt your gleaming blades ? or, 'mid the storm
 Of passion, would ye list a woman's counsels ?
 Could she, sweet pledge of peace, of all our hopes
 The last and holy anchor, 'mid the rage
 Of discord find a home ? Ye stand as brothers,
 So will I give a sister to your arms !
 The reconciling angel comes ; each hour
 I wait my messenger's return ; he leads her
 From sequestered cell, to glad once more
 A mother's eyes.

DON MAN. Nor her alone, this day,
 Thy arms shall fold : joy pours through all our gates ;
 Soon shall the desolate halls be full, the seat
 Of every blooming grace. Now hear my secret :
 A sister thou hast given ; to thee I bring
 A daughter—bless thy son ! My heart has found
 Its lasting shrine : ere this day's sun has set,
 Don Manuel to thy feet shall lead his bride,
 The partner of his days.

ISA. And to my breast
With transport will I clasp the chosen maid,
That makes my first-born happy ! Joy shall spring
Where'er she treads, and every flower that blooms
Around the path of life smile in her presence !
May bliss reward the son, that for my brows
Has twined the choicest wreath a mother wears.

DON CÆS. Yet give not all the fulness of thy blessing
To him, thy eldest born. If love be blest,
I come with blessings too ; I bring a daughter—
Another flower for thy most treasured garland !
The maid, that in this ice-cold bosom first
Awoke the rapturous flame ! ere yonder sun
Declines, Don Cæsar's bride shall call thee mother !

DON MAN. Almighty love ! thou godlike power—for, well,
We call thee sovereign of the breast ! thy sway
Controls each warring element, and tunes
To soft accord ; nought lives but owns thy greatness !
Lo ! the rude soul, that long defied thee, melts
At thy command !

[*He embraces* DON CÆSAR.]

Now I can share thy heart,
And, trustful, strain thee to a brother's arms !
I doubt thy faith no more, for thou canst love !

ISA. Thrice happy day ! when every gloomy care
From my o'er-laboured breast has flown ; I see
On steadfast columns reared our kingly race,
And, with contented spirit, track the stream
Of measureless Time. In these deserted halls,
Sad in my widow's veil, but yesterday,
Childless I roamed ; and soon, in youthful charms
Arrayed, three blooming daughters at my side
Shall stand ! Oh joyful mother ! chief of women,
In bliss supreme ; can aught of earthly good
Compare to thine ?

But say, of royal stem,
What maidens grace our isle ? for ne'er my sons
Would stoop to meaner brides.

DON MAN. Seek not to raise
The veil that hides my bliss ; another day
Shall tell thee all : enough—Don Manuel's bride
Is worthy of thy son and thee.

ISA. Thy sire
Speaks in thy words ; thus, to himself retired,
For ever would he brood o'er counsels dark,
And cloak his secret purpose ; your delay
Be short, my son.

[*Turning to* DON CÆSAR.]

But thou, some royal maid,
Daughter of kings, has stirred thy soul to love ;
So speak—her name.

DON CÆS. I have no art to hide
My thoughts in mystery's garb, my spirit free
And open as my brows ; what thou wouldst know
Concerned me never : what illumines above,
Heaven's flaming orb ? Himself ! on all the world
He shines ; and, with his beaming glory, tells
From light he sprung. In her pure eyes I gazed ;

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

I looked into her heart of hearts ; the brightness
Revealed the pearl : her race, her name, my mother,
Ask not of me !

ISA. My son, explain thy words ;
For, like some voice divine, the sudden charm
Has thrall'd my soul ; to deeds of rash emprise
Thy nature prompted, not to fantasies
Of boyish love : tell me, what swayed thy choice ?

DON CÆS. My choice ? My mother ! is it choice, when man
Obeys the might of destiny, that brings
The awful hour ? I sought no beauteous bride ;
No fond illusion stirred my tranquil breast,
Still as the house of death ; for there, unsought,
I found the treasure of my soul. Thou know'st,
That, heedless ever of the giddy race,
I looked on beauty's charms with cold disdain,
Nor deemed of womankind there lived another
Like thee, whom my idolatrous fancy deck'd
With heavenly graces.

'Twas the solemn rite
Of my dead father's obsequies ; we stood
Amid the countless throng, with strange attire,
Hid from each other's glance ; for thus ordained
Thy thoughtful care, lest, with outbursting rage,
E'en by the holy place unawed, our strife
Should mar the funeral pomp.

The nave was all o'erhung ; the altar round
Stood twenty giant saints, uplifting each
A torch ; and in the midst reposed on high
The coffin, with o'erspreading pall, that showed,
In white, Redemption's sign ; thereon were laid
The staff of sovereignty, the princely crown,
The golden spurs of knighthood, and the sword,
With diamond-studded belt :

And all was hushed
In silent prayer ; when, from the lofty choir,
Unseen, the pealing organ spoke, and loud
From hundred voices burst the choral strain !
Then, 'mid the tide of song, the coffin sank
With the descending floor beneath, for ever
Down to the world below : but, wide outspread
Above the yawning grave, the pall upheld
The gauds of earthly state, nor with the corse
To darkness fell ; yet, on the seraph wings
Of harmony, the enfranchised spirit soared
To Heaven, and mercy's throne.

Thus, to thy thought,
My mother, I have waked the scene anew ;
And say, if aught of passion in my breast
Profaned the solemn hour ; yet then, the beams
Of mighty love, so willed my guiding star,
First lit my soul ; but, how it chanced, myself
I ask in vain.

ISA. I would hear all, so end
Thy tale.

DON CÆS. What brought her to my side, or whence
 She came, I know not : from her presence, quick,
 Some secret, all-pervading, inward charm
 Awoke ; 'twas not the magic of a smile,
 Nor playful Cupid in her cheeks, nor more,
 The form of peerless grace ;—'twas beauty's soul,
 The speaking virtue, modesty inborn,
 That, as with magic spells, impalpable
 To sense, my being thrall'd. We breathed together
 The air of Heaven. Enough !—no utterance asked
 Of words, our spiritual converse ;—in my heart,
 Though strange, yet, with familiar ties inwrought,
 She seemed ; and instant spake the thought—'tis she !
 Or none that lives !

DON MAN. [*interposing with eagerness.*] That is the
 sacred fire
 From Heaven ! the spark of love—that on the soul
 Bursts like the lightning's flash, and mounts in flame,
 When kindred bosoms meet ! No choice remains—
 Who shall resist ! what mortal break the band
 That Heaven has knit ? Brother ! my blissful fortune
 Was echoed in thy tale ; well thou hast raised
 The veil that shadows yet my secret love.

ISA. Thus destiny has marked the wayward course
 Of my two sons. The mighty torrent sweeps
 Down from the precipice ; with rage he wears
 His proper bed, nor heeds the channel traced
 By art and prudent care : so, to the powers,
 That darkly sway the fortunes of our house,
 Trembling I yield. One pledge of hope remains ;
 Great as their birth, their noble souls.

ISABELLA, DON MANUEL, DON CÆSAR. DIEGO is seen at the door.

ISA. But see,
 My faithful messenger returns, Come near me,
 Honest Diego. Quick ! where is she ? Tell me,
 Where is my child ? there is no secret here.
 Oh, speak ! no longer from my eyes conceal her ;
 Come ! we are ready for the height of joy.

[*She is about to lead him towards the door.*
 What means this pause ? Thou lingerest, thou art dumb ;
 Thy looks are terror-fraught ; a shudder creeps
 Through all my frame ! Declare thy tidings ! Speak !
 Where is she ? Where is Beatrice ?

[*She is about to rush from the chamber*
 DON MAN. [*to himself, abstractedly.*] Beatrice !

DIE. [*holding back the PRINCESS.*] Be still !

ISA. Where is she ? Anguish tears my breast !

DIE.

I bring no daughter to thy arms.

ISA.

Declare

Thy message ! Speak ! by all the saints,
 What has befallen ?

DON MAN. Where is my sister ? Tell us,
 Thou harbinger of ill !

She comes not ;

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

DIE. The maid is stolen
By corsairs ! lost ! Oh, that I ne'er had seen
This day of woe.

DON MAN. Compose thyself, my mother !
DON CÆS. Be calm ; list all his tale.

DIE. At thy command
I sought in haste the well-known path that leads
To the old sanctuary : joy winged my footsteps ;
The journey was my last !

DON CÆS. Be brief !
DON MAN. Proceed !

DIE. Soon as I trode the convent's court—impatient—
I ask, "Where is thy daughter ?" Terror sate
In every eye ; and straight, with horror mute,
I hear the worst.

[ISABELLA sinks, pale and trembling, upon a chair :
DON MANUEL is busied about her.]

DON CÆS. Sayst thou, by pirates stolen ?
Who saw the band ? what tongue relates the spoil ?

DIE. Not far a Moorish galley was descried,
At anchor in the bay—

DON CÆS. The refuge oft
From tempests' rage ; where is the bark ?

DIE. At dawn,
With favouring breeze, she stood to sea.

DON CÆS. But never
One prey contents the Moor ; say, have they told
Of other spoil ?

DIE. A herd that pastured near
Was dragged away.

DON CÆS. Yet, from the cloister's bound,
How tear the maid unseen ?

DIE. 'Tis thought, with ladders,
They scaled the wall.

DON CÆS. Thou know'st, what jealous care
Enshrines the bride of Heaven ; scarce could their steps
Invade the secret cells.

DIE. Bound by no vows,
The maiden roved at will : oft would she seek,
Alone, the garden's shade : alas ! this day,
Ne'er to return !

DON CÆS. Saidst thou—the prize of corsairs ?
Perchance, at other bidding, she forsook
The sheltering dome.

ISA. [rising suddenly.] 'Twas force ! 'twas savage spoil !
Ne'er has my child, reckless of honour's ties,
With vile seducer fled ! My sons, awake !

I thought to give a sister to your arms ;
I ask a daughter from your swords ! Arise !
Avenge this wrong ! To arms ! Launch every ship !
Scour all our coasts ! From sea to sea pursue them !
O bring my daughter—haste !

DON CÆS. Farewell—I fly [He goes away,
To vengeance ! [DON MANUEL arouses himself from a state of abstraction,
and turns, with an air of agitation, to DIEGO.]

DON MAN. Speak ! within the convent's walls,
 When first unseen—
 DIE. This day at dawn.
 DON MAN. [*to ISABELLA.*] Her name,
 Thou sayst, is Beatrice ?
 ISA. No questions—fly !
 DON MAN. Yet tell me—
 ISA. Haste ! begone ! why this delay ?
 Follow thy brother.
 DON MAN. I conjure thee—speak.
 ISA. [*dragging him away.*] Behold my tears !
 DON MAN. Where was she hid ! What region
 Concealed my sister ?
 ISA. Scarce from curious eyes,
 In the deep bosom of the earth, more safe
 My child had been !
 DIE. Oh, now, a sudden horror
 Starts in my breast !
 DON MAN. What gives thee fear ?
 DIE. 'Twas I,
 That, guiltless, caused this woe.
 ISA. Unhappy man !
 What hast thou done ?
 DIE. To spare thy mother's heart
 One anxious pang, my mistress, I concealed
 What now my lips shall tell : 'twas on the day,
 When thy dead husband in the silent tomb
 Was laid ; from every side the unnumbered throng
 Pressed eager to the solemn rites ; thy daughter—
 For e'en amid the cloistered shade was noised
 The funeral pomp—urged me, with ceaseless prayers,
 To lead her to the festival of death.
 In evil hour I gave consent ; and, shrouded
 In sable weeds of mourning, she surveyed
 Her father's obsequies : with keen reproach,
 My bosom tells (for through the veil her charms
 Resistless shone) 'twas there, perchance, the spoiler
 Lurked to betray.
 DON MAN. [*to himself.*] Thrice happy words ! I live !
 It was another !
 ISA. [*to DIEGO.*] Faithless ! Ill betide
 Thy treacherous age !
 DIE. Oh, never have I strayed
 From duty's path ! My mistress, in her prayers,
 I heard the voice of Nature ; thus from Heaven,
 Ordained, methought, the secret impulse moves,
 Of kindred blood, to hallow with her tears
 A father's grave ; the tender office owned
 Thy servant's care ; and thus, with good intent,
 I wrought but ill.
 DON MAN. [*to himself.*] Why stand I thus, a prey
 To torturing fears ? No longer will I bear
 The dread suspense—I will know all !
 DON CÆS. [*who returns.*] Forgive me,
 I follow thee.
 DON MAN. Away ! Let no man follow !

[Exit.]

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

DON CÆS. [*looking after him with surprise.*] What means my brother! Speak.

ISA. In wonder lost,
I gaze; some mystery lurks.

DON CÆS. Thou mark'st, my mother,
My quick return; with eager zeal I flew,
At thy command, nor asked one trace to guide
My footsteps to thy daughter. Whence was torn
Thy treasure? Say, what cloistered solitude
Ensbrined the beauteous maid?

ISA. 'Tis consecrate
To St. Cecilia; deep in forest shades,
Beyond the woody ridge that slowly climbs
Towards Etna's towering throne, it seems a refuge
Of parted souls!

DON CÆS. Have courage, trust thy sons;
She shall be thine, though, with unwearied quest,
O'er every land and sea I track her presence
To earth's extremest bounds. One thought alone
Disturbs; in stranger hands my timorous bride
Waits my return: to thy protecting arms
I give the pledge of all my joy! she comes;
Soon on her faithful bosom thou shalt rest,
In sweet oblivion of thy cares.

ISA. When will the ancient curse be stilled, that weighs
Upon our house? Some mocking demon sports
With every new-formed hope, nor envious leaves
One hour of joy. So near the haven smiled—
So smooth the treacherous main—secure I deemed
My happiness: the storm was lulled, and bright
In evening's lustre gleamed the sunny shore:
Then, through the placid air, the tempest sweeps,
And bears me to the roaring surge again!
[*She goes into the interior of the palace, followed by DIEGO.*]

[*Exit.*]

The Scene changes to the Garden.

Both CHORUSES; afterwards BEATRICE. The CHORUS of DON MANUEL
enters in solemn procession, adorned with garlands, and bearing the
bridal ornaments above mentioned. The CHORUS of DON CÆSAR
opposes their entrance.

FIRST CHOR. (CAJETAN). Begone!

SECOND CHOR. (BOHEMUND).

Not at thy bidding!
Seest thou not

CAJ. Thy presence irks?

BOH. Thou hast it then the longer!

CAJ. My place is here! What arms repels me? Mine!

BOH. Don Manuel sent me hither. I obey

CAJ. My lord, Don Cæsar. To the eldest-born

BOH. Thy master reverence owes. The world belongs

CAJ. To him that wins! Unmannered knave, give place!

BOH. Our swords be measured first!

CAJ. I find thee ever

A serpent in my path.

BOH. Where'er I list,

Thus will I meet thee!

CAJ. Say, why cam'st thou hither?

To spy—

BOH. And thou to question and command!

CAJ. To parley I disdain!

BOH. Too much I grace thee

By words!

CAJ. Thy hot impetuous youth should bow

To reverend age.

BOH. Elder thou art—not braver.

BEA. [*rushing from her place of concealment.*] Alas!

What means these warlike men?

CAJ. [*to BOHEMUND.*] I heed not

Thy threats and lofty mien.

BOH. I serve a master

Better than thine.

BEA. Alas! should he appear!

CAJ. Thou liest! Don Manuel thousandfold excels.

BOH. In every strife the wreath of victory decks

Don Cæsar's brows!

BEA. Now he will come! already

The hour is past!

CAJ. 'Tis peace—or thou shouldst know

My vengeance!

BOH. Fear, not peace, thy arm restrains.

BEA. Oh! were he thousand miles remote!

CAJ. Thy looks

But move my scorn; the compact I obey.

BOH. The coward's ready shield!

CAJ. Come on! I follow.

BOH. To arms!

BEA. [*in the greatest agitation.*] Their falchions gleam—the
strife begins!

Ye heavenly powers, his steps refrain!—some snare

Throw round his feet, that, in this hour of dread,

He come not: all ye angels, late implored

To give him to my arms, reverse my prayers;

Far, far from hence convey the loved one!

[*She runs into the alcove. At the moment when the two
CHORUSES are about to engage, DON MANUEL appears.*

DON MANUEL, the CHORUS.

DON MAN. Hold!

What do I see!

FIRST CHOR. [*to the SECOND*] (CAJETAN, BERENGAR,
MANFRED). Come on! come on!

SECOND CHOR. (BOHEMUND, ROGER, HIPPOLYTE). Down
with them!

DON MAN. [*stepping between them with drawn sword.*]
Hold!

CAJ. 'Tis the prince!

BOH. Be still!

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

DON MAN.
Upon this verdant turf, that, with one glance
Of scorn, prolongs the strife, or threats his foe!
Why rage ye thus? What maddening fiend impels
To blow the flames of ancient hate anew,
For ever reconciled? Say, who began
The conflict—speak!

FIRST CHOR. (CAJETAN, BERENGAR). My prince, we stood—
SECOND CHOR. (ROGER, BOHEMUND) [*interrupting them.*]
They came—

DON MAN. [*to the FIRST CHORUS.*] Speak thou!
FIRST CHOR. (CAJETAN). With wreaths adorned, in festal
train,

We bore the bridal gifts; no thought of ill
Disturbed our peaceful way; composed for ever
With holy pledge of love we deemed your strife,
And trusting came; when here, in rude array
Of arms encamped they stood, and loud defied us!

DON MAN. Slave! is no refuge safe? Shall discord thus
Profane the bower of virgin innocence, [*To the SECOND CHORUS.*
The home of sanctity and peace? Retire—

Your warlike presence ill beseems; away! [*They hesitate.*
I would be private.

I give command; our souls are one, our lips
Declare each other's thoughts; begone! [*To the FIRST CHORUS.*
Remain—

And guard the entrance.

BOH. So! what next? Our masters
Are reconciled; that's plain; and less he wins
Of thanks than peril, that, with busy zeal,
In princely quarrel stirs; for when of strife
His mightiness aweary feels—of guilt
He throws the red-dyed mantle unconcerned
On his poor follower's luckless head; and stands
Arrayed in virtue's robes! So let them end
E'en as they will, their brawls; I hold it best
That we obey.

[*Exit: SECOND CHORUS. The FIRST withdraws to the
back of the stage; at the same moment BEATRICE
rushes forward, and throws herself into DON
MANUEL's arms.*]

BEA. 'Tis thou! Ah! cruel one,
Again I see thee—clasp thee—long, appalled,
To thousand ills a prey, trembling I languish
For thy return: no more! in thy loved arms
I am at peace, nor think of dangers past,
Thy breast my shield from every threatening harm.
Quick! let us fly! They see us not—away!
Nor lose the moment.

Ha! thy looks affright me!
Thy sullen cold reserve! Thou tear'st thyself,
Impatient, from my circling arms; I know thee
No more! Is this Don Manuel? my beloved?
My husband?

DON MAN. Beatrice !
 BEA. No words ! the moment
 Is precious ! haste !
 DON MAN. Yet tell me—
 BEA. Quick ! away
 Ere these fierce men return.
 DON MAN. Be calm, for nought
 Shall trouble thee of ill.
 BEA. Oh, fly, alas !
 Thou know'st them not.
 DON MAN. Protected by this arm,
 Canst thou fear aught ?
 BEA. Oh ! trust me ; mighty men
 Are here !
 DON MAN. Beloved ! mightier none than I.
 BEA. And wouldst thou brave this warlike host alone ?
 DON MAN. Alone ! the men thou fear'st—
 BEA. Thou know'st them not,
 Nor whom they serve.
 DON MAN. Myself ! I am their lord.
 BEA. Thou art—a shudder creeps through all my frame !
 DON MAN. Far other than I seemed ; so learn at last
 To know me, Beatrice ; not the poor knight
 Am I, the stranger and unknown, that loving,
 Taught thee to love ; but what I am—my race—
 My power—
 BEA. And art thou not Don Manuel ? Tell me—
 Who art thou ?
 DON MAN. Chief of all that bear the name :
 I am Don Manuel, Prince of Messina !
 BEA. Art thou Don Manuel, Don Cæsar's brother ?
 DON MAN. Don Cæsar is my brother.
 BEA. Is thy brother !
 DON MAN. What means this terror ? Know'st thou then
 Don Cæsar ?
 None other of my race ?
 BEA. Art thou Don Manuel,
 That with thy brother liv'st in bitter strife
 Of long inveterate hate ?
 DON MAN. This very sun
 Smiled on our glad accord. Yes, we are brothers—
 Brothers in heart !
 BEA. And reconciled this day ?
 DON MAN. What stirs this wild disorder ? Hast thou known
 Aught but our name ? Say, hast thou told me all ?
 Is there no secret ? Hast thou nought concealed ?
 Nothing disguised ?
 BEA. Thy words are dark ; explain—
 What shall I tell thee ?
 DON MAN. Of thy mother nought
 Hast thou e'er told ; who is she ? If in words
 I paint her, bring her to thy sight—
 BEA. Thou know'st her,
 And thou wert silent !
 DON MAN. If I know thy mother,
 Horrors betide us both !

BEA. Oh ! she is gracious
 As the sun's orient beam. Yes ! I behold her ;
 Fond memory wakes ; and, from my bosom's depths,
 Her godlike presence rises to my view !
 I see around her snowy neck descend
 The tresses of her raven hair, that shade
 The form of sculptured loveliness ; I see
 The pale, high-thoughted brow, the darkening glance
 Of her large lustrous orbs ; I hear the tones
 Of soul-fraught sweetness !

DON MAN. 'Tis herself !

BEA. This day,
 Perchance had given me to her arms, and knit
 Our souls in everlasting love ; such bliss
 I have renounced. Oh, I have lost a mother,
 For thee !

DON MAN. Console thyself. Messina's Princess
 Henceforth shall call thee daughter. To her feet
 I lead thee ; come—she waits.

BEA. What hast thou said ?
 Thy mother and Don Cæsar's ? Never ! never !

DON MAN. Thou shudderest ! Whence this horror ? Hast
 thou known
 My mother ? Speak—

BEA. O grief ! O dire misfortune
 Alas ! that e'er I live to see this day !

DON MAN. What troubles thee ? Thou know'st me ; thou
 hast found,

In the poor stranger knight, Messina's Prince.

BEA. Give me the dear unknown again ! With him,
 On earth's remotest wilds I could be blest !

DON CÆS. [*behind the scene.*] Away ! what rabble throng

BEA. That voice ! [is here ?]
 Oh, Heavens ! where shall I fly ?

DON MAN. Know'st thou that voice ?
 No—thou hast never heard it ; to thine ear
 'Tis strange—

BEA. Oh ! come—delay not—

DON MAN. Wherefore fly ?
 It is my brother's voice ; he seeks me—how
 He tracked my steps—

BEA. By all the holy saints !
 Brave not his wrath. Oh, quit this place—avoid him—
 Meet not thy brother here.

DON MAN. My soul ! thy fears
 Confound ; thou hear'st me not ; our strife is o'er.
 Yes ; we are reconciled.

BEA. Protect me, Heaven,
 In this dread hour !

DON MAN. A sudden dire presage
 Starts in my breast—I shudder at the thought !
 If it be true, oh, horror ! Could she know
 That voice ? Wert thou— My tongue denies to utter
 The words of fearful import—Beatrice !
 If thou wert present at the funeral rites
 Of my dead sire—

BEA. Alas !
 DON MAN. Thou wert ?
 BEA. Forgive me !
 DON MAN. Unhappy woman !
 BEA. I was present !
 DON MAN. Horror !

BEA. Some mighty impulse urged me to the scene :
 Oh, be not angry, to thyself I owned
 The ardent fond desire ; with darkening brow,
 Thou listenedst to my prayer, and I was silent.
 But what misguiding inauspicious star
 Allured, I know not ; from my inmost soul,
 The wish, the dear emotion spoke ; and vain
 Aught else. Diego gave consent—oh, pardon me !
 I disobeyed thee.

[She advances towards him imploringly ; at the same moment DON CÆSAR enters, accompanied by the whole CHORUS.]

Both BROTHERS, *both* CHORUSES, BEATRICE.

SECOND CHOR. (BOHEMUND) [*to* DON CÆSAR] Thou
 believ'st us not—
 Believe thine eyes !

DON CÆS. [*rushes forward furiously, and at the sight of his BROTHER starts back with horror.*] Some hell-born
 magic cheats

My senses. In his arms ! Envenomed snake !
 Is this thy love ? For this thy treacherous heart
 Could lure with guise of friendship ! Oh, from Heaven
 Breathed my immortal hate ! Down, down to hell,
 Thou soul of falsehood ! [*He stabs him, DON MANUEL falls.*]

DON MAN. Beatrice !—my brother !—
 I die ! [*Dies. BEATRICE sinks lifeless at his side.*]

FIRST CHOR. (CAJETAN). Help ! help ! to arms ! avenge with
 blood
 The bloody deed !

SECOND CHOR. (BOHEMUND). The fortune of the day
 Is ours. The strife for ever stilled : Messina
 Obeys one lord.

FIRST CHOR. (CAJETAN, BERENGAR, MANFRED). Revenge !
 the murderer
 Shall die ! Quick offer to your master's shade
 Appeasing sacrifice !

SECOND CHOR. (BOHEMUND, ROGER, HIPPOLYTE). My
 prince ! fear nothing,
 Thy friends are true.

DON CÆS. [*steps between them, looking around.*] Be still ! the
 foe is slain

That practised on my trusting, honest heart
 With snares of brother's love ! O direful shows
 The deed of death ! but righteous Heaven hath judged.

FIRST CHOR. (CAJETAN). Alas to thee, Messina ! Woe for
 ever !

Sad city ! from thy blood-stained walls this deed
 Of nameless horror taints the skies : ill fare

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

Thy mothers and thy children, youth, and age,
And offspring yet unborn !
DON CÆS.

Too late your sorrow.
[Pointing to BEATRICE.
Here give your help.

Call her to life ; and quick
Depart this scene of terror and of death.
I must away and seek my sister—hence !
Conduct her to my mother—

And tell her that her son, Don Cæsar, sends her !
[The senseless BEATRICE is placed on a litter and carried
away by the SECOND CHORUS. The FIRST
CHORUS remains with the body, round which the
BOYS who bear the bridal presents range themselves
in a semicircle.

CHORUS (CAJETAN).

List, how with dreaded mystery
Was signed to my prophetic soul,
Of kindred blood the dire decree,
Hither, with noiseless, giant stride,
I saw the hideous fiend of terror glide :
'Tis past ! I strive not to control
My shuddering awe—so swift of ill
The Fates the warning sign fulfil.
Lo ! to my sense dismayed,
Sudden the deed of death has shown
Whate'er my boding fears portrayed :
The visioned thought was pain ;
The present horror curdles every vein.

ONE OF THE CHORUS (MANFRED).

Sound, sound the plaint of woe !
Beautiful youth !
Outstretched and pale he lies ;
Untimely cropped in early bloom ;
The heavy night of death has sealed his eyes
In this glad hour of nuptial joy,
Snatched by relentless doom
He sleeps—while, echoing to the sky,
Of sorrow bursts the loud despairing cry.

A SECOND (CAJETAN).

We come, we come, in festal pride,
To greet the beauteous bride ;
Behold ! the nuptial gifts, the rich attire :
The banquet waits, the guests are there ;
They bid thee to the solemn rite
Of Hymen quick repair :
Thou hear'st them not ; the sportive lyre,
The frolic dance shall ne'er invite,
Nor wake thee from thy lowly bed,
For deep the slumber of the dead !

THE WHOLE CHORUS.

No more the echoing horn shall cheer,
Nor bride with tones of sweetness charm his ear ;

On the cold earth he lies,
In death's eternal slumber closed his eyes.

A THIRD (CAJETAN).

What are the hopes and fond desires
Of mortals' transitory race?
This day, with harmony of voice and soul,
Ye woke the long-extinguished fires
Of brothers' love; yon flaming orb
Lit with his earliest beams your dear embrace.
At eve, upon the gory sand,
Thou liest—a reeking corse!
Stretched by a brother's murderous hand.
Vain projects, treacherous hopes,
Child of the fleeting hour! are thine;
Fond man! thou rear'st on dust each bold design.

CHORUS (BERENGAR).

To thy mother I will bear
The burden of unutterable woe!
Quick shall yon cypress, blooming fair,
Bend to the axe's murderous blow:
Then twine the mournful bier!
For ne'er with verdant life the tree shall smile,
That grew on death's devoted soil,
Ne'er in the breeze the branches play,
Nor shade the wanderer in the noontide ray;
'Twas marked to bear the fruits of doom,
Cursed to the service of the tomb.

FIRST (CAJETAN).

Woe to the murderer! Woe!
That sped, exulting in his pride;
Behold! the parched earth drinks the crimson tide;
Down, down, it flows, unceasingly,
To the dim caverned halls below,
Where throned in kindred gloom, the sister train
Of Themis, progeny severe,
Brood in their songless silent reign!
Stern ministers of wrath's decree,
They catch in swarthy cups thy streaming gore;
And pledge, with horrid rites, for vengeance evermore.

SECOND (BERENGAR).

Though swift of deeds the traces fade
From earth, before the enlivening ray;
As o'er the brow the transient shade
Of thought, the hues of fancy, flit away:
Yet, in the mystic womb unseen
Of the dark ruling hours, that sway
Our mortal lot, whate'er has been,
With new creative germ defies decay.
A blooming field is time,
For Nature's ever-teeming shoot,
And all is seed, and all is fruit.

[The CHORUS goes away bearing the corpse of DON
MANUEL on a bier.]

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

SCENE.—*The Hall of Pillars. It is night. The stage is lighted from above by a single large lamp. DONNA ISABELLA and DIEGO advance to the front.*

ISA. As yet no joyful tidings ; not a trace
Found of the lost one.

DIE. Nothing have we heard,
My mistress ; yet, o'er every track, unwearied,
Thy sons pursue : ere long, the rescued maid
Shall smile at dangers past.

ISA. Alas ! Diego,
My heart is sad ; 'twas I that caused this woe.

DIE. Vex not thy anxious bosom ; nought escaped
Thy thoughtful care.

ISA. Oh ! had I earlier shown
The hidden treasure.

DIE. Prudent were thy counsels,
Wisely thou left'st her in retirement's shade ;
So trust in Heaven.

ISA. Alas ! no joy is perfect ;
Without this chance of ill my bliss were pure.

DIE. Thy happiness is but delayed ; enjoy
The concord of thy sons.

ISA. The sight was rapture
Supreme—when, locked in one another's arms,
They glowed with brothers' love.

DIE. And in the heart
It burns ; for ne'er their princely souls have stooped
To mean disguise.

ISA. Now, too, their bosoms wake
To gentler thoughts, and own the softening sway
Of love. No more their hot impetuous youth
Revels in liberty untamed, and spurns
Restraint of laws—attempered passion's self
With modest, chaste reserve.

To thee, Diego,
I will unfold my secret heart ; this hour
Of feeling's opening bloom, expected long,
Wakes boding fears : thou know'st to sudden rage
Love stirs tumultuous breasts ; and if this flame
With jealousy should rouse the slumbering fires
Of ancient hate—I shudder at the thought !
If these discordant souls perchance have thrilled
In fatal unison ! Enough, the clouds
That black with thundering menace o'er me hung
Are past ; some angel sped them tranquil by :
And my enfranchised spirit breathes again !

DIE. Rejoice, my mistress ; for thy gentle sense
And soft prevailing art more weal have wrought
Than all thy husband's power : be praise to thee,
And thy auspicious star !

ISA. Yes ! Fortune smiled ;
Nor light the task, so long, with apt disguise,
To veil the cherished secret of my heart,
And cheat my ever-jealous lord : more hard
To stifle mighty Nature's pleading voice,

That, like a prisoned fire, for ever strove
To rend its confines.

DIE. All shall yet be well ;
Fortune, propitious to our hopes, gave pledge
Of bliss that time will show.

ISA. I praise not yet
My natal star, while, darkening o'er my fate,
This mystery hangs : too well the dire mischance
Tells of the fiend, whose never slumbering rage
Pursues our house. Now, list what I have done,
And praise or blame me as thou wilt ; from thee,
My bosom guards no secret : ill I brook
This dull repose, while swift o'er land and sea
My sons unwearied track their sister's flight.
Yes ! I have sought— Heaven counsels oft, when vain
All mortal aid.

DIE. What I may know, my mistress,
Declare.

ISA. On Etna's solitary height
A reverend hermit dwells, benamed of old
The mountain seer, who, to the realms of light
More near abiding than the toilsome race
Of mortals here below—with purer air,
Has cleansed each earthly, grosser sense away,
And, from the lofty peak of gathered years,
As from his mountain home, with downward glance
Surveys the crooked paths of worldly strife.
To him are known the fortunes of our house.
Oft has the holy sage besought response
From Heaven, and many a curse with earnest prayer
Averted : thither at my bidding flew,
On wings of youthful speed, a messenger,
To ask some tidings of my child : each hour,
I wait his homeward footsteps.

DIE. If mine eyes
Deceive me not, he comes in haste ; and zealous
Deserves of thy praise.

MESSENGER, ISABELLA, DIEGO.

ISA. [*to* MESSENGER.] Now speak, and nothing hide
Of weal or woe : be truth upon thy lips !
What tidings bear'st thou from the mountain seer ?

MESS. His answer—"Quick retrace thy steps, the lost one
Is found."

ISA. Auspicious tongue ! celestial sounds
Of peace and joy ! thus ever to my vows,
Thrice-honoured sage ! thy kindly message spoke.
But say, which Heaven-directed brother traced
My daughter !

MESS. 'Twas thy eldest born that found
The deep-secluded maid.

ISA. Is it Don Manuel
That gives her to my arms ? Oh, he was ever
The child of blessing ! Tell me, hast thou borne
My offering to the aged man ?—the tapers
To burn before his saint—for gifts, the prize
Of worldly hearts, the man of God disdains.

MESS. He took the torches from my hands in silence,
And, stepping to the altar—where the lamp
Burned to his saint—illumed them at its fire,
And instant set in flames the hermit cell
Where he has honoured God these ninety years !

ISA. What hast thou said ? What horrors fright my soul ?

MESS. And three times shrieking "Woe !" with downward
course

He fled ; but silent, with uplifted arm,
Beckoned me not to follow nor regard him.
So hither I have hastened, terror sped.

ISA. Oh, I am tossed amid the surge again
Of doubt and anxious fears ; thy tale appals
With ominous sounds of ill : my daughter found—
Thou sayst, and by my eldest born, Don Manuel :
The tidings ne'er shall bless that heralded
This deed of woe.

MESS. My mistress ! look around,
Behold the hermit's message to thine eyes
Fulfilled : some charm deludes my sense, or hither
Thy daughter comes, girt by the warlike train
Of thy two sons.

[BEATRICE is carried in by the SECOND CHORUS on a
litter, and placed in the front of the stage. She is
still without perception, and motionless.

ISABELLA, DIEGO, MESSENGER, BEATRICE.

CHORUS (BOHEMUND, ROGER, HIPPOLYTE, and the other nine
followers of DON CÆSAR).

CHOR. (BOHEMUND). Here at thy feet we lay
The maid, obedient to our lord's command :
'Twas thus he spoke—"Conduct her to my mother—
And tell her that her son, Don Cæsar, sends her !"

ISA. [*is advancing towards her with outstretched arms, and starts
back in horror.*] Heavens ! she is motionless and pale !

CHOR. (BOHEMUND). She lives,
She will awake, but give her time to rouse
From that dread shock that holds each sense enthralled.

ISA. My daughter ! child of all my cares and pains,
And is it thus I see thee once again ?
Thus thou returnest to thy father's halls !
Oh, let my breath relume thy vital spark ;
Yes ! I will strain thee to a mother's arms,
And hold thee fast, till, from the frost of death
Released, thy life's warm current throbs again. [To the CHORUS.
Where hast thou found her ? Speak ! what dire mischance
Has caused this sight of woe ?

CHOR. (BOHEMUND). My lips are dumb !
Ask not of me : thy son will tell thee all,
Don Cæsar, for 'tis he that sends her.

ISA. Tell me
Wouldst thou not say Don Manuel ?

CHOR. (BOHEMUND). 'Tis Don Cæsar
That sends her to thee.

ISA. [*to the MESSENGER.*] How declared the seer?
Say, was it not Don Manuel?

MESS. 'Twas he!
Thy eldest born.

ISA. Be blessings on his head
Whiche'er it be; to him I owe a daughter.
Alas! that in this blissful hour, so long
Expected, long implored, some envious fiend
Should mar my joy! Oh, I must stem the tide
Of nature's transport! In her childhood's home
I see my daughter. Me she knows not—heeds not,
Nor answers to a mother's voice of love!
Ope, ye dear eyelids—hands be warm—and heave,
Thou lifeless bosom, with responsive throbs
To mine! 'Tis she!—Diego, look! 'tis Beatrice!
The long-concealed—the lost—the rescued one!
Before the world I claim her for my own!

CHOR. (BOHEMUND). New signs of terror to my boding soul
Are pictured. In amazement lost I stand!
What light shall pierce this gloom of mystery?

ISA. [*to the CHORUS, who exhibit marks of confusion and embarrassment.*] O ye hard hearts! ye rude unpitying men!
A mother's transport from your breasts of steel
Rebounds, as from the rocks the heaving surge!
I look around your train, nor mark one glance
Of soft regard: where are my sons? Oh, tell me
Why come they not, and from their beaming eyes
Speak comfort to my soul? For here, environed,
I stand amid the desert's raging brood,
Or monsters of the deep!

DIE. She opes her eyes.
She moves! she lives!

ISA. She lives! on me be thrown
Her earliest glance.

DIE. See! They are closed again—
She shudders.

ISA. [*to the CHORUS.*] Quick retire! your aspect frights her.
[CHORUS *steps back.*]

BOH. Well pleased I shun her sight.

DIE. With outstretched eyes,
And wonderstruck, she seems to measure thee.

BEA. Not strange those lineaments—where am I?

ISA. Slowly
Her sense returns.

DIE. Behold! upon her knees
She sinks.

BEA. O angel visage of my mother!

ISA. Child of my heart!

BEA. See! kneeling at thy feet
The guilty one.

ISA. I hold thee in my arms!
Enough—forgotten all.

DIE. Look in my face,
Canst thou remember me?

BEA. The reverend brows
Of honest old Diego!

ISA. Faithful guardian
Of thy young years.

BEA. And am I once again
With kindred ?

ISA. Nought but death shall part us more.

BEA. Wilt thou ne'er send me to the stranger ?

ISA. Never !

Fate is appeased.

BEA. And am I next thy heart ?
And it was all a dream—a hideous dream ?
My mother ! at my feet he fell !—I know not
What brought me hither—yet 'tis well. O bliss !
That I am safe in thy protecting arms.
They would have ta'en me to the princess mother :
Sooner to death !

ISA. My daughter, calm thy fears ;
Messina's Princess—

BEA. Name her not again !
At that ill-omened sound the chill of death
Creeps through my trembling frame.

ISA. My child ! but hear me—

BEA. She has two sons by mortal hate dissevered,
Don Manuel and Don Cæsar.

ISA. 'Tis myself !
Behold thy mother !

BEA. Have I heard thee ? Mother ?

ISA. I am thy mother, and Messina's Princess !

BEA. Art thou Don Manuel's and Don Cæsar's mother ?

ISA. And thine ! They are thy brethren, whom thou nam'st.

BEA. Oh, gleam of horrid light !

ISA. What troubles thee ?
Whence comes this strange emotion ?

BEA. Yes ! 'twas they !
Now I remember all ; no dream deceived me.
They met—'tis fearful truth ! unhappy men !
Where have ye hid him ?

[*She rushes towards the CHORUS : they turn away from her. A funeral march is heard in the distance.*]

CHOR. Horror ! Horror !

ISA. Hid ?

Speak—who is hid ? and what is true ? Ye stand,
In silent, dull amaze, as though ye fathomed
Her words of mystery. In your faltering tones—
Your brows—I read of horrors yet unknown,
That would refrain my tongue. What is it ? Tell me !
I will know all. Why fix ye on the door
That awe-struck gaze ? What mournful music sounds ?

[*The march is heard nearer.*]

CHOR. (BOHEMUND). It comes ! it comes ! and all shall be
declared

With terrible voice. My mistress ! steel thy heart ;
Be firm and bear with courage what awaits thee ;
For more than woman's soul thy destined griefs
Demand.

ISA. What comes ? and what awaits me ? Hark !
In fearful tones the death-wail smites mine ear—

It echoes through the house. Where are my sons?

[*The FIRST SEMICHORUS brings in the body of DON MANUEL on a bier, which is placed at the side of the stage. A black pall is spread over it.*

[SABELLA, BEATRICE, DIEGO, both CHORUSES.

FIRST CHORUS (CAJETAN).

With sorrow in his train
From street to street the King of Terror glides ;
With s'ealthy foot and slow
He creeps where'er the fleeting race
Of man abides !

In turn at every gate,
Is heard the dreaded knock of Fate,
The message of unutterable woe !

BER. When, in the sere
And autumn leaves decayed,
The mournful forest tells how quickly fade
The glories of the year !
When, in the silent tomb, opprest,
Frail man, with weight of days,
Sinks to his tranquil rest,
Contented Nature but obeys

Her everlasting law ;
The general doom awakes no shuddering awe !

But, mortals, oh ! prepare
For mightier ills : with ruthless hand
Fell murder cuts the holy band—

The kindred tie : insatiate Death,
With unrelenting rage,

Bears to his bark the flower of blooming age !

CAJ. When clouds athwart the lowering sky
Are driven—when bursts, with hollow moan,

The thunder's peal—our trembling bosoms own
The might of awful destiny !

Yet oft the lightning's glare

Darts sudden through the cloudless air :

Then, in thy short delusive day

Cf bliss, oh ! dread the treacherous snare ;

Nor prize the fleeting goods and vain,

The flowers that bloom but to decay !

Nor wealth, nor joy, nor aught but pain,

Was e'en to mortal's lot secure :

Our first best lesson—to endure !

ISA. What shall I hear? What horrors lurk beneath
This funeral pall?

[*She steps towards the bier, but suddenly pauses, and stands irresolute.*

Some strange mysterious dread
Enthrals my sense. I would approach, and sudden
The ice-cold grasp of terror holds me back.

[*To BEATRICE, who has thrown herself between her and the bier.*

Whate'er it be, I will unveil—

[*On raising the pall, she discovers the body of DON MANUEL.*

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

Eternal Powers! It is my son!
[She stands in mute horror. BEATRICE sinks to the ground with a shriek of anguish, near the bier.]

CHOR. Unhappy mother! 'tis thy son: thy lips
 Have uttered what my faltering tongue denied.

ISA. My soul! my Manuel! Oh, eternal grief:
 And is it thus I see thee? thus thy life
 Has bought thy sister from the spoiler's rage?
 Where was thy brother? Could no arm be found
 To shield thee? Oh, be curst the hand that dug
 These gory wounds; a curse on her that bore
 The murderer of my son; ten thousand curses
 On all their race.

CHOR. Woe! Woe!

ISA. And is it thus
 Ye keep your word, ye gods? Is this your truth?
 Alas! for him that trusts with honest heart
 Your soothing wiles. Why have I hoped and trembled?
 And this the issue of my prayers! Attend,
 Ye terror-stricken witnesses, that feed
 Your gaze upon my anguish; learn to know
 How warning visions cheat, and boding seers
 But mock our credulous hopes: let none believe
 The voice of Heaven.

When in my teeming womb
 This daughter lay, her father, in a dream,
 Saw from his nuptial couch two laurels grow,
 And in the midst a lily all in flames,
 That, catching swift the boughs and knotted stems,
 Burst forth with crackling rage, and o'er the house
 Spread in one mighty sea of fire: perplexed
 By this terrific dream, my husband sought
 The counsels of the mystic art; and thus
 Pronounced the sage: "If I a daughter bore,
 The murd'ress of his sons, the destined spring
 Of ruin to our house, the baleful child
 Should see the light."

CHOR. (CAJETAN and BOHEMUND). What hast thou said, my
 mistress,

Woe! Woe!
 ISA. For this her ruthless father spoke
 The dire behest of death. I rescued her,
 The innocent! the doomed one! From my arms
 The babe was torn: to stay the curse of Heaven
 And save my sons, the mother gave her child;
 And now by robber hands her brother falls.
 My child is guiltless. Oh, she slew him not.

CHOR. Woe! Woe!

ISA. No trust the fabling readers of the stars
 Have e'er deserved: hear how another spoke
 With comfort to my soul; and him I deemed
 Inspired to voice the secrets of the skies:
 "My daughter should unite in love the hearts
 Of my dissevered sons:" and thus their tales
 Of curse and blessing on her head proclaim
 Each other's falsehood. No! she ne'er has brought

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

A curse—the innocent ! nor time was given
The blessed promise to fulfil: their tongues
Were false alike ; their boasted art is vain ;
With trick of words they cheat our credulous ears,
Or are themselves deceived. Nought ye may know
Of dark futurity, the sable streams
Of hell, the fountain of your hidden lore,
Or yon bright spring of everlasting light.

FIRST CHORUS (CAJETAN).

Woe ! Woe ! Thy tongue refrain ;
Oh, pause, nor thus with impious rage
The might of Heaven profane ;
The holy oracles are wise ;
Expect with awe thy coming destinies.

ISA. My tongue shall speak as prompts my swelling heart ;
My griefs shall cry to Heaven. Why do we lift
Our suppliant hands, and at the sacred shrines
Kneel to adore ? Good easy dupes ! what win we
From faith and pious awe ? To touch with prayers
The tenants of yon azure realms on high
Were hard, as with an arrow's point to pierce
The silvery moon. Hid is the womb of time,
Impregnable to mortal glance ; and deaf
The adamantine walls of Heaven rebound
The voice of anguish. Oh, 'tis one, whate'er
The flight of birds—the aspect of the stars !
The book of Nature is a maze, a dream
The sage's art, and every sign a falsehood !

SECOND CHORUS (BOHEMUND).

Woe ! Woe ! Ill-fated woman ! stay
Thy maddening blasphemies ;
Thou but disown'st, with purblind eyes,
The flaming orb of day !
Confess the gods, they dwell on high,
They circle thee with awful majesty !

ALL THE KNIGHTS.

Confess the gods, they dwell on high,
They circle thee with awful majesty !

BEA. Why hast thou saved thy daughter, and defied
The curse of Heaven, that marked me in thy womb
The child of woe ? Short-sighted mother ! vain
Thy little arts to cheat the doom declared
By the all-wise interpreters, that knit
The far and near ; and with prophetic ken
See the late harvest spring in times unborn.
Oh, thou hast brought destruction on thy race,
Withholding from the avenging gods their prey ;
Threefold, with new embittered rage, they ask
The direful penalty ; no thanks thy boon
Of life deserves—the fatal gift was sorrow.

SECOND CHORUS (BERENGAR), *looking towards the door with signs of agitation.*

Hark, to the sound of dread !
The rattling, brazen din I hear !
Of hell-born snakes the hissing tones are near !
Yes ; 'tis the Furies' tread !

CAJ. In crumbling ruin wide,
Fall, fall, thou roof, and sink, thou trembling floor,
Thou bear'st the dread, unearthly stride !
Ye sable damps arise !
Mount from the abyss, in smoky spray,
And pall the brightness of the day !
Vanish, ye guardian powers !
They come ! the avenging deities !

DON CÆSAR, ISABELLA, BEATRICE, the CHORUS. *On the entrance of DON CÆSAR, the CHORUS station themselves before him imploringly. He remains standing alone in the centre of the stage.*

BEA. Alas ! 'tis he.

ISA. [*stepping to meet him.*] My Cæsar ! Oh, my son !
And is it thus I meet thee ? Look ! behold
The crime of hand accurst ! [*She leads him to the corse.*]

FIRST CHORUS (CAJETAN, BERENGAR).

Break forth once more
Ye wounds ! Flow, flow, in swarthy flood,
Thou streaming gore !

ISA. Shuddering with earnest gaze, and motionless,
Thou stand'st. Yes ! there my hopes repose, and all
That earth has of thy brother. In the bud
Nipped is your concord's tender flower, nor ever
With beauteous fruit shall glad a mother's eyes.

DON CÆS. Be comforted ; thy sons with honest heart
To peace aspired, but Heaven's decree was blood !

ISA. I know thou lovedst him well. I saw between ye,
With joy, the bands of nature sweetly twined ;
Thou wouldst have borne him in thy heart of hearts,
With rich atonement of long wasted years !
But see, fell murder thwarts thy dear design,
And nought remains but vengeance !

DON CÆS. Come, my mother,
This is no place for thee. Oh, haste and leave
This sight of woe ! [*He endeavours to drag her away.*]

ISA. [*throwing herself into his arms.*] 'Thou liv'st ! I have
a son !

BEA. Alas ! my mother !

DON CÆS. On this faithful bosom
Weep out thy pains ; nor lost thy son ; his love
Shall dwell immortal in thy Cæsar's breast.

FIRST CHORUS (CAJETAN, BERENGAR, MANFRED).

Break forth, ye wounds !
Dumb witnesses ! the truth proclaim ;
Flow fast, thou gory stream !

ISA. [*clasping the hands of DON CÆSAR and BEATRICE.*]
My children !

DON CÆS. Oh, 'tis ecstasy ! my mother,
To see her in thy arms ! Henceforth in love
A daughter—sister.

ISA. [*interrupting him.*] Thou hast kept thy word,
My son ; to thee I owe the rescued one ;
Yes, thou hast sent her.

DON CÆS. [*in astonishment.*] Whom, my mother, sayst thou
That I have sent ?

ISA. She stands before thine eyes—
Thy sister !

DON CÆS. She ! my sister ?

ISA. Ay, what other ?

DON CÆS. My sister !

ISA. Thou hast sent her to me !

DON CÆS. Horror !

His sister, too !

CHOR. Woe ! Woe !

BEA. Alas, my mother !

ISA. Speak ! I am all amaze !

DON CÆS. Be curst the day

When I was born !

ISA. Eternal Powers !

DON CÆS. Accurst

The womb that bore me ; curst thy secret arts,
The spring of all this woe : instant to crush thee,
Though the dread thunder swept, ne'er should this arm
Refrain the bolts of death : I slew my brother ;
Hear it and tremble ! in her arms I found him—
She was my love, my chosen bride ; and he—
My brother—in her arms ! Thou hast heard all !
If it be true ; oh ! if she be my sister—
And his !—then I have done a deed that mocks
The power of sacrifice and prayers to ope
The gates of mercy to my soul !

CHORUS (BOHEMUND).

The tidings on thy heart dismayed
Have burst, and nought remains ; behold !
'Tis come, nor long delayed,
Whate'er the warning seers foretold :
They spoke the message from on high,
Their lips proclaimed resistless destiny ;
The mortal shall the curse fulfil,
Who seeks to turn predestined ill.

ISA. The gods have done their worst ; if they be true
Or false, 'tis one ; for nothing they can add
To this—the measure of their rage is full.
Why should I tremble that have nought to fear ?
My darling son lies murdered, and the living
I call my son no more. Oh ! I have borne,
And nourished at my breast, a basilisk
That stung my best-loved child. My daughter, haste,
And leave this house of horrors ; I devote it

To the avenging fiends ! In evil hour
 'Twas crime that brought me hither, and of crime
 The victim, I depart. Unwillingly
 I came—in sorrow I have lived—despairing
 I quit these halls ; on me, the innocent,
 Descends this weight of woe ! Enough—'tis shown
 That Heaven is just, and oracles are true !

[Exit, followed by DIEGO.]

BEATRICE, DON CÆSAR, *the* CHORUS.

DON CÆS. [*detaining* BEATRICE.] My sister, wouldst thou
 leave me ? On this head
 A mother's curse may fall—a brother's blood
 Cry with accusing voice to Heaven—all nature
 Invoke eternal vengeance on my soul ;
 But thou—oh ! curse me not—I cannot bear it !

[BEATRICE points with averted eyes to the body.]

I have not slain thy lover ; 'twas thy brother
 And mine that fell beneath my sword ; and near
 As the departed one the living owns
 The ties of blood : remember, too, 'tis I
 That most a sister's pity need—for, pure,
 His spirit winged its flight, and I am guilty !

[BEATRICE bursts into an agony of tears.]

Weep ! I will blend my tears with thine—nay, more,
 I will avenge thy brother ; but the lover—
 Weep not for him ; thy passionate yearning tears
 My inmost heart. Oh ! from the boundless depths
 Of our affliction, let me gather this,
 The last and only comfort—but to know
 That we are dear alike. One lot fulfilled
 Has made our rights and wretchedness the same ;
 Entangled in one snare we fall together,
 Three hapless victims of unpitying fate,
 And share the mournful privilege of tears.
 But when I think that for the lover, more
 Than for the brother, bursts thy sorrow's tide,
 Then rage and envy mingle with my pain,
 And hope's last balm forsakes my withering soul !
 Nor joyful, as beseems, can I requite
 This injured shade : yet, after him, content,
 To mercy's throne my contrite spirit shall fly,
 Sped by this hand—if dying, I may know,
 That in one urn our ashes shall repose,
 With pious office of a sister's care.

[He throws his arms around her with passionate tenderness.]

I loved thee as I ne'er had loved before,
 When thou wert strange ; and that I bear the curse
 Of brother's blood, 'tis but because I loved thee
 With measureless transport : love was all my guilt.
 But now thou art my sister ; and I claim
 Soft pity's tribute.

[He regards her with inquiring glances and an air of painful suspense ; then turns away with vehemence.]

No ! in this dread presence

I cannot bear these tears ; my courage flies ;

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

And doubt distracts my soul. Go, weep in secret,
 Leave me in error's maze ; but never, never,
 Behold me more : I will not look again
 On thee, nor on thy mother. Oh ! how passion
 Laid bare her secret heart ! She never loved me !
 She mourned her best-loved son—that was her cry
 Of grief—and nought was mine but show of fondness !
 And thou art false as she ! Make no disguise,
 Recoil with horror from my sight—this form
 Shall never shock thee more—begone for ever !
*[She stands irresolute in a tumult of conflicting passions ;
 then tears herself from the spot.]*

CHORUS (CAJETAN).

Happy the man—his lot I prize—
 That, far from pomps and turmoil vain,
 Child-like, on Nature's bosom lies,
 Amid the stillness of the plain ;
 My heart is sad in the princely hall,
 When, from the towering pride of state,
 I see with headlong ruin fall—
 How swift !—the good and great !
 And he—from fortune's storms at rest—
 Smiles, in the quiet haven laid,
 Who, timely warned, has owned how blest
 The refuge of the cloistered shade ;
 To honour's race has bade farewell,
 Its idle joys and empty shows,
 Insatiate wishes learned to quell,
 And lulled in wisdom's calm repose.
 No more shall passion's maddening brood
 Impel the busy scenes to try ;
 Nor on his peaceful cell intrude
 The form of sad humanity !
 'Mid crowds and strife each mortal ill
 Abides ; the grisly train of woe
 Shuns, like the pest, the breezy hill,
 To haunt the smoky marts below.

BERENGAR, BOHEMUND, and MANFRED.

On the mountains is freedom ! the breath of decay
 Never sullies the fresh-flowing air ;
 Oh, Nature is perfect wherever we stray ;
 'Tis man that deforms it with care.

THE WHOLE CHORUS repeats.

On the mountains is freedom, &c. &c.

DON CÆSAR, the CHORUS.

DON CÆS. *[more collected.]* I use the princely rights—'tis
 the last time—
 To give this body to the ground, and pay
 Fit honours to the dead : so mark, my friends,
 My bosom's firm resolve, and quick fulfil
 Your lord's behest. Fresh in your memory lives

The mournful pomp, when to the tomb ye bore,
 So late, my royal sire ; scarce in these halls
 Are stilled the echoes of the funeral wail ;
 Another corse succeeds, and in the grave
 Weighs down its fellow-dust ; almost our torch
 With borrowed lustre from the last may pierce
 The monumental gloom ; and on the stair
 Blend in one throng confused two mourning trains.
 Then in the sacred royal dome that guards
 The ashes of my sire, prepare with speed
 The funeral rites ; unseen of mortal eye,
 And noiseless be your task—let all be graced,
 As then, with circumstance of kingly state.

BOH. My prince, it shall be quickly done ; for still
 Upreared the gorgeous catafalque recalls
 The dread solemnity : no hand disturbed
 The edifice of death.

DON CÆS. The yawning grave
 Amid the haunts of life ? No goodly sign
 Was this : the rites fulfilled, why lingered yet
 The trappings of the funeral show ?

BOH. Your strife
 With fresh embittered hate o'er all Messina
 Woke discord's maddening flames, and from the dead
 Our cares withdrew : so desolate remained
 And closed the sanctuary.

DON CÆS. Make no delay
 This very night fulfil your task, for well
 Beseems the midnight gloom ! To-morrow's sun
 Shall find this palace cleansed of every stain,
 And light a happier race.

[*Exit the SECOND CHORUS, with the body of DON MANUEL.*]

CAJ. Shall I invite
 The Brotherhood of monks, with rites ordained
 By Holy Church of old, to celebrate
 The office of departed souls, and hymn
 The buried one to everlasting rest ?

DON CÆS. Their strains above my tomb shall sound for ever
 Amid the torches' blaze—no solemn rites
 Beseem the day, when gory murder scares
 Heaven's pardoning grace.

CAJ. Oh, let not wild despair
 Tempt thee to impious rash resolve : my prince,
 No mortal arm shall e'er avenge this deed ;
 And penance calms, with soft atoning power,
 The wrath on high.

DON CÆS. If for eternal justice
 Earth has no minister, myself shall wield
 The avenging sword ; though Heaven with gracious ear
 Inclines to sinners' prayers, with blood alone
 Atoned is murder's guilt.

CAJ. To stem the tide
 Of dire misfortune that, with maddening rage,
 Bursts o'er your house, were nobler than to pile
 Accumulated woe.

DON CÆS. The curse of old
Shall die with me ! Death, self-imposed, alone
Can break the chain of Fate.

CAJ. Thou ow'st thyself
A sovereign to this orphaned land, by thee
Robbed of its other lord !

DON CÆS. The avenging gods
Demand their prey—some other deity
May guard the living !

CAJ. Wide as e'er the sun
In glory beams the realm of hope extends ;
But, oh, remember ! nothing may we gain
From death !

DON CÆS. Remember thou thy vassal's duty !
Remember, and be silent ! Leave to me
To follow, as I list, the spirit of power,
That leads me to the goal : no happy one
May look into my breast ; but if thy prince
Owns not a subject's homage, dread at least
The murderer ! the accurst ! and to the head
Of the unhappy—sacred to the gods—
Give honours due. The pangs that rend my soul,
What I have suffered—what I feel—have left
No place for earthly thoughts.

DONNA ISABELLA, DON CÆSAR, *the* CHORUS.

ISA. [*enters with hesitating steps, and looks irresolutely towards*
DON CÆSAR ; *at last she approaches, and addresses him*
with collected tones.]

I thought mine eyes should ne'er behold thee more ;
Thus I had vowed despairing. Oh, my son !
How quickly all a mother's stern resolves
Melt into air ! 'twas but the cry of rage
That stifled Nature's p'leading voice ; but now,
What tidings of mysterious import call me
Forth from the desolate chambers of my sorrow ?
Shall I believe it ? Is it true ? One day
Robs me of both my sons ?

CHOR. Behold, with willing steps and free,
Thy son prepares to tread
The paths of dark eternity—
The silent mansions of the dead.

My prayers are vain ; but thou, with power confest
Of Nature's holiest passion, storm his breast !

ISA. I call the curses back, that in the frenzy
Of blind despair on thy beloved head
I poured : a mother may not curse the child
That from her nourishing breast drew life, and gave—
Sweet recompense for all her travail past :
Heaven would not hear the impious vows ; they fell
With quick rebound, and heavy with my tears,
Down from the flaming vault.

Live ! live ! my son !
For I may rather bear to look on thee—
The murderer of one child—than weep for both !

DON CÆS. Heedless and vain, my mother, are thy prayers
For me, and for thyself ; I have no place
Among the living : if thine eyes may brook
The murderer's sight abhorred—I could not bear
The mute reproach of thy eternal sorrow.

ISA. Silen: or loud, my son, reproach shall never
Disturb thy breast—ne'er in these halls shall sound
The voice of wailing ; gently on my tears
My griefs shall flow away : the sport alike
Of pitiless fate, together we will mourn,
And veil the deed of blood.

DON CÆS. [*with a faltering voice, and taking her hand.*] Thus
it shall be,
My mother—thus with silent, gentle woe,
Thy grief shall fade : but when one common tomb
The murderer and his victim closes round ;
When o'er our dust one monumental stone
Is rolled, the curse shall cease ; thy love no more
Unequal bless thy sons: the precious tears
Thine eyes of beauty weep shall sanctify
Alike our memories : yes ! in death are quenched
The fires of rage, and hatred owns, subdued,
The mighty reconciler ! Pity bends,
An angel form, above the funeral urn,
With weeping dear embrace. Then, to the tomb
Stay not my passage. Oh ! forbid me not
Thus with atoning sacrifice to quell
The curse of Heaven.

ISA. All Christendom is rich
In shrines of mercy, where the troubled heart
May find repose : oh ! many a heavy burden
Have sinners in Loretto's mansion laid ;
And Heaven's peculiar blessing breathes around
The grave that has redeemed the world. The prayers
Of the devout are precious—fraught with store
Of grace, they win forgiveness from the skies :
And on the soil by gory murder stained
Shall rise the purifying fane.

DON CÆS. We pluck
The arrow from the wound, but the torn heart
Shall ne'er be healed. Let him who can drag on
A weary life of penance and of pain,
To cleanse the spot of everlasting guilt ;
I would not live the victim of despair ;
No ! I must meet with beaming eye the smile
Of happy ones, and breathe erect the air
Of liberty and joy. While yet alike
We shared thy love, then o'er my days of youth
Pale envy cast his withering shade ; and now
Think'st thou my heart could brook the dearer ties
That bind thee in thy sorrow to the dead ?
Death, in his undecaying palace throned,
To the pure diamond of perfect virtue,
Sublimes the mortal : and with chastening fire
Each gathered stain of frail humanity
Purges and burns away : high as the stars

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

Beloved once more, now when I tread the paths
Of everlasting night? See where he stands—
Angel of life! and, wondrous beautiful,
Shakes from his plenteous horn the fragrant store
Of golden fruits and flowers, that breathe around
Divinest airs of joy: my heart awakes
In the warm sunbeam—hope returns, and life
Thrills in my breast anew.

ISA. [*to BEATRICE.*] Thou wilt prevail,
Or none! Implore him that he live, nor rob
The staff and comfort of our days.

BEA. The loved one
A sacrifice demands: oh, let me die,
To soothe a brother's shade! Yes, I will be
The victim! Ere I saw the light, forewarned
To death, I live a wrong to Heaven; the curse
Pursues me still: 'twas I that slew thy son;
I waked the slumbering Furies of their strife;
Be mine the atoning blood!

CAJ. Ill-fated mother!
Impatient all thy children haste to doom,
And leave thee on the desolate waste alone
Of joyless life.

BEA. Oh, spare thy precious days
For Nature's band: thy mother needs a son;
My brother, live for her! Light were the pang
To lose a daughter, but a moment shown,
Then snatched away!

DON CÆS. [*with deep emotion.*] 'Tis one, to live or die,
blest with a sister's love!

BEA. Say—dost thou envy
Thy brother's ashes?

DON CÆS. In thy grief he lives
A hallowed life: my doom is death for ever!

BEA. My brother!

DON CÆS. Sister! are thy tears for me?

BEA. Live for thy mother!

DON CÆS. [*dropping her hand and stepping back.*] For our
mother.

BEA. [*hiding her head in his breast.*] Live
For her and for thy sister!

CHOR. (BOHEMUND). She has won!
Resistless are her prayers: despairing mother,
Awake to hope again—his choice is made!
Thy son shall live.

[*At this moment an anthem is heard. The folding-doors
are thrown open; and in the church is seen the
catafalque erected, and the coffin surrounded with
candlesticks.*]

DON CÆS. [*turning to the coffin.*] I will not rob thee, brother!
The sacrifice is thine. Hark! from the tomb,
Mightier than mother's tears or sister's love,
Thy voice resistless cries: my arms enfold
A treasure, potent with celestial joys,
To deck this earthly sphere, and make a lot
Worthy the gods! But shall I live in bliss,

While in the tomb thy sainted innocence
Sleeps unavenged? Thou, ruler of our days,
All just, all wise, let not the world behold
Thy partial care! I saw her tears! enough,
They flowed for me! I am content: my brother!
I come! [*He stabs himself with a dagger, and falls dead at his
sister's feet. She throws herself into her mother's
arms.*]

CHOR. (CAJETAN) [*after a deep silence.*] In dread amaze I
stand, nor know
If I should mourn his fate: one truth revealed
Speaks in my breast; no good supreme is life;
But of all earthly ills the chief is—guilt!

WILLIAM TELL.

TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL ROBINSON [1825].

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | | | |
|--|--|--|---------------------------|
| HERMAN GESLER, <i>Lord High Bailiff, and Imperial Governor in Schwitz and Uri.</i> | | YENNI, <i>the Fisherman's Boy.</i> | |
| WERNER BARON VON ATTINGHAUSEN. | | SEPPI, <i>the Herdsman's Boy.</i> | |
| ULRICH VON RUDENZ, <i>his Nephew.</i> | | GERTRUDE, <i>STAUFFACHER'S Wife.</i> | |
| WERNER STAUFFACHER | | HEDWIG, <i>TELL'S Wife, and FURST'S Daughter.</i> | |
| CONRAD HUNN | } <i>Inhabitants of Schwitz.</i> | BERTHA VON BRUNEK, <i>a rich Heiress.</i> | |
| ITEL REDING | | ARMGART | } <i>Peasant Women.</i> |
| HANS AUF DER MAUER | | MATILDA | |
| JORG IM HOFE | | ELIZABETH | |
| ULRICH, <i>the Smith</i> | | HILDEGARD | |
| JOST VON WEILER | } <i>Inhabitants of Uri.</i> | WALTER | } <i>TELL'S Children.</i> |
| WALTER FURST | | WILLIAM | |
| WILLIAM TELL | | FRIESSHARDT | } <i>Soldiers.</i> |
| ROSSELMAN, <i>the Priest</i> | | LEUTHOLD | |
| PETERMAN, <i>the Sacristan</i> | | RUDOLPH DER HARRAS, <i>GESLER'S Master of the Horse.</i> | |
| KUONI, <i>the Shepherd</i> | } <i>Inhabitants of Unter- walden.</i> | JOHN, <i>Duke of Swabia.</i> | |
| WERNI, <i>the Hunter</i> | | STUSSI. | |
| RUODI, <i>the Fisherman</i> | | MESSENGER OF THE EMPIRE. | |
| ARNOLD VON MELCHTAL | | SUPERINTENDENT. | |
| CONRAD BAUMGARTEN | | STONEMASON, WORKMEN, and LA- BOURERS. | |
| MEIER VON SARNEN | | PUBLIC CRIER. | |
| STRUTH VON WINKELRIED | | BROTHERS OF MERCY. | |
| KLAUS VON DER FLUE | | GESLER'S and LANDENBERGER'S | |
| BURKHARDT AM BUHEL | | TROOPERS. | |
| ARNOLD VON SEWA | | PEASANTS, WOMEN, and CHILDREN. | |
| PFEIFFER, <i>of Lucern.</i> | | | |
| KUNZ VON GERSAU. | | | |

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A high rocky shore on the lake of the four Cantons, opposite Schwitz. The lake forms a bay in the land: a cottage near the shore: a FISHER-BOY conducting a boat. Over the lake are seen the green meadows, villag:s, and farm-houses of Schwitz, illuminated by the sun. On the left of the spectator appear the peaks of the Haken surrounded with clouds: on the right, in the distance, the snow-mountains. Before the curtain rises are heard the Ranz-des-vaches, and the harmonious tinkling of the cow-bells, which are prolonged for some time into the opening act.*

FISHER-BOY [*in the boat, sings*].

The lake's smiling waters to bathing invite:
On the green shore the boy slumbers lost in delight,
For the music he hears
Is of lutes soft and sweet,
Or the voices of angels
Who in paradise meet;
And as he awakes to the joys of the blest,
The waters are murmuring over his breast,
From the deep cries a voice,
Thou art mine, lovely boy,
I entice the fond dreamer,
I lure to destroy!

SHEPHERD [*on the mountain*].

Ye meadows, farewell!
Ye green sunny pastures!
The shepherd must leave you,
The summer is gone.

We shall hither return the mountains among,
When the cuckoo calls, with the bird's early song,
When the vales their fresh vesture of flowers display,
And the fountains burst forth in the sunshine of May.

Ye meadows, farewell!
Ye green sunny pastures!
The shepherd must leave you,
The summer is gone.

HUNTER OF THE ALPS [*appears opposite on the top of the cliffs*].

The heights are thundering, and trembles the bridge,
But nought scares the hunter on yon dizzy ridge:

O'er mountains of ice
Undaunted he goes,
Where spring never blossoms,
And flower never blows.

Below him an ocean of mist from his ken
Conceals in its darkness the dwellings of men;
Through the rents of clouds only
The dim world is seen,
Deep under the vapour
The valleys of green.

The landscape changes: a hollow crackling is heard from the mountains: shadows of the clouds pass over the ground. RUODI, the fisherman, comes out of his hut; WERNI, the hunter, descends from the rocks; KUONI, the shepherd, enters with a milk pail on his shoulders, followed by SEPPI, his assistant.

RUO. Yenni, make haste! Draw in the nets, be quick!
The grey lord-bailiff of the valley comes,
A hollow crackling runs along the glacier,
The Mytenstein draws on his cap, and cold
Blows from the Wetterloch the rising blast.
The storm be sure will reach us ere we think it.

KUO. Boatman, there will be rain: my sheep the grass
Crop greedily, and Watcher snuffs the ground.

WER. The fish spring from the lake, the water-fowl
Dive down! Be sure a tempest is at hand.

KUO. [*to the boy.*] Seppi, see that the kine go not astray.

SEP. I'm sure brown Lisel's there—I hear her bell.

KUO. Then all are there—she ever strays the farthest.

RUO. You have a noble ring of bells, my master.

WER. And handsome kine! Are they your own, countryman?

KUO. I'm not so rich. They are my worthy master's,
Count Atunghausen—I am but his servant.

RUO. How prettily the riband decks yon cow!

KUO. And well she knows too that she leads the herd,
And should I take it off would cease to feed.

RUO. You are a fool! A beast deprived of reason—

WER. That is soon said—but brutes have reason too:
That we know well who have to hunt the chamois:
They wisely station when they seek the pasture

A sentinel, who pricks his ears, and warns
With a shrill whistle, when the hunter nears them.

RUO. [*to the SHEPHERD.*] Go ye now home?

KUO. The Alp is pastured down.

WER. A happy journey home!

KUO. The same to you!

Journeys like yours conduct not always back.

RUO. Here comes a man running as though he flew.

WER. I know him well—'tis Baumgart of Alstellen.

Enter CONRAD BAUMGART, breathless.

CON. For God's sake, boatman, loose your boat!

RUO. Well! well!

But why in such a hurry?

CON. Quick! unloose it!

Put me but over, and you save my life.

KUO. But what's the matter, countryman?

WER. Who pursues you?

CON. Quick! quick! they are already at my heels!

The bailiff's troopers ride hard after me:

If they but take me, I am a dead man!

RUO. But wherefore do the troopers follow you?

CON. First save my life, then will I talk with you!

WER. You are bestained with blood! What is the matter?

CON. The Emperor's bailiff who upon the Rossberg—

KUO. What, Wolfenschiessen! does he follow you?

CON. He will do harm no more, for—I have slain him.

ALL [*stepping back.*] Now, God be gracious! wherefore did you so?

CON. What every freeman in my place had done,
I've done—avenged the insult of my house

On the base wronger of my wife and honour.

KUO. Did he then venture aught against your honour?

CON. That he did not fulfil his bad intent,
Have righteous heaven and this good axe prevented.

WER. What! with the hatchet then you clove his head

KUO. Oh! let us hear it all! you still have time,
Whilst he the boat is loosing from the shore.

CON. Whilst I was felling wood within the forest
My wife came running in the greatest anguish;

The governor was lying at our house,

And had commanded to prepare a bath,

Then more, and unbecoming, had attempted;

She had sprung forth to seek me: home I ran,

And with my axe in hand have blessed his bath.

WER. And you did well! no man can blame you for it.

KUO. The tyrant! he has met at last the fate
He long has merited from Unterwalden!

CON. The deed was public—they are after me:
Whilst we are speaking, God! the time runs on.

[It begins to thunder.]

KUO. Quick! boatman, quick! and put the brave man over.

RUO. It cannot be—a fearful storm is coming!
You must wait here a little.

CON. Holy God!

I cannot wait: each moment may be death.

KUO. [*to the FISHERMAN.*] Rely on God, and try it, fisherman !
 Man ought to help his neighbour in distress,
 The same to any one of us might happen.

[*Thunder and roaring of the wind.*]

RUO. The storm is loose—you see how high the lake goes,
 I cannot steer against the wind and waves.

CON. [*embracing his knees.*] So help you God, as you do pity
 me !

WER. 'Tis for his life ! boatman, be merciful !

KUO. He is a father ! he has wife and children !

[*Repeated claps of thunder.*]

RUO. And have not I a life to lose ? At home
 Have I not wife and child like him ? Look there !
 See ! how the billows roll, the whirlpool rages,
 And lifts up all the waters of the deep.
 With pleasure would I save the poor brave man,
 But 'tis impossible—you see it is.

CON. [*still on his knees.*] Must I then fall into the enemy's
 hand,

Whilst the protecting shore is full in sight ?
 Yonder it lies ! The eye can reach it clearly,
 A powerful voice be well-nigh heard across ;
 There is the boat, could bear me from destruction,
 And here must I remain forlorn and helpless !

KUO. See ! who comes here ?

WER. It is brave Tell of Burglen.

Enter TELL, with his crossbow.

TELL. Who is the man that here entreats assistance ?

KUO. 'Tis an Alzeller man, who to defend
 His honour has the Wolfenschiessen slain,
 The bailiff who upon the Rossberg dwelt.
 The bailiff's troopers are upon his heels :
 The boatman he implores to bear him over,
 Who trembles at the storm, and will not venture.

RUO. Here is the Tell—he too can steer the bark,
 And he shall tell us if 'tis possible.

[*Repeated thunder : the lake roars loudly.*]

It were to plunge into the jaws of hell,
 A thing no man would do who had his senses.

TELL. The truly brave thinks last of his own safety ;
 Trust thou in God, and succour the distressed.

RUO. From the safe port 'tis easy to advise !
 There is the boat, and there the water !—try !

TELL. The water may—the bailiff will not pity :
 Attempt it, boatman !

ALL. Save him ! save him ! save him !

RUO. Were it my brother, or my only child,
 It could not be ! 'Tis Simon and Jude's feast,
 The lake is raging, and will have its victim.

TELL. With idle talking nothing can be done,
 Time presses on, the man must be assisted !
 Speak, boatman ! will you venture ?

RUO.

No ! not I !

TELL. In God's name then, give me the boat—I will
 With my poor skill and feeble arm attempt it.

WILLIAM TELL.

KUO. Ah ! noble Tell ! 'Tis like the gallant hunter !
 WER. You are my saviour and my angel, Tell.
 CON. Well may I save you from the bailiff's power,
 TELL. But from the tempest's rage another must ;
 Yet better 'tis you fall into God's hands
 Than into those of men ! [To the SHEPHERD.
 Countryman ! thou
 Comfort my wife if aught of evil happen !
 I have but done what I could not leave undone.
 [He springs into the boat.

KUO. [to the FISHERMAN.] You are a master steersman—what
 the Tell
 Has bravely dared might you not too have ventured ?
 RUO. Far better men than I would never dare
 What Tell has dared—there live not two like him
 In the whole circuit of the mountains round.
 WER. [who has climbed the rocks.] He pushes off ! God help
 thee now, brave seaman !
 See how the little bark is sorely tossed !

KUO. [on the shore.] The billows sweep clean over it ! 'tis gone !
 But hold ! 'tis there again ! How gallantly
 The adventurous boatman labours through the breakers !
 SEP. The bailiff's troopers at full speed are coming.
 KUO. By Heaven, they are so ! here was help at need !

Enter some of LANDENBERGER'S TROOPERS.

1ST TROOPER. Give up the murderer, whom ye here conceal !
 2ND TROOPER. He came this way ; in vain ye try to hide him !

KUO. and RUO. Whom mean ye, troopers ?
 1ST TROOPER [discovering the boat.] Ah ! what see I ? Hell !
 WER. [above.] Is't he in yonder boat ye seek ? Ride on,
 And if ye follow hard ye yet may take him !

2ND TROOPER. Curse him ! escaped ! You have assisted him,
 1ST TROOPER [to the PEASANT.] You have assisted him,
 And you shall pay for it ! Fall on their cattle,
 Destroy their cottage—burn and beat it down ! [They push forward.

SEP. [hurrying after.] O my poor lambs !
 KUO. [following.] Alas for me ! my herds !

WER. Oh ! murderous tyranny ! Justice of heaven !
 RUO. [wringing his hands.] [He follows them.
 When will a saviour come to this poor land !

SCENE II.—At Steinen, in Schwitz. A lime-tree before STAUFFACHER'S
 house, on the high road near the bridge. Enter WERNER STAUFFACHER
 and PFEIFFER of Lucern in conversation.

PFE. Once more, my friend, remember what I've told you :
 Swear not to Austria, if you can avoid it :
 Hold to the Empire firm as hitherto,
 And God preserve you in your ancient freedom !

STA. Yet wait the coming of my wife !—you are
 My guest at Schwitz, as I at Lucern yours.

PFE. I thank you much, but must to-day to Gersau.
 Whatever you may have to suffer still

From the harsh rule and avarice of your bailiff,
 Bear it in patience ! Other days may come,
 Another Emperor may direct the Empire ;
 But Austria's once, you're Austria's for ever.

[He goes out. STAUFFACHER sits down gloomily on the bench under the lime-tree, where he is found by GERTRUDE, who observes him for some time in silence.]

GER. So serious, my friend ! I scarcely know thee.
 For many a day I have remarked in silence
 How dark reflection furrows o'er thy brow.
 Some silent sorrow presses on thy heart :
 Trust it to me—I am thy faithful wife,
 And well may claim my portion of thy sorrows.

[He gives her his hand, but is silent.]

What can afflict thy bosom ? Let me know it !
 Blessed is thy labour, prosperous are thy fortunes,
 Full are thy stores, complete the herds of cattle,
 Of strong and well-fed horses a sleek train
 Is from the mountains happily returned
 To winter in their warm and convenient stalls.
 There stands thy house, rich as a nobleman's,
 Of handsome and substantial timber built,
 Newly repaired, and artfully disposed :
 Its glancing windows speak of inward comfort,
 With various coats-of-arms 'tis painted o'er,
 And with wise proverbs, which the wanderer
 Remains to ponder, and admires their sense.

STA. Well is the house adorned, and firmly built ;
 But, ah ! the ground on which it stands is hollow.

GER. Tell me, my Werner, what it is you mean.

STA. Lately I sat beneath this very lime,
 As here I sat to-day, and pleased reviewed
 My favourite schemes so happily accomplished ;
 When by there came from Kusnacht, his proud castle,
 The governor and his men. Before this house
 He paused, and seemed to wonder. I arose,
 And with submission due the lord approached,
 Chosen within this land to represent
 The Emperor's rightful power. " Whose is this house ? "
 Asked he maliciously, for he knew well !
 With wary caution therefore I replied,
 " This house, sir, is my fief, held of the Emperor,
 Your feudal lord and mine. " Whereon he answered,
 " The Emperor's vicerent here I stand,
 And will not that the boor should build his house
 In surly independence, and live free,
 As though he were the master in the land :
 It shall be my care to prevent such doings. "
 So saying he rode off with ominous mien,
 And I remained revolving anxiously
 The threatening of his dark malignant mind.

GER. My honoured lord and husband ! mightest thou
 Receive an honest counsel from thy wife ?
 I boast myself the noble Iberg's daughter,
 The much experienced man. We sisters sat

WILLIAM TELL.

Spinning the wool through the long winter-nights,
 When at our father's house assembled oft
 The leaders of the people to peruse
 The ancient charters with the Emperors gave,
 And the best interests of the land discuss.
 I marked attentive many a prudent word,
 The wise man's counsel, and the good man's wish,
 Which in my bosom carefully I stored.
 Refuse not then to hear me—long I've known
 The secret care that presses on thy soul.
 The bailiff hates—would gladly ruin thee,
 For that thou art a hindrance to his views,
 And wouldst not that the Swiss should be subjected
 To the new princely house, but firm and true
 Hold to the Empire, as their fathers did.
 Is't not so, Werner? Is not this the truth?

STA. It is: this is the reason Gesler hates me.

GER. Yes! he is envious of thee, that thou dwell'st
 A free man on thine own inheritance:
 For he has none. From the Emperor himself
 And Empire holdest thou immediately
 This house in fief, on independent terms,
 As e'er the proudest noble held his lands.
 Over thee thou acknowledgest no master,
 Save him—the mightiest in Christendom.
 But he, a younger brother of his house,
 Can boast of nothing, nothing call his own,
 Save the insignia of his knightly rank.
 Therefore he looks on every happier lot
 With jaundiced eye of poisonous suspicion.
 Long has he sworn thy ruin—yet thou stand'st
 Uninjured! Wilt thou wait till, quite prepared,
 The wretch shall heap his vengeance on thy head?
 The prudent man prevents.

STA. What's to be done?

GER. Hear my advice. Thou know'st how here at Schwitz
 All honest men lament the tyranny
 And avarice of this bailiff. So, doubt not,
 That they in Uri and in Unterwalden
 Are sick of like oppression, and the yoke
 Would fling off gladly. For, as Gesler here,
 So Landerberger with like insolence
 Bears himself yonder. Not a fishing-boat
 Comes o'er the lake, which brings not to our ears
 Intelligence of some fresh cruelty,
 Some lawless stretch of power. Therefore 'twere well
 That some of you who mean it honestly
 Should secretly assemble, and advise
 How best this sore oppression to remove:
 And sure I am that God would not forsake you,
 But to the righteous cause would gracious prove.
 In Uri hast thou not some friend to whom
 Thou freely mayst unbosom all thy soul?

STA. Yes, I know yonder many a gallant heart,
 Many respected noble gentlemen,
 Who well deserve my closest confidence.

[Rises.

Wife! what a storm of wild and dangerous thoughts
 Hast thou awakened in my quiet breast!
 My inmost soul thou hast arrayed against me,
 Turning it outward to the light of day;
 And what I scarce durst whisper to myself,
 With fluent tongue hast lightly spoken out!
 But hast thou well bethought thee what thou dost?
 The wild confusion and the din of arms
 Wouldst thou recall into these peaceful valleys?
 Shall we, a timid race of shepherds, dare
 To meet in fight the masters of the world?
 A fair pretence is all they seek to pour
 Their savage hordes on this unhappy land,
 To exercise therein the rights of conquerors,
 And under colour of fit retribution
 Destroy the ancient charters of our freedom.

GER. Ye too are men, and know to wield the axe,
 Essay your fortune: God assists the just.

STA. O wife! a fearful raging fiend is war,
 It slays alike the shepherd and the sheep!

GER. Man must endure what Heaven is pleased to send,
 No noble heart can learn to bear injustice.

STA. This house delights thee, which we just have finished;
 The monster war will burn it to the ground.

GER. Thought I this heart were fixed on earthly goods,
 This hand should be the first to fling the brand.

STA. Thou think'st of soft humanity! but war
 Spares not the smiling infant in its cradle.

GER. Innocence ever has a friend in Heaven!
 Look forwards, dearest Werner, not behind you.

STA. We men may perish bravely on the field;
 But you, my Gertrude, what would be your fate?

GER. Even to the weakest the last choice is open,
 A spring from yonder bridge should set me free.

STA. [*rushing into her arms.*] Who to his bosom presses such
 a heart

Will fight with transport for his house and home,
 And fear the armies of no earthly king.

To Uri will I go immediately:

There lives a friend I value, Walter Furst,
 Who on these weighty matters thinks as I do.

There shall I find the noble baron too,
 Von Attinghaus, who, though of lofty rank,
 The people loves, and honours the old customs.

With both of these will I consult how best
 To drive the proud oppressor from the land.

Farewell, dear wife! and whilst I am afar,
 Thy house conduct with prudent management.

To the poor pilgrim journeying to God's house,
 The pious monk who gathers for his convent,

Give liberally, and dismiss him well provided.

Stauffacher's house shuns not the sight—it stands
 By the wayside, a hospitable roof

For every traveller who desires its shelter.

[*They retire towards the background.*]

Enter WILLIAM TELL, with BAUMGARTEN.

TELL [*to BAUMGARTEN.*] You have no further need of my assistance.

Enter but yonder house—there will you find

The Stauffacher, a father of the oppressed.

But see! he's here himself. Follow me! Come. [*They retire.*]

SCENE III.—*An open place at Altorf. On an eminence in the background is seen a fort in the act of being built, and which has proceeded so far that the form of the whole is visible. Scaffolding: various WORK-PEOPLE going up and down. All is in agitation and motion.*

SUPERINTENDENT, MASTER STONEMASON, WORKMEN,
and LABOURERS.

SUP. [*urging on the WORK-PEOPLE with a stick.*] Methinks
you've rested long enough! Come, quick!

Bring up the lime, the mortar, and the stone,

That when the governor comes, he may perceive

Something is done. These people creep like snails!

[*To LABOURERS who are carrying.*]

Call you that carrying? Quick, let it be doubled:

How these vile thieves contrive to rob their masters!

1ST WOR. 'Tis very hard that we the stones should drag

That are ourselves to awe and be our dungeon!

SUP. What! are you grumbling? 'Tis a worthless race,

And fit for nothing, save their kine to milk,

And idly lounge about upon their mountains.

OLD MAN [*rests.*] I can no more!

SUP. [*shaking him.*] Up, old man, to your labour!

1ST WOR. Have you no bowels, that the hoary head

Which scarce can bear itself, you thus compel

To such hard service?

SEVERAL. It cries out to Heaven!

SUP. Mind your own business—I but do my duty.

2ND WOR. Superintendent, how will it be named,
This fort which we are building here?

SUP. Keep Uri—

And with this keep we'll bow you to the yoke.

WOR. Keep Uri?

SUP. Why do you laugh?

2ND WOR. Think you

With such a thing as this to keep down Uri?

1ST WOR. How many of such molehills must you pile

One on the other but the least to equal

Of all the mountains that are found in Uri?

[*SUPERINTENDENT goes towards the background.*]

MAS. STONE. Into the deepest lake I'll cast the hammer

Which served to forward this accursed work.

Enter TELL and STAUFFACHER.

STA. Oh! that I ne'er had lived to see this day!

TELL. 'Tis not good to be here! Let us go further.

STA. Am I in Uri—in the land of freedom?

STONE. Oh, sir! if you had only seen the dungeon
Beneath these towers! Yes! yes! he who dwells there
Will never hear the cock crow more.

STA. O God !
 STONE. Look at these buttresses, these bastions,
 Which stand intended for eternity.
 TELL. What hands have built, hands also may destroy :
 That house of freedom God himself has founded.
[Pointing to the mountains.]

A drum is heard. PEOPLE enter, carrying a hat upon a stick, followed by a
 PUBLIC CRIER : WOMEN and CHILDREN *rush in tumultuously.*

1ST WOR. What is that drum? Give your attention !
 listen !

STONE. What means this strange procession, and that
 hat?

CRIER. In the Emperor's name ! hear !

WOR. Be still, and listen !

CRIER. Ye see this hat, inhabitants of Uri :

It will be hung upon the lofty pillar,
 Which crowns the highest eminence in Altorf.
 And this is the lord bailiff's will and pleasure :
 This hat shall be respected as himself,
 And you shall honour it with bended knee,
 And with uncovered head : so shall the king
 Know those who proffer him willing obedience.
 Whoso despises and neglects this order
 Shall forfeit goods and person to the king.

*[A loud laugh ; the drum beats, and the procession
 passes on.]*

1ST WOR. What new unheard-of folly has the bailiff
 Invented now? What! we respect a hat!
 What man could ever dream of such a thing!

STONE. We to a hat bow down the knee ! Absurd!
 Trifles he thus with honest worthy people?

1ST WOR. If it were but the imperial crown ! But 'tis
 The hat of Austria ! I've seen it hang
 Over the throne where vassals do their homage.

STONE. The hat of Austria ! Mark ! 'tis some device
 To place us in the power of Austria !

WOR. No honest man would stoop to such disgrace.

STONE. Come ! let us go, and counsel with the rest.

[They retire.]
 TELL *[to STAUFFACHER.]* You now know all, and so, good sir,
 farewell !

STA. But wherefore in such haste? yet stay awhile.

TELL. My house requires the father. Fare ye well !

STA. Full is my heart, and yearns to speak with you. — —

TELL. The heavy heart is not made light by words.

STA. Words may perchance conduct us on to deeds.

TELL. The only deeds are now—patience and silence.

STA. Shall we then bear what is intolerable?

TELL. Who govern rashly, govern shortly too.
 When the storm rises from the dark abyss,
 Men quench their fires, in haste the vessel seeks
 The sheltering haven ; and the mighty spirit
 Walks scarce observed and harmless o'er the earth.

Let each but tarry quietly at home—
The peaceful man is gladly left in peace.

STA. Think you so?

TELL. Unprovoked, the serpent stings not—
They will at last grow weary of themselves,
So they but see the land continue tranquil.

STA. We could do much did we but stand together.

TELL. Yet when the shipwrecked vessel goes to pieces
Each individual better helps himself.

STA. So coldly do you leave the common cause?

TELL. Each one may safest count on his own strength.

STA. Even the weak, united, become strong.

TELL. True! but the strong is strongest when alone.

STA. And may your country then not count upon you,
When in her dark despair she grasps at aught
That speaks of hope?

TELL [*seizing his hand.*] Tell from the precipice
Brings the lost sheep—and will he then refuse,
Think you, assistance to the friends he loves?
But whatsoe'er ye do, admit not me
Into your counsels. I was never born
To weigh and choose—but once resolved on deeds,
Then call on Tell, and he will answer you.

[*They go away on different sides. A sudden tumult is heard on the scaffolding.*]

STONE. [*hurrying in.*] What is the matter?

1ST WOR. A workman from the roof
Is fallen.

BERTHA [*hurrying in.*] Is he killed? Run, save him, help,
If help be possible. Stay, here is gold!

[*Throws money amongst the PEOPLE.*]

STONE. Yes, with your gold! You think that everything
Is to be bought with gold! When you have torn
Fathers from children, husbands from their wives,
And scattered sorrow o'er the earth, think ye
That gold will make it good? Go! ere you came
We were a happy people, but with you
Despair has entered the abodes of peace.

BER. [*to the SUPERINTENDENT, who returns.*] Lives he?

[*He makes a sign to the contrary.*]

Unhappy castle, built with curses,
With curses doomed to be inhabited!

SCENE IV.—WALTER FURST'S house. WALTER FURST and ARNOLD
VON MELCHTAL enter at the same time on opposite sides.

MEL. Sir! Walter Furst?

FUR. What if they should surprise us!
Stay where you are! We are hemmed round by spies.

MEL. Bring you no news from Unterwalden? none
Of my poor father? I will brook no longer
My time to waste an idle prisoner here.
What have I done that bears so deep a dye
That I should hide me like a murderer?
Have I done aught but broken with my staff
The finger of a saucy forward boy,

Who at the bailiff's bidding would have gladly
My lovely team of oxen driven away
Before my very eyes?

FUR. You are too quick.
That boy was the lord bailiff's, and was sent,
A messenger of justice, to collect
The fine you had incurred, and which, though hard,
You should have borne in silence.

MEL. Borne in silence!
What! and the sneering message which the lad
Brought from his shameless master? "Tell the boor
If he loves bread, that he may learn himself
To drag the plough." It cut me to the heart
To see the oxen loosened from the yoke.
The noble beasts lowed dismally, and their horns
Brandished, as though themselves felt the injustice.
Then, with excusable resentment fired,
No longer master of myself, I struck him.

FUR. Oh! scarcely can we govern our own hearts!
How then shall hasty youth subdue its passions!

MEL. I grieve for nothing save my father—he
Needs such attention, and his son so far!
Besides the bailiff hates him, that he ever
Has pleaded honestly our rights and freedom.
Now, therefore, will they crush the poor old man,
While none is near to save him from oppression.
Happen what will to me, I must away!

FUR. Yet stay awhile—collect yourself, be patient,
Until some news arrive from Unterwalden.
I hear a knocking! Go! perchance it is
A message from the bailiff. Go!—in Uri
You are not safe from Landenberger's arm,
For tyrants hold the hand to one another.

MEL. They teach us what we ought to do.

FUR. Go in!
If all is safe, I will recall you. Go!
Unhappy boy! I dare not tell him all
My heart forebodes of evil! Who knocks there?
Oft as the door opens I expect to see
Enter misfortune. Treachery and suspicion
In every corner lurk. The slaves of power
Invade the deep recesses of each house,
And soon I fear will force us bolts to seek,
And barriers to protect our very doors.

[He opens the door, and steps back astonished as STAUF-
FACHER enters.]

What see I? Werner! you? Now by my soul
A worthy and dear guest! No better man
Has ever placed his foot across this threshold:
Welcome to-day, as ever, to my roof!
What brings you here? What seek you here in Uri?

STA. [giving him his hand.] The good old times, and good old
Switzerland!

FUR. These bring you with you! See! at sight of you
High leaps my heart, and seems to enjoy new life.
Seat yourself, Werner! Tell me, how is Gertrude

Your excellent wife, the sage and prudent daughter
Of the wise Iberg? Not a traveller comes
From Germany by Meinrad's Zell to Italy,
Who speaks not of your hospitable house.
But did you come too quickly from Fluellen,
Or had you time aught that deserved attention
To note, e'er you set foot upon this threshold?

STA. [*seating himself.*] Yes! yes! I saw astonished a new work,
Which gave me little pleasure to behold.

FUR. O friend! a single glance has told you all!

STA. In Uri such a thing was never heard of!
Within the memory of man has been
No fortress here—no dungeon but the grave.

FUR. You name it well—it is the grave of freedom!

STA. I will keep nothing from you, friend! I come,
Not led by idle curiosity,
For anxious cares oppress me. I have left
Sorrow at home, and sorrow find I here.
No longer is it possible to bear
What we have borne; nor, could we still endure it,
Can we perceive a limit to our woes.

Free was the Swiss from ancient times till now:
They called us happy—scarcely had been heard
The voice of mourning in the land since first
The herdsman drove his herds upon these mountains.

FUR. 'Tis quite without example how they drive us!
Even the noble Attinghausen, who
The former times has seen, avows himself
This misery is no longer to be borne.

STA. In Unterwalden yonder 'tis the same,
And bloody has the retribution been!
The Emperor's bailiff, Wolfenschiessen, who
Upon the Rossberg dwelt, has wantonly
Longed for forbidden fruit, Baumgarten's wife
Sought to mislead, and with resentment fired
The indignant husband slew him with his axe.

FUR. Heaven's judgments still are righteous! Who did
this?

Baumgarten, say you? Excellent young man!
But is he safe, and is he well concealed?

STA. Tell bore him o'er the lake, and now at Steinen
He lies concealed with me: but full report
Has the same messenger from Sarnen brought
Of an event more dreadful, which the heart
Of every generous man must cause to bleed.

FUR. [*attentive.*] What is it? say!

STA. In Melchtal, where at Kerns
The traveller enters, dwells an upright man,
Known by the name of Henry von der Halden,
His lineage in those parts not quite unknown.

FUR. Who knows not that! But what of him? Proceed.

STA. The son for some slight error had incurred
A penalty, and Landenberger sent
The fine to levy, but when he who came
To execute the order would have seized
His oxen, the best pair of all the yoke,

The youth, impelled by anger, struck the knave
And fled.

FUR. The father ! What became of him ?

STA. The father was commanded to appear
In Landenberger's presence, and instantly
Produce the son : and when the poor old man
Swore that in truth he knew not where he was,
The tyrant bade his executioners

Enter—

FUR. [*springs up and would lead him to the other side.*] Oh,
silence !

STA. [*with increasing animation.*] " He may have escaped,
But I have thee. Quick ! fling him to the ground,
And with the pointed steel bore out his eyes."

FUR. Merciful heaven !

MEL. [*rushing out.*] Bore out his eyes, said you ?

STA. [*astonished, to WALTER FURST.*] Who is that youth ?

MEL. [*grasping him with convulsive agitation.*] Oh ! answer
me ! His eyes ?

FUR. Oh ! the unhappy boy !

STA. Who is the youth ? [FURST makes him a sign.
It is the son ? All-righteous God !

MEL. And I

Must be away so far ! What ! both his eyes ?

FUR. Compose yourself, and bear it like a man !

MEL. And on account of me—my fault alone !

Blind too ! What ! really and completely blind ?

STA. Too true ! 'tis drained—the fountain of his sight !
The light of day he never will see more !

FUR. Spare, spare his sorrow !

MEL. Never—never again !

[*He presses his hand upon his eyes, and is silent some
moments, then continues in a softer voice, interrupted
with tears.*

Oh ! 'tis a noble, noble gift of Heaven,
The gift of light. Each being lives on light,
And all creation feels its gladdening power !
The plants themselves turn joyful to the light :
And he amidst the night must groping sit
Of an eternal darkness. Him revives
No longer the warm meadow's vivid green ;
No more can he the floweret's melting dyes,
The roseate-tinted glacier more behold.
To die—is nothing—nothing ! but to live,
And not to see—is misery indeed !
Why do you look at me so piteously !
I have two glistening eyes, and cannot give
One to my poor blind father—not a ray—
The faintest glimmering of that flood of light
Which bursts upon my eyes in dazzling splendour.

STA. Still more, alas ! I must increase your grief,
In place of healing it. There needed more :
The tyrant has seized all that he possessed,
And nothing left him, save the staff with which,
Naked and blind, from door to door he wanders.

MEL. Nought but a staff left to the dark old man !
 Deprived of all, even of the sun's fair light,
 The common blessing of the meanest beggar !
 Tell me no more of tarrying and concealment !
 Why what a miserable wretch was I,
 Meanly for my own safety to provide,
 And not for thine—thy valued head to leave
 A pledge within the tyrant's hands ! Farewell,
 Cowardly prudence ! Henceforth I will think
 Of nothing, save of bloody retribution.
 I will away—none here shall keep me longer
 From the inhuman bailiff to demand
 My father's eyes. Encompassed by his guards,
 I'll find him out—my life I count at nothing,
 So I but cool my intolerable anguish
 In his life's blood.

[Going.

FUR. Be counselled ! stay awhile !
 What could you do 'gainst him ? He sits at Sarnen
 In his proud castle Herrenburg, and laughs
 From his safe fortress at your powerless anger.

MEL. And did he dwell amidst the icy ramparts
Which crown the Shreckhorn—or where higher still,
 Veiled since eternity, the Jungfrau stands,
 Thither I'd force my way—with twenty comrades,
 Minded like me, would storm his fastnesses.
 And should no mortal follow—should you all,
 Trembling to lose your houses and your herds,
 Bow to the tyrant's yoke—the herdsmen then
 Will I assemble from their mountain dwellings,
 'Neath the free roof of heaven—and where the soul
 Still keeps its freshness, and the heart is sound,
 Loudly proclaim these foul enormities.

STA. [*to FURST.*] 'Tis at the height—why should we longer
 wait,
 Till to extremity—

MEL. What extremity ?
 What is there more to dread, when thus the eye
 Within its socket is no longer safe ?
 Are we defenceless ? Wherefore did we learn
 To bend the crossbow, and the weight to urge
 Of the stern battle-axe ? To every creature
 Is given a hold of hope, to which it clings
 In the dark hour of anguish and despair !
 The timid hart, exhausted, turns to bay,
 And with its fearful antlers scares the hounds ;
 The chamois tears the hunter down the abyss ;
 The very ox—the sharer of man's cares,
 The gentle inmate of his house, who bows
 His powerful neck in patience to the yoke,
 Springs up, provoked, sharpens his dreadful horn,
 And tosses to the sky his helpless foe.

FUR. If the three lands but thought as we three think,
 Something, perchance, might happily be accomplished.

STA. When Uri calls, and Unterwalden helps,
 The Schwitzer still the ancient league will honour.

MEL. Not few the friends I count in Unterwalden,
 And each his dearest life-blood would not spare,
 If back to back supported by the rest.
 O venerable fathers of this land,
 I stand between you here, the old in wisdom,
 Only a youth ; amidst the assembled people
 My voice must modestly be silent. Yet,
 Although I be but young, though many years
 Have not matured my prudence, scorn not, therefore,
 My counsel or my speech. For not the heat
 Of young and hasty blood urges me on,
 But deep heart-piercing anguish, that might move
 The flinty rocks themselves to pity me.
 Yourselves are fathers—heads of families,
 And would not you a virtuous son desire,
 To honour your grey hairs, and piously
 Your aged sight protect ? Oh ! do not then,
 Because the oppressor's hand has not yet touched
 Your fortunes or yourselves—because your eyes
 Still move uninjured in their glistening spheres,
 Look strangely on my sorrows. Over you
 Hangs the same sword of tyranny—the land
 You too have sought to turn away from Austria :
 This was my father's only fault—and you
 Have shared like guilt—must share like condemnation.

STA. [*to* WALTER FURST.] Do you resolve, I am prepared to follow.

FUR. Yet let us hear what say the noble barons,
 Von Sillinen and Attinghaus—their names
 Will win us friends, and strongly back our cause.

MEL. Where are the names within our mountain vales
 Worthier than yours, and yours. To names like these
 The people bow their faith, and in the land
 They are of good report. You have received
 A rich inheritance of paternal virtue,
 Which has lost nothing in your hands. Why then
 Need we the nobles ? Let us do ourselves
 The work we have to do ; nor will I doubt
 That, even alone, we could defend ourselves.

STA. The nobles are by like necessity
 Urged not. The stream which rages in the valleys
 Has not yet reached the heights. But when the land
 Is once in arms their aid will not be wanting.

FUR. Were there an umpire between us and Austria,
 Then law and justice might decide the cause :
 But our oppressor is our Emperor too,
 And judge supreme—and, therefore, God must help us
 Through our own arm. Do you the men of Schwitz
 Attempt to rouse—I will find friends in Uri :
 But whom to send to Unterwalden ?

MEL.

Me !

That be my care : to whom can it be nearer ?

FUR. I cannot yield to that—you are my guest,
 And I your host must answer for your safety !

MEL. I know each secret path—each mountain pass,
 And shall not want for friends, who from the foe
 Will guard my steps, and find me food and shelter :

STA. God will protect him ! Yonder is no traitor !
The tyranny is so utterly detested,
That it can find no instrument. Baumgarten
Will in the lower country friends procure,
And raise the land.

MEL. But how impart the news
Of what we do, and not excite suspicion ?

STA. At Brunnen, or at Tseib, we might assemble,
Where meet the merchants to discharge their vessels.

FUR. We may not push the affair too openly.
Hear my suggestion. Lest of the lake to him
Who sails towards Brunnen, and directly opposite
The Mytenstein, lies a secluded meadow,
Bosomed in wood—the shepherds call it Rutli,
Because the forest thence is rooted out.
There meet the boundaries of your land and ours, [*To MELCHTAL.*
There stands the landmark, and an easy passage
[*To STAUFFACHER.*

Thither from Schwitz conducts the light canoe.
By paths but rarely trod we may repair
Thither by night, and spend the solemn hour
In secret council ; thither too may bring
Each man ten others, minded like himself,
Whom he can safely trust, and there in common
Advise what most is proper to be done.

STA. So let it be determined. Now your hand—
Now give me yours ! As we three honestly,
Free from all guile and falsehood, here join hands,
So the three lands shall firmly stand together,
For freedom or destruction—life or death.

FUR. and MEL. For life or death !

[*They stand for some time hand in hand, and are silent.*

MEL. Alas ! my poor blind father !
Thou wilt no longer see the day of freedom,
But thou shalt hear it ! When from Alp to Alp
The blazing beacons toss their flames on high,
And the proud castles of the tyrants fall,
The joyful Swiss shall seek thy humble dwelling,
Thine ear shall drink the tidings of our freedom,
And day once more arise upon thy darkness.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Gothic Hall, ornamented with coats-of-arms, in the Castle of the BARON VON ATTINGHAUSEN. The BARON, a grey-headed old man, of lofty and commanding stature, leaning on a stick tipped with the horn of a chamois and dressed in fur garments. KUONI and six other SERVANTS stand around him with rakes and scythes. Enter ULRICH VON RUDENZ, in the garb of a knight.*

RUD. What is your pleasure, uncle ?

ATT. First permit
That, following the old custom of my house,
I take the morning draught amidst my servants.

[*He drinks out of a goblet, which he passes to the rest in succession.*

Once I was wont myself in field and wood
 To lead them forth, myself to share their labours,
 As when my banner led them to the field.
 But now I can but play the overlooker,
 And if the genial sun comes not to me
 I can no longer seek it on the mountains.
 And so in narrower and still narrower circle,
 With feeble steps I journey onwards, towards
 The narrowest and last, where life stands still—
 Scarcely the shade of what I was—and soon
 Only to be a name.

KUO. [*offering the cup to RUDENZ.*] Young man, I pledge you.
 [*As he hesitates to take it.*]

Come, cheerily ! 'Tis from one cup, one heart.

ATT. Go, children ! When the festive evening calls
 From finished labour, once again assembled,
 Will we the interests of the land discuss. [SERVANTS retire.]

ATTINGHAUSEN and RUDENZ.

ATT. I see thee on the alert, and well appointed !
 Wilt thou to Altorf—to the Herrenburg ?

RUD. Yea, uncle, and I tarry here too long.

ATT. [*seating himself.*] Art thou in such a hurry ? Has thy
 youth

So sparingly been measured out to thee,
 That thou must save it from thy poor old uncle ?

RUD. I see you have no longer need of me,
 I am become a stranger in this house.

ATT. [*regarding him steadfastly for some time.*] Alas ! 'tis but
 too true ! Alas ! that home

To thee is a strange place ! O Uly ! Uly !
 I know thee now no more. I see thee deck
 In costly silk thy limbs, across thy shoulder
 The purple mantle fling, and vauntingly
 Bear the proud peacock's feather in thy cap :
 The peasant thou regardest with disdain,
 And sham'st thee of his honest manly greeting.

RUD. I yield him willingly all honour due,
 What he would claim of right I shall refuse him.

ATT. Thou know'st how the whole land feels grievously
 The anger of the king. Each honest heart
 Is filled with anguish for the dreadful woes
 We are compelled to suffer. Thee alone
 Moves not the general sorrow—thee we see,
 Renouncing friends and kindred, range thyself
 Upon the stranger's side ; our wretched state
 Deriding, carelessly the chase pursue
 Of airy joys, and meanly stoop to court
 A prince's favours, whilst thy native land
 Bleeds from the heavy scourge of his oppression.

RUD. The land is sore oppressed—and why, my uncle ?
 Who has reduced it to this sore distress ?
 One little word is all that is required
 To free us from the oppression, and to win us
 A gracious master. Woe then !—woe to those
 Who blind the people that they may not see

WILLIAM TELL.

Their own best interests—who, for private ends,
Strive to mislead the country, and prevent it
From swearing to acknowledge Austria's power,
As all the countries round about have done.
Yes, yes, it suits them well—these haughty peasants,
To sit with nobles in the rank of lords!
These men desire the Emperor for their master,
That they may have no master but themselves.

ATT. Must I hear this, and hear it from thy mouth?
RUD. Let me proceed in answer to your question.

What kind of part is it which you, my uncle,
Yourself play here? Have you no higher pride,
Than as Landamman, or as Banneret,
To rule a small and pitiful tribe of shepherds?
How! Were it not a far more splendid choice
Homage to render to a kingly master,
And court fair honour in his glorious camp,

Than here to sit, the peer of your own servants,
And share the seat of justice with the peasant?
ATT. Ah, Ulrich! Ulrich! Well I recognize
Seduction's flattering voice. Thine open ear

Has it usurped—has poisoned thy free soul.
RUD. Yes! I will not deny—the stranger's scorn,

Who calls us tauntingly the peasant-nobles,
Sinks deep into my heart. I cannot brook
That while the generous youth who thither throng
Gather proud laurels under Hapsburg's banners,
I must pine idly on my own estate,
And in the dull routine of common duties
My spring of life consume. While splendid deeds
Are elsewhere doing, and a world of glory
Opens its dazzling scenes beyond these mountains,
My helm and shield hang rusting in the hall;
The inspiring music of the martial clarion,
The herald's voice inviting to the tourney,
Break not the stillness of these peaceful valleys—
Nought but the shepherd-songs, and shepherd-bells,
Which tire me with their dull monotony.

ATT. O blinded and seduced by idle pomp,
Despise the land that bore thee, laugh to scorn
The ancient pious manners of thy fathers!
The time will come when thou with burning tears
Shalt fondly sigh for these thy native mountains;
This rude untutored shepherd minstrelsy,
Which now thy foolish pride disdains to admire,
Shall press upon thy soul with painful yearnings,
If once in foreign land it meet thine ear.
Resistless is the impulse which impels us
Back to our native soil. The strange false world
Was never made for thee: with thy true heart
Wilt thou in yon imperial Court remain
A stranger ever, for the world demands
Far other virtues than thou couldst acquire
In these secluded valleys. Go then!—go!
Sell thy free soul, do homage for thy land,
Become the slave of princes, when thou might'st

Be thy own master, and thyself a prince,
 On thy own land, and free inheritance.
 O Uly!—Uly! Leave not thus thy kindred!
 Go not to Altorf! Oh! desert not thus
 The cause of justice, and thy native land!
 I am the latest of my race—with me
 The name must end. There hang my helm and shield;
 They fought my battles, and shall share my grave.
 But must the thought my parting breath disturb
 That thou but watchest for my closing eye
 To hie thee to this new, this feudal Court,
 And these my fair possessions, which I free
 From God received, receive from Austria?

RUD. In vain do we attempt to oppose the king!
 To him belongs the empire of the world:
 Shall we alone, self-willed and obstinate,
 Struggle with power resistless—strive to break
 The chain of lands his power has flung around us?
 His are the marts, the courts of justice his,
 His the highways—and even the very horse
 Which draws upon the Gothard pays him toll.
 We are hemmed in—circled as with a net,
 By lands on him dependent. Will the empire
 Protect us, think you? Can it save itself
 Against the increasing power of Austria?
 If God protect us not, no Emperor can!
 And what reliance can we further place
 Upon an Emperor's words, when they have dared,
 As the necessities of war have urged,
 Or want of gold, the cities which have sought
 Beneath the eagle's wings a place of refuge
 To pledge away and sever from the empire.
 No, uncle! no! Some powerful head to seek,
 In these disastrous times of party-feud,
 Is but the dictate of reflecting prudence.
 The imperial crown changes from branch to branch,
 And faithful service claims no more remembrance;
 But to serve well him, who transmits his power
 To a long line of princes, is to sow
 Seed for futurity.

ART. Art thou so wise?
 Wouldst thou see clearer than thy noble fathers,
 Who bravely struggled in the glorious cause,
 Nor counted goods, or life itself, at aught,
 So they might win the precious pearl of freedom?
 Quick! ship thee down to Lucern! There inquire
 How Austria's harsh dominion grinds the land!
 Yes!—they will come to count our sheep and cattle,
 Mow down our Alps, prescribe to their own use
 The game that cleaves the air or roams the waste
 In our free forests; place their barriers
 Upon our bridges—at our very doors;
 Pay with our poverty their purchased lands,
 Their battles with our blood. No! if our blood
 We are compelled to shed, let it at least
 Be for ourselves—nor will I ever doubt

That we may buy at a far cheaper rate
Freedom than slavery !

RUD. What can we do,
A shepherd people, against Albrecht's armies ?

ATT. Learn thou to know this shepherd people, boy ?

I know it—I have led it into battle,
Have seen it fighting at Faventium.
They come to force on us a yoke, which we
Are equally determined not to bear.

Oh ! learn to feel of what a race thou art,
Cast not away, for tinsel and vain pomp,
The jewel of thy worth. Thyself to boast
The head of a free people, which from love
Devotes itself to thee—will by thee stand,
True in the hour of danger and of death—
This be thy pride—this thy nobility.

Knit closer still the dear, the early ties,
Which bind thee to thy country : hold it fast
With all thy heart. These are the vigorous roots
Which will the shock resist when tempests rage :
In yonder foreign land thou stand'st alone,
A feeble reed, and bruised by every storm.

Oh ! come ! Too long thou art a stranger here !

Stay with us but one day, one single day !

Go not to Altorf ! Hear'st thou ? Not to-day !

This single day refuse not to thy friends ! *[Taking his hand.]*

RUD. I gave my word. Excuse me : I am bound.

ATT. *[letting go his hand.]* What sayst thou ? Thou art bound !

Unhappy boy,

I know thou art—but not by word or oath :

A captive art thou in the bonds of love. *[RUDENZ turns away.]*

Conceal it as thou wilt—it is the Lady
Bertha von Brunek, who to Herenbourg
Draws thee, and chains thee to the Emperor's service.
Thou fondly hop'st to win the noble maiden
By thy defection from the land. But, Ulrich,
Do not deceive thyself ! They show the bride
To lure thee to their purpose—but that bride
Is not reserved for innocence.

RUD. Enough !

I've heard enough ! Farewell !

ATT. Stay, frenzied youth !

He goes ! I cannot hold him—cannot save him !

So Wolfenschiessen fell from the allegiance

He owed his country—others soon will follow.

A strange enchantment hurries forth our youth,

And spreads with power resistless through our mountains.

Unhappy day, when first the stranger's foot

The quiet of our happy vales disturbed,

And broke upon our holy innocence !

The new with mighty strides is pressing on ;

The old—with all that age has sanctified—

Is fast departing. Other times are coming,

Another race with different thoughts and feelings.

What do I here ? They all are in the grave

With whom I loved to live and hold sweet converse :

Buried in earth already lies my age.
 Oh ! well for him who parts without regret
 From this new state of things—new race of men !

SCENE II.—*A Meadow, surrounded with rocks and woods. Upon the rocks are ladders and steps, by which the PEASANTS, as they arrive, are seen descending. In the background appears the lake, over which, at times, is observed a rainbow, formed by the reflection of the moon. The view is closed by lofty mountains, and behind them still higher ones, covered with snow. The lake and the white glaciers are gleaming in the moonlight.*

Enter MELCHTAL, BAUMGARTEN, WINKELRIED, MEIER VON SARNEN, BURKHARDT AM BUHEL, ARNOLD VON SEWA, KLAUS VON DER FLUE, and four others, all armed.

MEL. [*still behind the scenes.*] The mountain-pass opens—
 follow me, quick !

I know the little cross which crowns that rock ;
 We've reached the goal—we are at Rutli.

WIN.

Hark !

SEWA. It is quite empty.

MEIER.

None arrived ! We are

The first upon the ground—we Unterwaldners.

MEL. How goes the night ?

BAU.

The watch has just cried two

Upon the Selisberg.

[*A sound of bells in the distance*

MEIER.

Be still, and listen !

BUH. The matin-bell of the lone forest chapel

Sounds sweetly over from the shore of Schwitz.

FLUE. The air is clear, and bears the sound so far.

MEL. Go some, and gather wood, that we may have

A cheerful fire when our companions come. [*Two PEASANTS go out.*

SEWA. It is a lovely night. The tranquil lake

Lies like a polished mirror.

BUH.

They will have

An easy passage over.

WIN. [*pointing to the lake.*] Ah ! see there !

See you nought yonder ?

MEIER.

Yes, indeed ! 'Tis strange—

A rainbow in the middle of the night !

MEL. 'Tis formed by the reflection of the moon.

FLUE. It is a wondrous sign, and seldom known ;

Many have lived who ne'er have seen the like.

SEWA. Look !—now 'tis doubled ! There's a paler one.

BAU. What boat is that which glides so smoothly under.

MEL. It is the bark of Stauffacher : the brave man

Makes not his comrades wait.

[*Goes with BAUMGARTEN to the shore.*

MEIER.

The men of Uri

Are slowest to arrive.

BUH.

A tedious circuit

Are they compelled to travel through the mountains,

To elude their bailiff's vigilant suspicion.

MEL. [*on the shore.*] Who goes there ? Give the word !

STA. [*from below.*]

Friends of the land !

[*All advance to meet the new-comers.*

From the boat ascend STAUFFACHER, REDING, HANS AUF DER MAUER,
JORG IM HOFE, CONRAD HUNN, ULRICH *the smith*, JOST VON
WEILER, *and three other* PEASANTS, *all armed*.

ALL [*exclaim.*] Welcome !

[*While they are greeting, MELCHTAL and STAUFFACHER
come forwards.*]

MEL. O worthy Stauffacher, I've seen
Him who will never look upon me more !
My trembling hands upon his eyes have laid,
And as I dwelt upon their darkened orbs,
Drunk in the deep and glowing thoughts of vengeance.

STA. Speak not of vengeance ; not to avenge the past,
But to ward off the future, meet we here.
But say, how have you sped in Unterwalden ?
What have you done to advance the common cause—
How think the peasantry, and how did you
Contrive to avoid the snares of treachery ?

MEL. Through the tremendous mountains of Surene,
Over wide-spreading fields of desert ice,
Where only hungry vultures scream around,
I reached the Alpine pastures, where the herdsmen
From Engelberg and Uri hail their meeting
With friendly voice, and feed their herds in common.
Instead of milk, I slaked my parching thirst
With the cold water, which, in foaming rills,
Through every crevice pours the glacier forth.
At night I sheltered in the lonely hut,
Myself the host and guest, until I stood
Amidst the dwellings of a social race.
Even to these sequestered vales had spread
A rumour of the recent deed of horror,
And pious reverence received my griefs
At every door, where in my wanderings
Awhile I paused. I found these worthy souls
Deeply enraged at such harsh acts of power :
For as their Alps nourish from year to year
The self-same plants, their rushing streamlets flow
O'er the same beds, the clouds themselves and winds
Follow the same unalterable course,
So have from sire to son their ancient forms
Descended down unaltered, nor in truth
Can they endure to change or turn aside
The old accustomed even march of life.
They gave me their hard hands, and from the wall
Reached down their rusty swords, while from their eyes
Flashed forth glad consciousness of manly daring,
As I the names recalled, which in the mountains
Are deemed the holiest—yours and Walter Fuist's.
What you thought right they swore to execute ;
They swore to follow you even to the death.
Thus journeying on, protected by the rights
Of sacred hospitality, at length
I reached my native vale, where lie, widespread,

The dwellings of my kindred. There I found
My poor old father, blind and destitute,
Lying on strangers' straw, and by the alms
Of generous men supported.

STA. Merciful Heaven !

MEL. I did not weep ! Not in weak, womanish tears
Quenched I the strength of my hot-burning anguish ;
In my deep breast, even as a precious treasure,
I locked it up, and thought only of deeds.
I crept through every crevice of the mountains,
No glen so lonely but I searched it through,
Till, even at the very foot arrived
Of mountains covered with eternal snow,
I sought and found shealings inhabited,
And wheresoe'er my venturous steps I pushed
I found like hatred of the tyranny.
For even on these last and desolate bounds
Of living nature, where the frozen earth
Refuses aught to yield that succours man,
The avarice of our bailiffs seeks for plunder.
The stinging words I uttered stirred the minds
Of these bold mountaineers, and all are ours
With their whole heart and soul.

STA. You have done much,
And done it in short time.

MEL. I did still more.
There are two forts which most the peasant dreads,
Rossberg and Sarnen ; safe behind their walls
Of solid rock the enemy with ease
Protects himself, and devastates the land.
With my own eyes I wished to examine them :
I went to Sarnen, and explored the castle.

STA. You ventured even to the tiger's den !

MEL. Disguised in pilgrim's garb I went : I saw
The haughty bailiff revelling at the banquet.
Judge if I know how to compel my feelings :
I saw the tyrant—and I slew him not.

STA. Fortune has smiled indeed upon your boldness.

[The rest come forwards.]

But say, who are the friends that follow you ?
Make me with each respected name acquainted,
That we in generous confidence may meet,
And open all our hearts.

MEIER. In the three lands
Who knows not you, sir ! Meier of Sarnen I—
This Struth von Winkelried, my sister's son.

STA. You name to me names not unknown to fame.
A Winkelried it was who slew the dragon
Beside the Weiler marsh, and left his life
In the encounter.

WIN. Sir, my ancestor.

MEL. *[pointing to two PEASANTS.]* These dwell behind the
forest, and are peasants
Who till the abbey-lands of Engelberg.
You will not, surely, scorn these simple men,
Because they're bond, and sit not free like us

On their inheritance : they love the land,
And are of good report.

STA. Give me your hands.
Let him who owns no master upon earth
Esteem his fortune blest ; but honesty
Prosper in every station.

HUNN. This is Reding,
Our former Landamman.

MEIER. I know him well.
He is my old opponent in the courts
For an inheritance, the claim of both.
Reding, before the judges we are foes,
Here we are friends.

[Shakes his hand.

SRA. 'Tis bravely spoken.

WIN. Hark !
At length they come ! That is the horn of Uri.

[Armed men are seen descending the rocks, right and left,
with dark lanterns.

MAU. See ! is not that the pious man of God,
The worthy priest ? The dangers of the way
Deter not him, nor horrors of the night,
A faithful shepherd watching o'er his flock.

BAU. Next come the sacristan and Walter Furst,
But Tell I see not yet amongst the rest.

*Enter WALTER FURST ROSSELMAN the priest, PETERMAN the sacristan,
KUONI the herdsman, WERNI the hunter, RUODI the fisherman, and
five others. All assembled, in number three-and-thirty, come forwards,
and form a circle round the fire.*

FUR. And must we then upon our native soil,
And own inheritance, thus covertly
Steal from our dwellings, and together creep,
As though we meant to do a deed of murder ;
And in the night, which over guilt alone,
And foul conspiracy that hates the light,
Flings its dark mantle, this our righteous cause
Discuss in secret, which is fair and spotless,
As is the pure resplendent fount of day.

MEL. Let that pass ! What in gloomy night is done
Shall freely forth to meet the searching light.

ROS. Hear the suggestion now, my friends, which God
Has put into my heart. We represent
A general council of the land, and stand
For a whole people. Let us then observe
The ancient forms which we in tranquil times
Are wont to use. If aught irregular
Appear in this assembly, let necessity
Plead our excuse : but God is everywhere,
Where man but seeks the right ; and here we stand
Under his heaven.

STA. Well, let us counsel then
According to old usage, and the light
Of our good cause our darkness shall illumine.

MEL. And though the number be not full, the hearts
Of the whole people and the best are present.

HUNN. And if the ancient books are not at hand,
Yet their contents are written in our hearts.

ROS. Well! form the circle then, and let the swords
Of rightful power be placed within the ring.

MAU. And let the Landamman assume his state,
The assistants take their station at his side.

SAC. We are three tribes convened! To which belongs
The right to give a president to the meeting?

MEIER. This honour Uri may dispute with Schwitz,
We Unterwaldners freely yield it up.

MEL. We give it up—we are the suppliants
Who ask assistance from our stronger friends.

STA. Let Uri take the sword: the solemn march
To crown the King at Rome her banner leads.

FUR. To Schwitz belongs the honour of the sword,
From Schwitz we all may boast to be descended.

ROS. Let me this generous friendly quarrel end,
Schwitz lead in council, Uri in the field.

FUR. [*reaching the sword to STAUFFACHER.*] Take it.

STA. Not I! To age belongs that honour.

HOFE. Ulrich the smith, of those who here are present,
Counts the most years.

MAU. The man is good and brave,
But not of free condition, and in Schwitz
No bondsman can be judge.

STA. Have we not here
Our old Landamman Reding? Wherefore seek we
A worthier name?

FUR. Let him be president!
Whoso assents to this hold up his hand.

[*All hold up the right hand.*]

RED. [*stepping into the midst.*] I cannot lay my hand upon the
books,

Therefore by the eternal stars I swear
That I will not forsake the cause of justice.

[*They set up two swords before him, and form the circle:
SCHWITZ is in the centre, URI on the right, and
UNTERWALDEN on the left. He stands leaning on
his sword.*]

Now tell me what the great occasion is,
Which on the lake's inhospitable shore
Draws the three mountain tribes to secret counsel,
In the dark hour of spirits? What the purport
Of the new bond we solemnly contract
Beneath the stars of heaven?

STA. [*stepping into the circle.*] 'Tis no new bond
We now contract—'tis but an ancient league,
Made in our fathers' times, which we renew.
For though, my friends, the mountains and the lake
Drive us asunder, and each tribe retains
Its separate laws and separate government,
Yet are we still one people—one the stem
From which we drew our lineage—one the home
From which we wandered forth.

WIN. Then it is true
What in our songs is handed down—that we

From a far distant region hither came!
Oh! tell us all you know, that we may make
The new alliance stronger with the old.

STA. Hear then the tale that hoary shepherds tell.
Far in the north a mighty nation dwelt,
Which from hard famine suffered grievously.
In this necessity the people met
In general council, and it was resolved
That each tenth man, on whom the lot might fall,
Should leave the country. This was done—and forth,
Women and men, a numerous host, they go
Sorrowing towards the south, and with the sword
Battling their way through Germany, arrived
At this high mountain-chain, then covered o'er
With pathless woods. Nor from their weary march
Did they repose until in that wild vale
At length they stood, where now the Muotta flows
Through verdant meadows. But no trace was there
Of human footsteps—save that on the shore
Stood a lone hut, where sat a man, and watched
If aught might seek a passage—but the lake
Ran high with waves, and was not to be passed.
So they observed the land more closely—saw
That it was richly spread with beautiful wood,
Discovered lovely streams, and almost thought
That they had found again their much-loved home.
Here they resolved to abide, and here they built
The ancient village Schwitz, and many a day
Of painful toil endured ere they could clear
The far-spread forest's wild entangled roots.
But when the ground sufficed not to contain
Their growing numbers, on they forced their way
To the black mountain—even to Italy,
Where, by eternal walls of ice concealed,
A different people speaks a different tongue.
In Kernwald then they built the village Stanz,
And in the valley of the Reus they built
The village Altorf. But remembering still
Their common origin, from all the tribes
Which since that time have settled in their bounds,
The Swiss are yet distinguished—know themselves:
For heart and blood proclaim their lineage ever.

[Gives his hands right and left.]

MAU. Yes, truly are we of one heart, one blood.
ALL [joining hands.] One people, and will act in unison.

STA. The other nations bear a foreign yoke,
They have submitted to the conqueror:
Nay, even within the limits of our land
Are many to be found, who, strangers born,
Owe duty to the stranger, and entail
A heritage of servitude on their children.
But we, the genuine race of good old Swiss,
Have ever known how to maintain our freedom.
Not unto princes have we bowed the knee,
Freely we sought protection of the Empire.
Ros. Freely we sought the Emperor's protection,

A voluntary league of mutual succour :
So is it marked in the Emperor Frederick's brief.

STA. Yes ! masterless is not even the free'st :
A sovereign head must be, a judge supreme,
With whom in case of last extremity
The appeal may lie. And, therefore, when this soil
From the old wilderness our fathers won,
That honour gave they to the Emperor,
Who of the German and Italian lands
Styles himself lord, and when his service called,
As did the other freemen of the realm,
Gladly stepped forth to meet his foes in arms :
For this is the sole duty of the free,
The country to defend which shelters them.

MEL. Aught more than this is mark of servitude.

STA. They followed, when arose the cry of war,
The banner of the Empire, fought its battles,
And graced the imperial march to Italy,
The Roman crown upon his brows to place.
At home, they free and happy ruled themselves
By their own laws and customs—no reserve
Made in the Emperor's favour, save the right
Judgment upon the murderer to pronounce ;
And thereto was ordained a noble count
Who no possessions held within the land.
Whenever blood was shed, they called him forth,
Under the open heaven, and plain and clear
Spake he the doom, and without fear of man.
Where are the traces here that we are slaves ?
If any think there be, now let him speak.

HOFE. No ! all you say is true—the tyrant's law,
The law of force, we never have endured.

STA. No ! to the Emperor we refused obedience,
When in the Church's favour he attempted
To strain even the law. For when our Alps
The abbey of Einsiedlen claimed, which we
E'er since our fathers' times had freely pastured,
An ancient charter brought the abbot forth,
Which the unclaimed domain conferred on him,
Making no mention of our name or race.
Then thus we spake, " Nought is the charter worth,
That which is ours no Emperor can bestow,
And if the Empire should refuse us justice,
Little need we the Empire in our mountains."
So spake our fathers : and shall we endure
The shame of this new yoke—from foreign slave
Bear what no Emperor has dared to impose ?
This soil have we created to ourselves
By labour of our hands ; this ancient forest,
Once only the wild haunt of prowling bears,
Have changed into a dwelling fit for man ;
The dragon's poisonous brood, which from the marsh
Spread desolation through the land, have slain ;
The veil of mist, which in eternal grey
Hung o'er the wilderness, have torn aside ;
Have sprung the solid rock, and o'er the abyss
Thrown for the traveller a steady bridge ;

By the possession of a thousand years
The ground is ours—and shall the stranger now,
The slave of princes, come to forge us chains,
And on our own inheritance do us shame?
Is there no help for tyranny like this?

[*A great agitation amongst the PEOPLE.*]
Yes! tyrant-power has limits! When the oppressed
No longer can find justice, when the load
No longer can be borne—with trusting spirit
He springs from earth to heaven, and downward brings
Those rights which hang above, inalienable
And indestructible as are the stars.
Nature's primeval law returns again,
Where man stands in his native strength alone
Opposed to man, and as a last resort,
When other means have failed, within his hand
Is placed the sword. Against the arm of power
We stand our dearest treasures to defend—
Our wives, our children, and our native land.
ALL [*clashing their swords.*] Our wives, our children, and our
native land.
Ros. [*steps into the ring.*] Yet, ere the sword ye grasp, bethink
you well,

Ye might the Emperor's kindness yet retain!
It costs you but a word, and the proud tyrants
Who now so harshly treat you, smile upon you.
Seize the proposal which so oft before
Has courted your acceptance: leave the Empire,
And recognize the power of Austria.
MAU. What says the priest? We swear to Austria!
BUH. Hear him not!
WIN.

'Tis the counsel of a traitor,
An enemy of the land!
RED.
SEWA. We after such affronts pay Austria homage!
FLUE. We yield at last to force what formerly
We did refuse to kindness!

MEIER. Then indeed
We were the slaves we merited to be!
MAU. Let him be put out of the law's protection,
Who of concession speaks to Austria!
Landamman, I do beseech you, let this be
The first law that we pass.

MEL. So let it be.
Who of concession speaks to Austria?
Shall outlawed be, forfeit his rights and honours,
And no man more receive him at his hearth.
ALL [*lifting up the right hand.*] We will it: this be law!
RED. [*after a pause.*] The law has passed.
ROS. Now ye are free—ye are so by this law,
And Austria shall not extort by force
What friendly words could not obtain from you.

WEIL. Let us proceed with business.
RED. Yet, my friends,
Has every gentle means been tried? The King
Knows not, perchance—it cannot be his will—
The sufferings we endure. Let us at least

Be certain our complaints have reached his ear
 Ere we unsheath the sword: for fearful ever,
 Even in the righteous cause, is violence:
 God helps then only, when man helps no longer.

STA. [*to* CONRAD HUNN.] 'Tis now your turn—deliver your report.

HUNN. I went to Rheinfeld to the Emperor's court,
 To lay before the throne our grievances,
 And claim the ancient charter of our freedom,
 Which each new king is wont to ratify.
 The envoys there of many a town I found—
 From Swabia, and the countries on the Rhine,
 Who all received their parchments, and well pleased
 Returned once more to seek their native land.
 Me, your ambassador, they gave indeed
 An audience, but dismissed with empty comfort.
 "The Emperor had then no time, but would
 At a convenient season think about us."
 And as I slowly from the hall withdrew,
 With steps reluctant, in the gallery
 Duke John I saw, weeping, and near him stood
 The noble Lords von Wart and Taegerfeld,
 Who called to me, and said, "Redress yourselves,
 Expect no longer justice from the King!
 Has he not robbed even his brother's son,
 And kept from him his rightful heritage?
 The duke besought him to resign the lands
 His mother had bequeathed; he had arrived
 At years of manhood, and the time was come,
 He well might rule his own estates and people.
 What was the answer given? Upon his brows
 A garland placed the Emperor, and observed,
 That was the ornament befitting youth."

MAU. Have ye not heard? Mercy and justice longer
 Expect not from the Emperor! Help yourselves!

RED. There's no alternative. Now, therefore, counsel
 How best we may accomplish our design.

FUR. [*stepping into the circle.*] We wish but to fling off a
 hateful yoke,

Our ancient rights, which from our ancestors
 We have derived, preserve inviolate—
 Not after novelty run unbridled.

To the Emperor remain what is the Emperor's,
 He who owes service, pay it faithfully.

MEIER. I hold my land in fief from Austria.

FUR. To Austria then continue to do homage.

WEIL. I to the Lord of Rappersweil pay dues.

FUR. Continue to discharge his lawful claims.

ROS. I to the Lady of Zurich service owe.

FUR. Give to the convent still the convent's due.

STA. I hold no fief save from the Empire.

FUR.

Well!

Let all justice demands be done—no more.
 The bailiffs and their followers from the land
 We will expel—break down their fastnesses,
 But—if that may be—without stain of blood.
 And let the Emperor feel, that urged alone

By hard necessity, we the bonds abjure
Of dutiful obedience. When he sees
We quietly remain within our bounds,
With prudent care he may, perchance, repress
His swelling anger, for a just respect
Awakes that people which, with sword in hand,
And in the full career of victory,
Is master of itself.

RED.

Yet let us hear
How you propose the scheme so boldly planned
To execute. An armed and powerful foe
Will surely not depart without a struggle.
STA. They will, when they perceive the land in arms :

We must surprise them ere they arm themselves.
MEIER. That is far easier to be said than done.
Two formidable castles 'midst our vales

Rear their proud towers, and awe the country round.
These may prove dangerous should the wrathful King
His armies pour on our devoted soil.

Rossherg and Sarnen must be first subdued,
Or ere a sword be raised in the three lands.

STA. If we delay too long, the foe is warned ;
Too many are there now who share the secret.

MEIER. In all the land there will be found no traitor.
ROS. The well-intended zeal of friends may harm us.

FUR. Defer it longer, and the fort in Altorf
Will be completed, and the foe secure.

MEIER. 'Tis of yourselves ye think !

SAC.

MEIER [*impetuously*.] We, we unjust !

Ye are unjust—

RED. Be calm—I charge you by your oaths.

MEIER.

If Schwitz

With Uri join, we must perforce be silent.

RED. Before this general council I accuse you,
That with your hot blood you do break the peace.
Stand we not all in the same cause engaged ?

WIN. Did we defer till the lord's festival
The attempt, it is the custom on that day
That each proprietor to the castle bring
Some present for the bailiff. So might ten
Or twelve picked men assemble unobserved
Within the place ; and since the order is
That none should enter armed, some sharpened spikes
Might secretly take with them, which to staves
Could quickly be adjusted : near at hand,
Concealed within the wood, the rest must wait,
And, when the horn gives note that those within
Are happily in possession of the gates,
Leap from their hiding-place, and storm the fort,
Which thus, with small resistance, proves our own.

MEL. Rossherg I undertake myself to scale :
A maiden in the place is kind to me,
And small persuasion needs to let me down
The hempen ladder for the nightly visit
Once in, I readily admit my friends.

RED. Is it the will of all it be deferred ?

[The majority hold up their hands.]

STA. The hands are raised of twenty against twelve.

FUR. When on the appointed day the castles fall,
Mountain to mountain shall the news proclaim
With kindling beacons, and the people quick
In the chief place of every land assembling
Rise in a general mass. The bailiffs then,
Feeling we are resolved to trifle not,
Will shun the contest, and accept, believe me,
Gladly safe conduct for themselves and friends
Beyond our boundaries.

STA. A heavy stand,
I fear, will Gesler make. Fenced as he is
By bold determined troopers—a fierce band,
Not without blood will he forsake the field :
Nay even expelled he still is terrible :
'Tis hard—'tis almost dangerous to spare him.

BAU. Where danger is, there place me in the breach :
To Tell I owe my rescued life, and now,
My honour guard and my heart at rest,
That life would gladly give to save my country.

RED. The time brings counsel. Wait awhile in patience :
We must leave something to the moment. See !
While we the night consume in solemn counsel
Already on the purpling mountain peaks
The ruddy morn her lofty station takes,
And heralds in the day. Let us begone
Ere the bright sun surprise us !

FUR. Be not anxious !
Darkness withdraws but slowly from these valleys.

*[All involuntarily take off their hats, and reverently
watch the dawning of the day.]*

ROS. Yet, by this light, which greets us with its ray
Long before those who far beneath us dwell,
And, slumbering deep, breathe heavily the smoke
Of noisome cities—let us here repeat
The oath of this our new confederacy.
A faithful band of brothers will we be,
United still in danger and distress.

ALL *[repeat with three fingers raised]* A faithful band of
brothers will we be,
United still in danger and distress

ROS. We will live free as did our fathers—swear
Rather to die than live in slavery.

ALL We will live free as did our fathers—swear
Rather to die than live in slavery.

ROS. In the great God we put our trust—and swear
Never to tremble at the power of man.

ALL. In the great God we put our trust—and swear
Never to tremble at the power of man.

[They all embrace one another.]

STA. Each one now quietly pursue the way
That leads to friends and kindred. Let the herdsman
Winter his herds in peace, and silently
Labour to gain associates to the cause.
What we have still to endure must be endured !
And let the long account of tyranny

Run on, till one great day discharge at once
The public debt, and private. His just rage
Must each strive to subdue, and for the whole
His vengeance spare—for to the common cause
No less than robbery is it, should but one
In his own private wrongs forget his friends.

[As they depart quietly on three different sides, the orchestra plays solemn music, and the stage, remaining some time open, presents the spectacle of the sun rising above the snow-mountains.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A court before TELL'S house. TELL is seen occupied with a carpenter's axe: HEDWIG in household affairs: WALTER and WILLIAM are busy in the background, playing with a small crossbow.*

WAL. *[singing.]* Over hill and valley
Girt to chase his prey,
Springs the hunter forth
To hail the opening day.

As the imperial eagle
King in heaven we see,
Lord of glen and mountain,
Roves the hunter free.

His the widest circuit,
Where his arrows fly;
All that bounds before him,
All that cleaves the sky.

The string is broken! sather, mend it me! *[Comes running up.]*
TELL. Not I! a proper hunter helps himself.

HED. The boys begin, methinks, to shoot betimes. *[The Boys go back.]*
TELL. Who would a master be must practise early.

HED. Oh! would to God they never learned that art!
TELL. They shall learn everything. Whoe'er through life

Would fight his way with vigour, must be armed
Alike to help himself and daunt his foe.

HED. Yes, you are all the same: not one repose
Will seek at home.

TELL. Mother, I cannot do it:
My nature never formed to be a shepherd;
Restless must I pursue a flying goal,
And only then right well enjoy my life
When every day I chase it down anew.

HED. Yes! but you never think upon her pain,
Who sits meanwhile at home, expecting you
With sickening anguish. What the servants tell
Of your rash exploits fills my soul with horror,
With every absence bodes my trembling heart,
Thou wilt return to glad my eyes no more.
I see thee 'wilder'd 'midst rough fields of ice,
From rock to rock hazard the slippery leap,
See the despairing chamois, urged to bay,
Spring back, and tear thee down the abrupt abyss,
The avalanche sweep o'er, or under thee

The treacherous glacier burst—and down thou sink'st
 Into a dreadful grave, entombed alive :
 Death in a hundred changing shapes pursues
 The adventurous hunter : 'tis an unblest trade,
 Which on the giddy brink of danger lies.

TELL. Who cheerily looks around him with sound mind,
 Trusting in God and his own active powers,
 May lightly wrestle with distress and danger :
 The mountains fright not who was born upon them.

[Having finished his labour, he lays aside his tools, and comes forward.]

And now, methinks, the door will hold awhile :
 The axe at home oft spares the carpenter. *[Takes his hat.]*

HED. Whither goest thou ?

TELL. To Altorf, to thy father.

HED. Something thou schemest dangerous ! Confess it !

TELL. How com'st thou, wife, by that ?

HED. Something is planned

Against the bailiffs. There has been at Rutli
 A council, and thou too art in the plot.

TELL. I was not there—but when my country calls
 Will surely not refuse the aid she seeks.

HED. They will place thee where is most risk—thy post
 Will then, as ever, be the post of danger.

TELL. Each will be taxed according to his powers.

HED. The Unterwaldner hast thou in the storm
 Shipped o'er the lake—it was a miracle
 That you escaped ! Of children and of wife
 Didst thou not think ?

TELL. Dear wife, I thought of you,
 And therefore saved the father for his children.

HED. To dare the raging lake ! that is, methinks,
 Rather to tempt God than to trust in Him.

TELL. The man who thinks too long will do but little.

HED. Yes ! thou art good and kind, and servest all ;
 In thy own need not one will succour thee.

TELL. May God forbid that I should want their succour !

[He takes his crossbow and arrows.]

HED. What wouldst thou with the crossbow ? Leave
 it here !

TELL. My arm is nerveless when my bow is wanting.

[The Boys return.]

WAL. Father, whither goest thou ?

TELL. To Altorf, boy,

To Ehni—wilt thou with me ?

WAL. Yes, right gladly.

HED. The bailiff is now there : go not to Altorf !

TELL. He leaves to-day.

HED. Then let him first depart :

Remind him not of thee ! thou know'st he hates us !

TELL. Me will his evil wishes scarcely harm ;

I do but what is right, and shun no foe.

HED. Who do but right, even those he hates the most.

TELL. Because he cannot touch them. Me, at least,
 He will not willingly, I think, disturb.

HED. How know'st thou that ?

TELL.

I went amidst the savage wastes to range,
Which skirt the Schachental, where not a trace
Of human footsteps meets the searching eye,
And as I slowly climbed the rugged path,
Where 'twas not possible to avoid a meeting,
For high above me hung a wall of rock,
And fearfully the Schachen roared below,

[The Boys approach and listen with intense curiosity.]

Sudden the bailiff stood before my sight,
He quite alone like me—only we two,
Man against man, and close the precipice.
When of my presence he became aware,
And recognized the man whom recently
He had for some slight fault severely punished,
And saw me towards him with my good crossbow
Come striding on—the colour fled his cheeks,
His knees refused their office, and he sank,
Supported only by the cliff's steep side.
Then pity touched my soul, and modestly
I drew towards him, and spake: "'Tis I, lord bailiff."
But powerless quite to falter from his tongue
A single word, he only with his hand
Motioned me silently to take my way:
So I passed on, and sent his train to help him.

HED. Before thee he has trembled! Woe to thee,
Thou saw'st his weakness, and he'll ne'er forgive!

TELL. Therefore I seek not him, he seeks not me.
HED. Only go not to-day! Rather go hunt!

TELL. What moves thee so?

HED. My heart bodes evil. Stay!

TELL. How canst thou thus afflict thee without reason?
HED. Because there is no reason. Tell, stay here!

TELL. But I have promised, dearest wife, to go,
HED. Must thou? Then go! But leave the boys with me.

WAL. No, dearest mother! I go with my father.

HED. Walter, wilt thou abandon thy poor mother?

WAL. I'll bring thee back some pretty things from Ehni.

WILL. Mother, I stay with thee!

HED. *[embracing him.]* Yes, my loved child,
Thou art my only solace that remains!

[She goes to the court-door, and follows them a long time with her eyes.]

SCENE II.—A Wild Forest surrounded with hills—Waterfalls are seen tumbling from the rocks.

Enter BERTHA, in a hunting-habit, and immediately after, RUDENZ.

BER. He follows me! Now shall I clear my doubts!

RUD. *[entering hastily.]* Lady, at length I find you then alone!
Guarded by rocks and woods, in this wild spot
I fear the intrusion of no wandering footstep,
And from my heart fling off this irksome silence.

BER. Are you quite sure the chase follows us not?

RUD. The chase is far off yonder! Now or never!
This precious moment must I seize—this hour,
This very hour must seal my destiny,

Though it should tear me from thy sight for ever.
 Oh ! do not arm those gracious eyes with looks
 Of such severity ! Who indeed am I
 That I should raise my aspiring thoughts to you ?
 Me has the voice of glory never named ;
 I dare not place me in the rank of those
 Who, crowned with laurels, grace your splendid circle :
 Nought have I but a heart of truth and love.
 BER. And dare you speak of truth and love—the man
 Who would prove faithless to his nearest duties ?

[RUDENZ steps back.]

The slave of Austria, who has sold himself
 To strangers—to the oppressors of his people ?

RUD. Lady, and is it you who taunt me thus ?
 Whom did I seek then on that side but you ?

BER. And thought you on the side of treachery
 To find me ? Rather my reluctant hand
 Would I to Gesler give—the tyrant Gesler—
 Than to the unnatural son of Switzerland
 Who stoops to make himself his instrument.

RUD. O God ! must I hear this !

BER. To the good man
 Can aught be nearer than his friends and kindred ?
 What sweeter duties for a noble heart
 Than to stand forth the friend of innocence,
 And vindicate the rights of the oppressed ?
 My heart bleeds for your people ! When it suffers,
 I too must share its sufferings—for I love it,
 That it so patient is, although so strong.
 It wins my deepest reverence, and each day
 I learn to love and honour it still more.
 But you, whom Nature gave its born defender,
 Who yet desert it in its hour of need,
 Join with the foe, and faithlessly assist
 To forge the chains that bind your native land—
 You 'tis who grieve and anger me : my heart
 Must I compel that I detest you not.

RUD. And seek I not the advantage of my people,
 When under Austria's powerful sceptre peace—

BER. Say rather, slavery—you prepare for it !
 You would hunt freedom from the last asylum
 That still remains to her on earth. Far better
 Perceives the people its true happiness ;
 And no illusive splendour can mislead
 Its safer feelings. You the entangling net
 They have contrived to fling around, till—

RUD. Bertha !
 You hate me, you despise me !

BER. If I did,
 Perchance 'twere better for me ! But to see
 Contemned, and—worse, deserving of contempt,
 Whom one would gladly love—

RUD. O Bertha ! Bertha !
 You raise me to the highest pinnacle
 Of heavenly happiness, only in a moment
 To plunge me to the abyss of dark despair !

BER. No! no! the generous feelings in that breast
Are not yet quite extinct! They slumber only—
I will awaken them. Alas! what pains
Must you have taken to destroy the old,
Almost instinctive, virtues of your race!
But, well for you! they mightier are than you,
And you, despite yourself, are good and noble!
RUD. You still have confidence in me? O Bertha!
Your love would make me everything!

BER. Be then
What liberal Nature destined you to be!
The station take she meant you to assume;
Stand for your people forth, and native land:
And combat for your holy rights!

RUD. But you—
How shall I ever hope to call you mine
If once the Emperor's will I dare to thwart?
And will not tyrant kinsmen interpose,
And force obedience to their stern command?
BER. Here lie my lands, and is the Schwitzer free,
So am I also.

RUD. Bertha! all at once
You open me a vista into heaven!
BER. Hope not through Austria's favour to possess me!
On my inheritance they lay their hands
Only to add it to one greater still.
The same insatiable cupidity
Which country joins to country, and your freedom
At length will swallow—threatens also mine.
A destined sacrifice you see me stand,
The recompense perchance of some Court minion:
Thither, where falsehood and its votaries dwell,
To the imperial Court—away they bear me;
There hated nuptials force me to contract,
And love—only your love—can save me longer.

RUD. And could you then determine here to dwell,
Here in my native country mine to be?
O Bertha, all my yearnings in the distance,
What were they but a striving after you?
You only sought I in the path of glory,
And my ambition only was my love!
Can you indeed in this still vale with me
Shut yourself up, renouncing earthly splendour?
Oh! then the goal at which I strained is won,
Then may the billows of the storm-tossed world
Unheeded beat on these protecting mountains!
No restless wishes have I more to send
Into the cold and dreary void of life!
Then may these lofty rocks, which fence us round,
A firm insuperable barrier prove;
And this secluded blissful vale alone
Open to heaven, and feel its holy light!
BER. Now art thou all my fond, my trusting heart
Has dreamed—my confidence has not deceived me!
RUD. Vain phantom, hence! thou who so long hast fooled me!
Here shall I find my happiness—at home!

Here, where my boyhood bloomed in careless freedom,
 A thousand joyful traces meet my view,
 Where every tree and every fountain lives,
 In my own native land wilt thou be mine !
 Ah ! I have ever loved it—ever felt,
 As eagerly I chased each fleeting pleasure,
 Something was wanting still to make me happy.

BER. Where shall we seek the islands of the blest,
 If not here, in the land of innocence ?

Here, where old faith domesticated dwells,
 And falsehood never yet has found an entrance ;
 No envy troubles the pure fount of bliss,
 And lightly pass the hours on gladsome wing !
 There see I thee, rich in thy manly worth,
 First of the free, as of thy equals first,
 A prouder far, more heartfelt homage win,
 Than e'er received a monarch from his people !

RUD. There see I thee, the first of womankind,
 In the calm duties of domestic life,
 Build me a heaven within my happy home :
 And, as the spring her flowers with liberal hand,
 So o'er my path strew pleasantness and peace,
 And waken all around to life and gladness !

BER. See now, dear friend, wherefore I mourned that thou
 With thine own hand shouldst spoil thy happiness !

Alas ! alas ! what had become of me,
 Compelled some haughty knight, perchance, to follow,
 Some proud oppressor to his gloomy fortress !
 Here is no fortress ! Here no walls divide
 Me and the people I would render happy.

RUD. But how regain my freedom ? How the folds
 Unloose my thoughtless folly has entwined
 About myself ?

BER. With manly resolution
 Burst them asunder, and let what will happen,
 Stand forth to save thy people. 'Tis the post
 Where Heaven itself has placed thee !

[*Bugles sound in the distance.*

Hark ! the chase

Draws nearer. We must separate. Away !
 Fight for thy friends, thou fightest for thy love !
 One is the enemy whom alike all dread,
 And one the freedom that will make all free !

[*They go off.*

SCENE III.—*A Meadow in Altorf: in the foreground are trees, in the background a hat hung upon a pole. The prospect is closed by the Banberg, towering above which are seen the snow-mountains.*

FRIESSHARDT and LEUTHOLD on the watch.

FRI. In vain we watch ! No man will venture near,
 Or to a hat pay reverence. Yesterday
 'Twas crowded like a mart here, but to-day
 The meadow is become almost a desert,
 Since yonder bugbear hung upon the pole.

LEU. Nought to be seen except a rabble rout,
 Who toss into the air their tattered caps
 Only to vex us. Honest people rather

Will make a tedious round through half the village
Than stoop to bow the knee before a hat.

FRI. When from the council-house about midday
They come, this place all are obliged to pass.
A goodly number then I surely thought
To have surprised—for none thought of the hat.
But Rosselman, the priest, my purpose saw,
And as he came from visiting the sick,
Went with the sacrament, and placed himself
Right opposite the pole: the sacristan
Must ring, forsooth, his bell; so falling down,
Myself amongst the rest, all on their knees
Paid homage to the host, not to the hat.

LEU. I tell you, comrade, I begin to think
We stand here placed as in the pillory
Before this hat; and 'tis, methinks, disgraceful
For a bold trooper sentinel to stand
Before an empty hat. All honest people
Will sure despise us. What! respect a hat!
'Tis certainly the order of a fool!

FRI. And wherefore not respect an empty hat!
You have to many an empty skull bowed down!

*Enter HILDEGARD, MATILDA, and ELIZABETH, who approach with their
CHILDREN, and place themselves about the pole.*

LEU. Yes! thou art such an officious rogue, and gladly
Would honest people bring to trouble. I,
Let who will pass the hat, will see it not:
I close my eyes.

MAT. There hangs the bailiff, children!
Kneel quickly down, and pay him due respect!

ELIZ. Oh! would to God he went, and nought behind
Left but his hat! 'Twere better for the land!

FRI. [*driving them away.*] Go! get you hence! you cursed
tribe of women!

Who sent for you? Go, send your husbands hither,
If to transgress the order they have spirit! [*WOMEN go away.*]

*Enter TELL with his crossbow, leading his son by the hand; they advance,
and pass by the hat without paying any attention to it.*

WAL. [*pointing to the Banberg.*] Father, is it true that on the
mountain yonder
The trees, if smitten with an axe, will bleed?

TELL. Who told you that, my boy?

WAL. The master herdsman.
He says, the trees enchanted are—his hand
Who injures them will rest not in the grave.

TELL. The trees enchanted are, that is the truth.
Seest thou those snow-peaks—those white horns
Which seem to lose themselves above the sky?

WAL. The glaciers those, which thunder so by night,
And down the avalanches send upon us.

TELL. Yes! and those avalanches long ago
Had Altorf overwhelmed beneath their load,
Had not the forest placed itself between,
The bulwark of the land.

WAL. [*thoughtfully.*] Are countries found
Where mountains are not known?

TELL. Who from our heights
The valleys seek, and, journeying lower still,
Follow the course of rivers, reach at length
A wide and level country, where the streams
No longer from the deep ravines roar down
In foaming torrents, but through verdant banks,
O'er smoother beds, their quiet waters roll:
The eye roves free through all the expanse of heaven,
In large and lovely plains rich grows the corn,
And like a garden blooms the land around.

WAL. But, father, wherefore not immediately
Into this beautiful land descend, and dwell,
Rather than here endure such toil and trouble?

TELL. The land is beautiful and good as heaven,
But those who cultivate it do not reap
The blessing which they sow.

WAL. Free dwell they not,
As you do, on their own inheritance?

TELL. To the bishop and the king belongs the field.

WAL. At least they may hunt freely in the forest?

TELL. To the lord belong the forest and the game.

WAL. And may they not fish freely in the stream?

TELL. The stream, the lake, the salt, all is the king's.

WAL. Who is this king then, whom all seem to fear?

TELL. The mighty one, who feeds them, and defends.

WAL. Have they not courage to defend themselves?

TELL. There dares not neighbour trust his nearest neighbour.

WAL. Father, in that wide land I should want room:
Better live here under the avalanche!

TELL. Ay, boy! far better our protection owe
To these ice-mountains than to wicked men!

WAL. See, father! see that hat upon the pole! [*They move onwards.*]

TELL. What is the hat to us? Come! let us go!

[*As he is about to depart, FRIESSHARDT steps up, and places his pike before him.*]

FRI. Hold—in the Emperor's name, I charge you, stand!

TELL [*pushing aside the pike.*] What would you? Wherefore
stop you me?

FRI. You have
Transgressed the mandate, and must follow us.

LEU. You have not paid due reverence to the hat.

TELL. Friend, let me go.

FRI. Away with him to prison!

WAL. My father go to prison! Help there! help!
Men, men, come hither! Help! good people! help!
Free him—they lead him prisoner!

*Enter ROSSELMAN the priest, and PETERMAN the sacristan, with
three others.*

PET.

What's the matter?

ROS. Why layest thou thy hand upon that man?

FRI. He is the Emperor's enemy, and a traitor!

TELL. A traitor! I!

ROS. Thou errest, friend—'tis Tell,
A worthy man, and a good citizen.

WAL. [*seeing WALTER FURST, and running to him.*] Grand-
father, help! They force away my father!

FRI. Away, to prison!

FUR. [*hurrying up.*] Hold! I offer bail!
For God's sake, Tell, do tell me what has happened!

Enter MELCHTAL and STAUFFACHER.

FRI. The bailiff's sovereign authority
Has he despised, and will not recognize.

STA. Could Tell do this?

MEL. Thou liest, caitiff knave!

LEU. He has not paid due reverence to the hat.

FUR. And must he, therefore, go to prison? Friend,
Accept my bail, and let him go in peace!

FRI. Offer for thee and thy own person bail!
We do what is our duty. Off with him!

MEL. [*to the PEASANTS.*] No! this is horrible! Shall we endure
To see him impudently torn away
Before our very eyes?

PET. We are the strongest.
Friends, hear it not, we will support each other.

FRI. Who sets himself to oppose the bailiff's orders?

[*Three other PEASANTS rush in.*]

PEAS. We'll help! What is it? Beat them to the ground.

[*HILDEGARD and the other WOMEN return.*]

TELL. I yet can help myself. Good people, go!
Think you that if I would resort to force
Their pikes would frighten me?

MEL. [*to FRIESSHARDT.*] Wilt thou still dare
The attempt to tear him from the midst of us?

FUR. and STA. Gently! Be tranquil!

FRI. [*crying out.*] Riot and sedition!
[*A sound of bugles is heard.*]

WOMEN. Here comes the bailiff.

FRI. [*raising his voice.*] Mutiny! Revolt!

STA. Cry till thou burstest, knave!

ROS. and MEL. Wilt thou be silent?

FRI. [*still louder.*] Help! help here, to the servants of the law!

FUR. Here is the bailiff! What will come of this?

*Enter GESLER, on horseback, his falcon on his wrist; RUDOLPH DER
HARRAS, BERTHA, and RUDENZ, and a great number of armed
SOLDIERS, who form a circle of pikes round the stage.*

HAR. Room for the bailiff there!

GES. Drive them asunder!

Why run they thus together? Who cries help?

[*A general silence ensues.*]

Who was it? I will know. Come forward, thou!

Who art thou, and why holdest thou this man?

[*Gives his falcon to an ATTENDANT.*]

FRI. Most mighty sir, one of your guards am I,
Appointed to keep watch beside this hat.
This man I seized as, contrary to order,
He would have passed without saluting it,

Intending to detain him, but the people
Assembling would have rescued him by force.

GES. [*after a pause.*] Despisest thou so much thy Emperor,
Tell,

And me, who here his presence represent,
That thou the hat refusest to respect,
Suspended there to prove your loyalty?
Thou hast betrayed thine evil disposition!

TELL. Excuse me, gracious sir! from thoughtlessness,
Not from contempt, proceeded this neglect.
Were I so prudent I were not called Tell:
I ask your pardon, and will not repeat it.

GES. [*after some moments' silence.*] Thou art a master of the
crossbow, Tell;

They say with every bolt thou hit'st the mark.

WAL. And that is true, sir! At a hundred paces
My father strikes an apple from the tree.

GES. That boy, Tell—is he thine?

TELL. Yes! gracious sir!

GES. Hast thou no other children!

TELL. Sir! two boys.

GES. Which of the two is dearest to thee?

TELL. Sir!

Both are alike my children!

GES. Well then, Tell!

Since from the tree an apple thou canst strike
Even at a hundred paces—of thy art
Thou shalt give me a sample. Take thy bow—
Thou hast it there at hand—and make thee ready
From thy boy's head to shoot an apple. But,
I counsel thee, beware thou take good aim,
That thou the apple hit at the first shot,
For shouldst thou miss thy head shall answer it.

[*All show signs of horror.*]

TELL. Oh! sir! What monstrous deed do you command!
Shall I at my child's head— But no, sir, no—
That never could be your intention! Never!
Forbid it, gracious God! That could not you
Require in earnest from a father!

GES. Tell,

The apple shalt thou shoot from the boy's head:
I do require it, and will have it so.

TELL. I with the crossbow at the head take aim
Of my own child! No! rather will I perish!

GLS. Draw—or thy child shall perish with thee too.

TELL. What! I become the murderer of my child?
You have no children, sir! You do not know
What swells a father's bosom!

GES. What! so cautious

Art thou become at once! They told me, Tell,
Thou wert a dreamer—that from common men,
And from their ways, thou dost estrange thyself.
Thou lov'st the extraordinary—and therefore have I
Something to suit thy daring soul discovered.
Others might think and hesitate—but thou
Closest thine eyes and dashest at it boldly!

; BER. Oh! sport no longer, sir, with these poor people!

WILLIAM TELL.

See you, how pale they stand, and how they tremble!
They understand not pleasantry from you.

GES. Who told you that I sport?
[Catches at an apple which overhangs his head.] Here is the apple!

Let them make room there. Let him take his distance—
What usual is. I give him eighty paces—
Nor more, nor less. He boasted at a hundred
His man to hit. Now, archer, take thy aim,
And see the appointed mark thou miss not.

HAR. God!
This becomes serious! Down upon thy knees, boy,
And supplicate the bailiff for thy life.

FUR. [aside to MELCHTAL, who can hardly restrain his impatience.] Restrain yourself—be tranquil, I implore you!

BER. Let this suffice you, sir! It were inhuman
Longer to trifle with a father's anguish.
If this poor man, for such a slight offence,
His life to lose had merited—by Heavens!
Ten times already has he suffered death.
Dismiss him then uninjured to his hut;
He now has learned to know you, and this hour
He and his children's children will remember.

GES. Open a way there! Quick! Why lingerest thou?
Thy life is forfeited—I might despatch thee;
And see! thy fate I mercifully place
In thy own practised hand. He cannot sure
Complain of his hard sentence, who himself
Is made the master of his destiny.
Thou boastest thine unerring sight! Well, then!
Here it concerns thee much to show thy skill:
The mark is worthy, and the prize is great.
Within the target hit the black, that might
A common archer do; but, in my mind,
He is the only master of his art,
Who in each essay of severest proof
Is certain of his aim—whose hand and eye
Tremble not to the emotions of his heart.

FUR. [throwing himself on his knees before him.] My lord, we
bow to your authority,
But still let mercy temper justice: take
The half of my possessions—take them all—
Only urge not this horror on a father!

WAL. Grandfather, kneel not to the false man! Say,
Where shall I place myself? I fear me not:
My father strikes the bird upon the wing;
He will not pierce the bosom of his child.

STA. Sir! moves you not his boyish innocence?

ROS. Oh! recollect there is a God in heaven,
To whom you must account for all your deeds.

GES. [pointing to the Boy.] Quick! bind him to the linden
yonder!

WAL. Bind me!
No! I will not be bound—I will stand still
And gentle as a lamb, nor even breathe;
But if you bind me then must I, perforce,
Struggle against my bonds.

HAR. Let them at least
Bandage thine eyes, boy.

WAL. Why the eyes? Think you
The arrow from my father's hand I fear?
You shall behold me wait for it unmoved,
Nor even the twinkling of an eye perceive.
Up, father! show thyself indeed an archer!
He thinks thou art not—thinks to ruin us:
If but to vex the tyrant, shoot, and hit.
[He goes to the tree, and the apple is placed upon his head.]

MEL. *[to the PEASANTS.]* What! shall the atrocious act be
perpetrated

Before our very eyes! Why have we sworn?

STA. It is in vain! we are unarmed—you see
A wood of lances circles us around.

MEL. Oh! that we sooner had resolved on deeds!
God pardon those who counselled to delay!

GES. *[to TELL]* To work!—men wear not arms for nothing:
Yet dangerous 'tis to bear the murderer's weapons,
And on the archer springs the arrow back.

This sancy privilege which the boor assumes,
The sovereign master of the land offends.
None should go armed but those who claim command.
Yet if it please you thus the bow to carry—
Why, be it so—but I will set the mark.

TELL *[bending the crossbow, and laying on the arrow.]* Room
there!

STA. What, Tell? You would—never!—you tremble.
See! your hand shakes, your knees refuse their office.

TELL *[dropping the crossbow.]* It swims before my sight!

WOMEN. Merciful heaven!

TELL. Excuse me, sir, this shot. Here is my heart!
Call to your troopers—bid them ride me down.

GES. I do not want thy life—I want the shot.
Thou canst do everything—despair'st of nothing,
Thou know'st the helm to manage like the bow;
Thee frights no storm when it behoves to save:
Now, saviour, help thyself—thou savest all!

[TELL in a fearful struggle casts his eyes now towards heaven, now towards the BAILIFF; suddenly he snatches a second arrow from his quiver, and places it in his bosom.]

WAL *[under the tree.]* Draw, father, draw—I fear not.

TELL *[making a violent effort.]* It must be!

RUD *[who has stood in great agitation the whole time, hardly able to restrain himself.]* My lord, you will not urge this
business further.

You will not! 'Twas but meant to prove your power.
You have attained your purpose. Pushed too far
Severity fails of its wise design,
And, overstrained, to shivers flies the bow.

GES. Young man, be silent till we condescend
To ask your counsel.

RUD. Speak I must and will.
The honour of the King is dear to me,
But such harsh measures must procure him hatred.

This is not the King's will—I dare maintain—
It could not be. Such cruelty deserves
My people not, and you exceed your powers.

GES. Ah! are you grown so bold?

RUD. I have been silent
Through all the heavy deeds that I have witnessed;
My seeing eyes have closed against the light;
My swelling and indignant heart repressed
Within my bosom: to be silent longer,
Alike were treachery to the Emperor
And to my native land.

BER. [*throwing herself between them.*] O God! still more
Would you a madman irritate?

RUD. My people
Have I forsaken, all the claims of blood
Have I renounced, the dearest ties of nature
Asunder torn, to join myself to you.
I thought indeed of all the greatest good
To further, strengthening thus the Emperor's power.
The blind falls from my eyes—shuddering I view
My steps lead to the brink of the abyss:
My honest judgment have you led astray,
My open heart seduced, and almost had I,
Even with the best intent, my people ruined.

GES. Audacious vassal! this to your liege-lord!

RUD. The Emperor is my lord, not you. Freeborn
Even as yourself, in every knightly virtue
I mate myself with you. And stood you not
Here in the Emperor's name, whom I respect
Even when they shame his office, here my glove
Would I sling down before me, and demand
In knightly guise an answer to my challenge.
Yes! beckon to your guards! I stand not here
Defenceless, as these are; [*Pointing to the PEASANTS.*
I wear a sword,

And who dares first approach—

STA. [*calling out.*] The apple's fallen!

[*While the attention of all is called to the quarrel of
GESLER and RUDENZ, TELL has shot down the
apple.*

ROS. And the boy lives!

MANY VOICES. The apple is knocked down!

[*WALTER FURST, almost fainting, is supported by
BERTHA.*

GES. How! has he shot? The madman!

BER. The boy lives!

Come to yourself, good father! See! your child!

WAL. [*comes bounding along with the apple.*] Father, here is
the apple—well I knew
Thou wouldst not hurt thy boy.

[*TELL stands with his body bent forward as though he
would follow the arrow; the crossbow falls from his
hand. As he sees the BOY coming, he springs to meet
him with outstretched arms, presses him to his bosom
with passionate violence, and sinks down motionless.
All are moved.*

BER.

Oh! gracious heavens!

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

FUR. My children! God be praised! That was a shot
 STA.
 LEU. which men shall speak of to the latest times.
 HAR. They shall tell stories of the archer Tell
 Long as the mountains stand upon their base.
 [Hands the apple to the BAILIFF.
 GES. By heavens! the apple is shot through the midst!
 It was a master-shot—I needs must praise it.
 ROS. The shot was good, but woe to him, the man
 Who urged him to it! He has tempted God.
 STA. Rise, Tell—be cheered—for manfully yourself
 Have you redeemed, and free may seek your home.
 ROS. Come, come, and to the mother bring her son!
 [They prepare to lead him away.

GES. Hark, Tell!
 TELL [coming back] What are your orders, sir? Thou didst
 GES.

A second arrow in thy bosom place.
 Yes! yes! I marked it well! Wherefore was that?
 TELL [confused.] Sir, 'tis a customary thing with archers.
 GES. No, Tell, that answer satisfies me not;
 Another hadst thou, and a deeper meaning.
 Tell me the truth, Tell, free and openly:
 Be what it will, thy life shall be secure.
 Wherefore the second arrow?

TELL. Well, then, sir!
 Since you my life have promised me, the truth
 I will discover honestly.
 [He draws from his breast the second arrow, and regards
 GESLER with a terrible look.

With this—
 This second arrow had I shot through—you,
 If my beloved child the first had murdered,
 And you at least had certainly not missed.

GES. Well, Tell! thy life I have secured to thee;
 I gave my knightly word, and I will keep it;
 But since thou hast thine evil thoughts betrayed
 I will conduct thee where the light no more
 Of sun or moon shall shine upon thy darkness,
 That from thy arrows I may feel secure.
 Guards! seize him! bind him!

STA. How, sir? Can you indeed [TELL is bound.
 So treat a man, towards whom the hand of God
 Has visibly been extended?

GES. Let us see
 Whether that hand a second time will save!
 Conduct him to my vessel, I will follow
 Immediately—myself to Kusnacht lead him.

ROS. That dare you not—that durst the Emperor not,
 That violates the charters of our freedom.
 GES. Where are they? Has the Emperor ratified them?
 He has not ratified them. No! that favour
 Must by obedience first be merited.
 Ay, rebels are ye all—ye all reject
 The Emperor's rights, and nourish bold revolt.

I know you all ! I have seen through you all !
This man I bear out of the midst of you ;
But all alike are sharers in his guilt.
If wise—learn to be silent, and obey.

[*He goes off, followed by BERTHA, RUDENZ, HARRAS,
and GUARDS. FRIESSHARDT and LEUTHOLD
remain behind.*]

FUR. [*in great anguish.*] It is all over, he is quite resolved
Me to destroy and my whole family.

STA. [*to TELL.*] Oh ! wherefore goad the tyrant so ?

TELL. Let h'm

Who has endured my anguish rule himself.

STA. Now everything is lost ! yes, all ! With you
We all are chained and bound !

PEAS. With you depart
Our last remaining hope and consolation !

LEU. [*approaching.*] Tell, I grieve for you—but must do my
duty.

TELL. Farewell !

WAL. [*clinging passionately to him.*] O father ! father ! dearest
father !

TELL [*raising his hands to heaven*]. Above, there is thy Father !
Call on Him !

STA. Tell, shall I not say something to your wife ?

TELL. [*pressing the BOY to his breast with violent emotion.*] The
child escapes unhurt ! Me God will succour.

[*He tears himself away, and follows the TROOPERS.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The eastern shore of the Lake of the Four Cantons : abrupt and
rudely formed rocks close the prospect in the west. The lake is in
agitation—a continual murmuring and roaring, with thunder and
lightning at intervals.*

KUNST VON GERSAU, RUODI, and FISHERMAN'S BOY.

KUN. I saw with my own eyes, and all has happened,
You may believe me, just as I have told you.

RUO. Tell taken, and a prisoner led to Kussnacht,
The best man in the land, the bravest arm,
If e'er a blow is to be struck for freedom !

KUN. The bailiff brings him up the lake himself.
I left them at Fluellen, quite prepared
To go on board their vessel ; but the storm
Which has been some time brooding in the distance,
And here has driven me hastily to land,
May well, perchance, have hindered their departure.

RUO. The Tell in chains, and in the bailiff's power !
He will entomb him deep enough, be sure,
Never again to see the light of day ;
For fear he must the free man's righteous vengeance,
Whom he has often and so deeply wronged.

KUN. Our old Landamman too, the noble Lord
Von Attinghaus, lies at the point of death.

RUO. So breaks then the last anchor of our hopes !
He was the only friend who durst his voice
Still raise to vindicate the people's rights.

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

KUN. The storm increases. Fare ye well—I seek
The shelter of the village, for to-day
We may no longer think of venturing hence.

[He goes out.]

RUO. Tell a prisoner and the baron dead !
Then tyranny exalt thy daring front,
And cast all shame away ! The mouth of truth
Is dumb—the seeing eye is blind—the arm
Which should be raised to save in chains is bound.

BOY. See ! it hails hard : come, father, to the hut,
To brave the angry sky is scarcely safe.

RUO. Rage, rage, ye winds ! Flash fiercer still, ye light-
nings !
Burst, clouds ! Ye reservoirs of heaven, pour down,
And inundate the earth ! Even in the germ
A generation yet unborn destroy !

Ye ancient wolves, return, and range again
The extended waste—to you belongs the land,
For who would live where freedom is unknown !

BOY. Hear how the whirlpool roars, the deep resounds,
Never has tempest swelled the lake like this !

RUO. To aim at his child's head ! Never before
Was such an act enjoined upon a father !
And shall not nature, with wild horror pale,
Revolt against it ? Oh ! I should not wonder
To see the rocks bow themselves to the lake !
Each pinnacle to see, each tower of ice,
Which ne'er were thawed since first they were created,
Down from their lofty summits melt like snow !
The mountain splinter, and the ancient cliffs
Fall in ; a second deluge drown the earth,
And sweep away the abodes of living men !

BOY. Hark ! listen to that bell upon the mountains !
They have perceived a skiff in sore distress,
And sing that men may pray for those in danger !

[He ascends an eminence.]

RUO. Woe to the vessel which now on its way
Is rocked in this terrific cradle ! Here
The helmsman and the helm alike are useless !
The storm is master. Wind and water play
At ball with man. Distant or near, no bay
Offers its friendly shelter, and the rocks,
Precipitous and rugged, frown upon him,
Inhospitably rude, nor to his view
Aught show, except their bare and flinty breasts.

BOY. Father, a bark comes from Fluellen hither !

RUO. God help the unhappy people ! When the storm
Is once entangled in this glen of waters
It rages like some savage beast of prey,
Which 'gainst its prison's iron grating beats,
And howling strives in vain to find an outlet ;
For all around the rocks a barrier form,
Which, high as heaven, walls in the narrow pass.

[He ascends the eminence.]

BOY. It is the governor's ship from Uri, father !
I know it by its pendants and red deck.

WILLIAM TELL.

RUO. Justice of God ! Yes ! it is he himself—
The bailiff, who goes yonder. There he drives,
Bearing his crime along with him. How quick
Has the just arm of the avenger reached him !
Now knows he there's a mightier Lord than he !
These waves will not obey his voice—these rocks
Will not before his hat bow down their heads.
Boy ! do not pray ! Stay not the Judge's arm !

Boy. I pray not for the bailiff—not for him,
But Tell, who lies a prisoner in his ship.

RUO. Blind indiscriminating element !
Must thou, one guilty head to strike, the bark
With all that it contains destroy ?

Boy. Sec, see !
They had already happily passed by
The Buggisgrat, but now the tempest's force,
Recoiling strongly from the Teufelsmunster,
Hurries them back on the great Axenberg.
I see them now no more.

RUO. There lifts its head
The Hakmesser, where many a gallant bark
Before has suffered shipwreck. Dexterously
If there the point they do not round, the ship
Will surely on the reef be dashed to pieces,
Which rough and dangerous runs into the breakers.
They have an able steersman at the helm :
If any one could save them it were Tell,
But he, alas ! lies crippled, hand and foot.

Enter WILLIAM TELL, hastily, with his crossbow : he looks wildly around, and appears to be in great agitation. When he arrives at the centre of the stage, he flings himself on his knees, spreading out his hands alternately towards the earth and towards the sky.

Boy [remarking him.] See, father, who kneels there ?
RUO. He grasps the earth

With both his hands, and seems beside himself.
Boy [coming forwards.] What see I ! Father ! father, come
and see !

RUO. Who is it ? God in heaven ! What, Tell ! 'Tis you !
Oh ! speak ! How came you hither ? Were you not

Boy. In yonder ship, a prisoner and in chains ?
RUO. And on your way to Kussnacht ?

TELL. I am free.
RUO. and the BOY. What miracle is this ?

TELL. Whence came you hither ?

TELL. From yonder vessel.
RUO. How !

Boy. Where is the bailiff ?

TELL. Driving upon the waves. Is it possible ?
RUO. But you ? How are you here ? What have you done

To escape at once from bondage and the storm ?
TELL. 'Twas God's protecting providence. Attend !
RUO. and the BOY. Oh ! tell us all !

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

What has at Altorf happened

TELL.

You know !

We know it all.

Know that the bailiff

RUO.

Ordered me to be seized, and sent in chains
To Kussnacht—to his castle ?

RUO.

Embarked in the same vessel at Fluellen.
We know it all ! Say ! how have you escaped ?

TELL. I lay on board the ship fast bound with cords,
A helpless man, abandoned to despair ;
Nor hoped I more the sun's glad light to view,
Nor the beloved face of wife or child,
But gazed desponding on the waste of waters.

RUO. Unhappy man !

So bore we swift along,

TELL. The bailiff, Rudolph Harras, and the rest.
My quiver with my crossbow lay apart,
And near the stern. But when the point we gained,
Formed by the little Axen, it pleased God

That such a heavy desolating storm
Should from the depths of the St. Gothard burst
That the hearts sank of all that were on board,
And all expected miserably to perish.

Then one of the attendants, gathering courage,
Stepped forth, and to the bailiff spoke these words :
" You see, sir, your extremity and ours,
And that we all upon the verge of death

Are hovering, for the mariners through terror
Have lost all self-possession, nor, indeed,
Are certain of their course. But there is Tell,
An active man, who knows the ship to steer :

What if we should, in this our sore distress,
Make use of him ? " Then spoke the bailiff thus :
" Tell, so I loosed thy bonds, wouldst thou engage
To save us from the fury of this storm ? "

And I replied : " Yes, sir, with God's assistance,
Engage I would to help you safely hence."
So was I loosened from my bonds, and stood
Beside the helm, and did my duty well.

But still from time to time a glance I stole
Where lay my arms, and ever and anon,
With keen and searching eye the shore I stole
If chance an opportunity might offer
Of springing from the vessel, and at last
A rock observed, which, flattened on the top,
Juts out into the lake.

RUO. I know it well :

'Tis at the foot of the great Axenberg,
But ne'er had deemed it possible—so steep—
So very steep—it rises from the waves,
To reach it, springing from so far below.

TELL. I shouted to the rowers to put forth
Their utmost strength, until the ledge we neared,
For then, I cried, the worst is passed. And when,
Rowing with all our might, at length we reached it,

WILLIAM TELL.

God I besought His gracious aid to lend,
 And, straining every nerve, the stern pressed in,
 Close to the wall of rock : then, in a moment,
 Seizing my arms, the desperate spring I ventured,
 And the frail bark, rebounding from the stroke,
 Drove distant far into the abyss of waters,
 There at God's will to drive upon the billows !
 So am I here, saved from the tempest's power
 And from the far worse power of wicked men.

RUO. Tell, Tell, a palpable miracle hath the Lord
 Wrought in your favour ! Hardly yet my senses
 Can I believe ! But whither go you now ?
 For safety there is none for you, if once
 The bailiff living from this storm escape !

TELL. I heard, as bound within the ship I lay,
 He meant to land at Brunnen, and by Schwitz
 Conduct me to his castle.

RUO. Means he then
 To journey home by land ?

TELL. Such was his purpose.
 RUO. Haste then to hide yourself—make no delay—
 Not twice will God release you from his hand.

TELL. Tell me the nearest way to Arth and Kussnacht.
 RUO. The open way by Steinen lies, but one,
 More private and still shorter, can my boy
 Conduct you over Lowertz.

TELL [*giving him his hand.*] Fare ye well !
 May God reward your goodness ! [*As he is going he turns again.*
 Were not you

With the confederates who met at Rutli ?
 Methinks I heard your name there !

RUO. I was there,
 And took the oath of the confederacy.

TELL. Haste then to Burglen—do me yet this kindness !
 My wife is left despairing and forlorn :
 Tell her that I am safe and well concealed.

RUO. And whither fled ?

TELL. There will you find her father,
 And others of the men who swore at Rutli.
 Bid them be active, bold, and of good courage,
 For Tell is free, and master of his arm :
 Soon shall they further tidings hear of me.

RUO. But what is it your purport ? Tell me freely.

TELL. Let it be done—then will we talk of it.

RUO. Boy, guide him on his way, and God be with him !
 The plan he has designed he goes to perfect !

SCENE II—*Castle of Attinghausen. The BARON reclining in an armchair, in a dying state; WALTER FURST, STAUFFACHER, MELCHTAL, and BAUMGARTEN occupied about him; WALTER TELL kneeling before him.*

FUR. 'Tis passed ! it is all over ! He is gone.

STA. Yet this is not like death. See ! on his lip
 Still moves the feather. Tranquil is his sleep,
 Serenely smiles his peaceful countenance.

[BAUMGARTEN goes to the door.]

FUR. Who is it ?

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

BAU. 'Tis your daughter. She insists
That she must speak with you—must see her boy.

FUR. [*rising.*] Can I give comfort who myself have none?
On my own head is heaped all earthly woe!

HED. [*rushing in.*] Where is my child? I must—I will behold
him!

STA. Compose yourself! Bethink you that you here
Are in the house of death.

HED.

And liv'st thou still to me? My Walter! oh! my child!

WAL.

HED. Can it be true? My poor, poor mother!
[*Looking at him with anxious solicitude.*
Art thou escaped unhurt?

But is it possible? Point the shaft at thee?
How could he do so? Oh! he has no heart

Who could the arrow aim at his own child.
FUR. With anguish did he so—heart-bursting anguish;

Compelled he did it—it was for their lives.
HED. Had he a father's heart, rather by far

A thousand times would he have died than done so.
STA. God's gracious mercy should you praise who brought it
To such a happy issue.

HED.

What might have been that issue? Can I forget
Lived I a thousand years—still see I ever
The boy stand bound—the father take his aim,

And ever flies the arrow to my heart.
MEL. Did you but know how he was goaded to it!

HED. Oh! the rough heart of man! If but his pride
Be once offended, then he stops at nothing,
But stakes, in the blind passion of the game,
The child's existence and the mother's heart.

BAU. What! is your husband's fate not hard enough,
That you thus add reproaches to his griefs?

HED. [*turning round, and regarding him with an expressive
look.*] Hast thou tears only for a friend's misfortunes?
Where were you, when the noble, generous one
In chains they laid? Where then was your assistance?

You could look coolly on—the monstrous act
Behold unmoved, and patiently submit
To see your friend torn from the midst of you!

So did not Tell with you! Him did you see
Stand hesitating, when behind you pressed
The bailiff's troopers, and the roaring lake
Swelled high before you? Not with idle tears
Lamented he your fate; into the boat
He sprang, children forgot and wife—and saved you.

FUR. And what could we have done for his assistance,
So few in number, and all quite unarmed?

HED. [*throwing herself on his breast.*] Oh! father, thou hast
lost him too! The land—
We all have lost him! All have need of him!
Alas! he needs us also! God preserve
His soul from dark despair! No friendly voice

WILLIAM TELL.

The dull oblivion of his prison-house
Descends to cheer. What if he should be ill!
Alas! in the damp darkness of his dungeon
He must be ill! For as the Alpine rose
Pales and decays amidst the baneful fumes
Of marshy exhalations—so for him
Is there no life, save in the sun's glad light,
And the free current of the balmy air.
A prisoner! He! His very breath is freedom,
And in the gloom of caverns must he die.
STA. Be patient! All of us will do our utmost
To burst his prison-doors.

HED. What can you do,
Deprived of him? So long as Tell was free,
So long there was a hope, and innocence
Had still a friend—a helper, the oppressed.
Tell was the saviour of you all—you all,
Together joined, could not his fetters break.

[The BARON awakes.]

BAU. Be silent! See! he moves! Where is he? Who?

ATT. He leaves—abandons me in my last moments!
STA. His nephew 'tis he means. Let him be sent for!

FUR. We have already sent. Be comforted!

His heart has he recovered—he is ours.

ATT. Has he then spoken for his native land?
STA. And with heroic courage.

ATT. Comes he not my last blessing to receive?
I feel that all will soon be over with me.

STA. Oh! not so, noble sir! This short repose
Has quite revived you, and your eye is brighter.

ATT. Life is but sorrow! it is fast departing:
Suffering like hope is now almost extinct! [Remarking the Boy.]
Who is the boy?

FUR. Give him your blessing, sir;
He is my grandchild, and is fatherless.

ATT. And fatherless I leave you all behind me—
All. Woe to me that my last looks have seen
The downfall of my country! Have I reached
The utmost term of life, with all my hopes
To perish thus?

STA. [to FURST] In this dark state of trouble
Must he depart, nor on his dying hour
One lovely beam of hope its radiance shed?
Cheer up your sinking spirit, noble sir!
We are not quite forsaken—are not yet
Without redemption lost.

ATT. Who is to save you?

FUR. Ourselves! Listen! The three united lands
Have pledged their word the tyrants to expel.
Concluded is the league: a sacred oath
Has bound us. Ere the year commence anew

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

Its circle will the destined blow he struck.
Your dust shall rest in a free soil.

Oh! tell me,

ATT.
Concluded is the league?

MEL.
Will all the three lands rise. On the same day
The secret well preserved, though shared by hundreds.
Beneath the tyrants' feet the ground is hollow,
The days of their dominion are determined,
And soon will leave no trace that they have been.

ATT. But the strong fortresses within the land?
MEL. All fall on the same day.

ATT.
Associates in this league?

MEL.
If we should want it, to obtain their help;
But none, save peasants, hitherto have sworn.

ATT. [*raising himself up, astonished.*] And has the peasant
dared so bold a deed
From his own means—without the noble's aid?

Has he in his own strength such confidence?
Nay, then, they have no further need of us!
Then may we sink consoled into the grave!
Another race steps on, and other powers
Shall guard the lofty majesty of man.

[*Laying his hand on the CHILD's head.*]
This head, where lay the apple, is become
The assurance of a new and better freedom.
Time strikes—the old falls with a mighty crash,
And a new life springs blooming from its ruins.

STA. [*to FURST.*] See, what a lustre kindles in his eye!
Not the last rallying of expiring nature
Is this—it is the gleam of a new life.

ATT. The noble from his ancient seat descends,
And to the cantons swears his civic oath.
In Uchtland—Thurgau—has the strife begun,
Imperial Bern lifts up her lordly head,
Freiberg becomes the asylum of the free,
Awakened Zurich arms her peaceful bands,
And joins the martial host—the might of kings
'Neath her eternal walls is broke to pieces.

[*He continues with the tone of inspiration.*]
Princes I see, and noble barons come,
In armour clad, and banded for the war,
A harmless race of shepherds to destroy.

For life and death the struggle—many a pass
Ennobled is through bloody resolution!
The peasant flings himself with naked breast,
A willing offering on the band of lances;
He breaks them, and the flower of knighthood falls,
And Freedom raises her victorious banners.

[*Taking FURST's and STAUFFACHER's hands.*]
But be ye firm and faithful—faithful ever—
No place of freedom stranger to the rest.
Place signals on your mountains, that each band,

When danger calls, may quickly join the other.
Be one—one—one—

[He falls back on the cushion, still holding their hands. FURST and STAUFFACHER regard him for some time in silence, and then step aside to conceal their grief. Meanwhile the ATTENDANTS enter silently and express their sorrow, and some of them kneel down beside him, weeping. During this mute scene the castle-bell tolls.]

Enter RUDENZ, hastily.

RUD. Oh ! tell me, does he live ? Can he yet hear me ?

FUR. You now are our protector and liege-lord ;
This ancient house has now another name.

RUD. Good God ! comes my repentance then too late ?
Might he not stay a few short moments longer,
To see my altered heart ? His faithful voice,
Whilst he enjoyed the light, have I despised !
Now he is gone—for ever gone—and left me
A heavy debt of kindness to repay.

Oh ! say ! did he depart in anger with me ?

STA. He heard what you had done, and dying blessed
The boldness of your speech.

RUD. *[kneeling beside the body.]* Thou lifeless corse !
Sacred remains of one so dearly loved !
Here on thy hand I swear, now cold in death,
That I have severed every foreign tie,
And to my people rendered back my heart.
Henceforth a Schwitzer am I—and for ever.
Mourn for the friend—the father of you all,
But be ye not dismayed ! For not alone
Have I inherited his earthly portion,
His heart descends, his spirit down upon me,
And what his hoary head remained indebted
My active youth shall yet repay to you.
Give me your hand, my honoured sir, and yours,
And Melchtal, yours. Nay, do not hesitate,
Turn not away ! Believe my promises !
Believe my oath !

[Rising.]

FUR. Give him your hand : his heart,
To better feelings won, claims confidence.

MEL. The peasant are you wont to treat with scorn :
Say ! in what light shall we henceforth regard you ?

RUD. Oh ! look not on the error of my youth !

STA. "Be one"—were the last words our father spoke :
Bethink you well of that !

MEL. Here is my hand !
And, noble sir, the peasant's grasp is worth
The word of a true man. Deprived of us,
What could the noble do ? And older far
Our order is than yours.

RUD. I honour it,
Will guard it with my sword.

MEL. The arm, Sir Baron,
Which the hard earth knows how to subjugate,

And waters its deep bosom, also knows
 How to defend the breast of the free man.
 • RUD. You shall my breast, and I will yours defend,
 So shall we each be stronger in the other.
 But wherefore talk we whilst our native land
 Is still a prey to foreign tyranny?
 Let but the soil be wrested from our foes,
 In peace will we compose all differences.

[He pauses some moments.]

Are you still silent? Have you naught to tell me?
 How! do I not deserve that you should trust me?
 Nay, then, against your will must I intrude
 Into the secret of your union.
 You have a council held—conspired at Rutli:
 I know—know all—know what you there determined,
 And have preserved it as a sacred pledge.
 Never—believe me—never have I been
 The enemy of my country! Never would I
 Aught have attempted 'gainst your liberties!
 But ye did wrong to put it off so long,
 Time presses, and demands more active measures:
 Even now is Tell the victim of delay.

STA. We swore to wait the Christmas festival.

RUD. I was not there! I have not sworn to this!
 You may still wait—I act.

MEL. You would not surely—

RUD. I count me 'mongst the fathers of the land,
 And my first duty now is to protect you.

FUR. To render to the earth this sacred dust
 Your nearest duty is, and holiest.

RUD. When we the land have freed, then will we lay
 Our freshest wreath of victory on his bier.
 O friends! not your account alone, my own
 Have I to settle with the tyrants. Hear!
 Gone is my Bertha—secretly conveyed,
 With matchless perfidy, from the midst of us.

STA. Such bold injustice has the tyrant dared
 'Gainst the free daughter of a noble house?

RUD. Yes, my dear friends! I promised you my aid,
 And you must first entreat to grant me yours.
 Lost—torn away, whom most I love—who knows
 In what safe hold of tyranny she lies?
 What violence they daringly attempt
 To force her to contract detested bands?
 Desert me not! Oh! help me to preserve her!
 She loves your country, and has well deserved
 That every arm in her defence be raised.

FUR. What would you undertake?

RUD.

Alas! I know not!

In this obscurity which veils her fate,
 This horrible anguish of uncertainty,
 One only ray of comfort beams upon me!
 Amidst the ruins of tyrannic power
 Alone can she be rescued from the grave:
 The forts must all be levelled with the ground,
 So may we pierce, perchance, into her dungeon.

WILLIAM TELL.

MEL. Come, lead us on! We follow! Why till morning
Put off what may as well be done to-day?
Free was the Tell when we at Rutli swore,
Nor had the deed of horror yet been done.
The altered times impose a different law:
Who is the dastard that would tremble now?

RUD. Meanwhile take arms, and, for the work prepared,
Watch ye the beacon-lights upon the mountains;
For swifter than the sail that bears a message
Shall the glad tidings of our victory reach you.
See then ye kindle high the welcome flames,
Burst like a thunder-bolt upon the foe,
And break the bow of tyranny asunder.

[*They go off.*]

SCENE III.—*A hollow way near Kussnacht, over which TRAVELLERS are passing. The whole scene is surrounded by rocks, one of which is seen jutting forwards, and covered with bushes.*

Enter TELL, with his crossbow.

TELL. Through this deep narrow passage must he come,
There leads no other way to Kussnacht. Here
I do it! The opportunity is lucky:
Yon elder-brushwood forms a shady covert,
Whence the avenging arrow well may reach him:
The narrow way must hinder all pursuit.
With heaven make up thy reckoning quickly, bailiff,
Thou must away—thine hour is well nigh-run.

I lived quiet and innocent. My bow
Was never bent save 'gainst the animals
That roam the waste: my thoughts were free from murder.
Out of my peace hast thou affrighted me,
And into poisonous gall the milk hast changed
Of pious thoughtfulness. To monstrous deeds
Hast thou accustomed me—and he who could
At a beloved child take steady aim
Will scarcely miss the bosom of his foe.

The innocent children—the defenceless ones,
The good and faithful wife, must I protect
Against thy fury, bailiff. When the bow
I raised, and drew the string with trembling hand;
When thou with devilish joy didst urge me on
To aim the murderous weapon at my child,
And I with earnest supplication strove
To win thee from thy purpose—and thou wouldst not;
Then did I swear within by bursting heart
A fearful oath, and heard by none save God,
When the next arrow parted from my bow,
Its mark should be thy heart. What then I swore
In the deep anguish of that horrible moment—
It is a sacred debt—and I will pay it.

Thou art my liege-lord, and my Emperor's servant,
But never would the Emperor have permitted
Himself, what thou— He sent thee to this land
To deal out justice—harsh—for he loves us not,
But not to indulge, unpunished, each bad wish,
Each guilty impulse of a cruel heart.
There lives a God to punish and avenge!

Come thou then forth, bringer of bitter sorrows,
 My dearest jewel now, my greatest treasure !
 An object will I give thee, which till now
 Was never pierced by pity's gentle prayer,
 But shall not stand 'gainst thee. And oh ! do thou,
 My trusty bowstring, who so oft before
 Hast served me truly in the games of skill,
 Do not forsake me in this fearful earnest !
 Hold but now fast, my trusty cord, who oft
 Hast winged the bitter arrow to its mark,
 For if this parts all powerless from my hand,
 I have no second to send after it. [TRAVELLERS go over the stage.

Here on this bench of stone I sit me down,
 Hewn to afford the wearied traveller
 A short repose—for here there is no home.
 Each presses forward, hurrying on his way,
 A passing glance of strange inquiry casts
 On each he meets, but asks not of his woes.
 Here goes the merchant, pondering on his cares,
 The light-accounted pilgrim, pious monk,
 The gloomy robber, and the cheerful player,
 The carrier with his heavy-laden horse
 Who comes from distant lands—for every way
 Leads to the ends of earth. They all go forth,
 Each on his separate errand : mine is murder ! [He sits down.

Once, when your father left his cot, dear children,
 It was a joy to see him home return ;
 For ne'er did he forget to bring you something,
 Perchance, a lovely Alpine flower, perchance,
 A rarer bird, or curious ammon's-horn,
 Such as the wanderer finds upon the mountains.
 But now he goes on different sport intent,
 On the wild way he sits with murderous thoughts,
 And watches for the life-blood of his foe.

And yet, even now, on you he thinks, dear children,
 Even now—and 'tis your holy innocence
 From the fell tyrant's vengeance to protect,
 That now he stands, and bends the bow for murder. [He rises.

I watch for noble game ! Why the poor hunter
 Would never hesitate, for whole days long
 To strive with winter's stern severity,
 From rock to rock to make the daring spring,
 To climb the glassy walls of solid ice,
 To which he glues himself with his own blood,
 And all to ensnare a poor ignoble chamois !
 I seek a costlier prize to win—his heart—
 The deadly enemy's, who would destroy me.

[Lively music is heard approaching from a distance.

Handled have I my whole life long the bow,
 And made familiar every rule of art ;
 Oft have I fixed my arrow in the black,
 And many a lovely prize have homeward borne,
 Won in the games of skill : but here to-day
 Will I achieve my master-shot—myself
 Prove the best archer in the mountains round.

WILLIAM TELL.

A Bridal Train passes over the stage, and along the road. TELL stands leaning on his bow, observing it. STUSSI leaves the procession, and joins him.

STU. The convent-farmer 'tis from Morlischachen
Whose wedding passes yonder. He is rich,
And full ten herds he pastures on the Alps.
His wife he now brings home from Imisee :
Brave doings shall we have to-night at Kussnacht !
Come with us ! every honest man's invited.

TELL. A gloomy guest suits not the marriage feast.

STU. If care oppress thee, fling it briskly off.
Take what presents itself : the times are heavy,
And, therefore, lightly seize the passing joy.
Here is a bridal, yonder is a burial.

TELL. And often one comes hard upon the other.

STU. So goes the world ! Well ! everywhere is found
Unhappiness enough. The land of Glaris
Is now in great amaze, and of the Glarnisch
They say that a whole side is fallen in.

TELL. What ! do the mountains totter ? On the earth
Is nothing firm ?

STU. Elsewhere strange things have happened.
I spoke with one who came from Baden hither.
A knight was spurring to the Emperor's Court,
When on the road he met a swarm of hornets,
Which fell upon his horse, and stung it so,
That, mad with pain, it downward dropped, and died,
And he before the king on foot arrived.

TELL. Even to the weak is given a sting.
Enter ARMGART with several CHILDREN, and places herself at the entrance of the pass. Men think

STU.
It bodes some dire disaster to the land,
Some heavy deed 'gainst nature.

TELL. Every day
Brings forth such deeds—they need no prodigies.

STU. Yes, well for him who tills his field in peace,
And dwells at home securely with his friends !

TELL. Yet cannot the most pious live in peace,
If wicked neighbours seek to hinder it.

STU. Farewell ! You wait for some one here ?
[*He keeps looking anxiously up the pass.*]
I do.

TELL.
STU. A happy meeting with your family
From Uri are you not ? Our gracious lord,
The bailiff, is expected thence to-day.

TRAVELLER. The bailiff here to-day expect no longer :
The waters with the heavy rains are out,
And all the bridges broke down by the torrents.

ARM. The bailiff comes not ?

Would you aught with him ?

STU.

ARM. Indeed I would !

STU.

Right in his passage in this narrow way ?
ARM. Here he cannot avoid me ! He must hear me !

Enter FRIESSHARDT, hastily.

FRI. Clear the road there ! Our gracious lord, the bailiff,
Rides hard upon my heels. *[TEIL goes out.]*

ARM. *[quickly.]* The bailiff comes !

*[GESLER and RUDOLPH DER HARRAS appear on horseback
towards the head of the pass.]*

STU. *[to FRIESSHARDT.]* How came you through the waters
when the stream

Has swept away the bridges ?

FRI. With the lake

Have we fought, friend, and fear no mountain-torrent.

STU. What ! in the storm were you on board the ship ?

FRI. Indeed we were ! I shall not soon forget it.

STU. Oh ! let us hear—

FRI. I cannot ! I must on,

To announce the bailiff's coming at the castle. *[Goes on.]*

STU. Had honest people been on board the vessel

Down had she gone with every living soul ;

But fire nor water touches such as these ! *[Looking round him.]*

Where is the hunter gone with whom I spoke ?

Enter GESLER and RUDOLPH DER HARRAS.

GES. Say what you will, I am the Emperor's servant,

And my first care must be to do his pleasure.

He sent me not into this land the people

To flatter and caress : obedience

Is what he looks for ; and the struggle is

Whether the boor be master here or we.

ARM. Now is the moment ! Now will I prefer it !

[Approaches timidly.]

GES. Neither did I the hat set up at Altorf

For idle sport to try the people's hearts.

These have I known long since. I set it up

That they might learn to bow their stubborn necks,

Which they have borne too stiffly : in their way

An inconvenient obstacle have planted,

Which they must pass, and when it meets their eyes,

Recall to mind their lord, whom they forget.

HAR. Yet does the people certain rights possess—

GES. Which 'tis no time to weigh. Important measures

Are now in action. The imperial house

Would stretch its power and influence. What the father

Has gloriously begun the son would finish.

This little people is our stumbling-block,

And must—this way or that—be flung aside.

ARM. *[throwing herself before him.]* Show pity on me, sir !

Oh ! mercy ! mercy !

GES. What makes you on the public road obstruct
My passage ? Back !

ARM.

My husband lies in prison,
My wretched orphans cry for bread. Have pity,

Dread sir, on our great misery.

HAR.

Who are you ?
Who is your husband ?

WILLIAM TELI.

ARM. A poor mower, sir,
Who dwells upon the Rigiberg, and crops,
Upon the very brink of the abyss,
The unowned grass that tufts its craggy walls,
Where scarce the cattle dare to trust themselves.
HAR. [*to the BAILIFF.*] By heavens ! a sad and pitiable
life !

I do beseech you set the poor man free.
Whate'er has been his crime, this dreadful trade
Is surely, sir, quite punishment enough. [*To the WOMAN.*
You will have justice done you. To the castle
With your petition ! This is not the place.

ARM. No ! from this spot I move not till the bailiff
Has promised me my husband to restore.
Already now six months he lies in prison,
And waits the sentence of the judge in vain.

GES. Woman, dost think to force me to thy purpose ?
ARM. Justice, lord bailiff ! In the Emperor's place
Here art thou judge, and in the place of God.

Perform thy duty therefore. As from heaven
Thou hop'st for justice, justice show to us.
GES. On ! Drive these saucy beggars from my sight !

ARM. [*seizing the bridle of the horse.*] No ! no ! I now have
nothing more to lose.

Bailiff, thou shalt not from this spot depart
Till thou hast given thine answer. Knit thy brow ;
Roll as thou wilt thine eye ! We are become
So desperately unhappy that we care
No longer for thine anger.

GES. Woman ! Room !
Or else my horse shall go right over thee.

ARM. Let it go over me. There—
[*She flings down her children, and throws herself wit'
them in his way.* Here I lie,

With my poor children. Let the wretched orphans
Beneath thy horse's feet be trod to pieces :
It will not be the worst that thou hast done.

HAR. What, woman, art thou mad ? The Emperor's land
ARM. Hast thou long trampled under foot ! I am
Only a woman. Were I but a man,
Soon would I better means employ than thus
Here in the dust to lie.

GES. Where are my servants ?
Let her be dragged away, or else I may
Forget myself, and do what will repent me.

HAR. The servants cannot pierce the crowd, my lord :
The narrow pass is stopped up by a wedding.

GES. Too mild a ruler have I hitherto
Been to this people. Still their tongues are free.
They have not, as they shall be, yet been curbed.
It shall be otherwise, I promise you !
I will yet break this stubborn feeling down,
This saucy spirit of freedom will I bow,

New and severer laws throughout the land
Will promulgate—will—

[He is transfixed with an arrow, puts his hand to his heart, and threatens to fall.]

God be gracious to me!

HAR. Lord governor—what is that? God! Whence came that?

ARM. Murder! murder! He totters, sinks! Is wounded!

HAR. *[springing from his horse.]* Oh! horrible event! My God! Sir Knight,

Implore God's gracious mercy on your soul!
You're on the brink of death.

GES. That shot was Tell's!

[He sinks from his horse into RUDOLPH'S arms, who places him on the bank.]

TELL *[on the rock.]* Thou know'st indeed the shooter! Seek no other!

Free are our huts, secure is innocence

From thee! The land thou wilt oppress no more!

[He disappears. PEOPLE rush in.]

STU. What is the matter? What has happened here?

ARM. The governor is shot through with an arrow.

PEOPLE *[rushing in.]* Who is it that is shot?

HAR. He bleeds to death?

Off! Bring some help! Pursue the murderer!

Unhappy man, thus must it end with thee?

But thou wouldst never listen to my warning!

STU. By heavens! he lies there pale and void of life.

MANY VOICES. Who did the deed?

HAR. What! are these people mad,

That murder is with them a time for music?

Let it be silenced!

[The music breaks suddenly off. More PEOPLE rush in.]

Sir! if you can, oh! speak.

Have you nought further to entrust me with?

What would you? Whither would you go? To Kussnacht?

I understand you not! Be not impatient!

Oh! leave all earthly thoughts! Think only now

How best to reconcile yourself with heaven!

STU. See, see, how pale he lies! Death settles now

Upon his heart! His eyes are fixed and glassy.

ARM. See, children, see! Behold how tyrants die!

HAR. Light-minded women, have you lost all feeling

That on such horrors you can feed your looks!

Help! Lend me here a hand. Will none assist

The painful arrow from his breast to draw?

WOMEN. Him shall we touch whom God himself has stricken?

HAR. Death and damnation seize you! *[Draws his sword.]*

STU. *[stopping his arm.]* Dare it, sir!

Your insolent dominion's at an end.

The tyrant of the land is fallen. We

Endure you power no more. We are free men.

ALL *[tumultuously.]* The land is free!

HAR. What! is it come to this?

Ends fear so speedily, and obedience?

[To the GUARDS, who hurry in.]

The dreadful deed of murder ye behold,
Which has been done ! Help is impossible !
The murderer to pursue were all in vain !
More pressing cares claim our attention. Quick !
Let us away to Kussnacht, and preserve
His fortress to the Emperor ! In a moment
All order is dissolved, all bonds of duty,
And no man's faith is to be trusted more. *[They go off.]*
ARM. Room ! room ! here comes the Brotherhood of Mercy !
STU. The victim lies—the ravens pounce upon him !

Enter the BROTHERS OF MERCY, who place themselves round the body in a half circle, and sing in a solemn tone.

With hasty step death presses on,
Nor grants to man a moment's stay ;
He falls ere half his race be run,
In manhood's pride is swept away :
Prepared, or unprepared, to die,
He stands before his Judge on high.
[Whilst they are repeating the last lines, the curtain falls.]

ACT. V.

SCENE I.—*An open place near Altorf. In the background, to the right, the fortress with the scaffolding still standing; to the left, a view towards the mountains, on all of which beacons are blazing. The time is about daybreak. Bells are heard in the distance.*

RUODI, KUONI, WERNI, the STONEMASON, and many other PEASANTS,
WOMEN and CHILDREN.

RUO. See ye the beacon-flames upon the mountains ?
STONE. Hear ye the bells sound over from the forest ?
RUO. The enemy is expelled !
STONE. The castle's fallen !
RUO. And we of Uri still endure to see
Within our land a hold of tyranny !
Are we the last, then, to assert our freedom ?
STONE. Shall the yoke stand that was to bow our necks ?
Down with it to the ground !
ALL. Down with it ! down !
RUO. Is Stier of Uri here ?
STIER. I'm here ! What would ye ?
RUO. Ascend the signal-post, blow loud your horn,
That it resound wide-spreading through the mountains,
And every echo in the rocky clefts
Awakening, instantly assemble all
Who dwell within their circuit. *[STIER goes out.]*

Enter WALTER FURST.

FUR. Gently, friends !
We know not yet what has been done in Schwitz
Or Unterwalden. Wait first to receive
A messenger.
RUO. Why wait ? The tyrant's dead !
The day of freedom has already dawned !
STONE. Are not these flames sufficient messengers,
Which kindle every summit round about ?

RVO. Come all ! Begin the work—both men and women !
 Tear down the scaffolds ! Spring the arches ! Raze
 The walls ! No stone be left upon the other !
 STONE. Come, comrades, come ! We helped to build it up,
 We surely may destroy it !
 ALL [*rushing upon the building.*] Tear it down !
 FUR. It has the rein—I can no longer hold it !

Enter MELCHTAL and BAUNGARTEN.

MEL. What ! stands the castle yet—when Sarnen lies
 In ashes—Rossberg is a heap of ruins ?

FUR. Is that you, Melchtal ? News of freedom bring you ?
 Say ! is the land cleared from our enemies ?

MEL. The ground is clear. Rejoice ! Even whilst we speak
 Not one of all our tyrants can be found
 In Swizerland.

FUR. Oh ! tell us how you gained
 Possession of the forts ?

MEL. Rudenz it was,
 Who by an act of bold and manly daring
 The fort of Sarnen won. Rossberg had I
 The night preceding scaled. But hear what happened !
 Whilst we our foes were driving from the place,
 Now happily in flames, which crackling rose,
 And ruddied o'er the sky—out Diethelm rushed,
 A boy of Gesler's, and exclaimed, that Bertha
 Was in the burning fortress.

FUR. Gracious heaven !

MEL. It was herself, here secretly confined
 To wait the bailiff's orders. Mad with rage,
 Flew Rudenz to the spot—for now we heard
 The rafters split, the solid beams give way,
 And from the smoke the agonizing screams
 Of the unhappy lady.

FUR. She is saved ?

MEL. There was no time for faltering or delay !
 Had he been but our nobleman, our lives
 We might perchance have loved too well to risk them ;
 But he was our confederate, and Bertha
 Honoured the people. So our lives we set
 Firm on the cast—and rushed into the flames.

FUR. And she is saved ?

MEL. She is. Rudenz and I
 Together bore her forth, and close behind us
 Fell with a crash the roof. But when her senses
 She had recovered, to the light of heaven
 Opened her eyes, and knew that she was safe ;
 Then flung himself the baron on my breast,
 And silently we there a friendship swore,
 Which, strongly tempered in the glowing fire,
 Must stand secure in every proof of fate.

FUR. And where is Landenberg ?

MEL. Over the Brunig !
 My fault it is not, that the light of day
 His eyes still gladdens, who my father blinded.

Hotly I chased him—reached him in his flight,
And dragged him to my father's feet Already
Over his head suspended was the sword,
When from the pity of the blind old man,
He sued for, and obtained, the gift of life.
The Urphed oath he swore not to return :
And he will keep it—he has felt our arm.

FUR. Oh ! well for you that your pure victory
You have not stained with blood !

CHILDREN [*hurrying over the stage with fragments of the
scaffolding.*] Freedom ! freedom !

[*The horn of Uri is loudly blown.*]

FUR. See ! what a festive scene ! This day will children
To the last day of hoary age remember.

*Enter a troop of GIRLS, bearing the hat on a pole, and accompanied
by a crowd of persons.*

RUO. Here is the hat to which we were to bow !

BAU. Direct us how we shall dispose of it.

FUR. God ! under this very hat my grandchild stood.

MANY VOICES. Blot out the memory of tyrant-power !
Into the flames with it !

FUR. No ! no ! preserve it !
The instrument of tyranny has it been,
Be it henceforth the eternal badge of freedom !

[*The PEASANTS, MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN, stand
or sit on the remains of the broken scaffolding,
picturesquely grouped in a large half-circle.*]

MEL. So stand we now exulting on the ruins
Of tyranny, and nobly is fulfilled
What we at Rutli swore, confederates !

FUR. The work is well begun, but not yet ended !
Determined resolution need we now,
And steady union—for the King, be sure,
To avenge his bailiff's death will linger not,
And to restore by force whom you have banished. •

MEL. Let him collect his armies ! Let him come !
The enemy from within have we expelled,
And surely shall not hesitate to meet
The enemy from without !

RUO. Not many passes
Open upon the land, and these will we
To the last gasp defend !

BAU. We are united
In one eternal bond, and fear no armies !

Enter ROSSELMAN and STAUFFACHER.

ROS. These are Heaven's fearful judgments !

PEAS. What's the matter ?

ROS. We live in awful times !

FUR. Proceed ! What is it ?

Ah ! Werner, are you there ? What brings you hither !

PEAS. What is the matter ?

ROS. Hear, and be astonished !

STA. From a great cause of dread are we delivered !

ROS. The Emperor is murdered.

FUR.

Gracious God !

ALL [*crowding round* STAUFFACHER.] Murdered ? The Emperor murdered ? Hear ! The Emperor !

MEL. It is not possible ! How came the news ?

STA. It is all true : King Albrecht fell at Bruck,
And by a murderer's hand. A man of credit,
Johannes Muller, brought it from Schaffhausen.

FUR. Who dared commit so horrible a crime ?

STA. A crime more horrible in the doer of it !
It was his nephew, his own brother's child,
Duke John of Swabia, who did the deed.

MEL. What urged him to this act of parricide ?

STA. The Emperor his paternal heritage
Kept from the impatient suitor back. 'Tis said
He thought to pay him with a bishop's hat.
Be this or not—the youth his ear inclined
To evil counsel from his friends in arms ;
And with the noble Lords von Eschenbach,
Von Tagerfelden, von der Wart, and Palm,
Hopeless by other means his rights to win,
Resolved by his own hand to avenge himself.

FUR. Oh ! say, how was the dreadful act accomplished ?

STA. The King was riding down from Stein to Baden,
To visit Rheinfeld, where his Court he held,
Followed by noble lords of high degree,
Amongst the rest Prince John and Leopold.
But when they reached the passage of the Reuss,
The murderers seized the opportunity
To spring into the bark which bore the King,
And part him from his train. And as the King
Pushed on his horse across a fresh-ploughed field,
Where 'neath the soil have lain for many an age
The extended ruins of a once proud city,
The ancient tower of Hapsburg full in sight,
Where first the glories of his race began ;
His dagger plunged Duke John into his throat,
Von Palm ran through his body with a spear,
And Eschenbach his skull severed in twain,
So that he fell all weltering in his blood,
Murdered in his own home, by his own kindred.
His followers, standing on the further bank,
Witnessed the deed, but, hindered by the stream,
Could only raise a powerless cry of terror ;
But a poor woman sat by the roadside,
And in her lap the Emperor bled to death.

MEL. So has he dug his own untimely grave,
Who would insatiably have grasped at all.

STA. A dread amazement has possessed the land :
Secured are all the passes of the mountains ;
Each place upon its boundaries sets a guard :
Even ancient Zurich barricades her gates,
Which now for thirty years have open stood,
The murderers fearing—and still more the avenger.
For, with the ban of interdiction armed,
Comes the Hungarian Queen, the cruel Agnes,

Who of the mildness of her gentle sex
Knows nothing, and her father's kingly blood
On their whole race determined to avenge,
Upon their servants, children, children's children,
Yea, on the very stones that wall their castles.
Sworn has she all who bear the hated name
Down to despatch into her father's grave,
And bathe herself in blood as in May-dew,

MEL. Whither the murderers have fled, know you?

STA. Soon as the act was perpetrated all
Fled, each a different way, to meet no more.
Duke John is said to wander in the mountains.

FUR. So no advantage yields their crime to them!
Revenge yields no advantage! To itself
'Tis its own deadly nourishment: its taste
Brings with it murder, and its fulness horror.

STA. The crime yields to the murderers no advantage,
But we with stainless hands the happy fruits
Of this most bloody deed may freely gather.
Removed is now our greatest cause of dread,
For fallen is freedom's greatest enemy;
And, as is current, will the sceptre pass
From Hapsburg's house into another line.
The Empire cannot fail to reassert
Its liberty of choice.

SEVERAL VOICES. Have you heard aught?

STA. The Count of Luxemburg is named already
By a majority.

FUR. 'Tis well for us
That by the Empire we have firmly stood:
Now may we hope some justice to experience.

STA. And steady friends will our new master need:
He will protect us against Austria's vengeance.

Enter SACRISTAN, with a MESSENGER.

SAC. Here are our worthy magistrates?

ROS. What is the matter?

SAC. A messenger of the Empire brings this writing.

ALL. Break it, and read!

FUR. To the deserving men
Of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden, sends
The Queen Elizabeth favour and all good.

MANY VOICES. What would the Queen? Her empire is
concluded.

FUR. In the great sorrow, and forlorn condition,
Wherein the bloody murder of her lord
Has placed the Queen, she yet recalls to mind
The ancient faith and love of Switzerland.

MEL. In her prosperity she did not so.

ROS. Be still, and listen!

FUR. And she does not doubt
That this her loyal people has conceived
Of the accursed doers of the deed
A just abhorrence. Therefore she expects,
That the three lands will no assistance grant

SCHILLER'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

The murderers to protect; and, furthermore,
That they their utmost efforts will exert
Into the avenger's hand to give them over,
The love remembering, and the ancient favours,
They have from Rudolph's princely house received.

[*Signs of unwillingness amongst the PEOPLE.*]
MANY VOICES. The love and favour!

STA. Favour from the father
We have received: what boast we from the son?
Has he the charter of our freedom signed,
As each preceding Emperor has done?
Has he impartial justice dealt to all?
The refuge been of innocence oppressed?
Has he even listened to the messengers
Whom we have sent him in our greatest need?
Not one has the King done of all these things:
And had we not with our own daring arm
Our rights maintained, not now would our distress
Have moved his pity. Thanks to him? Not thanks
Has he sown in these valleys. He was raised
Upon a lofty place, and might have been
The father of his people, but he chose
Rather to seek the advantage of his own:
Let those who reaped the harvest weep for him!
FUR. We will not dance in triumph o'er his fall,
The evil he hath done remember now:
Far be such thoughts from us! But that we should
His death avenge who never did us good,
Those persecute who never injured us,
Becomes us not—belongs not to our duty.
Love must be a free offering. Death absolves
From all forced obligations: and to him
Now have we nothing further to discharge.
MEL. And does the Queen in her lone chamber weep?
And do her wild reproaches Heaven accuse?
Here may you see a people, freed from sorrow,
To that same Heaven send up its grateful prayers.
Who tears would reap the seeds of love must scatter.

STA. Where is brave Tell? Shall he alone be wanting,
Who of our freedom is the founder? He
The greatest has achieved—the hardest suffered.
Come! hasten to his dwelling, and invoke
Blessings on him, the saviour of us all!

[*MESSENGER departs.*]

SCENE II.—*An outer room in TELL'S house, with the door standing open; a fire burning on the hearth.*
HEDWIG, WALTER, and WILLIAM.

HED. To-day returns your father. Dear, dear children!
He lives, is free! and we are free, and all!
And 'tis your father who the land has saved.
WAL. And I, dear mother, have assisted also;
Me must they name with him! My father's arrow
In peril placed my life, and I did not
So much as tremble.

HED. Yes! a second time.
 Thou'rt given to me! Twice have I given thee birth,
 Twice have I borne for thee a mother's pangs!
 But it is passed—I have you both again!
 And your dear father home returns to-day!

[A MONK appears at the door.]

WILL. See, mother, see! there stands a pious Brother,
 Who doubtless asks an alms.

HED. Conduct him in,
 And give him some refreshment! Let him feel
 That he is come into the house of gladness.

[She goes, and returns with a cup.]

WILL. Enter, good man! my mother brings refreshment!

WAL. Come, rest yourself, and go recruited hence!

MONK [gazing wildly around him.] Where am I? Tell me
 in what land I am!

WAL. Are you bewildered, that you know not that?
 You are at Burglen, in the land of Uri,
 Through which the traveller seeks the Schachenthal.

MONK. Are you alone? Is not your husband with you?

HED. I look for him even now. But what's the matter?
 You seem not like a messenger of good!
 Whoe'er you be, you need assistance! Take it!

[Giving him the cup.]

MONK. Although my fainting soul thirsts for refreshment,
 I will not touch it till you promise me—

HED. Touch not my garments—come not nearer to me;
 Remain aloof if you would have me hear you!

MONK. Here by this fire which hospitably blazes,
 By the beloved heads of these your children,
 Which I embrace—

HED. Man! what is it you mean?
 Back! from my children back! You are no monk!
 No! no! Under these garments peace should dwell,
 But in your troubled features peace dwells not.

MONK. I am of all mankind the most unhappy!

HED. Unhappiness speaks strongly to the heart,
 But your looks cause my inmost soul to shudder.

WAL. [springing up.] Mother!—my father! [He hurries out.]

HED. [attempting to follow.] O my God!

WILL.

Our father!

WAL. And thou art here again!

WILL. My dear, dear father!

TELL. Yes! here I am again! Where is your mother?

WAL. There at the door she stands, and cannot further,
 So trembles she for terror and for joy!

TELL. Oh! Hedwig! Hedwig! mother of my children!
 God has preserved; no tyrant parts us more.

HED. Oh! Tell! what have I not endured for thee!

[The MONK becomes attentive.]

TELL. Forget it now, and live only for joy!
 See here I am again! This is my hut!
 And here I stand once more in my own home!

WILL. But, father, where hast thou thy crossbow left?
 I see that not.

TELL. And never more wilt see it!

Within a holy place it is preserved,
Never to serve the hunter's purpose more.

HED. Oh ! Tell ! oh ! Tell !

TELL. What frights, thee, dearest wife ?

HED. How—how—dost thou return to me ! This hand—
May I dare press it ? Gracious God ! This hand—

TELL. Has you protected, and my country saved,
And freely up to Heaven I dare to raise it.

[*The MONK makes a sudden motion.*]

Who is the Brother here ?

HED. I had forgot him !

Speak thou with him—his presence frightens me.

MONK. Are you that Tell by whom the bailiff fell ?

TELL. I am, and from no mortal seek to hide it.

MONK. You are that Tell ! Then is it God's own hand
Which has beneath your roof conducted me.

TELL. You are no monk ! Who are you ?

MONK.

You have slain

The bailiff who had injured you. I also
Have slain an enemy who refused me justice.
Your enemy he was as well as mine,
And I have rid the land of him.

TELL [*stepping back.*] You are—
Horrible ! Children ! children, go ! get hence !
Go, dearest wife ! Go ! go ! Unhappy man !
Could you be—

HED. Heavens ! who is it ?

TELL.

Do not ask !

Away, away ! The children must not hear !
The house abandon ! Under the same roof
Thou shouldst not dwell a moment with this man.

HED. Alas ! who is it ? Come ! [*Goes out with the CHILDREN.*]

TELL.

You are the Duke

Of Austria ! You are ! and you have slain
The Emperor—your uncle and liege-lord !

DUKE. He had despoiled me of my heritage.

TELL. Your uncle slain—your Emperor ! And the earth
Yet bears you ! And the sun yet looks upon you !

DUKE. Tell, hear me, ere you—

TELL.

Dropping with the blood

Of one so near to thee, and so exalted,
Dar'st thou my unpolluted dwelling enter !
Dar'st thou to a good man thy face present,
And claim the rights of hospitality ?

DUKE. From you I hoped to find compassion !—you
Took vengeance on your foe !

TELL.

Unhappy man !

Wouldst thou ambition's bloody crime confound
With the stern duty urged upon a father ?
Hast thou a child's beloved head protected,
Guarded the holy sanctuary of thy home,
The last—the fearfulest extremity,
From all thou most art bound to warded off ?
To Heaven I lift my spotless hands, and curse
Thee and thy deed. I only have avenged
That holy nature thou hast dared to shame.

WILLIAM TELL.

Nought do I share with thee : murdered hast thou ;
I but defended what was dearest to me.

DUKE. And will you from your presence drive me thus,
Forlorn—despairing?

TELL. Horror fills my soul,
Whilst I discourse with thee ! Away ! pursue
Thy fearful path, and unpolluted leave
The happy cot where dwell the innocent.

DUKE. Then longer live I cannot, and I will not !

TELL. And yet I pity thee ! Great God in heaven !
So young, from such a noble stem derived,
Grandson of Rudolph, my liege-lord and Emperor,
An outlawed murderer, on my threshold here,
Mine, the poor man's—entreating and despairing !

[Concealing his face.]

DUKE. If you can weep, oh ! let my destiny
Move pity ! It is terrible ! A prince—
I was—might have lived happily,

Had I controlled the impatience of my wishes.
But envy gnawed my bosom, when I saw
My cousin Leopold, although so young,
With land rewarded and with glory crowned ;
Whilst I, of equal age, was doomed my youth
To pine away in slavish pupilage.

TELL. Unhappy man ! well did thy uncle know thee,
When he denied thee land and people. Thou,
By this rash, frenzied act, hast fearfully
Thyself his wise precaution justified.
Where are the bloody partners of thy guilt ?

DUKE. Where the avenging spirit drives them !
Have never seen them since that fatal day.

TELL. Know'st thou that thou art outlawed—art alike
Dead to each friend, abandoned to each foe ?

DUKE. Therefore avoid I every beaten track,
No cottage dare approach to beg for shelter,
Turn to the wilderness my fainting steps,
A terror to myself roam through the mountains,
And shuddering back from my own shadow start
If but a brook reflect my unblest image.

Oh ! if you feel humanity and pity— [Falling down before him.]

TELL. Stand up ! stand up ! Not till your hand you reach,

DUKE. To promise me assistance— Can I help you ?

TELL. Can I, a sinful mortal ? But stand up !
Though horrible your crime you are a man ;
I also am a man, and none from Tell
Shall e'er depart without receiving comfort.
All that is possible, that will I do.

DUKE.

You save me from despair !

TELL. Let go my hand !
You must away ! Here could you not remain
Without discovery ; and, discovered, could not
Count on protection. Whither will you turn ?
Where hope you peace to find ?

DUKE. Alas ! I know not !

TELL. Hear then what Heaven suggests ! You must away
To Italy, and seek St. Peter's city ;
There fall before the footstool of the Pope,
Confess your crime, and purify your soul.

DUKE. Will he not to the avenger give me over ?

TELL. Whate'er he wills receive as God's decree.

DUKE. How shall I come into the unknown land ?
I have no knowledge of the way, and dare not
Follow the steps of those who journey thither.

TELL. The way will I describe to you : mark well !
Hence you ascend beside the impetuous Reuss,
Which, a wild torrent, rushes from the mountains.

DUKE. See I the Reuss ? The bloody deed it witnessed !

TELL. Close on the precipice ascends the road,
By many a cross distinguished, raised to those
Who buried lie beneath the avalanche.

DUKE. Not Nature's wildest terrors would appal me
Could I but quell the torments of the heart.

TELL. Before each cross fall down, and expiate
With hot repentant tears your heavy guilt ;
And should you safely pass this glen of terrors,
Sends not the mountain from its icy summit
Down on your head the avenging avalanche,
You reach the fearful bridge, which the wild torrent,
Foaming impetuous down, half hides in spray.
And if it break not in beneath your guilt,
Have you that danger happily escaped,
The yawning cliff presents a gloomy chasm,
Which day has never visited—this passed
Conducts you to a cheerful vale of gladness,
But hurrying steps must bear you swift across it,
You may not linger near the abodes of peace.

DUKE. O Rudolph ! Rudolph ! kindly ancestor !
Enters thy grandson thus on thy domains ?

TELL. Ascending ever thus, the heights you reach
Of the St. Gothard, where the eternal lakes
Are filled from heaven's own reservoirs. You there
Take leave of this our German land ; and thence
Another stream with gentler current down
Conducts you to the promised Italy.

*[The sound of many horns is heard, playing the Ranz-
des-vaches.]*

Voices I hear ! Away !

HED. *[hurrying in]* Where art thou, Tell ?
Thy father comes, and the confederates
Approach in glad procession.

DUKE. Woe is me !
I dare not tarry where the happy dwell.

TELL. Go, dearest wife ! procure this man refreshment :
With gifts provide him largely—for his way
Lies distant far, and he will find no shelter.
Be quick ! they come !

HED. Who is it ?

TELL. Do not ask ;

WILLIAM TELL.

And when he leaves thee turn away thine eyes,
That they perceive not towards what point he journeys !
[The DUKE makes a sudden motion, as if about to
approach TELL, who warns him off with his hand,
and they leave the cottage, on different sides.]

SCENE III.—Opens and discovers the whole of the valley before TELL'S cottage, with the eminences which surround it, covered with PEASANTS, who collect themselves towards one spot. Others are seen descending a steep path which leads over the Schachen. WALTER FURST, with the two BOYS, MELCHTAL, and STAUFFACHER, come forwards; others press after them. As soon as TELL steps out of the house, all receive him with the greatest demonstrations of gladness.

ALL. Long live our archer, and our saviour, Tell !

While those who are the nearest press round TELL, and embrace him, RUDENZ and BERTHA enter, and warmly congratulate HEDWIG and the PEASANTS. The music from the mountains accompanies this mute scene. As soon as it is ended, BERTHA steps forward into the midst of the PEOPLE, and speaks.

BER. Confederates ! countrymen ! Me also take
Into your league—the first, the happiest,
Who has found safety in the land of freedom.
In your brave hands I place my fortunes. Say !
Will you defend me as a citizen ?

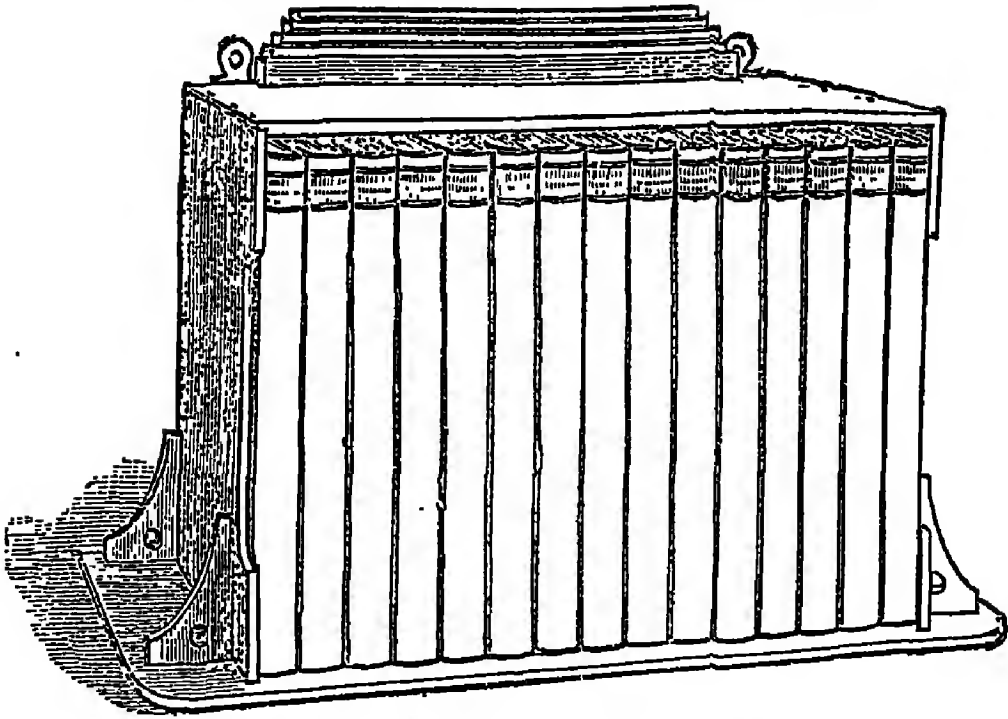
PEAS. With goods and life will we.

BER. To this young man
My hand with all my rights, then, here I give—
The free Swiss heiress to the free Swiss man.

RUD. And here declare I all my vassals free.

[As the music suddenly recommences, the curtain falls.]

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